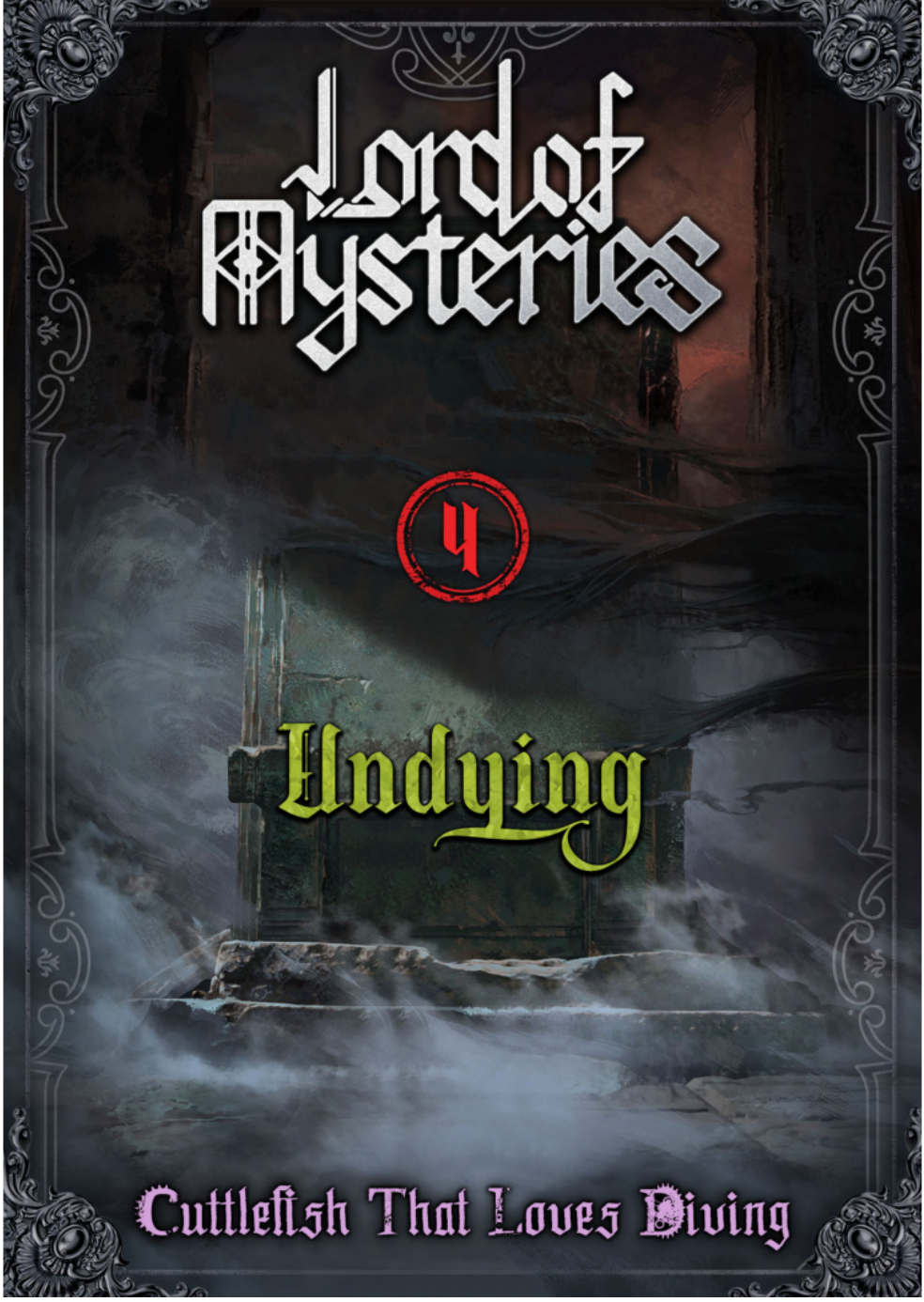
Lord of Mysteries
4
Undying
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

4

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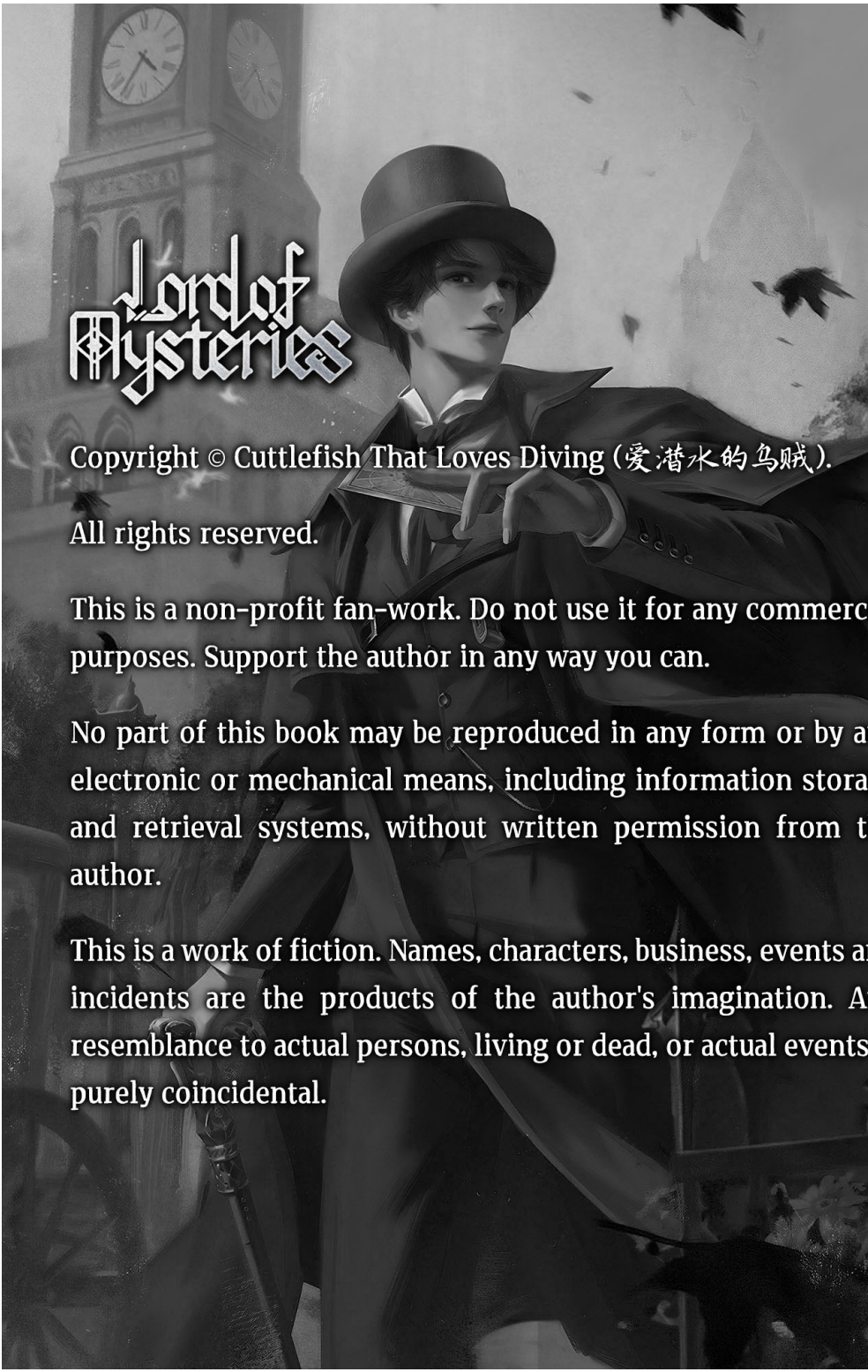

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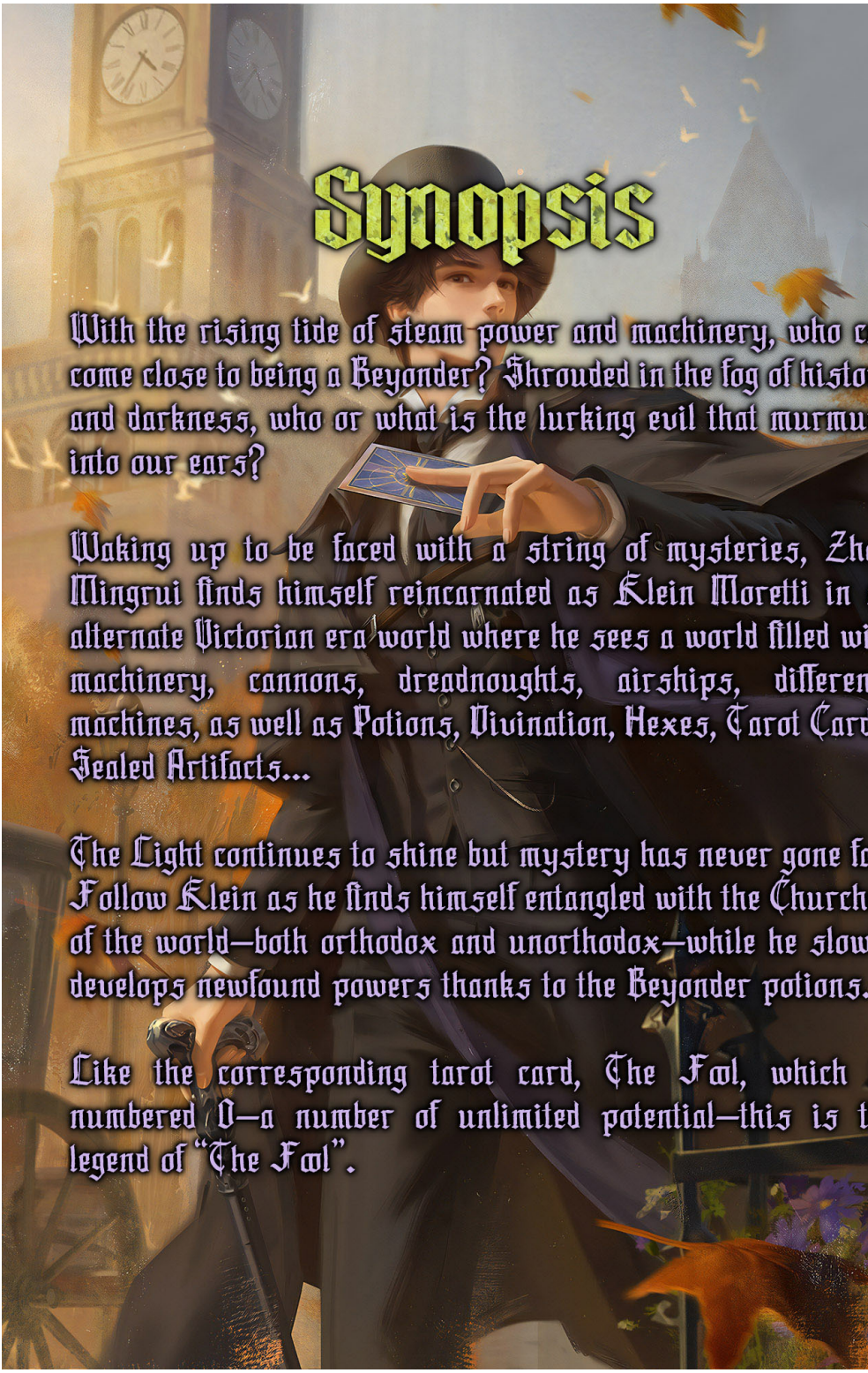

Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Card
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone fa
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of "The Fool".

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BACK COVER

Chapter 733: The Return

Under a persistent rain, mingled with the thin fog, the rows of street lamps tried their hardest to shine through the mist. The occasional horse carriage that proceeded down the streets was a common evening sight in Backlund.

Apart from these, Klein noticed a few gratifying changes while standing behind the window.

Ring!

A crisp sound echoed in the air as a two-wheeled mechanical device rushed down the side of the street to the other end of the street. Its frame was black in color, with some parts revealing grayish-white steel. Under the illumination of the street lamps and rain, it sparkled with the beauty of metal.

On this device sat a man dressed in a postman's uniform. He kept pedaling with his legs, apparently using a great deal of strength. Behind him was a wooden box that had been painted in green.

It's been promoted very well... The white-shirted, black-vested, mature-looking Klein sighed inwardly when he saw this scene.

In a few hours within his return to Backlund, he noticed many similar mechanical devices, and they were none other than the bicycles that he had promoted and invested in!

From the newspapers, Klein knew that the Backlund Bike Company had done tons of advertisements. It even held a bicycle

competition in boroughs like Cherwood and Backlund Bridge so as to garner the attention of others. Apart from that, they also actively promoted it to the government departments such as the postal service and the police departments. The results were said to be pretty good.

Their pricing strategy had followed Klein's original suggestion, avoiding the middle-upper class who often used horse carriages. Instead, they aimed their target audience at those with weekly salaries of 1 pound 10 soli and above, such as technical workers, students with a decent family background, and clerical employees that often needed to travel outside. Therefore, a bike worth 3 to 5 pounds was affordable for the people in this demographic if they bit the bullet a little. And at the same time, they could flaunt it to the masses who had incomes that were lower than them.

The current issue is that Backlund often rains. It's difficult to hold an umbrella while riding a bicycle... The next step should be a raincoat. Klein retracted his gaze, shook his head, and chuckled.

The place he stayed at was a high-end hotel in the Hillston Borough. It cost him 10 soli a night, making him feel quite the pinch. However, to match his persona, all he could do was bite the bullet and put up with it.

His idea of Dwayne Dantès was that he was a believer of the Evernight Goddess and a mysterious tycoon that came from Desi Bay. He had sold his original land and mines, planning to seek out brand new opportunities in Backlund. He had a certain level of interest in obtaining an aristocratic title, but he didn't have the abundant wealth to do so. He had to first expand his social circle and begin making some investments.

The benefits of this identity was that it was clearly different from the characters Klein had previously acted as. It allowed him to very naturally interact with people from the middle-

upper class, especially members of the military officers club and the Backlund diocese bishops of the Church of the Evernight Goddess. It made it convenient for Klein to continue his investigations into the Great Smog of Backlund while gathering intel before he made detailed plans to steal the Antigonus family's notebook.

There were obvious disadvantages as well. Such a mysterious tycoon would definitely catch the notice of the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers, so there was a certain level of background checks that he would have to undergo.

According to Klein's experience, such an investigation would be done by the official Beyonder organizations under the premise that nothing important had happened. It could also be handed over to the police department, but in summary, not too much effort would be put into it, as it would be considered a routine check.

Therefore, Klein, who was considered quite an expert at disguises, had prepared a second layer to his identity as Dwayne Dantès to his designs, so as to deal with the background inspection.

This second layer to his identity was that Dwayne Dantès was a person who had adventured in the Southern Continent's East and West Balam for some particular reason. He had used a nickname, and he spent more than ten years in that rather dangerous land filled with opportunity in order to amass a great deal of wealth.

Since the origin of his wealth wasn't overboard, he had secretly returned to Desi Bay, and he forged a new identity. He had planned on beginning a new life in Backlund and gradually legalize his wealth.

It wasn't rare to see such people in Loen. Their stories were acceptable and imaginable for an investigation. For this identity layer, Klein had left some inconspicuous clues in Conant City so as to indirectly reveal the "truth."

These clues included but were not limited to the stubs of his scalped tickets from East Balam to Conant City, habits as a result of living in the Southern Continent for extended periods of time, as well as his wealth of unknown origins.

Klein believed that as long as Dwayne Dantès didn't involve himself in any serious Beyonder matters, preparations such as this were enough to fool most routine background inspections.

And if he encountered an extremely dedicated official Beyonder who investigated it all the way and was even willing to seek the help of colleagues from the Southern Continent, then Dwayne Dantès had a third identity layer. It was that he was a cheat who had anti-divination measures to a certain degree. He disguised himself as a mysterious tycoon and spent large amounts of money in investments for this final scam.

This identity was enough to get Dwayne Dantès arrested, but the level of attention placed on him wouldn't be too great. This allowed Klein to exit the stage without much trouble.

Compared to my first time in Backlund, the creation of a three-layered identity shows how I've really matured significantly... Klein slowly walked to the middle of the room as he cast his gaze on a full-body mirror in the corner.

His reflection had black hair and some strands of gray hair. His eyes were deep, but his experiences had left indelible marks on his face. He was a charming middle-aged man with a mature bearing.

The design of Dwayne Dantès's identity wasn't difficult for the present Klein. However, stealing the Antigonus family's notebook from behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate was practically an impossible task for any external Beyonder. Even a King of Angels couldn't guarantee success.

Of course, unlike other Beyonders, Klein had two advantages. First, he was once a Nighthawk. He had quite a good understanding of the internal procedures they followed, and he knew which matters he could exploit. Therefore, the first solution he eliminated was to become a particular Nighthawk, infiltrate it, and find a chance to pass through Chanis Gate.

There was a problem that existed in this. Nighthawks weren't able to randomly enter Chanis Gate, even for the captains and deacons. Something had to happen first before they received the corresponding authority. Furthermore, Chanis Gate had its Keepers inside. Randomly entering or taking things would result in an attack on him, causing a battle to break out. Klein didn't wish for his theft to result in any deaths or injury to the members of the Church of the Goddess.

After careful consideration, he placed his sights on the Keepers.

These elders were retired Nighthawks who volunteered to enter Chanis Gate. They were in charge of watching the Sealed Artifacts, and they were from a different department from the Nighthawks. They entered and exited using the underground passageway through the cathedral, and they never interfered with the Nighthawks' work, nor would they be disturbed by the Nighthawks.

Perhaps a result of staying behind Chanis Gate for extended periods of time, these Keepers all had certain traits. They had cold auras and had deadpan expressions. Their skin was pale, and they resembled monsters from the deep darkness who were on the border of life and death. Klein believed that it wasn't

difficult for him to locate his target if he met one.

His initial plan was to rent a place in North Borough near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He would hire a butler, a valet, a maidservant, a gardener, a chef, and a carriage driver to have a front as a tycoon. Then, he would often head to the cathedral to pray piously, participate in Mass, donate money, and familiarize himself with the bishops and priests.

During this process, he would work hard to find suspected Keepers. He would choose two or three targets and observe their habits. When the opportunity arises, he would imprison one of them, change into his appearance or directly possess him, pass through Chanis Gate, and attempt to flip through or take the Antigonus family's notebook away.

This was a very crude plan that was merely a train of thought. It needed to be perfected according to the intelligence Klein would slowly acquire.

For this matter, Klein's second advantage was the Tarot Club. He had assistants that the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Nighthawks would never think of. Furthermore, he could consider extending the recruitment of a Backlund diocese Nighthawk or Keeper into the Gathering. He could then complete the theft through this traitor, just like how Emperor Roselle was used to obtain the Antigonus family's notebook by Zaratul.

I've got to frequently head to the cathedral. Only by doing so can I find a target… Klein faced the mirror as he silently nodded.

It had to be said that he felt conflicted. If a true Nighthawk or Keeper were to betray the Church to serve Mr. Fool, his first thought was to unleash divine punishment to get rid of this despicable traitor!

After exhaling, he gave a self-deprecating laugh. He wore his double-breasted frock coat and hat, walked out the room, and reached the streets.

With an umbrella, he circled to another street. Taking advantage of the distant street lamp and the drizzle, he suddenly changed back into Sherlock Moriarty.

Glancing at his wrinkled trousers, Klein stopped a carriage and planned on heading to Isengard Stanton's house in Hillston Borough.

Half an hour later, the somewhat ancient and dark building appeared before Klein's eyes.

He paid 2 soli for his ride as he walked steadily around the puddles amidst the drizzle that refracted the yellowish light of dusk before coming to the famous detective's doorstep.

Putting away his umbrella, he reached out to ring the doorbell and waited for a moment before seeing a man with a wide face open the door.

The man had a head of malt-colored hair, grayish-blue eyes, and high cheekbones. He had the traits of someone from Lenburg or Masin.

Mr. Isengard Stanton's new assistant? Someone from the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? Klein took off his hat and said with a smile, "Good evening, is Mr. Isengard Stanton home?"

"He is. He just had his dinner after a busy day at work," the malt-

colored lad replied politely. “May I know who you are?”

Klein chortled and said, “Tell the good detective that a friend of his has returned from his vacation.”

The young man was taken aback as he blurted out, “Mr. Sherlock Moriarty?”

Chapter 734: Old Friends

You actually know me? This means that Mr. Isengard Stanton often mentions me as a friend, or does it mean that the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom knows that I was embroiled in the Great Smog of Backlund? Klein smiled as he nodded in an unperturbed manner.

"Yes, I'm Sherlock Moriarty."

The grayish-blue-eyed lad immediately gave way as he warmly gestured him in.

"Mr. Stanton has been worried about you all this time. He was afraid that you met with trouble. He can now be at peace."

Klein handed him his umbrella as he took off his hat and coat while walking in. At this moment, Isengard Stanton, who had sensed something, had put down his papers and pipe, and he left his reclining chair to take a look.

"Oh my, Sherlock, you're finally back. It's been so long, my friend." The thin Isengard with grayed sides revealed a smile as he came over with welcoming arms in an attempt to give him a greeting hug.

Klein wasn't used to such a custom, so he forced himself to reciprocate it and smile.

"Mr. Stanton, this isn't something a believer of Wisdom would do."

The bishops and priests of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom had their pride, and they seldom gave greeting hugs.

But in fact, apart from the boorish Feysac Empire and the liberal Intis Kingdom, such a manner of etiquette was rare in other countries and regions. It only happened among very familiar friends.

Isengard took two steps back and chuckled.

“No, Sherlock. We’re never stingy with respect and friendliness towards intelligent friends.

“In my heart, you’re one of the top five detectives in all of Backlund.”

I like that! Klein smiled inwardly as he retorted in jest, “So you’re one of the top three detectives?”

To be praised as having true wisdom by a Sequence 7 believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom was really delighting.

“I wish that you share the same thoughts as myself,” Isengard skillfully and gently replied. Then, he invited him to the living room and to the sofa.

He leaned into a reclining chair and picked up his pipe. With a deep breath, he exhaled.

“I’m very happy that nothing bad happened to you. You seem especially fine, both in body and mind.

“How was it? Was Desi Bay fun?”

Klein had already prepared an excuse as he calmly smiled.

“In fact, I didn’t go to Desi Bay. I ended up going to Constant. Heh heh, I was previously embroiled in some trouble in Backlund, so I could only find a place to hide.”

Sherlock Moriarty was a gentleman from Midseashire who had a slight accent. It was a very normal choice to return to his hometown after causing trouble. Constant was Midseashire’s capital.

“I know,” Isengard replied heavily.

He didn’t inquire about the trouble which Sherlock had involved himself in. Instead, he said with a smile, “In short, welcome back to Backlund. Come to me if you need any help.”

Klein didn’t stand on ceremony as he immediately said, “The purpose of my visit was first because it’s really has been a while since we last met, and second, I wish that you can sell my shares in the Backlund Bike Company on my behalf. Heh heh, all the documents are in place, and there’s no need to carry out any other procedures.”

In order to act as a mysterious tycoon and to repay Miss Messenger with the 10,000 gold coins, not only did he plan on selling items he had little use for, but he also planned on letting go of the last 10% of his shares in the Backlund Bike Company. After all, Sherlock Moriarty wasn’t able to appear in a legitimate fashion for a long period of time.

“Are you really going to sell it?” Isengard stroked his pipe and said, “Although I’ve never been a businessman, I can tell that the bike is a product that’s of great value and something that can be promoted on a large scale. Its commercial future is like the newly-risen sun, and it has yet to reach its limits. You’ll be losing plenty of money by selling it now.”

“That’s why a buyer will be very willing to raise the price significantly because of this expected value.” Klein chuckled. “I believe the people who can tell the value of the bike and its future aren’t in the minority. And Framis and Leppard are definitely unwilling to reduce any part of their holdings at this stage. There shouldn’t be a problem selling my 10% shares at twice or thrice the normal price. Isengard, the pricing of shares isn’t about the present, but about its future.”

To illustrate an alluring story for the buyer and investor, and drawing a beautiful future is very necessary! Of course, the value and future of the bike don’t require additional input from me. Anyone with any business sense can tell. The only problem stems in the rubber production… Klein silently added inwardly.

“The pricing of shares isn’t about the present, but about its future…” Isengard softly repeated Klein’s words, and after a moment he sincerely sighed. “Sherlock, perhaps you should be involved in the business world. However, there will always be many accidents present.”

“To dare to take risks is equivalent to chivalry in business. Oh well, I admit that I’ve recently been in dire need of large sums of cash,” Klein replied with a smile.

Isengard picked up his pipe as he gave it a satisfactory suck.

“You’ve convinced me.

“I will specially hire a lawyer and accountant to confirm the market value of Backlund Bike Company. Then, I’ll add on an estimate of the expected profits and sell that 10% of yours. The corresponding fees and taxes will be deducted from the amount received.

“Oh… How should I contact you? It seems like your rental contract for the house at Minsk Street has lapsed.”

Klein obviously wouldn’t expose his present identity. He said, having prepared for it, “You can post news on the Tussock Times, Backlund Daily Tribune, and other newspapers about the sale of the shares to make more people know. Only when there’s competition would there be better price negotiations. When it’s sold, you can publish a notice to indicate that the deal has been closed and that further inquiries won’t be entertained.

“And when I see that notice, I’ll come visit you.”

Isengard was no stranger when it came to communicating over published notices in the newspapers. He nodded and said, “No problem. Of course, all expenses will be deducted from the final sum received.”

With his main goal accomplished, Klein stood up and reached out his hand.

“Thank you for your help, Isengard.

“I need to leave. We can talk in the future.”

Isengard didn’t hold him back as he sent him straight out the door.

Klein circled to a nearby street and took a carriage to the Bravehearts Bar as he admired Bravehearts Bar's night view in the drizzle.

He planned on reestablishing all the news and resource channels which Sherlock Moriarty used to have!

After entering the noisy bar, he didn't head for the bar counter to order some beer and make inquiries. Instead, he circled around the boxing ring in preparation to leave, so that he could wait for Miss Sharron to appear on the carriage outside.

At this moment, the door to a billiard room creaked open. Ian, with an old coat, walked out with newspapers in hand.

His red eyes did a cursory sweep when he suddenly noticed a familiar figure. He gaped his mouth, but he didn't say his name. He greeted in pleasant surprise, "Good evening, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Not for now. I'm only here to visit an old friend." Klein smiled warmly.

As he spoke, he noticed that the papers in Ian's hand was News at Sea. On it was a striking headline: "Shocking! Crazy adventurer made a fugitive!"

Crazy adventurer... Klein intuitively believed that it had nothing to do with him.

Ian noticed his gaze and raised the newspapers with a smile.

“This is one of the rare up-to-date reports from News at Sea because the bounties have already appeared in various places.

“The crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, plotted to bring harm on the City of Generosity, and he has been proven to be a member of a cult. In this incident, thanks to the Church of Storms and the military, no one from Bayam was injured. But Admiral of Blood Senor, who was involved in the matter, vanished as a result. It’s suspected that he has been killed by Gehrman Sparrow.

“Guess how much of a bounty they are offering for Gehrman Sparrow.

“50,000 pounds!

“It has exceeded Admiral of Blood’s, and it’s almost reached that of Admiral Hell’s!”

50,000 pounds… Klein’s heart stirred.

He calmed the palpitations in his heart as he replied with a smile, “Unfortunately, few people can claim such a bounty.”

He pointed at the bar’s entrance and said, “I’ll come to look for you again when I have the time.”

“Alright.” Ian didn’t ask further as he mentioned in passing, “Is Mr. White from the Harvest Church your friend?”

That fellow, Emlyn, is finally willing to get out of the house? For those Primordial Moon believers? Klein nodded.

“That’s right.”

After saying that, he squeezed through the crowd and pushed open the door to leave the Bravehearts Bar.

After getting onto a rental carriage, Klein cast his gaze outside, awaiting Miss Sharron’s appearance.

Of course, he wasn’t certain that she was here. Months had passed, so it was very possible that this lady and Maric had switched their area of activity.

Silently, Klein’s spiritual perception was triggered as he turned to look at the window. On the glass which could reflect the night view, a young lady in a black bonnet and gothic-styled black dress clearly appeared.

Turning his head, Klein saw Miss Sharron sitting opposite him. Her pale blonde hair, blue eyes, and pale expression didn’t seem any different from before.

“Good evening.” Klein, who no longer needed to act as Gehrman Sparrow, greeted first.

Sharron got up a little and curtsied.

Realizing that she might’ve read News at Sea, he was momentarily unable to find a topic for small talk. He cleared his throat and directly said, “I killed Senor.”

“Okay.” Sharron nodded slightly, indicating that she was aware.

Klein smiled as he continued, “If Maric still needs the Beyonder characteristic of a Wraith, he can wait and prepare the money needed. Once I find a replacement, I’ll sell Senor to him.”

Sharron didn’t ask what “replacement” meant as she replied, “After seeing that piece of news, he has been awaiting your return.”

“Very good.” Klein chuckled. He reached out for his collar, pulled out a silver necklace and said, “Senor’s lucky item. You should know about it, right?”

Sharron tersely answered as she waited for Klein to continue.

“I plan to sell either this or the Biological Poison Bottle. Would you, or people from your circle, be interested?” Klein took the initiative to ask.

Chapter 735: Another Visit

Sharron was silent for two seconds before she said, “I’ll help ask.”

It means you need to consider it? That’s right. The negative effects of Scales of Luck does leave one hesitant. However, Biological Poison Bottle is really compatible with a Wraith. If it wasn’t because I’m short on money, and how it lowers my immunity, making me easily fall sick, I wouldn’t be willing to sell it. It’s rather effective in an ambush! Klein vaguely grasped Sharron’s intentions as he stuffed the silver necklace back into his collar.

He asked after some thought, “Which power of a High-Sequence Prisoner pathway Beyonder makes all surrounding lifeless items attack one’s target?”

“Puppet,” Sharron succinctly replied.

It’s the power of a Sequence 4 Puppet? Turning themselves into a lifeless puppet, so that they are able to control all lifeless objects in a certain range? Advancing further, will they be able to directly influence the mystical items of an enemy? Klein nodded in enlightenment and asked, “Then, do you know that demigod?”

He immediately described in detail the appearance of the elder who had attacked him outside Bayam.

“Shanks,” Sharron calmly said a name.

I actually wished that you could share with me more about him… Klein knew Miss Sharron’s style as he said with an exasperated

smile, “Then, do you know Zatwen?”

He was the mentor of the Naturism Sect’s leader in Oravi Island.

“The demigod who was pursuing us,” Sharron answered without hiding anything or any emotions, like a doll.

That’s the one who made me feel like the chairs, tables, and curtains wished to kill me… What a coincidence… However, it wasn’t arranged. It just proves that as a secret organization, the Rose School of Thought, with a history of over a thousand years, doesn’t have that many demigods… Perhaps it has about the same number as the Aurora Order. The number of saints number around five, and the number of angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts number about two to three… Of course, this is also because they were suppressed by the seven major Churches, reducing their headquarters to colonies. At the height of their powers, they might’ve had far more than these… Klein thought and asked again, “Then, do you know the Rose School of Thought member that is able to make an entire mountain tremble with just one arm?”

He planned on describing the arm’s traits, but he realized that he hadn’t dared to look straight at it.

Sharron listened quietly as her eyes darted around as though they came to life. She asked with a clear voice, “What did you encounter?”

A saint, an angel, as well as Sea King, an Aurora Order demigod, a monster byproduct from the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death… Klein silently made a self-deprecating comment as he said with a wry smile, “I got on the bad side with the Mother Tree of Desire, and I suffered an ambush from the Rose School of Thought. Thankfully, I was in Bayam, allowing the Church of Storms and the kingdom’s military to take action. I also threw

out an item corrupted with the True Creator's aura, as well as something related to the Numinous Episcopate. In short, it was chaos, and I took the opportunity to escape."

He replied frankly, apart from hiding the existence of Miss Messenger and Mr. Azik. As for the matter of the True Creator, he believed that Miss Sharron had long known that he wasn't affected by the ravings. This could be explained by a timely psychological intervention or psychic treatment.

"Mother Tree of Desire..." Sharron murmured the name as rare emotional upheavals slowly appeared in her eyes.

Klein didn't have the interpretation abilities of a Spectator, and he was unable to tell what was exactly on Sharron's mind. He could only sense that she felt a little fear and loathing.

Sharron quickly restrained her abnormal reaction, turning back into an extremely exquisite "doll."

She looked at Sherlock Moriarty and said, "You are very lucky and very mysterious."

Klein smiled without a word, neither lying nor explaining.

Sharron didn't inquire as she said, "You might've met Suah. 'He' is an Abomination born 922 years ago and claims to be the son of the Chained God. 'He' is also the present leader of the Rose School of Thought."

No way. The Rose School of Thought sent its leader and a demigod to deal with me... I'm just a mere Sequence 5! If not for Orange Light Hilarion's warning, I might've already been captured by the

Rose School of Thought... Klein felt a chill run down his back again as he asked, “Is Abomination the name of the Prisoner pathway’s Sequence 2 or Sequence 1?”

“Probably,” Sharron didn’t give an affirmative answer.

At this moment, without waiting for Klein’s response, she said, “Williams Street has been destroyed.”

Klein had pondered what kind of reaction he should have when Miss Sharron raised the topic, so he immediately frowned.

“By who? When did it happen?”

“The Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind. About two months ago.” Sharron had clearly gathered the corresponding intelligence.

Klein nodded solemnly and, after some deep thought, said, “Perhaps we’ve neglected something. That evil spirit didn’t need us to rescue it. It was still controlling Baronet Pound!

“Could it be that something happened to that gentleman, incurring the notice of the Nighthawks and Machinery Hiveminds?” Klein offered a guess filled with half-truths without utmost confidence.

Sharron nodded.

“Baronet Pound died during one of his revelries.”

That's it? That's the end to Alista Tudor's final bloodline? Klein thought and said, "How's the situation with Williams Street at the moment?"

"Some high-rise buildings are being built," Sharron described without much of an expression. "People monitored it in secret at the beginning, but the surveillance decreased with time, diminishing to zero early last month."

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, "Have you gone down to explore it?"

Sharron's eyes swept his face.

"No."

This is her remembering our unwritten agreement—to explore it together because we found it together? What a noble-hearted lady. The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction is infinitely times better than the indulgence faction! Klein probed, "Shall we go now?"

"Alright," Sharron succinctly expressed her stance.

Klein immediately instructed the carriage driver, and he changed the destination to Williams Street at the intersection of West Borough and Empress Borough.

Along the way, he casually mentioned what he heard and saw at sea, as well as the experiences that didn't involve his secrets. Although Sharron didn't answer him, she listened attentively, seemingly interested.

This made Klein recall the time when he first got to know her as Miss Bodyguard. She sat on the illusory high-back chair in the oriel window's glass. Her right hand held her cheek as she seriously listened to his conversation with Ian. She had great potential in being a Spectator.

The carriage passed through the silent streets in the drizzle before finally arriving near Williams Street.

Without approaching the area, Klein and Sharron discovered that the area had become a huge worksite.

After circling to the region that matched the underground ruins, they stood behind a huge tree with a lush canopy. Klein said to Sharron, who wasn't drenched by the rain despite not holding an umbrella, "Let's head down."

As the rain fell, they passed through Sharron's blonde hair and body before hitting the ground.

"Alright." Sharron didn't ask how Sherlock Moriarty was planning on heading down with her.

Klein reached his hand into his pocket and easily removed the wall of spirituality, and he opened the iron cigar case.

Beside him, a figure suddenly appeared. It was none other than Admiral of Blood Senor who wore a dark red coat and an old triangular hat.

"He will head down in my stead," Klein said with a smile.

Immediately following that, he controlled his marionette in a composed manner.

Senor immediately pressed his hand to his chest and bowed at Sharron.

“Good evening. I’m honored to work with you.”

Sharron swept her gaze across Klein and Senor, and without a word, her body sank into the soil.

Uh, Miss Sharron seems to detest Senor quite significantly… Klein curled his lips and made Admiral of Blood rapidly turn into a Wraith and sink.

As for himself, he leaned on a tree, half-closed his eyes as he seriously controlled the marionette. There wasn’t anyone around him, and the drizzle was light and the streetlights dim.

Slowly, Klein found the feeling of being a Marionettist.

His vision and Senor’s vision overlapped with one another as he saw black-brown soil, squirming worms, and miscellaneous items in between the rocks.

As they passed through layers of obstacles, they arrived at the region where the ruin once was. The dome ceiling had collapsed and the stone columns had snapped. The area was filled with soil and rubble, looking nothing like it once was.

Such a scene made Klein believe that the humanoid statues of the six deities had been completely destroyed.

To his joy, their location was relatively close to the room which sealed the evil spirit. That meant that he didn't need to worry that any subsequent exploration would exceed the hundred-meter range for the control of his marionette.

Amidst the smell of soil and rot, they soon entered the previously menacing room; however, between the rubble and soil, there were only a few signs of crushed bone and rotting clothes. The dark gold and deep blue light from before had all vanished.

The Beyonder characteristics have been taken away by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind… Senor's expression twitched as it perfectly reflected Klein's mood.

Sharron turned around in the dark solid environment and gently shook her head.

"They didn't send anyone in. There are no traces of living creatures existing in here."

That's right. If a living person had entered and exited this room over the past half year, a Wraith should be able to sense it… Besides, the deity statues obviously cannot be seen by the Nighthawks and Machinery Hivemind… Where did those Beyonder characteristics go? As Klein frowned, Senor had a similar reaction.

Could it be that the evil spirit wasn't completely obliterated? It had long escaped? Klein thought about it when he suddenly came to an alarming conclusion.

He held back his emotions and made Senor pass through the soil and rubble-filled room with Sharron, and they arrived at the spot where the bloody door previously stood. And at that moment, only a few splinters proved that it existed before.

After proceeding forward a few meters, the two truly entered the room where the evil spirit was sealed.

It had likewise been destroyed and buried. Klein used Senor's body and eyes to look for clues as he flew about.

"There should be a black high-back chair here." Sharron stopped and pointed at the splinters above two rocks.

Klein instantly recalled the scene he had once seen in the dream —the young man suspected of being Medici had sat on a high-back chair, his head drooped low as though dead.

Sharron didn't pause. She continued proceeding in the compressed soil in search for any traces. Suddenly, she spoke again.

"There should be one here."

Another one? A second black high-back chair? "Klein" floated over in surprise.

Chapter 736: Third Chair

Senor, in his Wraith form, passed through the thick soil and rocks under Klein's control, arriving beside Sharron. He saw a damaged armrest which had asymmetrical patterns buried there, looking rather similar, but also different from the splinters they discovered moments ago.

The armrest wasn't pure black in color. Their patterns exuded a dark red color, as though it was an intersection of iron and blood.

Recalling the scene from his nightmare, Klein determined that this wasn't the high-back chair that the entity suspected to be Medici sat on.

This was the second chair!

The room that sealed the evil spirit had at least two high-back chairs!

"Klein" and Sharron didn't say a word as they circled around in different directions to search for other clues.

Before long, they discovered the evidence of a third high-back chair!

It was the leg of a chair, mainly dark red in color with pure black patterns. It was completely different from the other two kinds of splinters.

“Perhaps it’s a problem caused by the asymmetrical trait of the Fourth Epoch…” Klein knew Sharron’s style, volunteering to speak and saying something even he couldn’t believe.

In the nightmare that resulted from the evil spirit’s influence, the colors of the high-back chairs were, at the very least, uniform!

Sharron shook her head slightly.

“Three has more of a ritualistic feel.”

She was implying that the innocent victims of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor weren’t just one person back then. Perhaps a ritual had been held in the room that sealed the evil spirit.

Klein was taken aback by what he heard as a scene flashed through his mind.

In a spacious and dark room, three high-back chairs of different styles were placed around a particular point in the center. And sitting on each chair was a breathless humanoid creature with a drooping head. Among them included Red Angel Medici.

The scene became clearer as Klein instantly connected two additional matters together.

The main ingredients of the Sequence 0 Black Emperor’s potion is the Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics (excluding one’s own Beyonder characteristic);

Blood Emperor Alista Tudor had apparently forcefully jumped

from the Black Emperor pathway's Sequence 1 Prince of Abolition to the Red Priest Sequence 0, which wasn't a neighboring pathway. As a result, he became a half-crazy true god!

As his thoughts whirred, Klein quickly had a theory.

This room had once held a Sequence 0 advancement ritual needed for a true god!

Of course, according to the complicated ritual needed by a Black Emperor, this was only part of the requirement. The pathway that represented war had clearly required the entire continent to be in chaos and at war to match in scale.

And Blood Emperor Alista Tudor doesn't have the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, so his Red Priest potion requires three Sequence 1 angels or Sealed Artifacts to provide "Him" with the Beyonder characteristics. There happens to be three high-back chairs here!

Yes, the evil spirit suspected to be Red Angel Medici said that to help it escape its seal, one should find direct descendants of the Sauron, Einhorn, and Medici family, and then extract 10 ml of blood and mix them with holy water... Sauron and Einhorn wield the Hunter pathway and are also angel families of the Red Priest Beyonder pathway. They've existed since the Fourth Epoch to this day. One of them has already waned, only capable of controlling the spy network and a military faction in Intis, while the other remains the royal family of Feysac... Thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he had a new belief regarding what had happened in the room, as well as the true identity of the evil spirit.

On the other two high-back chairs sat the ancestors of the Sauron and Einhorn families, Sequence 1 angels!

Together with War Angel Medici, who very likely possessed the pathway's Uniqueness, all the main ingredients of the Red Priest potion were gathered!

And that evil spirit is highly likely to not be the pure Red Angel Medici. It might include the remnant psyche and hatred of the Sauron and Einhorn family's ancestors!

Man, this place once sacrificed three Sequence 1 angels! Before "They" died, their curses and the ritual itself left effects, making this room become abnormally horrifying, as well as sealing it? Thankfully I reported this to the Churches ahead of time to let them deal with it. Otherwise, we might have died here if we relied on ourselves. It would be the same even if Miss Sharron and I advanced to Sequence 4. We would become food for the evil spirit... Klein felt a sense of fear and joy.

Meanwhile, he began to understand the reason why the Red Priest card had landed in the hands of the evil spirit. After all, the former highest-ranking members of a pathway were buried here in this underground ruin, the convergence of Beyonder characteristics would naturally lure Beyonders of the same pathway over without any deviations.

Furthermore, as Roselle once said—whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate—after Blood Emperor Alista Tudor perished, the true god characteristic he possessed, which is the Sequence 0 characteristic, will likely split into four pieces.

One is the Uniqueness, an abstract item or concept, while the remaining three are three sets of Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. If it wasn't because of that, the corresponding Beyonder pathway wouldn't have anymore Sequence 1s when someone becomes a god...

Could one or two of these Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics be attracted, entering the sealed room? This is likely one of the reasons why the Card of Blasphemy was lured over! The more Klein thought, the more he felt that he had previously underestimated the evil spirit.

They live up to being angels who advanced from Conspirers... Standing under the tree, Klein controlled Senor to say, "Perhaps it really is a ritual.

"It's related to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. The scale and level involved must be great."

Sharron added after silently listening, "Sauron, Einhorn, Medici..."

Miss Sharron is also suspecting if the three high-back chairs once belonged to different angels from the details requested by the evil spirit... Klein thought for a moment, and he divulged something through Senor.

"Blood Emperor Alista Tudor is likely a true god from the Hunter pathway; the Card of Blasphemy is represented by the Red Priest."

Sharron remained silent for a few seconds as though she came to a realization regarding certain matters as she said, "That card is gone."

She was referring to the Red Priest card which the evil spirit had formerly shown them.

"Perhaps that evil spirit had long escaped before the Nighthawks

and Machinery Hivemind destroyed this place." Klein shared his theory. "And it had taken away all the Beyonder characteristics and that Red Priest card."

Sharron silently surveyed the area and said, "It's very crafty. It wouldn't leave behind any obvious clues."

That's right. The Beyonder characteristics outside the sealed room are clearly not at Sequence 4. To an evil spirit who was once a King of Angels, they don't have any allure. Likewise for the Red Priest card... It can be understood that it took away the things in the room, but why didn't it leave anything? It's like telling others something like "Haha, I've fooled you. I've already successfully escaped. Catch me if you can"... Wait, perhaps that's exactly what it wishes to convey! As Klein thought, he suddenly found it amusing as he made Senor speak.

"No, being crafty doesn't necessarily equate to not leaving clues.

"The Sequence 8 of the Hunter pathway is Provoker."

At that moment, the Red Angel that surfaced in his mind had the picture of Anderson Hood over it.

Sharron listened silently as she gaped her mouth slightly, but she didn't say a word.

Similarly, Klein was speechless. He felt that the Beyonders of the Hunter pathway truly had a crystal clear style.

In comparison, the red-haired Helene didn't appear anything like someone from the Sauron family.

However, she was rather talented at provoking Vice Admiral Ailment… Yes, back then, the Sauron family members also infuriated Roselle terribly… Klein silently exhaled as he lampooned.

The silent mood was soon broken by Klein. Senor looked around and said a joke, “Perhaps that’s the reason why they were captured and brought here.”

“Who was helping Alista Tudor?” Sharron’s translucent figure asked, but she didn’t seem to look forward to the answer.

“Perhaps it’s the six deities…” “Klein” recalled the six deity statues in the hall.

However, he had second thoughts.

“However, the seven deities supported the Trunsoest Empire. The Sauron and Einhorn families were powerful aristocrats of the empire.

“Of course, it cannot be ruled out that they first supported Tudor, and later had a falling out after ‘He’ went mad.”

If it’s not the six deities, does it mean that there are other deities supporting Alista Tudor? Who would it be? Klein thought in silence.

Sharron didn’t stay any longer as she floated up to the surface, returning to the tree.

Klein stored away Senor’s Wraith, allowing it to enter the gold

coin inside the iron cigar case. Then, he asked in passing, "Actually, I've always been curious. Where do the powers of pure evil spirits and wraiths who do not have Beyonder characteristics come from?"

"The spirit world," Sharron answered simply.

The conservation of Beyonder characteristics, but the source of Beyonder powers isn't necessarily the same? Yes, perhaps the spirit world itself is the product of some Beyonder characteristics... Klein nodded and looked at the soil beneath his feet.

"I'll continue investigating the whereabouts of the evil spirit. I'll inform you if there's anything."

He planned on asking Arrodes later.

With that said, he took out a pen and paper, scribbled down the method to summoning his messenger, and handed it over.

"You can write to me if there's anything."

Sharron received the piece of paper and seriously looked at it.

"I'll be in the Bravehearts Bar.

"Letters can be mailed to 126 Garde Street, Hillston Borough. Address it to Ma'am Maryam."

"Alright." Klein stuffed his pen into his pocket. In front of

Sharron, he used a ritualistic dagger to create a wall of spirituality and resealed the iron cigar case.

Following that, he crossed the street to stop a carriage like a gentleman, sending Sharron all the way back to the Backlund bridge area.

After doing this, he returned to the high-end hotel in Hillston Borough. Midway, he changed his appearance and switched carriages.

...

Bayam. Inside the Seaweed Bar.

Danitz, who had spent some time drifting at sea, once again stepped back into the City of Generosity. He planned on helping the Resistance handle some matters.

He pressed down on his cap, sat at the corner of the bar counter, and prepared to first hear about the recent news. He didn't wish to become a bounty reward due to untimely or inaccurate intelligence.

At this moment, he heard an adventurer beside him say to his companion, "Hey, do you think Gehrman Sparrow will get someone to claim Admiral of Blood's bounty on his behalf?"

Ah? Danitz subconsciously looked up, looking at the speaker with a blank, confused look.

Chapter 737: Official Appearance

Why would the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, need to find someone to claim Admiral of Blood's bounty on his behalf? That's not right. Why would he be able to claim the bounty? Danitz suddenly snapped out of his confusion and grasped the crux of the matter.

He immediately lowered his head to prevent himself from exposing his shock and confusion.

The adventurers beside him continued their conversation.

"How would that be possible? No one would dare to claim it on his behalf!"

"That's right—unless they wish to bear the wrath of the Church of Storms or selling out Gehrman Sparrow!"

"42,000 pounds... If I can receive that sum of money, I'll immediately head to Backlund to be a tycoon!"

"Haha, wouldn't you be enjoying yourself in the Red Theater for half a year first?"

"Perhaps Gehrman Sparrow can claim it from Intis, Feysac, or Feynapotter. Although it wouldn't be as much as 42,000 pounds, it's definitely in no way a low amount..."

...

As the adventurers conversed, they began imagining their lives after obtaining 42,000 pounds. They even had a conflict of opinions and began arguing with flushed faces.

No way… Are they implying that Gehrman has finished off Admiral of Blood? No, although that madman always had the intention of doing so, he lacks the required support that he needs. He needs to work with Captain… Anderson Hood? Danitz stood up, pressed down his cap, and kept his head down. He rushed towards the billiard and card rooms where there were newspapers placed there.

Just as he left, the few adventurers from before looked at his back and spoke in hushed tones.

"Do you recognize him? It's obvious that something is wrong with how he was acting so suspiciously!"

"I didn't get a good look, but I think he's a pirate who's here to gather intel."

"Shall we…" An adventurer gestured, slicing his hand across his throat.

"Perhaps it's someone we can't afford to offend. Let's wait and see." Another adventurer stopped his companion's actions.

Danitz entered an empty billiard room, came to the corner, and picked up a stack of newspapers. He quickly flipped through them, and slowly, his expression twisted.

What did that madman do? He really finished off Admiral of Blood? It's only been a few months, and his strength has risen to

such a level? Furthermore, the papers didn't even mention Anderson Hood... Danitz was alarmed and thankful that he wisely chose to submit in front of Gehrman Sparrow. Otherwise, people would've long seen the news of him being hunted in exchange for bounty money.

No, no. Back then, my death wouldn't have been published... Man, Gehrman Sparrow is really a member of a cult... As he thought, Danitz suddenly froze like a statue.

That was because he was apparently, probably, likely a member of that cult...

Haha, the Church and military often likes to exaggerate. Yes, it's a secret organization, not a cult! Danitz consoled himself before having the feeling that the organization backing Gehrman Sparrow was surprisingly mysterious and abnormally powerful.

The successful hunting of Senor, one of the Seven Pirate Admirals, was evidence!

Phew... Danitz exhaled as he apprehensively praised The Fool inwardly, expressing his desires to handle matters seriously.

...

In a small building near the governor-general's office, Elland and Oz Kent walked out.

"It's finally over..." Elland sighed as he wore his captain's hat.

Oz Kent rubbed his red brandy nose and added with a sigh,

“That’s right.”

They had been interrogated while separated for two full days because of Gehrman Sparrow. They were faced with Interrogators who were best at such matters.

Thankfully, Elland had never hidden anything from the beginning. He had reported to his superiors that Gehrman Sparrow was of unknown origins, but that he was friendly to the military. It had nothing to do with him since the decision of making this crazy adventurer an informant while having his background investigated was made by the higher-ups.

As for Oz Kent, there weren’t any problems at all. He had followed regular protocol when claiming the bounty for Gehrman Sparrow.

As they slowly walked towards the entrance in the middle of the garden, Elland said with a sigh, “Who knew that Gehrman Sparrow was that crazy and powerful…”

According to the little information that they knew, finishing off Admiral of Blood was just one of the most ordinary and trivial matters that Gehrman Sparrow had done that day.

And such a crazy person had made the choice of entering the dangerous Bansy to save a few passengers and crew members who had merely expressed their friendship to him.

Elland later learned that the dangers lurking in Bansy had far exceeded his imagination. The Church of Storms had directly destroyed the entire place!

If I had told the Interrogators that Gehrman Sparrow has a soft and kind heart, they will definitely think I'm lying... Humans are really a mass of contradictions... Elland silently shook his head.

After hearing Elland's poignant remark, Oz Kent replied with a wry smile, "Back then, I thought you introduced me to a relatively strong adventurer. But in the end, he even finished off Admiral of Blood! Damn it. I even think he has the strength to become the fifth king. You wouldn't doubt what I say if you look at the forest and those nearby mountains!

"That place, it's like... it's like..."

Elland glanced at Oz Kent and finished his sentence for him: "It's like it was blasted by the coastal defenses more than a hundred times over."

"That's right!" Oz Kent agreed with Elland's description.

By then, the two had walked out the main entrance.

Elland looked at the night sky with twinkling stars and the dark crimson moon. After a few seconds of silence, he adjusted his collar and said, "Let's hope he doesn't return to the sea again..."

...

Bayam. 6 Sfere Street.

Dressed in children's clothes, Denton ran up to the study and said to his elder sister who was practicing her sketching, "Donna, th-they say that Uncle Sparrow is a bad guy, a cultist,

and a murder!

“Th-they even showed me the newspapers!”

Donna turned her head as she wrinkled her nose.

“No way!

“Uncle Sparrow is a righteous, brave, and kind adventurer. We saw it with our own eyes. These are definitely more reliable than the papers!”

She hesitated for a moment before eloquently saying, “Al-although he had a very terrifying and ugly appearance, it was the price for his dreams and the power to protect! Denton, remember, the papers often like to fabricate content based on rumors or hearsay.”

“Yeah!” Denton nodded heavily. “I’ve already cursed them!”

Donna praised her brother and subconsciously looked out. She saw that the street lamps had cast their light into their garden. It was tranquil, serene, and gentle.

...

Hillston Borough, inside a high-class inn.

Klein folded a white handkerchief and placed it in his left breast pocket, and he raised his hand to retrieve his half top hat.

Today was the day for the mysterious tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, to officially appear in public!

He didn't wait for the sale of the bike company shares or the mystical items, and he planned on first using the remaining 2,962 pounds he had to cover his initial expenses.

This was sufficient, as it was equivalent to six to seven years of an upper-middle class family's income!

Arrodes didn't enter my dream last night. This means that he's unable to sense my return to Backlund without any close contact. That's a good thing. Yes, I'll contact it with the radio transceiver tonight to inquire about the evil spirit. I won't need to go through this hassle in the future, Klein mumbled inwardly as he held his cane and walked out of the hotel.

At that moment, the sun was shining through the thin mist, elating the moods of the pedestrians. Klein got onto a carriage, and he went straight for Cherwood Borough's City Family Servant Assistance Association at 9 Canylowell Street. He planned on hiring an experienced butler, and get him to organize the servants needed for a villa.

In the City Family Servant Assistance Association, Baylin ended a conversation with a male colleague that came to talk to her. She lowered her head to clean up the two drops of black tea on her lotus leaf-colored dress.

At that moment, she heard a mellow and heavy voice that time had left its mark on.

"Good morning, Ma'am."

Baylin hurriedly looked up and towards the reception. She saw a gentleman in his forties, wearing a tailcoat made of silk and carrying a gold-inlaid cane. Apart from the three buttons on his clothes, there was a golden chain that extended into his pocket.

This gentleman had a pair of deep blue eyes, and he was good looking. Even the tiny white patches on the side of his hair had added to the air he exuded. Just a smile from him made Baylin feel her cheeks turn warm.

“Sir, h-how many I be of service? Ah, right. How may I address you?” Baylin hurriedly got up and said.

“Dwayne Dantès,” Klein warmly replied with a smile. “I wish to hire a butler, a good one.”

“Mr. Dantès, please wait a moment. Have a seat.” Baylin hurriedly led Klein to the guest area, and she reached out to point at a cloth sofa.

Klein held a smile without rushing or nagging her. He very patiently sat down and awaited the staff to provide him with a list of names of the butlers.

What a gentleman… Oh no, I forgot to ask him what requirements he has! Baylin raised her hand to touch her cheeks and said, “Mr. Dantès, what kind of butlers are you looking for?”

Klein was already prepared as he replied with a mellow voice, “It’s best if they have served in a noble family before.”

This aided Dantès in widening his social circle.

Baylin gradually grasped her professional knowledge as she said in detail, “Such butlers are rare. As you know, nobles seldom change their butlers unless they’re unable to provide an effective service. Furthermore, even if they aren’t able to be a butler, they’re able to fill other positions in a noble household.

“In addition, the wealthy often have a considerable desire towards such butlers, and they’re willing to offer salaries with a premium. Mr. Dantès, we do have the kinds you are looking for, but their annual salaries are above 100 pounds.”

That makes the weekly salary to be about 2 pounds and up… An ordinary butler’s annual salary is 40 to 80 pounds, which is 15 soli to 1 pound 10 soli a week. That appears to be at the level of a technical worker’s salary, but the master will provide room, food, clothes, charcoal, and other necessities. A butler practically has zero expenditure… An annual salary of 100 pounds and above is really expensive… Klein quickly did the math as he replied as though he didn’t take much notice, “No problem. As long as they’re good butlers.”

Chapter 738: Life of a Tycoon

“Please wait a moment. Would you like coffee or tea?” Baylin asked warmly.

Klein laughed and replied, “I enjoyed coffee when I was younger, the rich and fragrant kind, but now, I prefer black tea.”

“I prefer black tea as well. Then… a cup of marquis black tea?” Baylin suggested with a smile.

The coffee and tea provided to guests at the City Family Servant Assistance Association were ordinary in quality, ranging from low- to medium-quality. Marquis black tea was tea that Baylin had brought from home for her own enjoyment.

Klein wasn’t a simpleton, and he was great at observing. Just as he walked into the door, he would take in everything about his surroundings without anyone noticing. He discovered that the coffee and tea container placed in the display case were very ordinary, and he believed that the quality was definitely lacking. Therefore, he believed that marquis black tea was likely reserved by the association for VIPs, or it belonged to the lady before him. Regardless, it expressed how sincere she was.

He didn’t expose her as he smiled.

“Thank you, you leave me unable to reject your suggestion.

“How may I address you, ma’am?”

“Baylin, just call me Baylin,” Baylin said with a smile which resembled a blooming flower.

She immediately briskly walked inside, and she selected suitable candidates from her colleague. Then, she returned to the reception counter, picked up a tin container, and skillfully brewed a cup of black tea.

Sigh, with a good-looking face and a good disposition while being dressed in a way that speaks volumes of my status, I can still sense the friendliness from a beautiful girl even though I’m middle-aged… Klein was having such an experience for the first time as he couldn’t help but sigh.

This made him further understand the importance of the Faceless principle of ultimately “being yourself.”

If he didn’t keep this in mind and lost himself to the benefits brought about by his appearance, he would keep maintaining the corresponding appearance, resulting in him forgetting or even rejecting his former self, and he would gradually lose his identity!

Soon, Baylin carried a white gold-rimmed porcelain teacup and placed it in front of Dwayne Dantès. She said with a smile, “It still needs some time to cool down.”

Klein looked down at the cup, and he said half-jokingly, “Perfect, this gives me the time to adjust my mood to more formally face this cup of black tea.”

His compliments and gratitude made Baylin feel even better. She found him a true gentleman, one who knew his way with words.

He's definitely not a believer of the Lord of Storms... Baylin combed her slightly curly brown hair, and she returned to the room to hurry her colleague.

Before long, she came over with a stack of documents and sat on the single-seater beside him.

"After the screening, we have three suitable butlers. I'll briefly introduce them to you.

"The first person is Mr. Asnia, age 55. He once served Viscount Yorkville, but after this viscount had a failed mining prospect investment, his family fell into a particular financial situation, and he had to sell its land and manors while terminating many of its servants. In the past decade, he was hired by two tycoons, and he has contributed significantly to the management of their households."

As she spoke, Baylin's brown eyes sparkled like two stars hid in them. She exuded the unique vibes of a teenage girl.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Then why did he leave the two tycoons?"

Baylin replied with a smile, "The first tycoon invested greatly in East Balam, and his whole family had moved there. Mr. Asnia wasn't willing to leave Backlund, so he offered to resign. The second tycoon's health isn't too good, and he had handed the family business to his son who has a butler he trusts more.

"Mr. Asnia is a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and his political inclinations is with the Conservative Party. He expects an annual salary of 130 pounds."

“May Goddess bless him.” Klein tapped four spots in a clockwise manner on his chest, forming the sign of the crimson moon.

Baylin’s eyes lit up as she asked, “Mr. Dantès, are you a believer of the Goddess?”

“Of course.” Klein nodded with a smile without explaining further.

It’s no wonder he’s so gentle! Baylin praised inwardly as she continued introducing, “Mr. Rebach, age 48. He once served the Negan family, and he was the deputy butler for a long period of time, as well as an assistant to the butler. Later, after a transaction, he became Baron Syndras’s butler.

“Shortly after Duke Negan was assassinated, Mr. Rebach, whose contract came to an end, didn’t receive a new contract from the baron, so he had no choice but to seek our help.

“He’s not a staunch believer of the Lord of Storms, and his personality is without problems. His political inclination is with the Conservative Party. He expects an annual salary of 120 pounds.”

Klein listened silently, nodding from time to time as a response, but he didn’t cut off Baylin’s description.

Baylin flipped through the documents and took a few glances and spoke again.

“The third person is Mr. Walter, age 42. He had been the land steward and assistant butler at Viscount Conrad’s household. Due to certain matters, he had a conflict with the butler, and he

chose to leave. He expects an annual salary of 115 pounds.

"He's a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and his political inclination is with the New Party."

Oravi Island's new governor-general is a member of Viscount Conrad's family. This family pledges loyalty to the royal family... The relevant information quickly flashed through Klein's mind.

After the introduction, Baylin handed over the stack of documents.

"Mr. Dantès, who do you wish to choose?"

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before saying with a smile, "Let's do this. Let the three of them come to where I live tomorrow at 9 a.m. I'll meet them and have a chat with them to make the final decision."

He knew that such associations didn't provide lodging, and it was purely an agency. Even if he made the selection right there and then, he still had to wait until the afternoon or tomorrow to see his butler. Therefore, he decided to have a small interview to select the person that matched his intentions the best.

"No problem," Baylin said with a smile. "May I know your address?"

Klein sipped the black tea, picked up a pen and paper from the table, and wrote down the location and name of the hotel he was staying in.

“You just came to Backlund?” Baylin blurted out a question when she saw it.

Only then did she realize that Mr. Dwayne Dantès’s skin was slightly darker than normal. It was slightly bronze-colored, seemingly a result of tanning. It gave him quite a rugged flavor.

Yes, he doesn’t have a Backlund accent… Baylin slowly recalled more details.

Klein smiled.

“I came from Desi Bay. I’m waiting for an excellent butler to help me seek out a suitable house and servants.”

After handing over a 3-pound deposit, he politely drank another sip of black tea and got up to bid farewell.

Baylin sent him all the way out of the door and watched him board the carriage.

Mr. Dantès also seems to be a tycoon… Compared to that, his bearing and gentlemanliness are even more charming… Baylin stood in her spot as she casually thought.

On the carriage, Klein half-closed his eyes as he leaned against the wall, and he couldn’t help but calculate the subsequent expenditures awaiting him.

The butler will cost around 120 pounds. Taking into account the average cost, a valet will cost 35 pounds, a chef 30 pounds, a gardener 25 pounds, a carriage driver 25 pounds, a nursery

governess 20 pounds, three ordinary lady's maid 15 pounds, and three maidservants 10 pounds. This way, just the servants alone would cost 330 pounds a year. It's equivalent to 6 pounds 7 soli a week. This already exceeds my salary back in Tingen.

Furthermore, I'll need to have a carriage which costs about 100 pounds. I need a garden and house, and the weekly rental fee is about 2 pounds. With all the food, clothes, and charcoal expenditure for all these people, the overall cost is ridiculous.

Is this the life of a tycoon…

Klein suddenly felt a little regret over choosing such a persona.

He exhaled as he tried hard to ignore the matter. He took a carriage to Phelps Street in North Borough.

There was a pure-black cathedral here, with a clock tower on each side, producing a symmetrical beauty. This was none other than the headquarters of the Backlund diocese of the Church of the Evernight Goddess, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Klein adjusted the handkerchief on his left pocket, held a gold-inlaid cane, and strode into the cathedral and walked down the quiet aisle. Under the sunlight which penetrated the colored glass panes, he came to the main prayer hall.

It was very dark, making one's mood automatically turn peaceful. Klein casually found a spot, leaned his cane, and took off his hat. He then closed his eyes and prayed.

Time passed, and after listening to the preaching, he slowly got up, walked to the altar, and bowed at the bishop with short,

black hair. Then, he walked to the donation box by the side.

Exhaling silently, Klein took out two 10-pound notes, six 5-pound notes and stuffed it inside.

The bishop caught this sight through the corner of his eye as his expression couldn't help but turn soft.

Typically, unless they specially solicited for donations or received donations from a deceased's will, the cathedral's donation box received tens of pounds at most.

This meant that the person was a tycoon, a rich person!

Chapter 739: The Encountered and the Yet-To-Be-Encountered

In the main prayer hall of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The black-haired bishop retracted his gaze and stopped looking at the middle-aged gentleman in front of the donation box, nor did he have any intention of chatting with him.

Here, before the holy altar, he represented the Church, and he was under the Goddess's sight. He couldn't show more warmth towards anyone because of their generous donations.

However, he remembered the gentleman's good looks and mature, refined disposition. He planned on attempting to get to know him when the opportunity arose in the future.

Seeing the final note slip into the donation box, Klein closed his eyes and turned to leave.

When passing the preaching bishop, he deliberately glanced at the clergyman and smiled with a nod.

The bishop returned with a warm smile as he tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

Klein wasn't in a hurry to make contact with the relevant personnel. He needed his actions to adhere to logic, and not to have any jarring actions that would incur suspicion. He silently and coolly turned to the side to give way to another devotee, and he made way down the aisle back to his seat. He then picked up

his hat and cane before walking out of the cathedral.

At that moment, with the preaching done, the devotees either went forward to the donation box to express their sincerity, or they got up to leave without feeling that there was anything wrong. After all, it wasn't compulsory.

Even a devotee who passionately donated was unable to donate money every time. It usually depended on the family's exact situation, doing it once or twice every one to two weeks.

At the level of a commoner, each donation was in the form of pennies, while middle-class devotees ranged from three to five soli. The wealthy and nobles used pounds, but they didn't exceed 100 pounds.

This was under ordinary circumstances. During the Evernight Goddess's holy memorial day every year, which was the Winter Gifts Day, the amount donated would increase several times. The commoners with a little bit more cash to spare would choose two to three soli, while the middle-class donated around 5 pounds. As for the members of high society, they directly donated to the diocese bishop or Church's charitable organizations, ranging from several hundred pounds to a few thousand pounds.

Winter Gifts Day was the day in a year when the night was longest. It was believed to be the birthday of the Evernight Goddess.

...

After leaving the cathedral, Klein stood at the square outside. He watched idly as pigeons flew up, circled around, and landed.

He even bought some food from a nearby street hawker. He leisurely fed the pigeons, and he had no plans on flipping through the advertisements in the newspapers to find a suitable residence in North Borough since it was the butler's mission.

An excellent butler that had resided in Backlund for many years had ought to know the different nobles and tycoons, as well as the best middle-class individuals who could provide their masters with help. He would know which streets to live in and, from there, purposefully choose a residence.

The interaction between neighbors was the first step for a newcomer to enter the relevant circles!

Be it the Carleton Club where members of the Conservative Party gather, the Club of the Free of the New Party, or the various in-service and veteran clubs for the military, they also require a recommendation before any contact can be made... Sigh, this is also the so-called club politics in the kingdom. Klein reined in his thoughts as he considered what he should do after he was done setting up the pigeon-feeding persona he created.

After careful consideration, he discovered that there was really nothing that needed his immediate attention. This was because his plans were stuck on the surface.

Hence, he planned on enjoying an expensive and sumptuous lunch. This was an action Dwayne Dantès ought to have, and it was also a result of Klein's own curiosity.

In the months when he was in Backlund, he didn't manage to muster the courage to head to the most famous restaurants in the big city to broaden his horizons. He kept choosing one of the four—his own dining hall, the buffet cafeteria of the Quelaag Club, the ordinary restaurants by the streets, and Lawyer Jurgen's dining hall. Otherwise, he would head to East Borough

and settle his breakfast and lunch in what seemed like a very oily coffee shop.

Laborie Restaurant? Their head chef is said to be from Earl Hall's family. He has provided tycoons, successful lawyers, high-ranking government officials with usually hard to come by flavors... Earl Hall had apparently invested in this restaurant and holds quite a major stake in it... Hmm, this restaurant mainly serves local Backlund cuisine. It's very famous for its desserts, but its price is horrendous...

Intis Srenzo Restaurant. It serves the most authentic Intis cuisine. Heh heh, many of the specialty dishes use Roselle's name, claiming that it originated from the emperor's palace dishes... Besides, it's not like most of the restaurants of the same class where they only offer a few main dishes every day. It has a wide variety... Klein recalled the information of the top restaurants he had read from the papers and magazines, and he finally decided on trying out the emperor's palace dishes.

He didn't stay any longer as he got on a horse carriage and headed for the Intis Srenzo Restaurant in West Borough.

At the entrance, Klein handed his coat, hat, and cane to a red-vested waiter as he asked, "Are there still any available seats? I didn't make a reservation."

"Yes, sir." The red-vested waiter didn't show any abnormal behavior as he humbly asked, "Sir, is this your first time here? Are you alone?"

Klein nodded frankly and smiled.

"Yes."

“Then, may I have the honor of introducing you to some of our most unique dishes and fine wine that our restaurant has to offer?” As the waiter spoke, he led the guest in.

“That’s exactly what I need.” Klein passed through the beautifully decorated door, and he saw walls that nearly reflected golden light.

Instantly, he felt as though he was in a gold vault.

Then, he noticed oil paintings hung on the walls, marble statues that were placed at suitable locations, as well as golden objects that were embedded or adorned in different spots.

“Please watch your step,” the attendant warned him as he led Klein to a spot by the window. Violin music played in the background of the restaurant.

The waiter brought him a food menu and a wine menu as he flipped it open and introduced, “These are our most famous dishes—red-braised Tagia beef short ribs, black truffle porcini mushrooms, Intis-styled foie gras. I would like to point out that our foie gras comes directly from the Bonas farm in Champagne province in the Intis Kingdom…”

As Klein listened to the waiter’s introduction, he browsed through the menu written in ancient Feysac, as the prices caught his eyes.

After introducing the main dishes, starters, and desserts, the waiter began explaining how the wines should be matched. Finally, he said, “The champagne, red wine, and white wine we have all come from a famous brewery from Champagne province. We even have Aurmir red wine from 1330. Its price is 126 pounds. If you wish to purchase it, you can take it along with

you or store it with us, drinking a cup every time you come."

126 pounds... I can already hire an excellent butler with that... Heh heh... Klein smiled with great grace.

"Your dishes and wine are excellent. It's really difficult to choose."

The red-vested waiter gave a hospitable smile.

"You can choose the chef's recommendations for the day. It will be an authentic and delicious Intis meal arranged by our main chef. There are three choices—15 pounds, 10 pounds, and 8 pounds."

I don't want any of them... Klein leaned back slightly as he smiled.

"I'll have the 15-pound set meal."

"Alright." The red-vested waiter took away the menus, and he walked towards the kitchen.

Klein drew a breath and slowly exhaled as he casually observed the area before him.

Suddenly, he saw a familiar figure. It was a lady wearing an olive-green dress.

She was tall, with an excellent figure. She wore a black, out-of-fashion bonnet, with a fishnet veil hanging down and

concealing her face.

As a Faceless, Klein had a strong ability to discern the external characteristics of humans. He immediately identified the lady.

Queen Mystic, Emperor Roselle's eldest daughter, Bernadette Gustav!

He wasn't in a rush to look away as he naturally moved his gaze to the side. Bernadette didn't seem to notice anything abnormal as she disappeared around the stairwell.

Why would she appear here? Right, this restaurant's specialty is Emperor Roselle's palace dishes. Heh, it's nothing like the Chinese cuisine I thought it would be. He probably doesn't know how to cook and at best, is able to describe the concept. There are stir-fried dishes here... Hmm, could the owner behind the scenes actually be her? Why is she here in Backlund instead of floating out at sea? Hasn't she found Hero Bandit Black Emperor? Klein sat down with a calm expression as questions arose in his mind.

...

Meanwhile, on the streets, a carriage was driving towards the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

Sitting in the carriage was Aaron Ceres's family. This famous surgeon was a member of the Quelaag Club, a good friend of Sherlock Moriarty. He had once sought out the detective to handle Will Auceptin's matter.

Ever since his wife became pregnant, he found his luck had become rather good. His business was improving by the day, and

his income was rising by the month. He recently successfully completed Baron Syndras's surgery, and he received the commendation of this newly promoted noble. He was invited to the Srenzo Restaurant to have lunch with him.

"It's said that the ice-cream is pretty good," Aaron smiled as he said to his wife.

His wife was a black-haired beauty, and she was already obviously pregnant. She smiled demurely and said, "I'm more looking forward to Emperor Roselle's palace dishes."

Aaron tersely acknowledged as he looked out the window.

"We're almost there."

Just as he said that, his wife held her tummy and frowned.

"It hurts a little."

Aaron, who wasn't a first-time father, immediately checked on her and didn't discover any problems, but his wife was feeling greater discomfort. The child in her womb seemed to be pulling a tantrum.

"I-I think I won't go over there. I wish to return home to rest," Aaron's wife suggested.

Aaron thought for a while and said, "I'll accompany you home."

He immediately ordered his valet, "Get down here and head to

the restaurant to apologize to Baron Syndras on my behalf."

After the carriage began its return, the discomfort that Aaron's wife suffered was relieved. By the time she walked through the doorstep, everything was normal.

She pointed at her tummy, exasperated.

"It appears like he doesn't want to eat ice-cream."

Achoo! In the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, Klein, who hadn't spared any dish, felt the pinch but began enjoying his ice-cream in satisfaction. Midway, he found his nose itchy as he sneezed into a piece of tissue paper he pulled out.

...

West Borough. In a dark house.

Fors, who had already advanced to Astrologer, participated in all kinds of Beyonder gatherings, in search of the possibility to earn money.

She owed Xio 220 pounds, and she was even suspected by her good friend of being involved in illegal gambling.

I can't even afford to buy my essential crystal ball... As her thoughts wandered, Fors suddenly heard a member at the gathering say, "I wish to sell a Moon Puppet."

Chapter 740: Self-recommendation

Moon Puppet... Fors's heart palpitated as she refocused and looked at the gathering participant who had just spoken.

The man in a black iron mask had already taken out a small puppet and showed it to everyone.

"I have a friend who discovered a series of graves deep in the Southern Continent's Paz Valley. This puppet was stuck in the deceased's right eye socket.

Fors observed the puppet seriously just like the other gathering participants. She discovered that it was slender, and its entire body resembled a tiny wooden piece that had been engraved with crescent-like eyes and a mouth. Embedded in it were dried grass and flowers.

Doesn't look like anything special... Fors mumbled inwardly. Her spiritual perception didn't sense anything as her pen-wielding hand continued hovering over a bronze-green notebook.

The man in the iron mask continued the introduction:

"My friend and I are unable to determine what use this puppet has, and we can only suspect that it's not simple. It might also hide quite a secret.

"60 pounds. For just 60 pounds, you can have it. This price is very fair. Even if it has nothing to do with mysticism, it's not a bad antique worth forty to fifty pounds.

“That is to say you’ll be spending 10 pounds to have a chance of a pleasant surprise. To you, this is a small sum of money.”

A very tempting explanation. This gentleman is likely a successful salesman. However, I don’t even have 10 pounds… As Fors engaged in a self-deprecating laugh, she didn’t believe that anyone would buy the so-called Moon Puppet of unknown origins and usage.

Just as she had that thought, she heard a female voice which was deliberately suppressed.

“50 pounds.”

Is she too rich, or is she willing to try her luck? Fors subconsciously turned her head to look at the speaking person, only to see the lady wearing a hooded long robe. Her face was hidden in the shadows.

At that moment, the owner of the Moon Puppet laughed.

“I’ll be more inclined to keep it for myself. Perhaps, there might come a time when I discover what’s so special about it.”

As he spoke, he realized that no one was offering a better price. He immediately said, “Of course, as a gentleman, I’ll satisfy your wish since you have expressed your desire and have given a reasonable price.”

“Deal,” the hooded woman replied with a deep voice.

Soon, the gathering’s attendant helped them complete the transaction. Fors noticed that the lady’s hand was trembling

slightly after she received the Moon Puppet.

She places great importance on the item… She might actually know what's so special about the puppet… Moon Puppet… Moon… From the Southern Continent… Fors suddenly made connections and recalled the few Primordial Moon believers who Mr. Moon was searching for. She began having a suspicion that the hooded lady was one of them, or that she had a connection with them.

Of course, she had zero evidence. She didn't even have much of a compelling reason to have such a guess.

Phew… Fors silently exhaled as she decided to find a way to verify her theory.

She casually moved the hard-covered notebook in her hand, making a yellowish-brown goatskin appear.

On the piece of paper were all kinds of patterns that formed an ancient, mysterious picture of unknown intent.

This was one of the pages of Leymano's Travels, and it recorded a particular Beyonder power.

It wasn't a recorded power which Fors had gathered herself, but one of the five original pages when she received it.

Fors looked up, and she pretended to observe the transactions of the others while fully taking in the hooded lady's situation.

She discovered that there was a mosquito with dark brown spots on a nearby wall and unknown worms that were slowly

squirming on the ground.

Fors's finger naturally slid across the yellowish-brown goatskin's pattern as a complicated symbol quickly formed in her mind.

Silently and without showing any odd signs, she felt that she had "understood" the brown pattern, as her thoughts connected with the other party's.

The brown-spotted mosquito flew at a low height.

It circled beneath the hooded lady and carefully clung to her front.

The mosquito's vision was different from a human's since an incomprehensible scene appeared in Fors's mind. But it soon disintegrated and reformed into a rather normal scene.

The hooded lady had a rather curved outline with dark skin. Her brows were thin and the corners of her mouth drooped significantly.

Fors immediately recognized her. She was none other than the Primordial Moon believer, Windsor Behring, who Mr. Moon was searching for!

An effective clue is worth 100 pounds, and directly finding her means 500 pounds! Fors recalled the reward as she immediately became flustered.

Her first reaction was to drive the mosquito to bite Windsor Behring and suck her blood. That way, she could later use

astromancy to directly lock onto her location.

However, she gave up the idea after struggling for a moment. That was extremely taboo in a Beyonder gathering. If she were discovered, she would definitely be attacked by all the participants of the gathering.

And the host of the gathering often had significant strength. Going too overboard made it easily detectable!

Hmm, I'll just get the 100 pounds. If there's another chance, I'll consider how to lock onto her directly... I have to leave this gathering early and smear my blood over Leymano's Travels to prevent myself from getting lost. That would be dangerous... Fors repressed her disappointment as she made her final decision.

In fact, her actions were already out of line; hence, she didn't wish to stay another second longer.

...

Hillston Borough, inside a high-class hotel.

Klein stood behind an oriel window as he silently took in the crimson moon and thin clouds in the sky.

Some time later, he combed the white hair around his temples and reached out to draw the curtains.

Then, he went through the hassle of moving the radio transceiver back to the real world and spent the time "airing" out most of its "smell."

This time, he only waited about ten seconds when he felt the room turn dark and eerie. He heard the radio transceiver begin to producing clicking sounds.

Klein approached and saw a piece of illusory paper spew out. On the paper were words composed of Loenese: “Great Master, please look right!”

Right... Klein turned his head in amusement and curiosity to his side.

He saw a full-body mirror, which had already turned dark, as though it was smeared with a layer of ink.

Just as a thought flashed in his mind, the full-body mirror lit up. Illusory fireworks began shooting inside the mirror as it burst and scattered down in a beautiful and dazzling display.

Meanwhile, the full-body mirror produced a line of golden Loenese words.

“Welcome back, Great Master!”

At that moment, although Arrodes didn’t produce any sound, Klein had the baffling feeling that it was hysterically shouting.

As the fireworks came to an end, the golden text distorted and formed a new line of text:

“Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, wishes to ask you how I might be of service to you?”

Klein was already very accustomed to this as he said in a practiced manner, “Answer my questions.”

The golden line of text reformed again.

“Thank you for your answer. You may ask.”

Prepared, Klein said, “Where did the evil spirit in Williams Street go to?”

The full-body mirror’s golden text froze for a few seconds before they slowly disappeared. As for the blooming fireworks in the background, they first blurred before a new scene became clear.

It was that of an abandoned chapel where withered vines crawled over its walls, and gray stones were strewn everywhere.

Klein found it rather familiar. It was where he and Sharron had once conversed with the evil spirit.

The scene drew close as Klein saw that in a corner of the collapsed chapel was a tiny pit that wasn’t too deep. There were clear signs of it being dug up with one’s fingers.

Miss Magician mentioned it before… As Klein’s thoughts surfaced, the scene produced a cold voice that hid a smile:

“It’s a pleasure working with you!”

As those words came out of the soil, the scene immediately turned distorted like a water surface being stirred before the

scene completely shattered.

Pleasure working with you… Who did the evil spirit speak to?

To make an angel from the Hunter pathway use such a tone, the person opposite it mustn't be someone of a lower level. That person might even be an angel. However, why would "He" use his hands to dig? "He" should have a much easier method that didn't waste that much time…

The angel is also restricted in a certain sense? Hmm, just like that Grandpa in Leonard's body? Right, Leonard was in Backlund back then! This is a clue, but there are other possibilities. Something at the level of an angel doesn't equate to being an angel…

The evil spirit controlled Baronet Pound to contact someone? From the looks of it, the Intis and Feysac spies were just a smokescreen that was deliberately set up by the evil spirit. As expected of a Conspirer… Thoughts ran through Klein's mind as he said to Arrodes, "Second question: I have three butlers to choose from. Who do you think is the most suitable?"

Golden Loenese words appeared one after another:

"If you choose Rebach and Walter, there might be an additional development. Asnia is the most professional, but he's also the most ordinary."

Hmm… the two who were formerly under the service of Duke Negan and Viscount Conrad do allow for additional development… Klein nodded in thought.

"It's your turn to ask."

At this moment, a bunch of golden text appeared:

"Great Master, what do you make of me being your butler? As long as you bring me out of the Church of Steam, I can become the best butler in the world!"

"..."

Klein hesitated for a second as he replied, mincing his words, "It's not suitable at the moment."

The golden text in the full-body mirror darked instantly before it lit up again, reforming the words:

"Alright.

"Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, will patiently await the day."

Immediately following that, the full-body mirror produced a complicated picture with some footnotes.

"This is a rune formed with the corresponding symbols and magical labels. Great Master, as long as you are in Backlund, writing it on some paper is equivalent to summoning me."

A mixture of concealment and mystery prying symbols... Klein identified the rune and said, "Okay."

Chapter 741: Butler

9 a.m., Hillston Borough, inside a high-class hotel.

Klein picked up a bottle of exquisitely packaged white wine as he handed it over to the elder opposite him.

“Mr. Asnia, thank you for coming. This is a gift of mine. Please accept it.

“At the latest, I’ll make my decision by tomorrow. When the time comes, I might come and visit you in person.”

He was using such a euphemistic manner to inform the man that he had failed to be selected.

To be frank, he was actually rather pleased with Mr. Asnia. He perfectly met his image of a butler—stern, well-mannered, professional, a high level of mental understanding, and was good at handling all kinds of thorny issues.

As the oldest candidate who lived the furthest away, he had arrived half an hour ahead of time. He had been patiently waiting outside while Rebach and Walter were only fifteen minutes early.

If not for Arrodes mentioning that the latter two allowed for additional developments, Klein felt that he would’ve chosen this old gentleman. After all, his main goal was to use the butler’s social connections to more easily enter high society so as to make contact with the corresponding targets.

The white wine was specially bought from the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, costing him two pounds since he knew someone was destined to be disappointed while wasting money to travel to and fro by carriage.

This could effectively accentuate how generous Dwayne Dantès was and how gentlemanly he was as a mysterious tycoon.

In addition, he didn't think it was right to belittle a butler from a noble family. Such people definitely knew plenty of people in high society, many professional butlers, and countless servants due to their past professional experiences. They covered the entire spectrum of people, and they could affect a gentleman's image, and this was a necessary consideration for entering even higher social circles.

At present, the fifty-five-year-old Asnia had plenty of white hair. His blue eyes were ingrained with the wisdom that time had given him, so he didn't reject Dwayne Dantès's gift. He received it and glanced at it before bowing.

"I love white wine from Garrod. Thank you for your kindness. Your grace is admirable."

Garrod? Yes, the waiter yesterday mentioned that it's a brewery in Intis's Champagne province. It's well known for producing high-end grape wine. Some of the wine of certain vintage years are considered top-notch. Sigh, a butler knows more about wine than me. That's right. Mr. Asnia had mentioned that wine cellars are directly under the charge of the butler or a butler assistant among nobles and the rich... Does this mean that I need to have a wine cellar in the future? Wine costing two pounds is at the bottom of the totem pole, while even Aurmir red wine from 1330 which costs 126 pounds isn't even considered the best... How much would such a wine cellar cost... As he thought it over, Klein felt heavy in the chest. He began to suspect that the 2,888 pounds he had set aside from the gold coins weren't going to last long.

If not for the training he had during his time as a Clown, he definitely would've lost his cool and not reply with a smile.

"Your fondness for it is the greatest form of praise for me. Mr. Asnia, please invite Mr. Rebach who's at the coffee house below up."

Asnia didn't hesitate to agree to it. Less than five minutes later, Rebach knocked on the door and entered the living room.

This gentleman had his blond hair combed neatly. The edges of his eyes and mouth had some wrinkles which weren't too distinct. He had a ruddy complexion and a masculine bearing. It was obvious that he was a butler who could accompany his master hunting or even fend off enemies.

After exchanging greetings, Klein invited him in to take a seat while smiling. He went directly to the point.

"Forgive me for being honest. I don't understand why you would become the butler of Baron Syndras. Your father was the assistant butler to the Negan family, and your grandfather was the land steward of the same family. Many of your ancestors served the duke and his relatives until they returned to the arms of god. You should have had such a life trajectory as well."

Due to Emperor Roselle's influence, the various countries in the Northern Continent went from using their fief and aristocratic title to indicate their nobility to just their names and aristocratic titles. Only under special formal occasions would they use the former. Of course, there were a few nobles whose names stemmed from their fiefs.

Rebach gave a standard smile and answered, "Baron Syndras is a newly promoted noble, an old friend of the late duke. Therefore, I

was sent to his family to help him and his family get accustomed to noble life and grasp the corresponding etiquettes."

The late duke he was talking about was the present Duke Negan's father, the Pallas Negan who had been assassinated the previous year.

"Then, why did you leave the baron's family later?" Klein deliberated and asked.

Rebach answered honestly, "Although Baron Syndras obtained his aristocratic title via the Conservative Party, he is one of the most famous bankers, investors, and enterprise owners in the kingdom. He was one of the earliest multi-millionaires, and he had a strong penchant for the New Party. He was willing to provide a certain degree of support to them, creating friction between him and the Conservative Party nobles, including the younger duke.

"Therefore, to prevent the baron from being put in a difficult position, I offered to leave. He actually tried to keep me, and he was an excellent employer."

Klein nodded and asked, "You believe in the Lord of Storms?"

Rebach seriously replied, "Yes, the Lord gives us courage, zeal, and a sense of responsibility."

Klein asked a few more matters about butlers and received a detailed response. Then, he said with a smile, "Might I trouble you to invite Mr. Walter who's at the coffee house up?

"After I'm done chatting with him, I'll make the decision. You can

wait in the coffee house for about ten minutes."

"Alright." Rebach didn't harp on the matter and immediately got up to bow. After bidding farewell, he left in a manner that exuded the air of a military man.

As he watched him leave and close the door, Klein sat back down, picked up his black tea, and took a sip. He muttered silently, *If I were to choose him, I'll likely establish certain connections with the present Duke Negan and the Conservative Party. The additional development might include the situation before the assassination…*

Before long, Walter arrived and entered after knocking on the door.

Klein first exchanged some pleasantries before asking, "What conflict did you have with Viscount Conrad's butler? You should understand that I need to understand the situation. I cannot afford to risk offending a noble."

Walter had a broad forehead with raven-black hair and brown stern eyes, but he wasn't a person who appeared taciturn. He thought for a few seconds and said, "As a butler assistant, I was responsible for the viscount's children. During this process, due to certain matters, I was appreciated by a particular important figure. As such, I won the recognition of the viscount, which made the butler wary against me.

"Later, that important figure passed away due to an accident, and as a result, the viscount's attitude towards me changed. The butler treated me even worse, making me believe that it was pointless waiting for things to improve."

In charge of the viscount's children, and he got to know an

important figure... Hmm, Talim also got to know Prince Edessak from teaching Viscount Conrad's youngest son. And the prince passed away a few months ago because of the Great Smog of Backlund... This matches Walter's explanation... From the looks of it, this butler was one of the peripheral victims of that matter... He's rather cautious and professional. He didn't expose his former employer's negatives or reveal the matter about the prince, nor did he speak ill of the viscount's butler... If I select him, the additional development is something to look forward to... Klein listened silently as he made some connections.

He then switched to asking some professional questions, expressing his desire to enter high society. After receiving a satisfactory answer, he straightened his clothes, got up and smiled.

"Let me introduce myself again. I'll be your employer, Dwayne Dantès."

Walter immediately bowed and said, "Sir, how may I be of service?"

He kept maintaining a stern, old-fashioned, and unperturbed demeanor, as though these were the professional traits of a butler.

"Two matters," Klein replied with a chuckle. "First, help me hand this bottle of white wine to Mr. Rebach who's waiting at the coffee house. Please express my apologies and gratitude to him. Second, hire a solicitor to write up a professional contract that will include you and the other servants."

"Alright, sir." Walter bowed once again.

As Klein handed the white wine over, he asked, "Walter, how

many servants do you think I need to hire in order to not appear improper?"

While Walter received the bottle of Garrod white wine, he replied without any hesitation, "You should first determine where you will be living. Only then can you know how many servants you actually need."

"Oh, do you have suggestions? My requirements are simple. I wish to live in North Borough, as I'm a pious believer of the Goddess." Klein drew the crimson moon on his chest in passing.

According to the information I read on the papers and magazines, a gardened villa in a high-end district has to be at least 3 pounds a week. That makes it 156 pounds a year... Although there are no direct numbers, I can infer that the suburb's best gardened villas cost about 2 pounds a week. A high-end apartment with a few rooms and halls would cost about the same. It's been mentioned that that's relatively extravagant, a place where only the richest of the middle-class can afford to rent. Yes, from that, I can preliminary estimate the rent of a tycoon's house...

It's expensive just thinking about it. Back in Tingen, Benson, Melissa, and I spent 13 soli a week on a gardenless terrace house. There was an additional 5 pence for the use of furniture. In the house I lived in Minsk Street, it didn't even reach 1 pound...

Sigh, so be it; even if it's 3 pounds. I have 2,888 pounds. It shouldn't be a problem renting a slightly better one... No problem at all... While awaiting Walter's answer, Klein silently recalled the information regarding rental costs. He began calculating how much he needed to pay every week and every year.

Walter considered it for two seconds before replying in a serious manner, "Sir, you can choose 32 Böklund Street. It's close to Saint Samuel Cathedral, and it's a three-story manor with more than

ten rooms. It comes with a stable, a servants' quarters, and a rather large garden. Living nearby are baronets, House of Commons members of parliament, and senior lawyers...

"The interior design is especially tasteful. There are plenty of famous paintings and antiques. All the furniture and wares are enough to accentuate your identity. You can rent it for a year first. If you find it satisfactory, you can consider buying it entirely."

Sounds pretty good... Klein asked with a smile, "How much is it to rent for a year?"

Walter sternly and skillfully reported the number, "Including the use of furniture, 1,260 [1] pounds a year."

"..."

Klein was glad that he wasn't drinking any tea, or else he would've spewed it all across his butler's face.

He mustered nearly all of a Clown's control in order to prevent any abnormalities from showing on his face.

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1. **Author's Note:** The rental prices of houses are referenced from "Money in the Past - on the Economic Life of People in Beijing, Paris, and London in the 19th Century" and "British study of Victorian middle-class marriage and family life". A house costing 1,260 pounds is an embassy rented during the Qin dynasty. As for whether there was a premium to it, I've no idea.

Chapter 742: Decided

After a brief moment of silence, Klein raised the black tea and took a sip. He said with a smile, “It’s something that can be considered, but Emperor Roselle once said to never be in a rush to make a decision. Only after repeated comparison will one receive the best answer.

“Are there any other options?”

Walter, who wore a white glove, replied without any abnormality to his expression, “Phelps Street would also satisfy your request. I recall that Unit 9 is available for rent. It’s a two-story villa with more than ten rooms. It comes with a stable, the servants’ quarters, and a small garden. The furniture and wares are relatively old, but they’re considered decent. The annual rent is 220 pounds.”

That’s quite a reasonable price… Reasonable… However, Phelps Street means that it’s less than 100 meters away from Saint Samuel Cathedral. Although this does help in being right under their noses, many of the pedestrians will be Nighthawks. It would be very inconvenient for me to leave and return, making it easy to make mistakes… Klein, who originally had a budget of about 160 pounds, suddenly felt 220 pounds was a pretty good price after undergoing the catharsis of the gardened manor’s price.

This made him suspect whether Butler Walter had deliberately offered him an expensive choice at the very beginning.

Klein pondered for a few seconds and said, “Any others?”

Walter replied without showing any signs of impatience, “160

Böklund Street is also available for rent. It's a three-story house which also comes with a garden, a stable, servants' quarters. There are more than ten rooms, but its location isn't as good as Unit 32. The decorations, furniture, and wares can be considered decent. It has an annual rent of 315 pounds."

315 pounds… The rental fee flashed past Klein's slightly numb mind. He asked in thought, "What do you suggest?"

At that moment, he had already decided on an answer, but as an employer, he wasn't in a rush to express his decision. This was because he would easily be belittled if his decision had a slip up in common knowledge.

Walter seriously thought and said, "160 Böklund Street.

"In comparison, the neighbors here will be more helpful in entering high society. As for Unit 32, it's overly extravagant. To rent it immediately will make your surrounding neighbors believe that you lack the necessary self-restraint, making it seem inappropriate."

To put it simply, to rent a house costing 1,260 pounds a year so easily will make neighbors define me as an ostentatious nouveau riche… To a tycoon who's trying to enter high society, such a reputation will be terrible… Klein sipped his black tea and asked with a smile, "Then, why did you offer me the selection of 32 Böklund Street?"

Walter unhurriedly bowed and said, "Honorable sir, I'm only a butler. My responsibility isn't to decide, but to present all suitable options and give you certain suggestions for your consideration.

"In a situation where I'm unaware of your exact preferences, I

have to do my best to provide you with all possible options."

Very professional… He's likely worried that Dwayne Dantès is a nouveau riche who enjoys flaunting his wealth, so he first gave the choice of 32 Böklund Street as a way to probe me, so as to adjust his suggestions and management style… Klein smiled and said, "Let's eliminate Unit 32. We shall choose one of the two.

"Before I make the decision, I'm accustomed to paying a visit. Let's head off after lunch."

"Yes, sir." Walter continued wearing that stern, old-fashioned expression.

…

South of the Bridge, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White was wiping the silver candle stands as he was mulling over the clues provided by Miss Magician.

A secret Beyonder gathering… That's equivalent to providing no clues. It will be rather difficult to pursue the matter. And I won't be able to participate in the gathering in short notice… Emlyn observed himself in the silver stand's surface as he combed his hair.

Then, he put down the wiping cloth, retreated to the first pew in the cathedral, and sat down as he watched Bishop Utravsky praying seriously before the altar with his gaze unfocused.

Thoughts came to his mind as they occasionally created sparks.

Emlyn suddenly grasped a detail.

Why would a puppet that garners the Primordial Moon believer's immense interest happen to appear?

Moon Puppet… This feels like it's bait. C-could it be a trap designed by Rus Báthory and the others? Emlyn's eyes lit up as he suddenly stood up.

Rus Báthory was a Sanguine Baron who was participating in the hunting competition. He was viewed by Emlyn as his strongest competitor.

The more Emlyn thought about it, the more he found it as a possibility. This was because he knew that Báthory was an antique enthusiast, one who especially enjoyed collecting all sorts of strange trinkets from the Southern Continent!

After pacing back and forth a few times, he curled the corners of his lips and chuckled. He silently said, *I have no way of entering the Beyonder gathering to seek out the location of Windsor, but I can monitor Rus Báthory and finish off the target before he does!*

Haha, I look forward to his expression when that happens.

Yes, Miss Magician's clue is indeed worth 100 pounds.

Just as Emlyn was feeling abnormally excited, Father Utravsky ended his prayers, walked over, and looked down at him. He said with a gentle voice, "Our piousness is not in our language, but in every detail of our body language. You were not being focused enough today.

“Wipe the candle stand again.”

“A-alright,” Emlyn replied, suddenly feeling ashamed.

After the priest turned to walk to the confessional, he snapped to his senses as he muttered, amused and incensed, *I’m not pious at all. I don’t have to appear pious!*

…

Rows of straight Intis parasol trees lined both ends of the street, making the streets appear beautiful and tranquil. With his gold-inlaid cane in hand, Klein slowly walked out of Unit 160.

He silently drew a breath and turned to look at Walter.

“Tell the owner that I’m very satisfied.

“I’ll temporarily rent it for a year. We might move to a better place later, such as Empress Borough.”

His words hinted at his ambition to obtain an aristocratic title, as Empress Borough was a place where the nobles gathered.

As for why he didn’t rent half a year to save on money, it was because such high-end estates only accepted long-term contracts. One year was the minimum.

To be frank, if money wasn’t an issue, Klein had quite a liking for the house. Its lawn was clean, and the garden was beautiful. The furnishing was befitting, and the wares were exquisite.

There were plenty of bedrooms, sufficient furniture, and many washrooms on every floor. Even the stables and servants' quarters at the back weren't shoddy work. It was the best residence Klein could've ever imagined in the past.

Walter immediately replied, "I'll hire a solicitor in a while.

"Sir, what specific requests do you have regarding servants?"

Klein strolled underneath the Intis parasol trees and smiled.

"I'd first like to hear your suggestions."

Walter thought for a moment before saying, "Sir, you will need a housekeeper regardless."

During the interview, Klein had mentioned that Dwayne Dantès wasn't married and had no children, nor did he have any mistresses in Backlund; therefore, he didn't need a lady's maid.

Dwayne Dantès nodded gently without expressing any intentions. Walter continued, "Her duties would be to manage the female servants and the expenses of the household. Sir, you can't leave everything to me or the same person. Balance is an art in politics, and it's also a good method when managing a household. Emperor Roselle once said that absolute power definitely corrupts.

"I'm confident in myself before money, but it's only confidence."

Hmm, very honest... A housekeeper is needed. She'll cost about thirty to forty pounds a year... Klein nodded.

“Okay.”

At that moment, Walter was walking behind Klein to his side. He extended his hand to stop a rental carriage.

On the carriage, he continued, “I will get the Family Servant Assistance Association to produce a name list for the selection of the housekeeper. You shall choose her personally, and I won’t provide any suggestions.

“Based on the current residential situation, you will also need a steward who can be male or female. You will need a valet, a lady’s maid in charge of the bedrooms, and two chambermaids who will be in charge of the living room and activity room. Two footmen to valet guests, a parlor maid, a scullery maid, two laundresses, and two handymen.

“Apart from those, you will need a cook, two gardeners, two coachmen or one coachman and an assistant coachman. If necessary, you can have an additional attendant, a steward’s boy, a nursery governess, and a second cook.

“You currently do not have any carriages, but you’ll definitely have two in the future. A four-wheeled carriage costs about 300 pounds. A two-wheeled one costs about 100 pounds…”

As he listened to his butler introduce the required servants in detail, Klein’s mind went numb. He didn’t wish to do the accounts on how much he needed to spend. After all, it was paid on a weekly or monthly basis, and not an annual basis.

Ignoring the attendant, steward’s boy, nursery governess, and second cook, there will be ten to eleven male servants, and the female servants with the housekeeper will number about nine to ten… It’s basically several times what I calculated. Each week’s

expenses will exceed 10 pounds... This can only be determined after all of them are hired and their salaries are negotiated... There's also the carriage... Klein's mind couldn't help but drift when he saw Walter's mouth moving nonstop.

Seeing the staid and extremely dignified Mr. Dwayne Dantès nodding from time to time, Walter subconsciously broadened the topic.

"In the future, you will also need to rent a manor in the suburbs to entertain friends to have a wonderful weekend over there. There's no rush. It can wait until you hold several dances and banquets at Unit 160...

"Sir, do not mention housemaids in front of the neighbors of this street. Only those with salaries below 500 pounds a year will hire housemaids because they're unable to hire enough female servants to handle the different parts of the household..."

"..."

Klein listened numbly as he reflexively wore a warm smile.

Back at the hotel, he watched Walter leave before he sat back down, his expression collapsing.

When it was twenty minutes to three, Klein rubbed his temples and slowly got up. He went into his bedroom and prepared to begin this week's Tarot Gathering.

Chapter 743: A Diary Page

Above the gray fog, in the palace with the towering dome.

The Fool Klein glanced at The Sun, who had been pulled up ahead of time, as well as The World who had been conjured in advance. Emanating a little bit of his spirituality, he made contact with the crimson star representing Justice, The Hanged Man, The Magician, The Moon, and The Hermit.

Beams of light rose up as relatively blurry figures appeared on the two sides of the long bronze table.

Justice Audrey, who had just returned from a tree farm leading to the castle, had already changed into a dress. Her sleeves were layered in laces that were filled with lustrous pearls.

Like clockwork, she stood up, lifting the corners of her skirt as she curtsied.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~”

Klein instantly felt better as he nodded with a smile in response.

Meanwhile, he couldn’t help but sigh.

To act like a tycoon costs so much money. I wonder how huge the expenditures are for a noble like Miss Justice…

After all the members exchanged greeting nods, he looked at The Hermit, as he knew that this pirate admiral would likely provide him with new Roselle diary entries.

As he had expected, Cattleya spoke out:

“Mr. Fool, I only managed to find one page of Roselle’s diary.”

Just one page? Shouldn’t Queen Mystic be able to produce an entire book anytime she wants? Klein, who had been met with repeated tribulations recently, remained composed as he nodded.

“That won’t be a problem.”

Cattleya immediately conjured a yellowish-brown diary page. It then seemed to tear through the spirit world and enter Mr. Fool’s hands.

Klein deliberately looked down, and he was surprised to discover that the beginning of the diary entry didn’t have a date.

That means that it’s a second page from another diary page… Why didn’t Bernadette give me the first page? She should be able to figure out dates. After all, Old Neil succeeded… Did she not? Or were the diary pages thrown into a mess, and she wasn’t able to restore them to the correct order? Does this mean that Emperor Roselle’s belongings were vied for by various factions after his death? Some were lost, and at that time, Bernadette was unable to stop them. Only when she became Queen Mystic did she have the ability to get involved… As Klein guessed, he quickly began reading the content on the piece of paper.

“How surprising. The Fourth Epoch history divulged by Mr. Door is getting more and more interesting.

“This unlucky b*stard who’s trapped amidst the storm and lost to the depths of darkness told me that the Black Emperor died once and had revived again.

“Surprisingly, this matches what was said in that ancient secret organization. Back during that gathering, they said that the nine secret mausoleums of the Black Emperor weren’t all destroyed. Even if this deity who walked the land were to perish, ‘He’ could resurrect.

“Even if all nine mausoleums were destroyed, as long as the order left behind by the Black Emperor remained, ‘He’ had the ability to strangely resurrect. Only with the birth of a new Black Emperor would he be completely obliterated, never to appear again.

“According to Mr. Door’s description, the Black Emperor had three stages in the process of ‘His’ resurrection. First is that the Uniqueness leaves the person possessing it, turning into an abstract concept. Second is when the subjects of the Black Emperor hear ‘His’ mighty voice again. The third is that, when fused with the Uniqueness, the Black Emperor would reappear in the astral world. The three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics would automatically be returned into the emperor’s hands. This is an order that other true deities are unable to distort or prevent.

“This way, the Sequence 1 Prince of Abolition of this pathway, Blood Emperor, and Night Emperor would be in a rather awkward situation. They might instantly perish, falling back to Sequence 2. Mr. Door said that back then, the Lord of Storms and the Evernight Goddess had chosen the Night Emperor. They helped ‘Him’ switch to a neighboring pathway—the Justiciar pathway. As such, the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire fractured.

“And Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, who was pushed into a corner, made a crazy decision. It was to switch to a non-neighboring Beyonder pathway. He paid the cost of losing his reasoning, becoming a lunatic so as to forcefully advance and become a true god.

“I have to say that this decision is filled with irrationality. It’s almost impossible for it to happen, but Mr. Door told me that Alista Tudor eventually succeeded. The craziest true god was born!

“It’s truly fascinating, but Mr. Door didn’t go into the details since he kept it from me.

“I asked him which was worse—lunacy or death. ‘He’ said that it was an obvious choice, death, because as long as one was alive, it wasn’t impossible to recover even if one was completely mad.

“‘He’ laughed and gave an example. A crazy true god could use ‘His’ instinct to mate with all kinds of living beings, giving birth to all kinds of descendants. Through this process, if ‘He’ was lucky enough, the conflicting Beyonder characteristics would be purged. The lunacy would slowly disappear with time as ‘He’ improves bit by bit.

“Mr. Door deliberately didn’t say if there would be any remnant problems, nor did he explain why almost no one made such a choice, but I could tell that there was definitely some huge hidden risks.

“I have to say, Mr. Door’s understanding of true gods far exceeds my imagination. Before ‘He’ was exiled, ‘He’ might’ve made an attempt to reach Sequence 0… It’s no wonder ‘He’ shows such contempt to Zaratul, and he has zero respect for the various true gods.

“This only makes me more unwilling to let ‘Him’ return to the real world.”

There’s plenty of information… It’s no wonder that Bernadette deliberately chose this diary page… Wait, why did she choose this page? What important meaning is there behind it? Did problems begin to slowly happen to Emperor Roselle from that day until he eventually went mad? Mad…

Could it be… No way… Roselle’s situation back then was similar to Blood Emperor Alista Tudor. His pathway was severed, and the neighboring pathways were blocked by either people or items, making it difficult to reach them… C-could it be that under the immense stress, he made an irrational choice like Blood Emperor, and he had attempted to switch to a non-neighboring pathway?

This way, the craziness in his later years was a result of him truly losing his reasoning, not a result of the defamation from others. It’s no wonder Bernadette hated and betrayed him but is also trying to figure out the truth… From this angle, certain things have become very interesting. Roselle forcefully ascended to the throne and declared himself emperor, his declaration of the Civil Code, using the order from Earth’s 18th and 19th century to replace the existing order. He wantonly spread his speeches and promoted his sense of aesthetics…

Heh heh, I really belittled this “senior” of mine. I always thought he was cosplaying Napoleon or Caesar for his own entertainment. So it was him making preparations to become the Black Emperor… No, I saw a few pages of his diary back then. His thought processes were clear, and his emotions were stable. He could even communicate with various noblewomen of different ages…

Hmm, he might not have made the final decision back then but was subconsciously leaving a way out for himself?

The Civil Code probably wasn't deliberate. As a usurper to the throne, declaring new laws is necessary, and from what he could use for reference, the Civil Code was what matched the situation and flow of history...

The actions of him declaring himself emperor later on must be something Bernadette found incomprehensible. She found it difficult to accept... As Roselle's most beloved child, she probably noticed certain abnormalities with her father before he declared himself king. Hence, she chose the longest diary page during that period of the emperor's life to give to Admiral of Stars... Klein couldn't help but make connections, as though the heavy history hidden deep in the fog was being turned over to reveal a page filled with blood and iron.

This made him curious about the final trigger that made Roselle go mad.

Meanwhile, he also resolved some of his puzzlement.

So the resurrection of the Black Emperor is done this way. It's very similar to my previous guess...

In the Fourth Epoch, there was actually a Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire which was supported by the six deities like the Lord of Storms and the Evernight Goddess... The two thrones in the ruins in Williams Street can be explained then, as it belonged to the United Empire...

According to Mr. Door, the six deities chose the Night Emperor, resulting in the United Empire fracturing. Then, who helped the Blood Emperor capture or kill the three Sequence 1 Hunters? Among them, Red Angel Medici was likely stronger than the Blood Emperor from back then... Primordial Demoness? Death? Primordial Moon? Dark Side of the Universe? Mother Tree of Desire?

Klein tried listing possibilities for his guesses, but he had nowhere to begin.

He quickly made the diary disappear as he smiled at The Hermit.

"What's your request?"

Cattleya frankly answered without holding back, "Is there someone else apart from Emperor Roselle mentioned in this diary entry?"

This question made Audrey turn to look at Mr. Fool. Her eyes sparkled as they were filled with curiosity. Even her ears seemed to prick up.

Alger was also very interested in the matter. That person definitely wouldn't be an ordinary person to be mentioned in Emperor Roselle's diary!

Klein could guess at their thoughts as he couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

It's only because this diary entry was specially selected by Bernadette. If it were any other entries, I'd have to tell you that the other people mentioned are Demoness A, Demoness B, Hunter A, Hunter B, some aristocratic ma'am, some aristocratic lady...

After two seconds of consideration, Klein, who was leisurely leaning back into his chair, replied with a smile, "Mr. Door."

Mr. Door... To be addressed by Mr. Fool in such a manner, it must be an existence that's close to a god, right? Audrey figured out Mr.

Door's status from the tone and words used as she obtained an affirmative answer.

Cattleya and company also had similar ideas, but no one knew who Mr. Door was. They looked at each other only to be met with the shaking of heads.

Seeing Fors and the other members have a uniform reaction, Klein deliberately looked at the lady and chuckled.

"You shouldn't be a stranger towards 'Him.'"

"Ah?" Fors wore a confounded look.

She didn't feel like she knew a so-called Mr. Door.

This person seemed to be of a very high level!

Chapter 744: Sale

I'm no stranger to Mr. Door? Apart from Mr. Fool, the only one I'm no stranger to will be the seven deities. Furthermore, I've only been to the cathedral of the God of Steam and Machinery... As Fors was feeling puzzled, she quickly recalled which high-level existence she could have made contact with.

Since there weren't many, she quickly eliminated all the other possibilities. Her eyes lit up as she made the connection with the contents of what Mr. Fool had originally said to her.

She looked at the end of the bronze table that was enveloped in gray fog. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Is 'He' the one who created those ravings during the full moon?"

Klein chuckled with a nod.

"That's right."

Ravings during the full moon... What's that? Audrey and company exchanged looks as though they were ordinary people who had just entered the mysterious world.

They had never heard of any so-called "full moon ravings."

As expected, Miss Magician isn't simple. She actually knows about Mr. Door, and she's aware of the corresponding matters. My initial judgment wasn't wrong... Although the Beyonder ingredients she needs are relatively low, there are too many possibilities... Cattleya nodded her head indiscernibly, planning to ask more about Mr. Door during the free exchange. She was

also willing to pay a certain price for it.

An existence who could be seriously mentioned by Emperor Roselle and addressed by Mr. Fool in a rather formal manner, had to have many secrets involved. It was definitely nothing simple!

At that moment, Fors silently exhaled. She felt that she was one step closer to removing her curse.

At the very least, I now know who's producing the full moon ravings… She lowered her gaze and sincerely said to Mr. Fool, "Thank you for your reminder."

Klein didn't speak further, nor did he point out that Mr. Door was suspected to be the ancestor of the Abraham family, Bethel. After surveying around the table, he said with a casual tone, "You may begin."

With that said, he immediately controlled The World to say with a hoarse voice, "I have two mystical items for sale."

Two mystical items… Mr. World has recently been able to produce something of great value at every gathering… He lives up to being Mr. Fool's Blessed… Audrey poignantly sighed in amazement as she cast her eyes towards the other end of the long bronze table. Clearly, she was looking forward to The World's explanation of the powers of the item.

Alger was tempted, as he knew that the mystical items The World sold were definitely up to mark. However, thinking back to his lack of savings, with the secret to the primitive island already given to him, all he could do was silently sigh, feeling depressed.

He still had five hours before arriving at Pasu Island, and he was yearning to immediately fly over and complete his report. Then, he could leave the area, find an Obninsk to advance to Ocean Songster.

Once he did that, he could explore that primitive island with The World, obtaining the relevant rewards, so as to ease his financial situation!

As for Derrick, Emlyn, and Fors, although they were somewhat curious about the mystical item, they lacked the desire to actually purchase it.

One of them could submit an application to the six-member council to select one mystical item which the City of Silver had for becoming a Sequence 6. The other wished to receive the rewards from the hunting competition, and he wasn't certain what the rewards would be; therefore, blindly purchasing items made it easy for redundancy and wastage to happen. Furthermore, he only had the two to three thousand pounds needed for the reward for clues. As for the last one, she didn't even have the money to purchase it.

Cattleya looked at Gehrman Sparrow with piqued interest as she considered the possible origins of the mystical item.

If it was suitable, without clashing with the two mystical items she had, she didn't mind buying it.

Seeing how the two major clients appeared interested, The World gave a deep chortle.

"One of them is Scales of Luck. It's what I named it…"

As he spoke, he requested Mr. Fool to conjure the silver necklace that had an ancient coin dangling from it.

After introducing its mystical effects and negative effects, he glanced at Audrey and specially gave a warning, “I suggest that Beyonders lacking in combat strength don’t purchase it. Although it can allow one to avoid a fatal blow, the subsequent backlash is equally dangerous. One needs to have sufficient combat strength and sharp reactions to have a chance of surviving the backlash.”

Thinking back to how she took on more of a support role, one that leaned towards control and influence, as well as her lack of combat experience, Audrey nodded with slight disappointment. It was an indication that Mr. World was right.

Mr. World is pretty nice to me and the Tarot Club members. He’s willing to give such a warning. This would’ve prevented him from selling it… Audrey adjusted her understanding of The World.

The Hermit found the description extremely familiar. She had apparently heard of the effects of the Scales of Luck.

Scenes quickly flashed through her mind before finally being fixed onto a few particular scenes. Cattleya’s eyes constricted as she blurted out in surprise, “Senor?”

It’s likely Admiral of Blood Senor’s necklace! It looks similar, and the effects are identical! Where did Gehrman Sparrow obtain it? What did he do this time? Did I miss some important news over the past few days while the Future was out at sea? Cattleya instinctively suspected that The World had stirred up something massive again!

Klein thought about it and controlled The World to laugh deeply.

“He’s already dead.”

He wasn’t against letting Miss Justice and company realize that Gehrman Sparrow was equivalent to The World. After all, there were already two people who knew, and he didn’t plan on using this identity frequently in the future.

A powerful member who often took action made the rest of the Tarot Club feel a greater sense of belonging.

He’s already dead… Gehrman Sparrow killed Senor? In the previous battle, I only held a slight advantage over him… Cattleya discovered that she was increasingly unsure of The World’s strength.

Although Admiral of Blood’s bounty was higher than hers, it was mainly because he did more evil deeds. In terms of strength and mystical items, Cattleya was slightly stronger.

It wasn’t as if she had never had any conflict with Senor. She had held the advantage several times, but she had failed to mortally wound him.

As for Gehrman Sparrow, she believed that he was inferior to her when they met on the Future. he was even unlikely to defeat Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy in her optimum state.

Only when this crazy adventurer completed his advancement and hunted Slaughterer Kircheis did she determine that he truly had the strength of a pirate admiral and was someone at her level.

However, a week had just passed, and Gehrman Sparrow had

completed another hunt. He had finished off Admiral of Blood Senor who was one of the top three pirate admirals!

Cattleya knew that she herself was incapable of doing so!

He's dead? Admiral of Blood Senor is dead? Gehrman Sparrow did it? He's killing one Sequence 5 a week? Furthermore, each one of them is stronger than the last... Even if he's Mr. Fool's Blessed, isn't such strength too ridiculous? Especially when he hasn't become a demigod... Was it done with the help of the other Blessed? The Church should have the relevant records, but at my present position, I won't be able to read them... Alger was secretly alarmed as he automatically began to consider a reasonable explanation.

Audrey was still in her family castle in East Chester County. All she read was a few newspapers and magazines that involved the entire nation, so she wasn't aware of what happened at sea. However, from Ma'am Hermit's tone and words, she could tell that Mr. World had done something incredible again!

Senor... Mr. Hanged Man had apparently mentioned it before. It's Admiral of Blood's name... Mr. World finished off this pirate admiral and obtained his mystical item? How amazing. That's practically what I dreamt of! Back when I had heard of the Seven Pirate Admirals, I had imagined myself becoming a powerful Beyonder to adventure out into the sea to capture all of them and hand them over to the kingdom... So our Tarot Club is already this powerful!

Hmm, I have to investigate who killed Admiral of Blood. That way, I'll be able to figure out Mr. World's real identity... But would he be unhappy about that? No, he mentioned it himself, so he's likely willing to let himself be known... Audrey thought in glee.

Fors, who needed to read various newspapers to obtain material,

instantly recalled a piece of news that she had recently read:

Admiral of Blood Senor was suspected to have been killed by the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow!

C-could it be that Mr. World is the crazy adventurer worth, no—is the crazy adventurer with a bounty of 50,000 pounds!? Fors felt respect. She began to believe that he had the ability to help her finish off the Aurora Order Oracle, the suspected Traveler, Lewis Wien!

Emlyn shared similar feelings as Audrey. This was because he seldom read minor newspapers. His area of activity didn't include any information gathering grounds. As for Derrick, he wasn't one bit surprised. He had long confirmed that Mr. World was extremely powerful. Even though Mr. Hanged Man had once mentioned that Admiral of Blood Senor was very powerful, he believed that Senor was inferior to Mr. World due to a lack of any direct impression of him.

Cattleya said after a few seconds of silence, "How much do you plan on selling it for, or what item would you like to trade it with?

"If the price is suitable, I can consider it."

Great! There's finally someone who's interested! Klein, who was burdened with immense financial pressure controlled The World to say, "12,000 gold pounds."

He was afraid Cattleya would be frightened away by such a price, so he quickly added, "You can choose to pay a portion with gold coins. That way, all you will need is 11,000 pounds."

Klein believed that Admiral of Stars, who had plundered gold-carrying ships from various nations, definitely had some gold reserves. Even if she didn't have much, she could exchange for them from other pirates. This would allow him to make his first payment to Miss Messenger.

As for fishing up sunken ships, due to the existence of the Church of Storms, Klein believed that any easily discoverable ships would've long been found by the irascible Storm bros.

Sea King isn't weaker than Sea God, and there had to be a handful of people at the level of Sea King inside the Church of Storms!

Cattleya did a silent calculation and said, "4,000 pounds worth of gold coins and 6,500 pounds in cash. We can close the deal if you are agreeable."

The money wasn't easy to raise, even for her, but she had the Moses Ascetic Order backing her. Spending about 10,000 pounds to obtain the Scales of Luck was something that no secret organization would object to.

As expected of a pirate admiral... Unfortunately, I have to avoid the Rose School of Thought, and I can't clean out Admiral of Blood's ship... Klein made The World carefully consider it before saying, "Deal."

Chapter 745: Knowledge is Money

Finally… At the instant that they reached a deal, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He felt the pressure on him significantly decrease.

Although Miss Messenger had said that the 10,000 Loen gold coins could be paid in installments, and she hadn't specified when it would begin, Klein didn't wish to drag out payment for too long, afraid that he would incur the wrath of Reinette Tinekerr.

After all, she was a spirit world creature at the demigod level. If she really ended up mad, she had the means to make things difficult for her "employer" even if she was restricted by the contract!

Besides, the cost of acting as a tycoon is just too high. The salary of twenty plus servants and the corresponding costs is only just a tiny portion. There's still the carriage, horses, wine, gifts for neighbors, banquets, and investments to conceal my status, each of them more expensive than the last. If I don't save up enough cash, I'm afraid I'll go bankrupt and be unable to continue…

Sigh, 6,500 pounds with the cash I already have should be able to last until I confirm my target, right? No, the experiences from the past two days have proven to me that I should never use my own understanding to imagine a tycoon's life. I probably still need another five to six thousand pounds to barely maintain it… Klein wished to raise his hand to rub his temples, but he ultimately held back.

He soothed his mind and made The World look around again before saying with a hoarse laugh, "The second item is Biological Poison Bottle…"

He used a relatively succinct description to describe the conjured brownish translucent bottle. He emphasized the few poisonous traits it had, how long it took, how to prevent the effects ahead of time, and any negative effects it gave while carrying it.

Audrey felt a chill down her spine as she felt a little embarrassed. She felt the former because of the terrifying poison that made one rip off their skin and flesh, while the latter was a result of the strange aphrodisiac effects it had on a wide area.

This is truly a crazy mystical item… Hmm, it's the type that needs to be prepared ahead of time to show its full effects. It's quite useless against an ordinary Spectator because observation and reading minds can help the Low-Sequence Beyonders of this pathway detect the danger ahead of time and make the necessary actions… However, there's no need for me to do so. If I were to detect danger ahead of time, I can directly cry out for my guards… B-besides, I don't like such effects! It will easily harm myself! Audrey, you're already a mature and rational Beyonder. You can't buy everything you see! Audrey seriously considered it for a few seconds before giving up on asking the price.

Seeing Miss Justice not ask for the price, Klein couldn't help but let The World add, "5,200 pounds."

Audrey bit down on her inner lips as she politely shook her head.

"I wish to obtain a mystical item that's more offensive in nature."

Spectator was a pathway that lacked any direct attacks in the early stages, one that was only effective at affecting or controlling their targets.

"5,200 pounds." Alger, Fors, and Emlyn repeated the price softly

in unison before they shirked all thoughts about it.

"5,200 pounds..." Cattleya suddenly seemed to recall something as she paused obviously. She then quickly added, "It's not necessary for me."

Ma'am Hermit seems to be afraid of something... Audrey acutely read her emotions.

For a split second, Cattleya felt that the Biological Poison Bottle had a lot of synergy with Poison Expert Frank Lee. Furthermore, their powers didn't overlap too significantly, and they even complemented one another. She was wondering if she should purchase it for her first mate since he had saved up quite a bit of money, but considering how Frank Lee might come up with terrifying experiments after obtaining the Biological Poison Bottle, she trembled and gave up on the idea.

She didn't wish to see the deck of the Future produce the children of the crew, the kind that mooed.

After the gathering is over, I'll write to Miss Sharron and tell her that Admiral of Blood's necklace has been sold. All that's left is the Biological Poison Bottle... Klein hid his disappointment, and after some thought, made The World speak, "I have a Book of Secrets. It's a book on mysticism left behind by the Southern Continent's Shaman King Klarman. It's suitable for Mid-Sequence Beyonders who have pretty good foundations.

"The price is 1,000 pounds."

Knowledge is money!

Having undergone the teachings of Mr. Fool, Mr. Hanged Man and the other members of the Psychology Alchemists, Audrey was tempted.

She now had an extremely solid foundation in mysticism, and she had a desire to improve further.

The Psychology Alchemists will likely teach me some mysticism knowledge of a higher level in the future, but it will definitely not be all-encompassing and will be limited to the domain of the mind… Audrey easily convinced herself as she nodded.

"This is exactly what I want."

Fors was equally interested, but the thought of how much money she had made her close her mouth. As for the other members, they didn't lack such knowledge.

As expected of Miss Justice. She doesn't bargain at all. My bottom line was actually 800 pounds. No, I don't have one at all. It's not like knowledge can only be sold once… Klein happily made The World chuckle.

"Deal.

"However, I have to remind you not to pray to the Primordial Moon. It will make you become a lump of squirming flesh that only knows to wildly mate with different creatures to produce all kinds of children. Of course, you cannot pray to other secret existences. It will be equally dangerous."

Audrey was terrified by what she heard as she couldn't help but change her seating posture.

She then calmed down, turning to look at the end of the long bronze table. She said firmly, “I’ll only pray to Mr. Fool when holding a secret ritual.”

She had spoken with utmost sincerity and without any hypocrisy.

Miss Justice really worships and trusts The Fool… Klein felt touched and a little ashamed. This was because the Sea God Scepter’s domain didn’t overlap with the Primordial Moon. He was unable to provide an effective response in certain rituals. All he could do was attempt to use some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog as feedback.

Following that, as The Fool, he expressed his attitude on the matter:

“Very good.”

Meanwhile, having achieved his goal, he made The World say, “I have an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic here for just 1,200 pounds.”

…How many items does he have… Fors was dumbfounded.

Considering how Xio was still lacking in money and lacked the corresponding formula, all she could do was retract her gaze and pretend as though she hadn’t heard him.

As for the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic which was in the hands of Mr. Fool’s subordinate, she didn’t believe that he would keep it that long for her.

Seeing no one respond, The World coughed and said, “I’m done.”

Just as he said that, Alger, who had been waiting all this time, looked at Cattleya and said, “I wish to know where Obninsk sea monsters that do not belong to the Church of Storms are.”

Obninsk sea monsters that don’t belong to the Church of Storms? The Hanged Man really isn’t a member of the Church of Storms? Cattleya frowned a little before easing them.

“I’ll help you ask. We’ll talk about the price when I have actual clues.”

“Alright.” Alger silently sighed.

A few seconds prevailed before Emlyn said to Fors, “I’ll pay you the 100 pounds for the clue today.”

“Thank you,” Fors said without a delightful expression.

Mr. World’s transactions were all in the thousands or more. It made her feel a little numb to such a pittance.

Emlyn then looked towards Derrick.

“The crystallized roots of the Tree of Elders and supplementary ingredients you need have been acquired.

“Hand me the list of resources and monsters around the City of Silver, and I’ll choose a few items of equal value.

“Oh, they cost me a total of 2,000 pounds. Adding my payment of 200 pounds, it will be a total of 2,200 pounds.”

Emlyn only wished to obtain things that he could quickly sell; otherwise, he wouldn’t have much money.

“Alright. Eh, thank you, Mr. Moon.” Derrick was delighted for he suddenly felt that Mr. Moon wasn’t that irritating after all.

He quickly conjured the corresponding list and handed it over to Emlyn.

Emlyn casually flipped through the piece of paper and suddenly felt that it wasn’t right.

This was because just this piece of information had extremely high value. It presented the detailed information and corresponding resources around the City of Silver!

I remember that they didn’t pay to see this list… Emlyn couldn’t help but glance at The Hanged Man Alger and The Hermit Cattleya.

At that instant, he seemed to understand something.

When he looked at The Sun again, Emlyn had a newfound sense of superiority, as well as a sense of guilt he couldn’t get rid of. He cleared his throat and said, “This, this, also this…”

Derrick seriously memorized what was said, and he indicated that there was no need for him to return to the City of Silver, as those could be gathered around Afternoon Town.

Following that, Audrey inquired about clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree, but she received a disappointing answer.

When the transactions came to an end, it didn't need The Fool to announce it, as they automatically entered a free exchange.

Alger looked towards Little Sun and said, "Are you still in Afternoon Town?"

"Yes, but we will be returning to the City of Silver soon. The new expedition team arrived today." Derrick not only answered Mr. Hanged Man's question seriously, but he even offered a tidbit. "I've already told the Chief that while clearing out the Afternoon Town monsters, I obtained the potion formula for Notary."

The Hanged Man nodded slightly and said, "What was his attitude?"

"He only said 'very good,'" Derrick carefully recalled what had happened.

Alger chuckled when he heard that.

"You can be at ease. Your Chief is very happy to see you grow. In contrast, he will be more wary of the Elder Council's Shepherd."

He didn't continue on the topic as he informed all the members of a piece of news:

"Recently, many pirates have been heading to Bansy Harbor. They discovered that it has already been completely destroyed. Even if it's rebuilt, it would take several years."

Chapter 746: Same Night

After hearing The Hanged Man's description, Klein couldn't help but recall Red Angel Medici and the evil spirit found in the underground ruin.

However, he didn't share the discoveries of his exploration this time. Firstly, there wasn't a need to, and secondly, it involved Miss Sharron.

As for the other members, they had already learned that Bansy Harbor had been destroyed. And since The Hanged Man hadn't revealed any new information, there was no need for them to reply to the matter.

Realizing that no one was saying anything, Alger glanced at The World before looking back. He said calmly, "That's all from me."

The Hermit immediately turned to look at Fors.

"Ma'am, what do you know about Mr. Door? I can pay for the corresponding piece of information."

Fors, who didn't wish to expose her problems, suddenly hesitated when she heard the latter half of the sentence. She was momentarily tempted.

Payment. I wonder how much Ma'am Hermit can pay me... I don't really know much about Mr. Door either... Furthermore, some of the knowledge stems from Mr. Fool's words... Fors looked to the end of the long bronze table once again and asked, "Honorable Mr. Fool, can I tell her?"

As he met her every full moon, Klein knew that Miss Magician's financial situation wasn't in the best of states, so he smiled with a nod.

"Yes."

Fors silently heaved a sigh of relief, turned to Cattleya, and said, "500 pounds. You can request for a private exchange."

Cattleya didn't bargain. After some thought, she said, "There's no need. Just say it directly."

She wished to see if the other members would be able to figure out more about Mr. Door from Miss Magician's description.

Fors nodded and deliberated over her words.

"I once obtained a mystical item that helped me traverse the spirit world. But after using it, I would hear strange ravings every full moon or Blood Moon. It would inflict an excruciating pain upon me that puts me on the verge of losing control.

"And according to Mr. Fool, these ravings come from Mr. Door."

She paused and added, "'He' might be asking for help."

So Fors has been silently suffering such pain… She usually doesn't show it, acting as though she greatly enjoys life… As Audrey subconsciously pitied her friend, she began wondering how she hadn't discovered anything abnormal about Fors with her Spectator powers.

Mystical item that can traverse the spirit world... Ravings during the full moon... Suspected to be asking for help... Cattleya repeated Miss Magician's key points as she nodded with satisfaction.

"Thank you for your description."

She then swept her gaze at the other members, regretfully realizing that no one else had any additional reaction.

The free exchange continued and soon came to an end.

Watching the other members leave and helping them complete a few transactions, Klein returned to the real world as he sat in his reclining chair, feeling relaxed as he rested for a while.

Following that, he walked to his desk, and he picked up a pen and paper to write to Sharron. He told her that the Scales of Luck had been sold, leaving only the Biological Poison Bottle for sale, as well as the Lunatic Beyonder characteristic.

After folding the letter, he wrote the information such as "126 Garde Street, Hillston," and "Ma'am Maryam." Then, he opened his iron cigar case and made Admiral of Blood Senor silently appear beside him.

This Wraith acted like a valet as he humbly picked up the letter on the table before vanishing from the room.

A few streets away, a letter appeared out of nowhere in a mailbox as it fell inside.

...

East Chester County, the Hall Family Manor.

Audrey looked at the mirror with her unfocused green eyes as the contents of the Book of Secrets filled her mind.

This knowledge formed an illusory book that appeared upon being recalled. She could then flip to the corresponding page simply by willing it.

This was a result of Klein directly using a portion of the powers from the mysterious space above the gray fog to create a product that was a fusion of information bestowment and the Seer's dreamscape ability to recall it. It could last a week or two.

And this was sufficient for Audrey to finish reading the Book of Secrets. If she had anything she couldn't recall in the future, she could always request for a bestowment.

Mr. Fool's condition seems to be improving... Audrey thought in delight as a twinkle gradually returned to her eyes.

She stood up, walked to the door, and said to the bored golden retriever who was sprawled on the ground outside, "Susie, you don't look lady-like enough this way."

Susie looked around warily and twitched her nose before saying, "This is the most standard action during hound training."

But you aren't a qualified hound... Audrey lampooned as she said with a smile, "I thought you would reply: 'Audrey, I'm only a dog~'"

Susie replied in a serious manner, “An excessive use of repeated words makes it easy for others to grasp your personal habits and mental gymnastics.

“Audrey, that’s what that book on psychology wrote.”

“…”

Audrey was momentarily at a loss for words. At that moment, she saw her father, Earl Hall, with his valet and attendant walking up the castle’s staircase.

Even though it was sunny outside, this place remained dark and gloomy. There were even candle stands that had been lit. They were embedded in the walls as they illuminated the stairs.

“This castle is just too old. I think it needs a major renovation,” Earl Hall casually grumbled to his daughter.

Audrey nodded in a demure manner and said, “Yes, my dear earl. This is precisely why I dislike this place. It makes me feel like I’m slowly rotting away.”

“But I’m actually spending 13,000 pounds a year to repair this place,” Earl Hall said with a regretful chuckle.

Audrey glanced at Susie and smiled at her father.

“Father, is there something for me?”

Earl Hall pointed at the papers in his attendant’s hands.

“A telegram from Backlund. Someone is selling 10% of the Backlund Bike Company. Are you interested? I think this industry has a very bright future. And it’s currently far from reaching its lowest estimated prospects.”

“Bike?” Audrey found the word rather unfamiliar as her eyes darted around, her expression slightly confused.

Earl Hall smiled at his daughter.

“It’s a kind of machinery with two wheels that allows a person to ride on it. You can understand it as a carriage for the ordinary person.”

“In Loen and Backlund, the majority of the population doesn’t mostly comprise of the nobles or businessmen, but the ordinary people who engage in labor work. Next would be the type of people with some technical skill and standing. This is the target audience of the bike. They have absolute numbers, as well as the required ability to purchase it. Even if 10% of them are willing to buy a bike, it will lead to quite a wonderful development for this company.

“Yes, they hold the corresponding patents.”

Audrey trusted her father’s foresight, and she could understand the prospects as described by him. She nodded gently and said, “How much would the 10% shares cost?”

“According to preliminary estimates, the Backlund Bike Company is currently valued at 50,000 pounds. This is because the product’s advertising and sales campaign still needs time to develop further. Therefore, you can’t naively believe that the 10% shares are only worth 5,000 pounds. I suggest that you bid 8,000 pounds in the first round of bidding, with a bottom-line price of

15,000 pounds. I will send people to help you in this matter," Earl Hall answered succinctly.

About 10,000 pounds... I've mostly used up the cash for this month... Clearly a little embarrassed, Audrey said, "Father, I won't be able to produce that much money on such short notice. And selling my shares, estate, collections, or await their profits will require some time."

Earl Hall laughed out loud.

"There's no need to go through so much hassle. You can mortgage your shares in the Backlund Munitions Corporation or Pritz Commercial Marine Company to the bank for a short period of time to obtain the cash. Once the matter is complete, you can mortgage the shares in the Backlund Bike Company for a longer period of time, using the mortgage loan to pay off the first loan.

"This way, you'll only need to pay about a week to two weeks of relatively high interest to complete the trade. And the bike company's dividends a year would be enough to cover the interest of the long-term loan. You'll then be able to patiently wait for its value be recognized, and that's a high-probability event."

Although Audrey had never received a complete education in commercial finance, she wasn't too unfamiliar with such matters with a major banker as her father. Some thought had allowed her to understand the entire process as she asked as a form of confirmation, "That's to say, I only need to pay about two to three hundred pounds to obtain 10% of the bike company's shares?"

"Or lower," Earl Hall said with a smile.

Audrey understood her father. As the largest shareholder of the Varvat Bank, as well as the fourth-largest shareholder of the Backlund Bank, he had the ability to help his daughter to obtain the most reasonable interest for a short-term loan.

“Thank you, my dear earl.” Audrey smiled as she curtsied.

...

Under the moonlight, with the dark-blue seawater nearing the color of black, Alger Wilson stood at the bow of the ship as he watched the silent outline of Pasu Island.

This was the headquarters of the Church of Storms, a land where a true god’s grace was showered.

As a middle-ranking member of the Church, Alger recalled himself coming here only three times. The first was him finding the Blue Avenger and after advancing to Seafarer. The second was his report last year, and this time. And very long ago, as a mixed-blood with dark blue hair, he had been selected to enter the headquarters to be a member of the children’s choir, but without any talent in singing, he was soon dismissed. He returned to the chapel on the island where he was born to be a servant. And the priest there was an extremely violent superior to his subordinates.

Every time he recalled that piece of history, his expression would turn extremely livid, fortifying his thirst to become a high-ranking member of the Church.

Amidst the wind, the Blue Avenger silently cruised forward into the harbor.

...

In Backlund, which had also ushered in the night, Emlyn White, who was dressed in a starched formal suit and top hat, infiltrated the residence of another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory.

He believed that Rus would be taking action soon to reel in his bait. And for a Sanguine, a night with the crimson moon was very suitable for hunting.

After an unknown period of time, Emlyn's eyes suddenly lit up. He saw a figure leap from a window facing the house's rear before landing silently on the ground.

Chapter 747: First Blood

Under the crimson but gloomy moonlight, Emlyn took out a metal bottle, twisted its lid, and downed it.

Then, he seemed to transform into a shadow as he drifted over the surface of the wall, quickly and silently following Rus Báthory.

Sanguine were always known for their speed. The two Barons ran through the sides of the dark alleys and streets, one after another, spending more than half an hour to arrive at the messy and dirty East Borough where they stopped in front of an old apartment.

Seeing Rus Báthory choose to climb the pipe, and using the most stealthy approach to head for the third story, Emlyn slowed down his pace and didn't rush to follow behind him, as he would be easily discovered.

After two seconds of serious consideration, he picked up a translucent perfume bottle, twisted it open, and pressed down on it, scattering the liquid inside it onto his body.

This potion only had one use—eliminate his smell to make it identical to his surroundings!

After putting down the bottle in his hand, Emlyn raised the brass bottle and downed the liquid inside.

A Potions Professor sure is troublesome... he mumbled, looking down as his hands became transparent. The brass bottle seemed

to be floating in front of his sleeve.

After Emlyn stuffed the tiny bottle away, all that was left was a formal suit, a top hat, and a pair of leather shoes without any buttons or laces. They formed a human shape as they moved about.

Another completely transparent bottle resembling a perfume bottle flew over and floated in midair as it pressed itself, spurting the potion inside onto the clothes.

Following that, the suit, top hat, and shoes turned faint and completely disappeared.

After completing his “invisibility,” Emlyn glanced at the apartment where Rus Báthory had entered. He silently climbed a pipe, and he chased after him with extreme speed.

While the window was still ajar, he floated inside like a transparent cloud, without causing so much as a stir. He hid in the corner as he watched the thin-faced but charming Rus Báthory search for the target.

The latter slowly frowned since the place was empty. There wasn’t even a mosquito, much less a person, despite the former becoming active in the past week.

And this Sanguine Baron had already confirmed that the Moon Puppet was here.

Suddenly, a creaking sound broke the frozen silence.

The apartment's main door opened as a woman in a black dress leisurely walked in. When she saw Rus Báthory, she asked with an ethereal voice, "Who are you looking for…"

Emlyn looked in the direction of the sound, and he saw a dark-skinned, long-browed face with soft outlines and a drooping mouth. It was none other than his target Windsor.

However, in Emlyn's eyes, this Primordial Moon's devout believer had certain differences from her portrait. He discovered that her eyes, eyebrows, and mouth were curved up, like they were mimicking the crimson moon.

And her forehead, cheeks, neck, and every layer of skin that she exposed had patches of withered grass and flowers.

…Man, what did Rus Báthory sell to her? Why would she become like this? Emlyn jumped in fright as he felt the hair on his back stand up.

Meanwhile, withered grass mixed with dried flowers grew from the floor, walls, door, and ceiling in swaths.

They began to isolate the room from the outside world, creating an extremely strange scene.

Once Rus Báthory caught the smell of danger, he didn't attempt to converse with her. Without any hesitation, he took out a metal bottle and downed the liquid inside.

Pa!

He threw the bottle as his body dragged out afterimages as he pounced towards the mutated Windsor. His fingernails extended as they swirled with black gases.

The withered grass and dry flowers that were embedded in Windsor's face made her look like a huge doll. She met him at an equally fast speed, clawing at Rus Báthory without any aversion to being injured.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After a series of collisions, Rus Báthory was sent flying back as he slammed into the wall.

His sleeves were ripped apart, revealing the bone-deep scratches on his skin.

And in the midst of his flesh, the withered grass and dried flowers slowly grew from the inside out!

What a monster... This was the first time Emlyn was encountering such an enemy. He huddled in a corner and nearly forgot to help his kinsman.

He didn't rashly appear as all kinds of thoughts flashed through his mind. As he observed the battle between Rus Báthory and Windsor, he considered how he should deal with the situation.

The strangest of all is the withered grass and dried flowers... Withered grass and dried flowers... They're likely afraid of fire! Emlyn's heart stirred as he immediately abandoned his invisibility, took out another metal bottle, twisted its lid, and downed it.

He then spewed out all the liquid in his mouth.

The grayish-red liquid ignited upon contact with air, extending its scorching flames to the side.

The flames stacked upon each other as the fire extended. Instantly, they engulfed the room in a scarlet ocean of fire!

Amidst crackling sounds, the withered grass and flowers were ignited one after another as they rapidly spread the flames to their own kind.

In just a few seconds, the sealed environment was on the brink of destruction. As for the grass and flowers on Windsor's body, they were also turning aflame.

At this moment, Rus Báthory had a gaping hole dug through his chest, making him lose a great portion of his combat strength. He was relying on the Sanguine's extraordinary recovery ability to barely hold up.

Seeing his enemy as a flaming torch, Emlyn acutely noticed that her aura was weakening. He didn't hesitate to lunge forward, circle around Windsor, and deliver several clawing swipes.

Beneath his feet, wisps of black gas rose and swirled around the Primordial Moon believer like chains that bound her vitality.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Intense and short bursts sounded as the two figures suddenly closed the distance.

All movement within the scene had vanished in the end as Emlyn's grabbed Windsor's throat with his left hand, raising her up.

After hesitating for a second, he saw her hideous appearance and snapped her neck.

Pa!

A thin, miniature wooden puppet embedded with withered grass and dried flowers fell from Windsor's body as the flames in the apartment gradually died out.

Emlyn yanked Windsor's mutated head, turned around, and faced the heaving Rus Báthory. He then pressed his free right hand to his chest, and he bowed with a smile.

"Thank you for your help."

Seeing Rus Báthory instantly turn furious and helpless, Emlyn added in great delight, "Remember to hand over the puppet and the Beyonder characteristic to Lord Nibbs. They might be problematic."

After saying that, black gases coagulated behind him, turning into two illusory bat wings.

With a whoosh, Emlyn flapped these wings as he turned to fly out the window and land in the dark, nearby alley.

When he landed, he quickly converged the black gases and turned to look around.

Seeing that Rus Báthory hadn't followed him, Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief as he pressed his fist to his mouth. As he coughed, he mumbled, "I hate fire. I hate smoke!"

He was just about to leave East Borough when he felt a chill run down his back.

Emlyn's mind instantly tensed up as he held onto Windsor's mutated head, slowly turned around, and looked at the shadows in the corner.

He first saw a very tiny figure before identifying it.

The body was thin and long, akin to a wooden pole. Its eyes and mouth were curved like a crescent, and its surface was embedded with plenty of withered grass and dried flowers. It was none other than the Moon Puppet from before!

It's targeting me... What the hell is this... I'm still very far from where Lord Nibbs stays... It's really dangerous outside... Thoughts surfaced in Emlyn's mind as he felt his spine turn cold and his muscles turn tense.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he suddenly had an idea. He stared at the Moon Puppet, and he murmured in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck..."

...

“Can’t a man have some sleep in the middle of the night!?” Klein sat up as he rubbed his temples in fury.

He quickly left his bed, took four steps counterclockwise, and he entered the space above the gray fog. He then took his seat that belonged to The Fool.

It’s that fellow, Emlyn White? Klein gave a glance as he curiously emanated his spirituality, touching the crimson star that represented The Moon.

He then saw a stiffened Emlyn, and he saw the thin, strange puppet looking straight at him.

The puppet was cloaked in a rich but illusory crimson moonlight. They were undulating like a tidal wave, making a connection with something high in the sky.

At this moment, the crimson moonlight was spreading silently, enveloping Emlyn White within.

There’s a problem… There’s something wrong with this puppet… Klein, who could see more with the gray fog’s aid, didn’t hesitate to summon the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile into his hand.

The blue gems on the end of the bone scepter lit up one after another, emitting a blinding luster.

…

After chanting Mr. Fool’s honorific name and seeking “His” assistance, Emlyn felt his already cold blood turn colder. It felt

like it would slowly freeze into ice.

This made his body rapidly turn stiff as he watched the Moon Puppet stumble and swagger towards him.

At this moment, a silver bolt streaked down into the alley, causing all the gloom and darkness to scatter.

Pa!

The lightning bolts sizzled into a ball of lightning and landed on the Moon Puppet, drowning it in a swath of silver.

The burst of light dissipated immediately as the strange puppet was left charred black. It lost its decorations as it collapsed. As for Emlyn, his blood no longer froze as it resumed its flow.

With him quickly recovering from the stiffness, he knew that Mr. Fool was watching. He hurriedly asked softly, “Do you need, no—what can I sacrifice to you?”

He always believed that Mr. Fool adhered to the principle of equivalent exchange. Therefore, he believed that he needed to pay a corresponding price for requesting ‘His’ assistance.

After a brief silence, he saw the boundless gray fog and the faint figure behind it. He then heard a lofty and magnificent voice:

“That puppet.”

“Alright.” Emlyn took two steps forward, bent down to pick up

the puppet and cleared up the scene before quickly leaving East Borough.

As for Klein, he cautiously used a Paper Angel to disrupt any divination before returning to the real world.

Just as he was planning to head back to bed, he suddenly discovered the moonlight brighten outside as it seemed stained with blood.

Eh... Klein walked to the window in puzzlement. When he looked out, he saw that the crescent had turned full at some point in time; it was scarlet red like blood.

Another Blood Moon.

...

Blood Moon? Alger Wilson looked up at the sky as he steadily walked into the Lightning Cathedral ahead of him. This was the place he would be giving his report tomorrow.

And in the middle of the island, at the peak of the towering mountain, there was another cathedral named the Chasm of Storm. It was the headquarters of the Church of Storms's headquarters, the holiest of holy temples.

Chapter 748: A Duet

Inside the Lightning Cathedral, the high and spacious dome arched continuously. There wasn't any blank space, with gold and blue as the main colors. It made anyone who walked beneath it subconsciously feel that the place was sacred and solemn; thus, making them bow their heads.

Alger Wilson often made contact with a secret existence, and he often gathered in the palace of a deity's residence. As a result, he no longer had a longing for this. He wasn't as respectful as before, but he still had to put on an act. Like the other sailors around him, he kept his head down as he lightened his footsteps without even daring to breathe clearly.

In the silent atmosphere, they were led by the priest all the way to the clergymen's quarters at the back of the cathedral, with each of them getting a room.

After closing the door, Alger saw the sanguine moonlight shine into the window. It made the environment turn cold and sinister, as though countless wraiths seemed to be observing the real world through a thin curtain.

Every time the Blood Moon appeared, one's spirituality would be enhanced. Powers that stemmed from spirituality and hell would receive a significant boost, while the negative emotions of living beings reached an explosive state. The higher the Sequence, the more obvious it would be.

Faintly, Alger heard sobbing, low shouts, and whispering. This was completely different from the solemnity he previously felt in the Lightning Cathedral.

Illusory arms appeared before his eyes as they reached outwards from the walls, floor, and ceiling, like a three-dimensional pale forest.

Alger knew of the abnormalities of the Blood Moon, so he removed his captain's hat without panicking at all. He entered the bathroom and washed his face.

During this process, he suddenly heard a distant singing voice.

The singing voice was indistinct, as though it came from the middle of the island. It kept echoing endlessly as though it was right beside Alger. It didn't make him feel horrified, for it was akin to a woman who was away from her family and loved ones, singing slowly and sadly as she looked at the surging tides.

Alger pulled at a towel and wiped his face before cocking his head to listen.

He gradually frowned as he took out a small iron box from his priest robe's inner robe and placed it close to his ear.

In it was the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic he had purchased from The World. He suspected that the residual mental imprint on it was temporarily enhanced by the Blood Moon.

As the metal box came close, the singing by Alger's ears instantly became partially clear, melancholic, sorrowful, wistful, and painful.

But apart from that, there was still the ethereal and ancient voice sounding from it, forming a clear boundary with the clear

singing as though they were in a duet!

Whose voice is that? It sounds like an elf's... An item in the Church that stems from the elves? This Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic on me comes from an elf? Alger nodded as he came up with a theory.

Due to them sharing the same Sailor pathway, the Church of Storms had always been in search of elven relics. They were used to concoct potions, made into Sealed Artifacts, or isolated underground. Those with relatively fewer negative effects were rewarded to clergymen; therefore, it wasn't odd that something similar would be stimulated on the night of the Blood Moon.

If it's a mystical item, there wouldn't be a problem. If it's a Sealed Artifact, it means it's definitely not simple if the voice can penetrate the isolation barrier... Alger reined in his thoughts, brushed his teeth, and went to bed.

He soon fell asleep and had a dream.

After an unknown period of time, Alger suddenly felt a little lucid, vaguely aware that he was having a dream, but he automatically sized up his surroundings.

He discovered that above him was rippling dark blue seawater which was stacked up layer after layer and blocked the view of the sky. Ahead of him was a beautiful palace made of coral. It was tall, spectacular, dark, and gloomy.

Alger subconsciously walked towards the palace, walking into the open doors.

Inside were columns of coral that held up an exaggerated dome. The walls and dome were filled with murals depicting the terror of a storm.

Over a hundred meters away, there was a throne embedded with sapphires, emeralds, and lustrous pearls above a nine-stepped staircase that was extremely striking.

Alger looked over and saw a woman in a complicated ancient dress sitting on it. Her hair was black and held up into a bun. Her facial outline was soft, and her features were exquisite. She had a beauty that seemed timeless.

The woman's expression was cold and her ears sharp. Her deep brown eyes looked down at Alger from a commanding position.

In her hand was a golden wine cup with complicated patterns.

Alger was just about to say something when her eyes emitted silver light resembling the bright flash of lightning, tearing through the dream.

Phew... Alger sat up and subconsciously gasped for breath. He found the dream both blurry and clear at the same time.

The woman's appearance was blurry, as well as the details of the murals and coral palace, but her eyes that contained lightning and her sharp ears were clear.

A high-ranking elf? Under the effects of the Blood Moon, her relics resonated with the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic I have, resulting in it influencing my dream? As Alger guessed, he wondered which item it would be.

Due to his limited standing, the number of Sealed Artifacts and mystical items he knew were limited. However, he knew certain knowledge that others didn't know, so he quickly thought of a possible target.

Calamity Cohinem?

The Book of Calamity "She" left behind has likely been sent to Pasu Island…

After making the report and departing, I'll seek Mr. Fool's advice and see if there will be any unexpected influences regarding this matter…

Alger didn't dare recite The Fool's honorific name in the Church of Storms's headquarters.

After daybreak, he didn't show any signs of abnormality. Under the servant's lead, he entered a room with a long table, and he was questioned by three Mandated Punisher deacons.

Among these three deacons, only one of them possessed dark blue hair. This was because this wasn't a necessary change that would happen from consuming the Sailor pathway potion. However, this trait would quite stubbornly be passed down, just like the elves. Many of them with black hair would end up with blue hair. Nowadays, mixed-bloods with elven blood mostly had blue hair.

Alger sat at the end of the long table as he systematically answered the deacons' questions. He mentioned what he had done at sea, what he had planned to do, and what he had succeeded, as well as his failures.

And this would be compared to the description from his crew to prevent anyone from lying.

Towards the end of his report, the deacon with dark blue hair glanced at Alger. He asked with a hoarse voice, “Do you know Admiral of Stars Cattleya?”

Not only do I know her… Alger was nearly taken aback as he answered after some thought, “I met her at the pirate convention.”

The deacon didn’t harp on the question as he directly said, “Think of means to get to know her. Try to investigate Gehrman Sparrow’s situation from her.”

So that’s how it is… It’s because Gehrman hunted Admiral of Blood? Alger deliberately asked, feigning his ignorance, “What did Gehrman Sparrow do again?”

The dark blue-haired deacon said in a peeved manner, “He nearly destroyed Bayam! Alright, this isn’t something you should know. In summary, remember. Gehrman Sparrow is a very dangerous person. There’s a secret cult backing him. That organization has a demigod that’s at odds with the Rose School of Thought!”

Nearly destroyed Bayam? A demigod in the organization? At odds with the Rose School of Thought? Alger deliberately didn’t hide his shock.

He originally imagined that a focus was placed on Gehrman because of his hunting of Admiral of Blood Senor, but who knew that the reason was far more complicated and ludicrous than he had imagined!

What did Gehrman Sparrow do? When I pass by Bayam, I should find the actual spot to take a look... Also, isn't our Tarot Club's archenemy the Aurora Order? Isn't Mr. Fool always targeting the True Creator? Why did it change, no—why is there the additional Rose School of Thought? Alger muttered to himself inwardly.

As for the Tarot Club having a demigod, he wasn't surprised. He even found it logical. How could an ancient existence not have a demigod under "Him?"

Besides, back when Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos died silently in a strange manner, he was already convinced that Mr. Fool had a High-Sequence Blessed!

Thankfully, my meeting with Gehrman was very secretive; otherwise, things would be troublesome... Alger listened in silence without asking any questions. Like before, he accepted the missions and got up to leave the room.

...

Backlund's North Borough, outside 160 Böklund Street. Servants stood in two rows to welcome their master's arrival.

With white hair at his temples and deep blue eyes, Dwayne Dantès wore a tailcoat and a top hat with an inlaid gold cane. Together with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson, he walked in between his servants and arrived at the entrance of the three-story building.

Waiting there was Housekeeper Taneja who he had long selected.

She was in her early forties, and her hair was tied neatly. She

had ordinary looks but wore an experienced demeanor. She wore gold-rimmed glasses and a black-and-white dress which was different from the other maidservants.

From the information received and the interview, Klein knew that this lady was born in East Borough. She was a believer of the Evernight Goddess, and she had chosen to be trained by a charitable organization by the Church at the age of fifteen, making her become a qualified maidservant.

After more than ten years of hard work, as well as the free lessons from the night schools, she was promoted from the lowest-ranking maidservant in a tycoon's household to a lady's maid. She later followed the tycoon's daughter when she got married, and she became a housekeeper until the family met with a financial crisis, forcing her to leave. She was extremely experienced when it came to managing a household.

After this lady signed the contract, she received 1,000 pounds from Dwayne Dantès as petty cash for the month before entering an argument with Butler Walter on whether they should purchase or rent a carriage.

From her point of view, since Mr. Dantès's goal was to enter high society and move into West Borough, or even Empress Borough, a carriage needed to be custom made to not appear inadequate. Before that, they could rent a high-end carriage for a year and wait until there was hope of him becoming a noble before they had one custom made. It was a more reasonable choice that didn't waste money or appear inadequate.

She convinced Walter, and of course Klein. This was because renting a high-end carriage with the horse costs only 88 pounds, and a two-wheeled carriage costs only 42 pounds.

Of course, someone who controls the household's expenditures

needs to be someone who's good at accounting... Klein felt poignant as he smiled at Taneja before stepping through the three-story house's door.

This was the stage for which the tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, would be acting on.

Chapter 749: The Moon's Authority

Upon entering the house, the first thing Klein saw was the foyer. It was very spacious here, with several chairs and umbrellas placed there. Furthermore, the furnishing was elegant, and the decorations were befitting of his status. If he hadn't known of the structure ahead of time from his inspection, Klein might've imagined it to be the living room.

After passing through a second main door, the sight before his eyes opened up—it was a huge hall that could accommodate dozens of dancing guests.

In the middle of the hall was a brightly colored, thick, and plush carpet. Surrounding it were spaces covered with bright marble tiles, with a piano, stone sculptures, and other decorations decorating the hall. There were also stone columns that held up the second floor with inlaid ornaments.

To the left was a series of floor-to-ceiling windows, and beyond them was a lush, green lawn and blooming garden. To the right were walls, wooden doors, and a corridor that led to the lounges, storerooms, washrooms, kitchen, and butler's room, etc.

The hall was two stories high, and there was a crystal chandelier hanging down from the ceiling. It instantly made one imagine what it would look like when night fell.

Ahead of him were two staircases that led to the second floor.

The winding corridor here was square in shape, and the emptied-out section in the middle happened to be where the carpeted hall was. All Klein needed to do was hold a cup of wine

and stand behind the railings of the second floor, and he could leisurely take in the sights of a ball below.

There were many rooms on the second floor. There was a living room, an activity room, a dining room, washrooms, a billiard room, and many bedrooms. If any guests needed to stay for the night, they would stay there.

Similarly, on the second floor, there were two staircases that led to the third floor. That was where Dwayne Dantès stayed. There was an exaggerated master bedroom, with a bar counter-equipped open room that allowed one to sunbathe and enjoy the scenery. There was a study which could be deemed as a miniature library, as well as two changing rooms and small bedrooms for the valet and the maid on night duty. There were also rooms meant for the household members and bathrooms, but Klein was currently a single man.

As for the other servants, they lived in a terrace house behind the main mansion. In another direction was the stable.

The mansion's underground area was equally spacious with a huge storeroom and wine cellar.

Taking off his coat, Klein stood on the balcony in the half-open room on the third floor with his back straight. He took in the sights of the surrounding streets and couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

There really is a reason why it's so expensive. The rent of 315 pounds really can't be considered a waste…

He had already paid a year's rent yesterday afternoon, and he could only force himself to enjoy this place that he rented.

Meanwhile, he had also directly paid Walter a year's salary of 115 pounds. As it was very possible that he would flee once he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook, he didn't want to affect his butler's livelihood.

By the same logic, he had long paid Housekeeper Taneja her annual salary of 42 pounds. It allowed this lady to realize how generous Mr. Dwayne Dantès was, as well as how mannered he was.

Through the two head servants' negotiations and hard work, they hired all the servants. The annual salary of a male steward was 30 pounds; his valet, Richardson, was 35 pounds; the two footmen in charge of valeting guests and serving at the dining table each received 30 pounds; the two lady's maids were 18 pounds each; the two chambermaids were 12 pounds each; and the two handymen were 12 pounds each.

Apart from them, the cook was 30 pounds; the assistant cook was 15 pounds; the scullery maid was 13 pounds; the parlormaid was 11 pounds; the nursery governess was 25 pounds, the steward's boy was 10 pounds, the two coachmen were 25 pounds each; the two gardeners were 20 pounds each; the two laundresses were 10 pounds each—all for a total of 413 pounds. It cost about 8 pounds a week.

Together with the two head servants' annual salary, Klein needed to pay 570 pounds a year, making it approximately 11 pounds a week. This was still without including the expenditures for food, clothes, and all kinds of daily necessities.

I'll pay ten to twenty pounds a week without any income the moment I open my eyes… Klein did a mental calculation as he forced himself to cast his gaze onto the garden.

In the afternoon, he had paid off the rental fee for the two

carriages and servants' first week's salary. Together with him giving Housekeeper Taneja 1,000 pounds for the daily expenses, he only had 1,286 pounds and 18 gold coins left. However, he would receive the payments from Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit within the week.

I wonder how long that 1,000 pounds can last Taneja. Just to store up the required alcoholic beverages for the balls would cost a few hundred pounds... The rich Mr. Dwayne Dantès fell into deep thought and could hardly extricate himself from it.

To calm his emotions, he decided to head above the gray fog while the butler and servants were busy with handling the household chores. He wanted to study the strange puppet which Emlyn White and sacrificed.

After the Blood Moon happened, Klein had no choice but to return to the mysterious world and pull Fors into it. He resisted the urge to sleep as he listened to her drone on about her daily life in Backlund. After everything was over, he was just too tired. He accepted Emlyn's sacrifice, and after confirming that there wasn't anything weird, he returned to the real world and collapsed into bed.

After straightening his stylish dark-colored vest, Klein walked to the door and said to the awaiting valet, Richardson, "I have a habit of sleeping in the afternoon for forty-five minutes. I don't want anyone disturbing me."

"Yes, sir," Richardson answered humbly.

He was an illegitimate son with mixed blood. His father was Loenese, a supervisor at a manor, while his mother was a native from East Balam who was a slave in the same manor. After he was born, he was met with discrimination and bullying. This resulted in a weak and submissive character, and because he

was good-looking, he was suitable for valeting guests. He was selected by the manor's master to be a valet before being brought to Backlund.

After both Houses of the Loen Kingdom had abolished slavery, he found himself out of a job. All he could do was seek the help of the City Family Servant Assistance Association.

Before Klein, he had served two households and committed some mistakes, but he did build up a wealth of experience. He caught Butler Walter's notice, and he became Dwayne Dantès's valet.

After looking at Richardson, who stood straight and tall, with a height that was almost identical to himself, Klein indiscernibly shook his head and sighed.

This guy that can clearly be a celebrity with his looks can only be a servant in this day and age. Furthermore, he's such a tall man, but he appears cowardly and weak. However, this can also be considered an advantage. He's obedient, silent, and submissive. He does whatever his master instructs him to do, and he will absolutely not dare to make his own decisions...

If I only have a valet with me requiring him to handle all kinds of matters, Richardson will definitely not be up to mark. However, I still have Butler Walter and so many other servants. He can handle the other matters with his experience and capabilities.

Without musing further, Klein locked the door and returned to the side of the reclining chair. He took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog.

He sat at the seat of The Fool, and he beckoned with his hand to make the charred Moon Puppet fly over and land before him.

After scrutinizing it, Klein didn't discover anything odd about it. Hence, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the divination statement: "Its origins."

Putting down his fountain pen, Klein waited a few seconds before picking up the piece of paper and leaning back against his chair.

Hmm, my spiritual intuition didn't stop me from making the divination statement. It means that the latent danger of the Moon Puppet isn't as bad as the Rose School of Thought Beyonder characteristic... Klein mumbled as he skillfully recited the divination statement.

In the gray, hazy world, he saw an altar with a circle of fiery torches around it.

On the altar, there was what he suspected to be human skin with traces of blood everywhere. In the middle were three candles and a few puppets that resembled thin wooden poles.

These miniature puppets had curved eyes and mouths, as though they corresponded to the crimson crescent in the sky.

Therefore, they continued hanging their creepy smiles as withered grass and dried flowers remained embedded in their bodies.

A priest in a dark red robe was circling the altar with heavy steps, as though he was dancing a dance created by an epileptic patient.

At some point in time, moonlight gathered and shone on the

puppet as it increased in brightness. Towards the end, it resembled the gentle ebbing of water waves.

The ritual quickly came to an end as the priest picked up a thin puppet and walked to the human body bound to a frame beside him. Instantly, he stabbed it through the body's eye socket.

Amidst tragic cries, the scene quickly changed. The dead man with the Moon Puppet in his eye socket was buried somewhere in an orderly manner.

The scene once again skipped and showed further development. Every full moon or Blood Moon, the moon's glow would scatter over the grave, seeping into it like water as the surrounding darkness turned gloomy.

Klein opened his eyes and adjusted his seating posture. He had a general idea of the Moon Puppet's origins.

It came from a prayer ritual to the Primordial Moon. It was a ritual lasting for centuries!

Over the past few centuries, they had absorbed the powers of the crimson moon, mutating bit by bit until they were exhumed by the colonists.

They usually didn't exhibit any oddity, and something only happened when a Primordial Moon believer activated them with the correct method. As for what would happen, Klein had no idea.

In a particular sense, these primitives are equivalent to the Primordial Moon's Chosen ones... Last night, after I smote one to

death, that evil god was enraged; thus, causing the Blood Moon? Klein gently tapped the mottled table's edge as he came to a preliminary judgment.

Hmm, the Primordial Moon's wrath directly changed the moon's phenomena, making it a Blood Moon... If this theory is right, it means that in the domain of the crimson moon, the Goddess is inferior to the Primordial Moon. "She" might only have the title in name as "She" grasps a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact... Klein nodded slightly as he attempted to divine the weaknesses of the Moon Puppet.

This time, he saw sunlight and lightning.

This means that the Beyonder powers in the Sun domain and lightning from the Storm domain are best at dealing with it... As Klein interpreted the information, he threw the Moon Puppet into the junk pile and returned to the real world.

An hour later, Walter, who was wearing a starched suit and white gloves, knocked on the door. He bowed and said, "Sir, I'll be printing your name card in a while. They will be sent to the neighbors along with some gifts.

"They will take a few days to observe to determine your situation. If they're willing to accept you, they would send gifts and invite you to be their guests.

"Does your name card need a title added?"

Title... The Fool that doesn't belong to this era? Klein lampooned as he replied with a smile, "Merchant Dwayne Dantès from Desi would suffice."

Walter nodded and said, “Based on your wishes, I’ll immediately arrange for you to have etiquette lessons. The focus will be on dancing, and I’ve hired a professional teacher.”

Chapter 750: Attraction?

Having read many magazines, Klein knew that the social life he wanted to enter had many balls, so he wasn't surprised by Walter's suggestion. He said with a nod, "Okay."

With that said, he looked sideways at his valet, Richardson.

"Prepare the carriage. I'll be heading over to Saint Samuel Cathedral."

Klein vividly remembered that his main goal was to act as a devout believer of the Evernight Goddess in order to get to know the corresponding clergymen, and from there he would find a way to sneak into Chanis Gate. Therefore, he planned to pray at the cathedral whenever he had the time to express his sincerity and get to know the members of the clergy.

"Yes, sir," Richardson answered politely.

Before long, Klein boarded his rented luxurious four-wheeled carriage, decked out in a coat and a top hat. As he enjoyed the scenery on his journey, he sampled the black tea that was adorned with a slice of lemon.

In fact, there was a tiny bar counter in the carriage, and in it, Butler Walter had specially prepared Golden Lanti, Winter Black Rand, and other distilled liquor, as well as all kinds of red and white wine that came from Intis.

However, Klein wasn't someone who enjoyed drinking. As a Beyonder, he didn't like the feeling of being tipsy. It made him

recall the feeling of losing control; therefore, he used the excuse of him heading to the cathedral, so as to get his valet, Richardson, to prepare a pot of marquis black tea.

“If it’s possible, I would actually like a cup of sweet ice tea. It’s something from the south,” Klein said half-jokingly to Richardson.

“I will prepare it next time,” Richardson immediately replied.

Klein chuckled and shook his head.

“No, there’s no need. That wouldn’t appear decent.

“Once I’m more familiar with the neighbors, and have hosted a Desi-styled banquet, we can prepare some sweet ice tea. Heh heh, I believe their children will like it.”

When Richardson realized that he had mistaken his employer’s intentions, he hurriedly said in a fluster, “I will keep it in mind.”

It only took twenty minutes to go from 160 Böklund Street to the Saint Samuel Cathedral at Phelps Street on foot. If it wasn’t because he needed to hire a coachman and rent a carriage to project an image befitting his status, Klein would rather walk over to digest his food and strengthen his body.

Soon, the carriage stopped along the square outside the cathedral. Klein held his gold-inlaid cane, got out of the carriage, and stopped there to enjoy the pigeons’ dance.

After entering the cathedral and coming to the main prayer hall,

he passed his top hat and cane to Richardson. He found a seat near the aisle and sat down. He lowered his head, clasped his hands, and seriously and silently prayed.

Richardson sat behind him to his side, putting the items in place as he glanced at the Dark Sacred Emblem on the altar. He then closed his eyes.

In the serene atmosphere, Klein felt his spirituality lightly scatter. He wasn't too surprised by this, because the praying masses in the cathedral would encounter something similar. The tiny bits of spirituality that carried pious beliefs gathered together to provide power to the Chanis Gate's seals underground.

After an unknown period of time, his spiritual perception triggered as he opened his eyes and looked diagonally across him.

Standing there was an elder dressed in a black clergyman robe. His hair was sparse, and his face looked pale. He resembled a dead man.

From afar, he had a cold aura with a lacking expression. He blended in with the prayer hall's dark environment to a certain extent.

A Keeper... Klein made a judgment from a single glance. He closed his eyes again and continued praying. Of course, he had already remembered the man's facial features.

Big nose, grayish-blue eyes, loose facial skin, and no facial hair.

The elder dressed as a clergyman had sat down as well. He focused on praying to the Goddess. Inside the prayer hall, the wall in front had a few holes. Pure light shone in from them like resplendent stars. It made the dark environment appear gentle and holy.

Time ticked by as Klein felt his spiritual perception trigger again.

He carefully opened his eyes and saw that the black-robed Keeper had left his seat and entered a passageway to the side.

That should lead to the back of the cathedral… The Keepers stay inside the cathedral? They have no family and don't have their own residences? From their conditions, it's not that surprising either. Furthermore, the Keepers of Chanis Gate are monitored by the bishops, so it's a normal precaution… This means that I have to become friends with the priests and bishops of Saint Samuel Cathedral to obtain the freedom to enter the area at the back of the cathedral… Klein didn't sneak anymore glances as he closed his eyes and considered various problems.

After some time, he slowly got up and walked to the altar. Standing in front of the donation box, he took out fifty pounds in cash and devoutly threw it in.

This made the bishop and priest on duty look over. Their gaze turned friendly as they remembered his appearance.

After doing that, Klein nodded gently at the clergymen, turned around, and walked down the aisle towards the exit. Richardson held his hat and cane and followed closely behind.

Once out the prayer hall, he walked towards the main entrance alongside a series of intricate murals and colored-pane windows that lined the top.

At this point, a few figures walked in. Leading them was a middle-aged man with long sideburns and soft facial features. He wore a black trench coat without any gloves, nor did he carry a cane.

Behind him was a young man dressed in a similar trench coat. He had black hair and green eyes, and he looked handsome with his randomly styled hair. He looked like he hadn't combed it after waking up in the morning.

Klein was especially familiar with his looks and figure. It felt as though they hadn't seen each other for years.

Leonard Mitchell!

Klein's pupils constricted a little, but he didn't stop at all. He maintained his pace and stride, and he walked towards the few Nighthawks in black trench coats.

Yes, Klein was certain that they were Nighthawks!

When they met, he casually swept a gaze at Leonard and company before passing them and walking towards the main entrance.

The main entrance was open, and the clouds outside were thin. There was plenty of sunlight and pigeons were flying.

Leonard Mitchell glanced at the believers who walked past him out of boredom, and he retracted his gaze. He said with a sigh, "I hope we can stay in Backlund for a few days this time to have a good rest. The case this time wasn't only dangerous and thrilling, but it also required us to be tense the entire time.

His team of Red Gloves had just cracked a human skin-donning Devil case, and they had captured two targets.

This seemed easy on the surface, but it wasn't simple at all. They went through plenty of setbacks and tribulations before completing the mission with great difficulty. Every member was exhausted both in mind and body.

Captain Soest shook his head with a smile.

"This is the life of us Red Gloves. You should've known that this would be how it would be back when you chose to join.

"However, congratulations on advancing to Soul Assurer."

Leonard Mitchell curled his lips into a smile.

"It's slower than I had expected. Also, Captain Soest, you've finally reached Sequence 5."

"This isn't a problem with the Church. If I could've endured it better, I could've become a Spirit Warlock earlier." Soest wiped his smile away as he walked into the prayer hall's corridor. "Pray to the Goddess. It will effectively eliminate your mental stress, allowing you to recover."

As he spoke, the team of Red Gloves entered the dark and serene hall as they found a spot to sit down.

Leonard was just about to focus on praying when he suddenly heard a slightly-aged voice ring in his mind:

“That person from just now is problematic.”

“Who?” Leonard kept his head down as he asked with a suppressed voice.

The slightly-aged voice replied, “One of the men you met at the entrance. I’m living in your body, and my strength hasn’t recovered, so I wasn’t able to see too clearly.”

Leonard recalled and asked softly, “What do you mean by problematic?”

“He has an ancient aura.”

“A Beyonder who has lived for a very long period of time?” Leonard mumbled, “I will try to investigate.”

Simultaneously, he thought, *Old Man must be hiding certain things. He seldom volunteers to tell me that someone is problematic, yet be so vague about it… After I find the target and confirm that there’s no danger for the time being, I’ll leave it. I don’t want to be embroiled in the conflict of some undying monsters from the Fourth Epoch… If that person will really bring about a calamity, I’ll directly report it to the Archbishop…*

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

“This the money I borrowed from you.” Fors handed 220 pounds to Xio.

She had already received the 100 pounds from Mr. Moon and the 500 pounds from Ma'am Hermit.

Xio Derecha grabbed at her messy blonde, unsmooth hair, looked at the money, and raised her head to look at Fors. She blurted, "You really are involved in illegal gambling?

"I have to tell you that such gambling must be a scam and a trap. They let you win in order to make you lose more! Even though you're a Trickmaster and have a chance of fooling them, such gambling scams might have other Beyonders hiding in it!"

"Stop, stop, stop!" Fors lowered her hands. She said in bemused anger, "Do I look like someone who will participate in illegal gambling?"

"Yes!" Xio didn't hesitate in her reply. "If I didn't stop you, you wouldn't just be smoking cigarettes, you'd even be smoking cannabis!"

That's because I needed to numb myself due to the pain brought by the full moon's ravings. I no longer need to... Fors didn't debate with Xio as she directly explained, "I sold the mysticism knowledge I know at a Beyonder gathering. Heh heh, that person was very generous and had paid several hundred pounds."

"Is that so..." Xio instantly threw the problem to the back of her mind and said, "There's been a new Beyonder gathering that appeared recently in East Borough. I've been invited."

"A new Beyonder gathering?" Fors was first taken aback before feeling a sense of anticipation.

According to her teacher, Dorian Gray, and Mr. Fool, she knew that Lewis Wien was an Oracle of the Aurora Order. His arrival in Backlund was likely to replace the missing Mr. A, so as to rebuild the Aurora Order faction in this big city. Therefore, there was a solid chance that he had disguised himself to organize a new Beyonder gathering.

Fors thought for a moment and said seemingly mindlessly to Xio, “Are you going to join it?”

“Of course, I have to prepare the Interrogator formula potion,” Xio answered decisively.

Fors nodded and covered her mouth to yawn.

“Remember to bring me along when you have the privilege of inviting a new member.”

Chapter 751: Loen-Styled Euphemism

Late at night. 7 Pinster Street.

Leonard Mitchell sat on a chair with his legs raised onto the side of his desk.

Following that, he leaned back, causing the wooden headrest to creak from the pressure. His breathing gradually turned long and slow.

After an unknown period of time, his eyelids drooped and covered his eyes.

At this moment, Leonard's spirit had arrived in a gray, hazy world, but he was still in his bedroom.

He flew to the window and saw thick gray fog blanket the nearby streets and extend outwards. It seemed to be embracing all of Backlund.

The street lamps along the streets and the warm light from the different houses appeared abnormally dim. They were only able to illuminate a very tiny region, and everything seemed to be tainted with a sense of blurriness.

At the same time, blobs of illusory oval lights appeared as they enveloped a house in an intersecting manner, as though it was the source of their existence.

This was the city through a Nightmare's eyes.

Leonard followed up on his previous investigations and leaped out the window in a Nightmare state. He then flew to 17 Minsk Street.

He didn't attempt to storm in. He stood at the door in the thick fog as he politely pulled the doorbell.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Dressed in her nightgown, Stelyn Sammer opened the door.

She placed her silver-inlaid pleated fan at her chest as she asked in confusion and puzzlement, "Who are you looking for?"

She was none other than Klein's landlord back when he was acting as Sherlock Moriarty. She was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed lady in her thirties.

Leonard had already changed into a black-and-white checkered police uniform. He casually showed his identification and asked, "Do you know Sherlock Moriarty?"

Trapped in the dream, Stelyn's reaction was very slow. She asked after a few seconds, "Did something happen to him?"

Just as she asked, her impression of Sherlock Moriarty appeared beside her under Leonard's influence.

He wore a half top hat, a double-breasted frock coat, gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and a bushy mustache around his mouth…

This was identical to the information he previously received

about Sherlock Moriarty. Hence, he didn't show any doubts and said, "He's been involved in a case and is undergoing an investigation.

"I hope you can cooperate with us."

"A-alright." Stelyn wished to raise her chin, but for some reason, she felt a little horrified.

Leonard thought for a second and asked, "Since when did he rent this place from you?"

"Early September last year," Stelyn said after recalling her memories.

Leonard continued asking, "What do you know of him? Or should I say, what kind of person do you think he is?"

When that was mentioned, Stelyn appeared as though she had long considered the answer to such a question.

"He comes from Midseashire, and he has an accent from that area. He's a very capable detective, and he once exposed the adultery which Mary's husband was undertaking. However, his income isn't too high. He doesn't even hire a full-time housemaid. All he can do is get my maid to help him part-time... My children tell me that he's good at telling stories, especially detective-related stories. This might be why he had chosen this profession..."

Without giving Leonard a chance to interrupt her, she droned on incessantly, "He's not as boorish like the typical detective. He went to grammar school and studied history. What leaves me

most envious of all is how he obtained Mary's gratitude. He joined the Quelaag Club where its members are people with significant status. I've only been there a few times...

"Later, he apparently became famous in the detective circles, and private detectives often came to look for him..."

Leonard lost his patience listening to her drone on as he couldn't help but rub his temples.

He had failed to obtain any useful information from Mrs. Stelyn. Apart from Sherlock Moriarty's poor financial situation and him being good at telling detective stories, the rest was within the scope of what he had previously investigated. He even knew that Sherlock Moriarty had good ties with Isengard Stanton.

Next, I'll investigate those from the Quelaag Club who have good relationships with Sherlock Moriarty... Once he patiently finished listening to Mrs. Stelyn's droning, he immediately thanked her and left her dream.

...

160 Böklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

In the hall that could accommodate more than a hundred dancers, Klein was embracing a lady in her thirties as they danced.

This was the etiquette teacher that Walter had hired. Her name was Wahana Heisen.

She had a common name, but she wasn't ordinary at all. Her facial features were only above average, but her disposition was impeccable. Her every action was filled with charm.

According to Walter's introduction, she was born in a baron's family. She received a good education from a young age and later entered the palace. She had the job of court lady until she was married.

As her family had declined and her husband's financial situation was only ordinary, being a believer in the Evernight Goddess prompted her to choose to become a private tutor in etiquette. She often went to the families of nobles and tycoons to teach their children.

Although the butler didn't spell it out, Klein knew that he couldn't perform badly in front of this lady, or there was no way to save his reputation.

The way members of high society asked about a person's situation was mainly through common acquaintances. And at times, the interaction between servants also mattered.

With nimble footsteps and graceful moves, the black-haired Wahana nodded approvingly.

"Mr. Dantès, it's hard for me to imagine you not having learned these dance steps before.

"In less than half an hour, you're as skilled as a noble who received education on this from a young age."

"It's all thanks to your teachings." Klein gave a humble smile as

he wore a warm, humble look.

With the Clown's balance, dancing was a very easy matter for him.

Wahana lowered her head and chuckled softly.

"You're a gentleman who can really make a lady happy."

She immediately raised her light brown eyes and swept her gaze across Dwayne Dantès's silver sideburns and deep blue eyes.

"That's the best praise I've heard today," Klein replied with a smile. During this period, his feet kept moving as he spun Wahana gently around. Not far away, the hired quartet's melodious music echoed through the hall.

He had the intention to have close ties with Wahana, not to improve his reputation, but because she was once a court lady.

After Wahana corrected a minor mistake that Dwayne Dantès committed, she said, "When inviting a lady to dance, it's not only a dance. You also need to converse. You can't be like two dolls unless both of you are so immersed in the dance and music's rhythm that you do not wish to speak. Of course, that's also a form of communication—a form of communication of the heart.

"When conversing, you must be euphemistic because this is Loen, not Intis.

"To put it simply, do not be direct and crude. You need to appear gentlemanly.

“Let me raise an example. If you wish to compliment a lady for her perfume, you can’t directly tell her how nice it smells, nor ask what kind of perfume it is to praise her. You need to connect a more euphemistic meaning to it and mention that. Yes, you can say something like: It feels like I’m out in the spring meadows.

“Of course, this needs to match the traits of perfume.”

There’s no literary feel. Shouldn’t you say that “the moon is beautiful, isn’t is?” Klein lampooned with a Japanese-styled euphemism as he said with a self-deprecating smile, “Thank you for not telling me that my praises weren’t gentlemanly enough.”

Wahana’s smile deepened.

“Mr. Dantès, do you know what kind of gentleman is very welcomed by women at social events?”

“Pray, do tell.” Klein honestly shook his head.

Wahana said without a change in her smile, “The second most popular type are men who make women think that he’s very intelligent.”

“What about the first?” Klein asked cooperatively.

Wahana glanced at him and said, “The most popular type are men who make women think that they are very intelligent.”

Upon saying that, she smiled and didn’t say another word. Klein instantly understood she was hiding her praise in between the

lines.

So this is Loen-styled euphemism… It's not like Intis where they just aim straight for the lower half of the body… Hmm, that's what's written in papers and magazines. I've no way of confirming what real Intis social events are like. Anyway, both countries often sully each other… The emperor's era does match that description though… Klein nodded in enlightenment.

The two-hour etiquette lesson ended in a harmonious mood. Klein walked Teacher Wahana Heisen to the door with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson before giving her a tiny gift.

It was Moonlight, a perfume from the Dream Company. It was mixed with gray amber, making it rather expensive.

As for how much it was, Klein wasn't sure, as Housekeeper Taneja was responsible for buying it. The payment was through her. Only when the 1,000 pounds was almost expended would she come to him with receipts and a list for him to vet so as to receive fresh funds.

The reason why Klein knew the company and perfume was that his butler had informed him ahead of time. It was to prevent him from appearing insincere if Ma'am Wahana were to ask.

From this detail, he had a deep understanding of the use of a good butler.

Watching the satisfied Ma'am Wahana Heisen leave, Klein held back the urge to rub his temples as he sighed inwardly, *This is more tiring than a Beyonder battle. I have to constantly watch my actions and deliberate over my words… I need some rest.*

At that point, the white-gloved Walter took a step forward and said, “Sir, since you wish for your etiquette studies to progress faster, we can move the remaining lessons forward.”

“What lessons?” Klein felt a headache.

“History, international politics, philosophy, music, as well as general knowledge of sports like golf, racing, hunting…” Walter answered meticulously.

“Philosophy?” Klein asked in surprise.

Walter nodded.

“It’s one of the most common topics discussed in high society. You don’t need to have very deep research into it, but you need to know what others are discussing. You need to know that the origins of philosophy stem from Kongsoka, Mareddy, and Paterson, and not Emperor Roselle. You need to know that “Man was born free” came from Leumi.

“When tycoons first enter high society, many of them often make mistakes in such aspects. They’re used to attributing certain sentences and philosophical thoughts to Emperor Roselle.”

Klein felt his head ache the more he heard. He forcefully smiled and said, “I haven’t got any matters to do recently, apart from my afternoon naps and heading to the cathedral. You can arrange the lessons to be at anytime.”

…

In a dark room, a letter floated up and opened by itself before shaking the piece of paper.

In her tiny bonnet, Sharron's figure was outlined. She grasped the letter and seriously read through it.

She then wrote a reply and set up a ritual to summon Sherlock Moriarty's messenger.

During this process, she didn't forget to prepare a gold coin.

Soon, Sharron finished the incantation as she watched the candle flame burgeon and be tainted with a gloomy green color.

Reinette Tinekerr, with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand, appeared out of the candlelight and appeared before Sharron.

Sharron's eyes constricted as her doll-like face suddenly showed immense emotional fluctuations.

She blurted out, "Teacher!

"Haven't you already..."

Chapter 752: Warning

160 Böklund Street. In the sunny study.

The bookshelves were orderly arranged with a huge collection. At a glance, one appeared as though they had stepped into a private library.

Klein sat on a high-back chair as he read the newspapers. He discovered that be it the Tussock Times or the Backlund Daily Tribune, there was an additional advertisement in a striking spot—it advertised selling 10% of the Backlund Bike Company's shares.

Mr. Stanton is rather efficient. It's only been a few days, and he has completed the financial checks and evaluation… Klein silently reflected on the matter when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He quickly activated his Spirit Vision and saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void. She still held the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, with one of them having a letter in its mouth.

It's likely a reply from Miss Sharron… As Klein had these thoughts, he reached out to receive it and nodded.

"Thank you."

As he spoke, he subconsciously glanced at the door because standing outside was his valet, Richardson.

After tearing open the envelope and unfolding the letter, Klein quickly scanned it, confirming that it was written by Sharron. She indicated that she had no intention of buying Biological Poison Bottle, and she might only consider it after a period of time if it was still available.

She's in a tight financial situation? Or is she saving money to do something important? Klein casually thought and instinctively felt that it was the latter. This was because it was impossible for the demigod named Zatwen to keep staying in Backlund. For now, Sharron and Maric had escaped the pursuit of the Rose School of Thought, and with their Beyonder powers and unique traits about their Sequences, it wasn't difficult for them to amass money in a relaxed environment. Furthermore, they seemed to be in charge of the illegal arms dealing in the Bravehearts Bar, and they were the backers behind Ian. Just this alone would make them plenty of money.

As he thought about it, Klein looked up and saw Miss Messenger's eight red eyes looking at him intently.

He jumped in fright, imagining that she was urging him to pay the debt he owed her. He cleared his throat and said, "There's no need to reply.

"I'll be paying the first installment within the week."

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

"There's no..." "Rush..." "There's no..." "Interest..."

Miss Messenger is quite nice after all... As Klein sighed, Reinette Tinekerr vanished from her spot, returning back into the depths of the spirit world.

After burning the letter and resting for half an hour, he walked to the door to inform Richardson to prepare the carriage.

He planned on heading to the cathedral before his philosophy class in the afternoon.

The journey there was smooth sailing, and Klein arrived at the square outside Saint Samuel Cathedral after a few sips of tea.

After gaining the serenity from taking in the sights of the pigeons, he strode towards the cathedral's main door, entered the prayer hall, and randomly found a pew to sit at. Like before, Richardson sat diagonally behind him with his master's hat and cane.

As he emptied his mind during his prayers, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered once again. He instinctively opened his eyes and looked left.

He saw the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

This Nighthawk wasn't wearing a trench coat. He looked casual with his white shirt tucked out while matching them with straight trousers and a black vest.

Seeing the middle-aged man with gray streaks at his sideburns look at him, he smiled with a nod, retracted his gaze, and closed his eyes in a bid to pretend to pray.

He wasn't worried that the man would discover that he was watching him, because he had only done a cursory sweep without any additional actions. Many believers present had similar actions as well.

It was inevitable for a good-looking, dignified gentleman to attract some attention when he entered. Leonard Mitchell was someone who often attracted such attention, so he knew this very well.

At this moment, the slightly-aged voice sounded in his mind.

It's him.

Heh, he didn't make my hard work of running over to the cathedral yesterday and today be in vain... Leonard thought smugly as his expression remained stoic.

Klein was also pretending to pray as puzzlement surfaced in his thinking mind.

When did this fellow, Leonard, become so pious?

Although he's definitely more pious than me, he's not the kind of person who would come to the cathedral every day. He would come once or twice a week at best...

What's his goal for coming? He seemed to be observing me just now...

Upon having this thought, Klein suddenly realized something.

The Grandpa in him is the angel of the Zoroast family, which makes him an angel of the Marauder pathway...

Blasphemer Amon is a King of Angels of this pathway. "He" could

discover the gray fog and even tried to infiltrate it...

So, it's very possible that the Grandpa in Leonard can also sense the gray fog or the traces of its powers on me!

Upon making this judgment, Klein immediately felt his heart in his throat. He felt like dangerous traps were surrounding him.

He maintained his praying posture, and the eyes under his eyelids remained motionless. His entire person was calm and reserved, completely identical to the cathedral's atmosphere.

After an unknown period of time, he slowly got up and walked to the altar. He came before the donation box and threw in a total of 50 pounds in cash.

Following that, he did the same as before, smiling at the bishop and priest on duty while nodding. He received a rather friendly response.

The moment he walked out of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Klein received his hat from Richardson, and he fed the pigeons on the square for about ten minutes.

And behind him, the believers who had finished their prayers walked out, including Leonard Mitchell.

Without looking at the entrance, Klein leisurely clapped his hands, took his gold-inlaid cane, and walked to the nearby four-wheeled carriage.

Leonard was similarly feeding the pigeons on the square, but he

didn't have any intention of following when he saw his target leave on the carriage.

Since the person had an ancient aura and that the parasite in him placed such importance on him, he obviously didn't dare to be careless. He didn't act directly, as it was extremely dangerous.

He planned on making superficial investigations to gather the required intelligence.

I'll see what Old Man has to say when the time comes... Besides, it's not like there's no direction for investigation at the moment. There can't be that many of that particular type of high-end carriage in Backlund. No matter if it's his, or if it's rented, it's easy to determine the source. Then, I'll know the identity and background of that gentleman... Leonard glanced at the pigeons as he thought leisurely.

He was an experienced Nighthawk, and he was even an elite Red Glove among the Nighthawks!

At this moment, a pigeon spread its wings and flew over. In its beak there appeared to be a paper slip.

Leonard frowned as he reached out his left palm and saw the pigeon fly down before dropping the slip. Then, it flapped its wings and flew off.

Raising the paper slip, Leonard warily unfolded it while feeling puzzled. He saw two lines of text on it:

"Zoroast;

“Parasite.”

This… Leonard’s pupils suddenly constricted as he felt all his hair stand up. His emotions nearly exploded at that very instant.

That gentleman has seen through my secret?

As expected of someone with an ancient aura!

He might be one of the undying monsters that remained from the Fourth Epoch!

He’s warning me? That I shouldn’t involve myself in his matters or even come close to him?

At that moment, Leonard felt that every action the middle-aged man with white sideburns and blue eyes had done had left him shocked when he recalled them. He was someone not to be looked at directly or approached.

He immediately lost all thoughts of investigating the man. As he watched the pigeons land, he said with a suppressed voice, “Old Man, he might be an old friend of yours.

“If you wish to investigate, then it’s best that you wait till your strength recovers.”

“Old friend…” the slightly-aged voice repeated the two words as though he found it suspect but couldn’t be certain.

Leonard quickly converged his emotions and chuckled.

“So you’re someone from the Zoroast family…”

At this moment, about a hundred meters away, at the intersection of Phelps Street and the other streets.

The black-haired Dwayne Dantès who had streaks of gray hair leaned onto the wall as he slowly closed his eyes, hiding his wrinkled facial features in the shadows of the carriage.

To the side of his valet, Richardson, a middle-aged man wearing a dark red coat and old triangular hat appeared, bowing to his master before disappearing. No one saw this illusory figure.

The carriage slowly turned as a flock of pigeons flew up from the square.

…

After returning home and entering the room with the huge balcony, the silent Klein finally heaved a silent sigh of relief.

If Leonard didn’t accept the warning because of the Grandpa’s bewitchment, he planned on writing another slip with the contents: “I know where Blasphemer Amon is.”

In between the lines, it means I’ll tell Blasphemer Amon that there’s a Zoroast family angel here if you foil my plans.

This wouldn’t make the Grandpa believe that Dwayne Dantès was so weak that he had to rely on others to fend him off. It was more of a friendly warning that wouldn’t number beyond three times, a form of respect towards an angel.

If two warnings weren't enough to rein him in, there was no other choice but to inform Blasphemer Amon.

Yes, there's a very high chance that this would scare them. There must be other ploys or difficulties for this Grandpa to choose to parasitize in such a shallow manner. He likely doesn't wish for me to flip the table… Heh heh, this matter is all thanks to Arrodes. If he hadn't informed me ahead of time that Leonard has a Marauder angel, I definitely wouldn't have noticed that I've been targeted, much less have the suitable excuse and method to warn them… Klein thought calmly and didn't show the anxiety or flustered state from before.

As he relaxed, there was a knock on the door. His valet, Richardson, said, "Sir, the butler wishes to seek an audience with you."

"Please invite him in." Klein left the balcony and returned to the half-open room.

The white-gloved Walter entered and said, "Sir, your philosophy teacher, Mr. Hamid, is here."

Philosophy classes… Klein rubbed his aching temples.

He had previously heard from Walter that Mr. Hamid was a believer of the Lord of Storms. It was the same for the famous scholar, Leumi, as well. Many of the philosophers in the Loen Kingdom shared the same faith.

This made him rather surprised because, to him, believers in the Storm were irascible bros.

From the looks of it, I have to change my stereotypes and subjective impressions… Heh, the prerequisite to being a philosopher is to not have a wife, or not have a cordial relationship with their families? As Klein lampooned, he straightened his clothes and walked to the door. He said to Butler Walter, “Alright, I’ll head over there now.”

Chapter 753: Bishop Visits

After the philosophy class, Klein had a feeling as though he hadn't slept in three days. His mind was filled with names and concepts like skepticism, metaphysics, a priori and a posteriori, nominalism, Roselle socialism, existentialism, and positivism.

If it wasn't because the original Klein had studied history, which included some mastery of philosophy, he doubted that he had the ability to last through the lesson. This wasn't his college lessons on Earth; they were one-to-one, making it impossible for him to sleep, daydream, or read novels on his cellphone when he didn't understand the content.

Actually, Mr. Hamid was quite different from what I had imagined. He was humorous, candid, and extroverted. His lesson wasn't dull, making him unlike a philosophy teacher. He also doesn't possess the stereotypes of a Lord of Storms believer... Klein rubbed his temples, turned to leave, and walked to the staircase. He returned to the third floor as his valet, Richardson, followed him in silence.

During this process, he discovered that his servants were busy with their own duties. None of them were lazing about, and they would only stop when their employer walked past. They would bow and greet him, clearly indicating how well-mannered they were.

Taneja is very capable when it comes to the arrangement and management of household matters after all... Klein walked through the corridor on the third floor and walked to the half-open room.

Before he walked in, Klein saw Butler Walter hanging two

double-barreled hunting rifles on the wall, making the interior have a raw and bold feeling.

This was a decoration every tycoon's home had. It's very easy to get approved for a hunting license. A double-barreled hunting rifle is potent, enough to allow the servants to fend off any criminals who wish to burgle or kidnap me.

After hanging the rifle up, Walter took two steps back and observed the hunting rifle. He then took out a golden pocket watch from his inner pocket.

Pa!

He opened the pocket watch and looked at the lid's interior. His stern, old-fashioned face softened significantly.

Klein coughed gently to inform his butler before pushing open the ajar door and walked in.

Walter closed the pocket watch, returned to his spot, and bowed.

"Sir, we applied for six hunting licenses and bought six double-barreled hunting rifles and the corresponding canister cartridges."

Klein had Death Knell hiding under his armpit, so he didn't mind it too much. All he did was nod as a form of acknowledgment.

He then revealed a warm smile and asked as though having a casual chat, "Back when I saw the information from the Family Servant Assistance Association, I noticed that you already have a

wife and child?”

A butler was the assistant to the employer. He was a confidant that knew many matters; therefore, establishing rapport with the butler was something every employer had to do. Klein didn’t wish to be an exception.

Furthermore, he remembered Arrodes mentioning that Butler Walter could result in additional developments.

Walter answered in all seriousness, “Yes, back when I was a servant at the Viscount Conrad’s manor, I had to have constant contact with a lady due to work. We began having feelings for each other, and under the Goddess’s watch, we walked down the aisle of marriage and ended up having a daughter. She’s currently studying at a grammar school and wishes to pass the Backlund University’s entrance exams. However, that’s something to consider only two years later…”

Upon mentioning his wife and daughter, this unsmiling butler’s tone unknowingly turned mellow.

At present, all the Churches were emphasizing the importance of family. It was to stem the stress and mental problems that arose due to the tide of technological progress. The only difference was that different Churches emphasized different matters. For Evernight, men and women were equal as they helped one another in the family. For Storm, men were to work outside while women were to handle the family to be the former’s supportive angel. For Steam, it was more about learning more and to have technology do more of the work. All of them had their strengths, and they complemented each other.

Klein felt wistful hearing that as he said, “Ma’am Taneja seems to be single?”

“Yes.” Walter’s expression turned solemn again. “In modern society, male and female servants still do not enjoy equal treatment. I’m not referring to the salary, as a housekeeper is at the same level as a butler or butler assistant, earning 25 to 50 pounds a year. Instead, I’m talking about a deeper idea and belief. The Church is trying to change it, but there’s plenty of resistance. After all, the Goddess isn’t the only belief in Loen.”

He paused and added, “Male servants can get married, but if a female servant were to have a family, it implies the loss of her job or becoming the lowest laundress who’s only a part-time employee that doesn’t need to live at the employer’s residence. All of these will change only when one reaches the rank of housekeeper. But this isn’t something a young and inexperienced lady is qualified for.”

Klein didn’t continue on the topic as he nodded gently. He then walked towards the reclining chair.

At this moment, his gaze swept by the piled newspaper by the coffee table.

His mind stirred as he paused, turned to the side and said to his butler, “I saw an advertisement on the papers regarding the sale of Backlund Bike Company shares. Find a professional lawyer and accountant to inquire about it to figure out the exact situation.

“Heh heh, I’m rather interested in this industry. If the price is right, I’ll consider buying it.”

For a second, Klein thought of a problem. As a tycoon who had brought huge sums of money to Backlund to seek out better opportunities, it was impossible that he didn’t pay attention to the sale of the Backlund Bike Company shares.

Since “he” didn’t know the prospects of this industry, he needed to hire people to gain a better understanding of it; otherwise, it wouldn’t fit his persona.

Of course, I can also raise the price as a result, allowing me to sell those 10% shares at a higher price… Yes, I have to remember to just raise the price a little and not be too greedy. If I were to keep raising the price and it ends up back in my hands, I’ll be crying. It would throw all my liquidity into it, and I won’t be able to maintain my daily expenses… As Klein fantasized, he warned himself.

“Yes, sir.” Walter didn’t ask further as he directly agreed.

At 4:35 p.m., Richardson knocked on the door and entered. He said to Dwayne Dantès, who was reading leisurely, “Sir, Mr. Maury Macht and his wife, Ma’am Riana, as well as Saint Samuel Cathedral’s Bishop Elektra, is here to pay you a visit.”

Maury Macht? That House of Commons member of parliament? Also, why would Saint Samuel Cathedral’s bishop be here as well… Klein thought and asked with a smile, “Is there such a protocol?”

He had only attended two etiquette lessons and knew that at his stage, visits wouldn’t be that direct. People would first send their butlers or servants to hand over an invitation or schedule a visit.

Richardson habitually lowered his head and said, “Yes.”

“It’s because Mr. Butler informed the neighbors that you would be home in the afternoon for the next week when he was delivering your name cards and gifts.

“Under such a situation, neighbors who received your name card and have heard about you will observe the corresponding details. Not only can they send their servants to invite you over, but they can also pass by on the excuse of being out on an afternoon stroll from four to five to make a semi-formal visit. Oh, the ladies will wear strolling attire; otherwise, it wouldn’t be decent enough. And you can also invite them to have afternoon tea with you.”

Klein walked to the door and allowed Richardson to retrieve his coat to help him wear it. He then asked, “Then why would Bishop Elektra be here as well?”

This was what he really cared about most. The first question was to lead up to it.

Richardson answered as though he had prepared an answer, “Bishop Elektra was a guest at Member of Parliament Macht’s house in the afternoon. They must have mentioned you while having a chat and decided to pay a visit by strolling over.”

His hands weren’t affected by his talking. He skillfully helped Dwayne Dantès adjust his attire.

Klein tersely acknowledged, and after Richardson went forward to open the door, he walked out.

Soon, he saw the three visitors in a small living room on the second floor.

Maury Macht was a classic Loenese gentleman. He was in his forties, and he had black hair and brown eyes. He had a deep outline with a receding hairline. His face was a little thin and long. He was formerly in the military and had entered politics after being discharged. He started his career in Backlund until he became a Member of Parliament of the kingdom’s House of

Commons. He was a believer of the Evernight Goddess and a member of the New Party. He was in support of improving the environment.

His wife, Riana, was from a family of lawyers. She provided plenty of funding for her husband's political ambitions, and she was also a believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Elektra wore a black, double-breasted clergyman's robe. He looked to be forty, and he had deep, blue eyes and a thin face. He wasn't good-looking, but for some baffling reason, he was pleasing to the eyes. Klein had once met this bishop when he was donating money into the donation box.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès appear, Maury Macht took two steps forward and chuckled.

"I've been hearing for the past few days that a pious believer in the Goddess had moved into Unit 160, and I've been wanting to visit. We happened to be taking a stroll today, and we took the liberty to visit. Please pardon us for our faux pas."

Klein smiled and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"At such times, the only thing we need to do is praise the Lady."

"Praise the Lady!" Elektra and Riana nodded as they drew a crimson moon on their chests.

After exchanging pleasantries, Klein invited his three guests to take a seat. A maid hurriedly delivered some tea and coffee. Housekeeper Taneja had already asked each one of them what

they wanted prior.

“Mr. Dantès, I heard you’re a merchant from Desi. I wonder what business you were previously engaged in?” Maury Macht asked casually before joking. “Your last name just makes me think of many things.”

He was referring to the protagonist’s name of a particular best-selling novel written by Emperor Roselle.

Klein smiled and humorously asked in return, “What kind of business does digging up treasure count as?”

This was also related to the content of said best-selling novel.

Without waiting for the Member of Parliament to answer him, he said the answer he had long fabricated, “I once had my own mine, but as you know, it will one day be mined out. Mining cities would also end up waning as a result.”

He was hinting that he was born in one of the resource-rich cities in Desi County. There, gangs were rampant, and there were many secret tycoons. If ordinary people were to attempt to investigate Dwayne Dantès’s situation, it would take them at least half a year.

Bishop Elektra nodded in thought as he asked, “So, you chose to come to Backlund to seek out new opportunities?

“May I know who proselytized you into the Church?”

Chapter 754: Invitation

Klein had already walked through Bishop Elektra's last question before, so he said with a sigh, "It was my father. He was a truly wise elder. Unfortunately, he passed away many years ago during an accident."

When he said that, he infused the original Klein's emotions of losing his parents, him being in an alternate world with no home to return to, as well as the scars that resulted from his time in Tingen City. He sounded calm and wore a slight smile, but there was a sorrow that lasted forever that remained hidden deep inside.

"I'm sorry for your loss. He must've entered the holy residence of the Goddess, sleeping peacefully under 'Her' watch," Bishop Elektra answered sincerely as he formed the sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès to respond, he looked at him and invited him:

"There will be a Moon Mass the day after tomorrow for the deceased. It will help him sleep in the Goddess's nation and receive eternal peace. I wonder if you're interested in participating?"

The Church of the Evernight Goddess didn't have many festivals, and the most important one was Winter Gifts Day. The second most important was the Mass held during the full moon, also known as the Moon Mass. The rest were just normal Masses and prayers on weekends. However, different dioceses and different cathedrals had their own patron saints and angels which would have a corresponding special festival for them.

“I would love to.” Klein stood up and bowed, saying it from the bottom of his heart.

This gave him the perfect excuse to interact with the bishops and priests of Saint Samuel Cathedral, or even the diocese bishop. He had a firm foundation for entering particular regions in the cathedral.

Meanwhile, he came to realize why the Evernight pathway was interchangeable with the Death pathway.

Both wielded the authorities of serenity, eternal sleep, and darkness. It represented the end and a destination!

Following that, Maury Macht didn’t continue the topic regarding Dwayne Dantès’s identity and background. It appeared as though he had only been asking in passing. He and his wife, Riana, began idly talking about their vacation experience in Desi Bay last year. Having filled the gaps on this by staying there for two days, Klein replied with a native tone as he shared his thoughts on the Desi specialty, roasted fish.

During this process, he also pretended to unintentionally mention his hunting activities while he was doing business in West Balam, and how he was extremely familiar with the primitive forest over there.

This was to build up the necessary foundations for the second layer to Dwayne Dantès’s identity. Furthermore, West Balam was different from East Balam. The colonial factions from Loen and Intis were on par, allowing for frequent conflicts. Even the actively controlled regions would experience changes from time to time. To investigate the activity trajectories of a merchant or adventurer wasn’t easy at all. This was even more so the case when Dwayne Dantès was likely using a fake name.

As for his hunting experience in West Balam's primitive forest, Klein didn't randomly fabricate stories, nor did he plagiarize articles from the magazines or newspapers. He used what the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter, Anderson, had previously mentioned regarding his glorious deeds as a blueprint. He drew on the details and abandoned the main storyline. What he fabricated was partially true and fake as well.

Upon hearing the thick anacondas, man-eating fishes, and flowers which could capture their own prey in the forests, Riana would let out gasps from time to time, looking afraid but also eager to know more. As for the member of parliament and bishop, they were equally interested. They often had to force themselves to interrupt Dwayne Dantès's description to ask about the details.

"You really are an excellent hunter! Back when I was serving in East Balam, I never had the chance to enter the forest. I never expected it to be this dangerous." After this extremely dignified middle-aged gentleman finished his tales, Maury Macht picked up a tiny piece of velvet cake and praised sincerely. "I wish to invite you to go hunting if there's a chance in the future."

As they conversed, a maid had delivered the afternoon tea pastries. A male servant served them from the side.

Upon hearing Member of Parliament Macht's semi-serious invitation, Klein replied with a smile, "I'm already looking forward to it."

After chatting a little more and discussing Backlund's pollution control, the three guests suggested they take their leave. As they had only acquainted themselves and weren't considered familiar with each other, Klein didn't retain them. He sent them to the door with his valet, Richardson.

As he watched the bishop, member of parliament and his wife leave, Klein's smile slowly disappeared until there was nothing left.

He was rather pleased with the progress he had made. Bishop Elektra was directly related to the Church of the Evernight Goddess, which was the main goal for him to return to Backlund. Maury Macht was a discharged soldier and a member of parliament at present. Without a doubt, he belonged to certain military officer clubs, and he would be beneficial to his continued investigation of the Great Smog of Backlund.

Next up, I should slowly deepen our relationships… Klein returned to the small living room and saw that the maid had taken away the remaining pastries and tea.

He originally planned on having a little more…

Regardless of the other types of food, the pastries and desserts in Loen, especially Backlund, were outstanding. As for the cook which Dwayne Dantès had hired, he was skilled in that. Even Ma'am Riana was filled with praise about it. Klein also agreed from the bottom of his heart.

Retracting his gaze, Klein didn't say a word as he steadily walked to the staircase that led to the third floor.

Before dinner, Butler Walter finally returned to the house and briefed him on the situation regarding the 10% of Backlund Bike Company's shares.

"Sir, we are lucky enough. Someone had hired a professional lawyer and accountant to investigate the situation of the Backlund Bike Company, and they had offered a price to the seller before the advertisements were published. But in

subsequent negotiations, the price exceeded the buyer's expectations. He had no choice but to give up.

"This way, we don't have to wait for the investigation report. We can directly hire that original team."

Klein nodded and asked without hiding anything, "What's the current bid?"

"The buyer that gave up had offered 6,000 pounds with a bottom-line price of 7,000 pounds. The seller didn't divulge the situation about the other buyer; however, from the feedback from various channels, it's at least 8,000 pounds."

8,000 pounds. Not too bad... Should I raise it a little more? If I were to raise the price a little and the other party just gives up, wouldn't it be awkward? Klein nodded slightly and said, "Give me the corresponding report. I'll consider it."

After flipping through the report and having dinner to accentuate his extravagant but brilliant image as someone who did solid work, Klein turned his head to Richardson and said, "Prepare the two-wheel carriage. I'll be making a trip outside."

He originally imagined that Richardson would ask him in surprise. A two-wheeled carriage didn't seem befitting enough, but to his surprise, his valet answered politely after flashing a curious look, "Alright, sir."

Submissive and never asking why. That's also considered an advantage... Klein sighed inwardly as he waited for Richardson to return to help him wear his coat.

After getting on the two-wheeled carriage, he directly instructed, “Let’s circle around the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough.”

Richardson still didn’t ask about his master’s motives and just got the coachman to steer the horses carefully.

As the carriage passed through Cherwood Borough, it arrived in the Backlund Bridge area under the illumination of the street lamps.

Klein didn’t give a destination, and he only got the coachman to meander through the nearby streets.

He leaned against the carriage wall, looking out at the streets. He saw pedestrians in old clothes, walking along with tired faces as though they were in a rush to return home for dinner after a hard day’s work. Occasionally, there would be the ringing of a bike passing by. They were fast as they shot into the distance. In comparison, the rider’s expression appeared more lively than the pedestrians. They seemed to beam with an indescribable sense of pride.

It’s an obvious difference in class. Although it’s the difference between a technical worker and an ordinary worker, with the difference in weekly salaries of one to two pounds to those with one pound a week… Klein slowly exhaled as he subconsciously looked up at the sky.

At that moment, darkness had already completely covered Backlund’s skies, but the smog wasn’t too serious. One could see through them and see the twinkling stars.

After the Great Smog, the management of the environment is improving by the day… However, the situation with the lower-class workers in the East Borough hasn’t significantly improved.

Although their salaries might be higher, and their working hours have improved, due to the large number of people surging in, prices have risen across the board, reducing the effects of the salary hike. The improvement in working hours have just gone from 15–16 hours to 11–12 hours…

They're just fixing the problems with the greatest problems. As for the other problems that didn't rear their ugly heads, they're neglected… Yes, the kingdom is still undergoing reforms. Many things haven't been straightened out… Klein watched as his thoughts drifted until the carriage left Cherwood Borough.

…

On the Future, Admiral of Stars Cattleya stood behind the windows in the captain's cabin, watching Frank Lee pushing wooden barrels into the shadows. He was putting unknown things into it before closing the lid.

He's recently been researching the growth of plants in dark environments… Why did he suddenly become normal? Cattleya frowned with suspicion, often worrying that Frank Lee would create some huge "invention."

I'll get Nina to ask later… Just as she had this thought, her spiritual perception was triggered. She turned her head to see a letter on her desk.

As a faint smile curled on her lips without her realizing it, Cattleya walked over, tore open the envelope, and unfolded the letter. She quickly read through it.

"There are two Obninsks that do not belong to the Church of Storms swimming north from Sonia Island towards the Abyss Maelstrom…

“Find the direct descendant of Abraham family…

“You did well.”

Abyss Maelstrom was the name of a dangerous area at sea, and not the Abyss.

Abraham family… Cattleya thought for a moment, and without any clues, she planned on asking at the next Tarot Gathering.

…

The next morning, after divining again if he should raise the price again, Klein said to Butler Walter, “Hire that team and continue the negotiation. My bottom line is 9,000 pounds.”

“Alright, sir.” Walter then immediately said with an apologetic look, “Something happened at home, and I wish to have half a day off.”

“No problem. Do you need any help?” Klein asked gently.

“Thank you for asking. I can handle it, and it’s not too urgent. I will first handle the matters regarding the share negotiation first,” Walter said sincerely.

Klein didn’t ask further as he nodded and permitted him to take time off.

After his butler left the room, Klein turned to look at Richardson and asked, “Did Walter meet anyone earlier this morning?”

“Mr. Butler received a letter,” Richardson replied without hiding anything.

Chapter 755: "Switchboard Receptionist"

He received a letter? Didn't he say that something happened at home? Walter's family lives in Backlund, so if there really is anything wrong, then they can directly come over via public carriage or a rental carriage. Wouldn't that be faster than sending a message by mail? With his salary and land in the countryside, he can definitely afford it... Klein nodded without a word as though he had just asked in passing.

He slowly returned to the reclining chair, sat down, and began to seriously read the papers.

Upon seeing this, Richardson didn't say a thing as he silently retreated out of the room and quietly closed the wooden door.

After hearing the light click, Klein cast his gaze away from the papers and towards the door. He thought, *I've discovered another advantage of Richardson. He enjoys observing his surroundings, and he's able to notice information of value. Back when Bishop Elektra was a guest at Member of Parliament Maury Macht's place, he was the first one to notice it from the balcony.*

However, this is different from a Spectator. The focus is more on the event rather than the details...

Walter's matter seems a little abnormal. Could this be the additional development Arrodes mentioned?

Regardless, I'll first divine the matter. I don't want danger to come to me without me realizing it...

With this in mind, Klein immediately entered the bathroom, took four steps counterclockwise, and arrived above the gray fog. Every time he appeared as The Fool, his inner shell beneath the gray fog would wear Klein Moretti's appearance. It wouldn't overlap with Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, or Dwayne Dantès.

Due to the lack of necessary information, he could only divine about any danger that targeted himself; therefore, he didn't use dream divination. He removed the spirit pendulum around his wrist and wrote the corresponding divination statement: "Walter's abnormality will bring me danger."

Holding the spirit pendulum in his left hand, Klein closed his eyes and entered Cogitation as he muttered the sentence he had just said.

After repeating it seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning counterclockwise at a rather ordinary speed and amplitude.

This also meant that Walter's abnormality wouldn't bring him any danger.

But this can only mean that I might not encounter any dangerous trouble through this problem. In addition, there's also another possibility. The danger depends on whether I make the appropriate choice. If I were to rashly get myself involved, something that isn't dangerous might become dangerous… Klein interpreted the matter with his rich experience.

Just as he put this matter on hold, he suddenly saw the crimson star that represented The Hermit coruscate as it burgeoned and shrank.

Does this mean that the payment for Scales of Luck is here? Klein was delighted as he immediately emanated his spirituality.

He was left disappointed because Cattleya was only requesting Mr. Fool to pass on a message to The Hanged Man. She didn't mention when she would close the deal with The World.

There are Obninsks at the Abyss Maelstrom north of Sonia Island? Mr. Hanged Man is pretty lucky. At least he isn't like me, needing to enter the ruins of the battlefield of gods... Of course, Obninsks can be dangerous as well. It's not easy to use one for a ritual. Mr. Hanged Man might even need Sea God's help...

Ma'am Hermit's request is actually to help find the direct descendants of the Abraham family... This means that Queen Mystic is rather aware of Mr. Door's origins... The emperor had mentioned it to her? Klein began making connections from Cattleya's words as he threw the corresponding image to the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

At this moment, Alger Wilson had just finished his reports and had passed the examination, allowing him to return to the Blue Avenger.

When he saw the endless gray fog and heard The Hermit's words, he walked to the captain's cabin with a deadpan expression, keeping his pace normal.

Upon entering the room and closing the door, he came in front of an alcohol cabinet, took a bottle of Lanti Proof, the most beloved drink of pirates, and poured half a cup.

Alger immediately held the cup to his mouth and downed it like it was water.

During this process, he kept his eyes half-closed as though he was completely immersed in his own world.

After drinking half a cup of Lanti Proof, Alger put down the cup, wiped his mouth, and chuckled.

Abraham family's direct descendant? This might be very difficult for others, with almost zero clues, but I can ask Miss Magician. Her teacher is one... Heh heh, Admiral of Stars still isn't aware of it yet.

He quickly reined in his emotions and paced about, finally giving up on his idea and responded frankly to Cattleya's request.

Admiral of Stars won't only ask for my help. At the Tarot Gathering next week, she might announce this mission to everyone, and the others know that Miss Magician's teacher is a member of the Abraham family... There's no point lying about matters that can be easily exposed. I shouldn't jeopardize the possible transactions in the future just for some petty gains... At times, honesty is the best policy... Alger stopped walking as he reverently bowed his head and recited Mr. Fool's honorific name.

"...Please inform Ma'am Hermit that she can directly ask Miss Magician for clues regarding the direct descendants of the Abraham family..."

After settling the request by Admiral of Stars, Alger took the initiative to mention his encounter during the night of the Blood Moon, and he inquired to Mr. Fool about whether the item that resonated with the Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic was the Book of Calamity, and if the female holding the golden cup in the coral palace was Cohinem.

Something like that happened? Queen of Calamity might really

not be completely dead… It's likely that "She" had split her Beyonder characteristic, splitting them into the Book of Calamity and the one in the undersea ruin. Yes, there might even be a third or fourth portion, but I've no idea where they are… Klein confirmed without any hesitation that the elf was Queen of Calamity Cohinem!

This wasn't based on intuition, but a logical inference.

He had once obtained the golden cup that Elf Queen Cohinem loved, and a similar vessel had appeared in the dream.

Elven Songster Siatas knew of Queen of Calamity's daily trivialities, and she had quite a strong relationship with the angel, which strongly implied that she was an elf that attended to Cohinem. It was completely understandable that the Beyonder characteristic she left behind resonated with the Book of Calamity on the night of the Blood Moon.

With this in mind, Klein suddenly recalled a matter. He had given Cohinem's beloved golden cup to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina for her to bury in Siatas's tomb.

If Queen of Calamity really isn't completely dead, will the golden cup cause any form of mutation to the corpses of any elves close to her? Klein did a count of the time, and he discovered that he couldn't be certain if the Golden Dream had reached Sonia Island.

After some thought, he calmly replied to The Hanged Man, "That's right."

Following that, he forwarded the message to the crimson star representing The Hermit.

After doing all of this, Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him pray:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please tell Danitz to pass on a message to Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards about the existence of any abnormalities between Elven Songster Siatas's corpse and the golden cup."

Phew... After doing all of that, Klein exhaled and threw the corresponding image to the specially labeled point of light beside him. He then returned to the real world and left the bathroom.

Coming before his changing mirror, he looked at his gray sideburns and blue eyes as he curled up the corners of his lips. He knew that he had returned from being Mr. Fool to the mysterious merchant, Dwayne Dantès.

...

Bayam, inside a primitive forest.

Danitz, who was having a feast in a particular base of the Resistance, suddenly trembled as he nearly choked on the liquid in his mouth.

Although this wasn't the first time he was receiving an answer from the mighty Fool, he still felt apprehensive and afraid.

After he identified the figure and heard his words, he heaved a sigh of relief and knew that Gehrman Sparrow was getting him to do something.

Ask Captain? That's simple... The Golden Dream will be picking me up in a few days... Hehe, Gehrman Sparrow isn't crazy, and he's even very sincere and reverent before the mighty Fool... Danitz quickly relaxed as he leisurely thought.

Meanwhile on the Future, Cattleya, who had received a response that surprised her, muttered in silence, *Directly ask Miss Magician?*

Yes, she seems to be a Beyonder of the Apprentice pathway... She's actually related to the Abraham family?

As I expected, she's not simple!

Cattleya considered a moment and decided if she ought to give The Hanged Man a new mission because she wasn't too sure if Miss Magician was willing to divulge clues to the Abraham family.

...

Walter returned to 160 Böklund Street in the afternoon with a normal expression like before. He had apparently resolved everything easily.

Klein didn't ask. He felt that their relationship hadn't reached a point in which his butler could be totally frank with him. Furthermore, the problem hadn't fully blown up before him in a way that couldn't be hidden.

Time quickly passed as he had his lessons. The next evening, with the arrival of the full moon, Klein brought along Richardson and rode his high-end carriage to Saint Samuel Cathedral for the

Moon Mass.

He wasn't worried about the donation that would happen, because Miss Justice had paid him 1,000 pounds. He now had 2,186 pounds, so it wasn't too difficult for him to donate a few hundred pounds.

It's only not too difficult… Klein sighed inwardly as he looked at the bell tower outside, left the carriage, walked across the square, and stepped into Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Chapter 756: Grand Mass

After waiting nearly ten minutes outside the prayer hall, Klein and the other believers who were here to join the Moon Mass entered under the priest's lead.

In the dark and serene atmosphere, they heard uniform and ethereal chanting:

"Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

"And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

"Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore [1]..."

Holy and rhythmic voices echoed in the prayer hall as the believers involuntarily quietened down, as though they had forgotten all their frustrations in life or the different challenges they faced in the real world.

Under the guidance of a few priests, they found their seats. In front of the altar, Bishop Elektra, who was in charge of celebrating the Mass, held The Revelation of Evernight and began preaching.

As this segment came to an end, the priests held up water and bread, and they began handing them out to Klein and company. This was the loving grace of Evernight, food that people both alive and dead could share.

Having not had dinner, Klein naturally didn't waste the bread of

average quality and the water in the cup. Then, he saw candles light up on the altar, and under the darkness, they appeared like stars in the night sky, emitting light and warmth that eased one's heart.

At that moment, Bishop Elektra led the few priests and everyone in the choir to chant in unison:

"We look upward into the night sky,

"We tenderly say her name: 'Evernight Goddess!'

"We know no other words, except 'Evernight Goddess,'

"May the Goddess draw out from the angel chorus

"With the silence sweet to gather,

"And hold both within 'Her' right hand which is gentle.

"'Goddess!' If 'She' heard us, 'She' would surely agree,

"Smiling with purity at the dead:

"Come, rest and sleep well, my children [2]!"

The empty voice filled with holiness drilled into every believers' ears. It felt as though all the spirits present were resonating in unison. As a Sequence 5 Beyonder, Klein felt as though his Soul

Body was being cleansed as his spirituality naturally flowed out in comfort.

Following that, a tranquil darkness seemed to appear before his eyes, a darkness without any sound.

In the darkness, corpses lay there; their faces calm and at peace, as though they weren't dead and were actually in a deep sleep.

Klein calmly traversed the darkness in a staid manner when he suddenly stopped and looked diagonally ahead.

At a spot where moon flowers were silently blooming, there were a few people sleeping.

They were the hatless Dunn Smith in a trench coat; Old Neil, who still wore his black classic robe; and the short Kenley, who worked hard to save up money.

They closed their eyes in a relaxed manner as a faint smile appeared to show on their lips. Around them were erected tombs, each of them having the same word written on them: "Guardian."

Klein instantly closed his eyes as a holy and ethereal voice resounded by his ears:

"Cross your hands humbly,

"Over your breast!

“Make the silent prayer,

“And shout from the bottom of your heart:

“The only escape is tranquility [1]!”

Klein lowered his head, closed his eyes, and raised his hands up before crossing them before his chest. He then repeated silently, *The only escape is tranquility!*

The only escape is tranquility!

…

This repeated again and again until the prayer hall reached a state of extreme silence. Only then did Klein open his eyes again and rubbed the corners of his eyes.

He slowly exhaled and glanced around him. With the light from the candles, he discovered that most of the believers were covered in tears without realizing it. Even his valet, Richardson, was constantly tearing up without wiping his tears.

The Moon Mass is akin to a ritual, a ritual with Beyonder powers involved. Its effect is likely to make everyone’s spirit resonate, allowing different people to see the deceased who they share deep relationships in the darkness. It relieves one’s grief in order to obtain tranquility… Yes, this isn’t an abnormality that’s targeted at Beyonders, so I can be at ease… To ordinary people, this might be an illusory outlet that’s instantaneous. They would only believe that it’s a result of the Goddess’s greatness, and not some extraordinary powers… Sequence 5 Beyonders of the Evernight pathway seem to gain a significant enhancement in their control

of spirits... Klein withdrew his gaze as he made a judgment.

Right on the heels of that, he recalled the darkness and the deceased that lay amidst the moon flowers.

Closing his eyes, Klein allowed his thoughts to drift.

That dark plain filled with moon flowers, night vanilla, and slumber flowers is a manifestation of the Goddess's divine kingdom?

What does the source of danger in the night time inside that battle of the gods ruin correspond to then?

Klein gradually outlined the cold darkness and the fog that enveloped the sea on the eastern front of the Sonia Sea.

In the fog, there was an ancient, pitch-black cathedral with a steeple. Ravens spiraled above it as though they were holding a memorial or were in grief. And around the cathedral were ordinary residents, simple wood huts, grayish-white mills, and indistinct figures.

Logically speaking, this foggy scene that's intricately tied to the night and dreams should be formed from the aura left behind when the Goddess slayed Annihilation Demonic Wolf. But it doesn't have any similarities with the corresponding divine kingdom... Yes, mortals can't pry into the secrets of deities, so perhaps the dark plains filled with flowers isn't the projection of the divine kingdom, but rather an outcome of the ritual... Seeing that the Moon Mass was coming to an end, Klein reached into his inner pocket and took out his wallet.

Holding his wallet, he got up and entered the aisle, walked straight to the altar, and under Bishop Elektra's compassionate watch, he walked diagonally over to the donation box.

He tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion, drawing out the crimson moon before throwing in all his large-denomination notes.

A total of 300 pounds!

At that moment, Klein didn't feel the pinch like the previous few times. He was in a very calm mood because he recalled the ritual Old Neil had used to repay his debt.

Back then, they picked up a wallet containing 300 pounds, all thanks to the Goddess's blessings.

Taking a step back, he drew the crimson moon once again, and he gave his spot to the donor behind him.

At that moment, Bishop Elektra walked over and said as he drew the crimson moon, "May the Goddess bless you."

"May the Goddess know about it. What I wish for now is to receive some teachings," Klein replied with a smile.

Bishop Elektra glanced at the prayer hall's side door and said, "If you don't mind waiting fifteen minutes, I can explain the Bible to you in the library."

"I would love that," Klein said with a warm smile.

Bishop Elektra immediately got a priest to lead Dwayne Dantès and his servant out the prayer hall through a side door as they circled around a spiral staircase to the nearby library.

There was a huge bookshelf here, and on it were various books from the Church of the Evernight Goddess. There were tables and chairs lining the sides for priests and bishops to study and preach to the believers.

Twelve minutes later, Bishop Elektra entered the library with a calming smile and saw Dwayne Dantès with his white sideburns standing in front of a bookshelf, flipping through a book with great focus. He exuded the vibes of a scholar.

"What are you reading?" he asked with a smile.

Klein snapped the book together and said with a self-deprecating smile, "The Revelation of Evernight.

"To be frank, although I'm a pious believer of the Goddess, I've never had the time to seriously sit down and read the Bible due to my busy life."

As he spoke, he didn't show any odd signs on his face, but he felt uneasy deep down. He was afraid the Goddess would smite him with a bolt of lightning to reward this "pious" believer, Dwayne Dantès.

Well, lightning isn't in the Goddess's domain... Klein consoled himself.

Bishop Elektra smiled and took The Revelation of Evernight from his hands.

“It’s never too late to begin.”

Following that, he invited Dwayne Dantès to sit down beside a table and systematically introduced The Revelation of Evernight’s structure and the corresponding Holy Word.

Richardson held his employer’s hat and cane, and he stood a slight distance away, silently waiting to listen to the bishop’s preachings.

Time ticked by, when Klein, who appeared serious, suddenly felt his spiritual perception trigger. A scene outside the door naturally surfaced in his mind.

This was an intuitive foresight that stemmed from a Clown, one that had been enhanced by the gray fog!

Outside the door, an elder dressed in a black clergyman robe walked by and headed for the nearby spiral staircase.

He had lush white hair but didn’t comb it, making him look rather disheveled. He had a thin face that made it appear as though he was bones wrapped in skin. He exuded a rather cold bearing, and his skin was abnormally pale. His eyes were a rare pure black.

This figure quickly vanished from the door as the footsteps gradually sounded like they were coming from above.

A Keeper! But it’s not the one I met at the prayer hall… Hmm, it’s his turn today? Klein paid attention to Bishop Elektra as he wore a contemplative look over the Bible’s contents.

He wasn't surprised that a Keeper would appear inside the cathedral and pass by the library at this time. This was because the sealing forces behind Chanis Gate would reach its peak at night. It wasn't suitable for living creatures to remain inside; therefore, the Keepers only entered at sunrise and left at sunset. It had just turned dark.

I need to remember what day and date it is today… Later, with more information, I'll be able to figure out the Keepers' rotation schedule. This way, I'll be able to act as the corresponding target at the right time… Klein reined in his thoughts as he listened attentively. Finally, he got up and bade farewell thirty minutes later.

He smiled and said to Bishop Elektra, "I'm wondering if I have the honor to listen to your preachings in the future?"

"No problem." Faced with a tycoon who had just donated 300 pounds, Bishop Elektra couldn't reject him. He even happily nodded. "As long as you come to the cathedral and I have the time."

Klein didn't harp on the details to prevent any suspicion. He earnestly thanked him and left Saint Samuel Cathedral with Richardson.

He returned home before eight, and enjoyed dinner as he leisurely spent the rest of his night.

…

Late at night, inside the master bedroom.

The sleeping Klein suddenly opened his eyes.

His spiritual intuition told him that someone had infiltrated his mansion!

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1. Adapted from the Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

2. Adapted from The Cry of the Children by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

3. Adapted from The Bridge of Sighs by Thomas Hood and Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

Chapter 757: Dream Encounter

Someone has infiltrated the compound? Klein didn't immediately sit up. All he did was turn his body to the side and reached his left palm under his pillow. He secretly held Death Knell, and at the same time, he slowly spread his left hand open, preparing to activate Creeping Hunger.

After knowing that it was difficult to find food for Creeping Hunger in Backlund, he had infiltrated the prisons in Desi Bay's Conant City, found an inmate on death row, and confirmed that there wasn't any mistake in the judgment before feeding him to the glove.

The Rose School of Thought has locked onto me? No, it's impossible for them to be that quick. Besides, if it's them, they wouldn't just come but would wait for an opportunity. They will seize the opportunity when I'm passing by a secluded spot and strike so as to not alarm Backlund's official organizations... I donated too much money at the Moon Mass, causing criminals to target me? Hmm, a generous tycoon who just came to Backlund from a foreign land is indeed an easy target... Of course, I can't rule out the routine investigations of the Nighthawks... As thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein heard a soft noise coming from the balcony in the adjoining half-open room.

Right on the heels of that, there was the sound of a lock turning as the floor-to-ceiling window was pulled open nearly silently.

Klein carefully listened and sensed the footsteps pass through the half-open room and into the corridor.

After a pause, the footsteps walked towards the master bedroom before passing it, turning the doorknob to his valet's room.

He went into the wrong room? Or could it be that he's here to find Richardson? Klein's heart stirred as he released his grip on Death Knell. He then reached out to the iron cigar case which wasn't too far.

After he removed the wall of spirituality, an illusory figure in a dark red coat and old triangular hat appeared beside him. It then walked into the full-body mirror.

When Senor, the Wraith marionette, jumped to the glass window in Richardson's room, he saw a figure with orange-yellow skin, raven-black hair, and soft facial features walk out of the room. As for Richardson, he was silently sitting by the edge of his bed, his body leaning forward. His back was hunched up like he was fused into the darkness.

Horror colored his face as he showed a weak and stumped expression. Finally, he fell silent.

The person is indeed here for Richardson... His traits resemble that of someone from the Southern Continent... He's agile and skilled. He's likely not an ordinary person... This is a friend that Richardson got to know at the manor in the Southern Continent, or could it be a maternal relative? Richardson is only a valet with an annual salary of 35 pounds. What matter would need his help? Klein guessed as he used Senor's vision to observe.

At that moment, he suddenly realized why Richardson was good at observation and often stayed in the balcony to size up any pedestrians.

He was afraid of being found!

I hope it's not too big a problem and won't affect my plans... I'll later divine the matter... If Richardson is unable to resolve the

problem, I'll have to find an excuse to terminate his services... Seeing his valet lie back down, Klein pulled back his Wraith marionette.

...

Meanwhile, Leonard Mitchell, who lived at 7 Pinster Street, once again entered the fog-immersed Backlund.

He had previously questioned the Daily Observer reporter, Mike Joseph, and received the news that Sherlock Moriarty didn't proactively involve himself in Lanevus's matter. Instead, he participated in a discussion after being hired. This made any suspicions regarding him drop drastically.

If it wasn't because this detective had been slightly involved in Capim's matter, and how he had a close relationship with Emlyn White from the Harvest Church, Leonard Mitchell would have had thoughts of giving up the investigation to continue his search for Ince Zangwill.

As Sherlock Moriarty didn't have many friends at the Quelaag Club, with one of them dying in the matter involving Prince Edessak while the other was Reporter Mike Joseph; therefore, Leonard only had one target left: Dr. Aaron Ceres.

From the dossiers, this doctor was once involved in a Beyonder matter of the Monster pathway... After the item was swapped, he stopped being unlucky or having nightmares. His life returned back on track... Heh, most people that Sherlock Moriarty know are involved in Beyonder matters. This detective sure isn't an ordinary someone... As Leonard thought, he rang the doorbell in Aaron Ceres's dream.

Upon entering the dream, he casually found a sofa to sit in and

said to Dr. Aaron who was opposite him, “Tell me in detail how you got to know Sherlock Moriarty.”

In the dream, Aaron didn’t lie. He started from how Mrs. Mary had introduced Sherlock Moriarty into the Quelaag Club, and how he was one of the recommenders. He continued until the detective suggested that he inform the Church of the Evernight Goddess’s bishop about his abnormal matters.

The truth is described in the dossiers. Sherlock Moriarty seems rather friendly towards the official Beyonder organizations, and he was endorsed by Isengard Stanton… Leonard glanced at the mustached Sherlock which Dr. Aaron conjured and retracted his gaze as he listened attentively.

After Aaron finished recounting everything in detail, he said, “He headed to the south for a vacation, and he hasn’t returned. I’ve been worried about him all this while.

“However, he’s a detective filled with wisdom and a kind heart. I believe nothing bad will happen to him. I just wish that he can participate in the celebration of my child’s birth.”

Perhaps… Leonard suspected that Sherlock Moriarty might never return to Backlund.

He then politely bade farewell and walked out of Dr. Aaron’s dream.

After taking a few steps forward, he subconsciously looked back and saw that inside the house with a garden, blurry spherical lights that represented different dreams filled the entire space. Everything was fine.

Was it a mistake on my part? I keep feeling as though something about me is changing... Leonard muttered as he turned to fly to Pinster Street.

Everywhere he could see was covered in dense fog. The street lamps were gloomy and pale.

Suddenly, Leonard stopped flying as he cast his gaze at a building.

In that house, there were about five spherical lights floating in silence, making it look different from the other buildings.

However, Leonard's spiritual perception told him that there was apparently a black blob in the house which could absorb all light.

Furthermore, he discovered that he didn't recognize the street he was at.

He felt alarmed, suspecting if he had seen something he shouldn't see. He hurriedly retracted his gaze as he prepared to leave and head for his residence.

At that moment, the building that looked ordinary sounded with a teasing voice:

"Why don't you come in for a cup of tea?"

Thoughts erupted in Leonard's mind as he flew up at high speeds without even thinking.

In his spiritual perception, the terrace houses lining the back, the garden, and tiny buildings were burgeoning in size as the windows and doors turned into mouths that were biting at him!

The nearby black street lamps were extending in height, making the surroundings appear like a forest of steel that seemed to stop Leonard.

Leonard didn't stop or turn back. He felt a chill down his back as it became more obvious and deeper!

His body slowly stiffened as though he was being grabbed by countless invisible hands.

Just as he felt that he couldn't hold out any longer, he saw a familiar house where a familiar window and lights stood.

He held his breath, plunged down abruptly, and fell back into his dream!

Phew... He jolted awake and found himself drenched in cold sweat.

"Old Man, what did I actually encounter?" Leonard retracted his legs from the desk's edge and asked with a sense of lingering fear.

The slightly-aged voice in his mind replied after a few seconds, *I'm not sure.*

Leonard's eyelid drooped immediately as he didn't pursue the matter.

He then cast his gaze out the window and saw lights everywhere in the Backlund night sky. It was tranquil.

...

160 Böklund Street. Inside Dwayne Dantès's mansion.

"Sir, Ma'am Wahana Heisen is here," Richardson entered the room and said to Klein.

Klein put down his papers and looked up, glancing at his valet. He discovered that he was still an apprehensive man of few words, silent and reserved. There was nothing odd with him.

If it wasn't because the divination outcome was okay... Suddenly firing an employee will incur suspicion... Klein silently mumbled. He stood up as though nothing had happened, and he got Richardson to help him wear his coat.

Fifteen minutes later, he was holding his etiquette teacher, Wahana Heisen, in an embrace as he began to learn another common dance used at social events.

"I feel as though I'll be losing my job in a few days." After a while, Wahana praised Dwayne Dantès for his progress. When she was done, she added, "However, you're still a little restrained. Although you don't have to act like Intis men who cling closely to the ladies, you don't have to constantly maintain a distance. It's very normal to make occasional contact. The way you are behaving now makes you appear rigid and dull."

Klein pulled her in a little and replied with a smile, "I was afraid of being rude."

Does this mean that being too close to ladies is an act of rudeness? It also implies I'm full of charm, and that he might embarrass himself if he's too close? This is quite a euphemistic form of praise... Wahana thought and said with a smile, "You have learned well."

The dance continued as Klein looked at Wahana Heisen's face as he asked warmly in a casual manner, "Ma'am, you seem frustrated?"

Wahana lowered her head and chuckled.

"It's nothing serious. My husband is a businessman, and he recently had some minor conflicts with some people. We can resolve the matter.

"Oh, your question was too direct. Before both parties have established a friendship, it's best not to ask about their matters, unless she has made it obvious."

Compared to you who comes and goes in families of high society; thus, knowing many madams and ladies, as a tycoon who just arrived in Backlund, I do lack the necessary social connections... Klein nodded gently and said with a smile, "I thought we were no longer strangers."

He then skipped the topic and began talking about his own experiences and his neighbors. Wahana would mention a few things in response, allowing Klein to better grasp the traits and preferences of his neighbor.

After Wahana left, Klein stood at the door for some time before turning to say to his butler, "Walter, find out what trouble Ma'am Wahana is facing. If she can't resolve it, we will provide her with some timely assistance."

Chapter 758: Efforts Will Ultimately Pay Off

In the evening, Klein, who had just returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral, was just about to enter the dining hall on the second floor when he saw Butler Walter walk over and say with a polite bow, “Sir, the matter you wished to be investigated has been completed.”

Klein didn’t inquire further in front of the other servants as he staidly nodded.

“Let’s talk in the study.”

Walter followed behind him and came all the way to the third floor. Richardson then opened the door and lit the gas wall lamp inside.

Klein unhurriedly walked to his desk, sat down, and looked at the butler for the report.

As Walter gestured Richardson to guard outside the door, he approached the desk and deliberated over his words.

After the door closed again, he said, “Ma’am Wahana’s husband is a cloth merchant. He had been cooperating with someone and had invested 1,000 pounds into it, but the other party ran off with the goods. She has already sought the help of Member of Parliament Macht and Ma’am Riana to urge the police department to crack the case as quickly as possible. However, the police usually doesn’t dare to guarantee that they can find the target for such cases.”

Klein picked up the black fountain pen on his desk and stroked it.

"To Ma'am Wahana's family, 1,000 pounds isn't a small sum."

Based on what he knew, an ordinary home tutor didn't earn more than 150 pounds a year. If the employer provided boarding and lodging, the salary would be even lower.

Although Wahana served high society and had many employers, her annual income capped out at about four to five hundred pounds. Furthermore, a large amount of her expenses would be spent on her dressing, posture, and looks, to prevent her employers from finding her unfitting as an etiquette teacher.

"Yes, her husband's income as a cloth merchant can only be considered average. To him, a 1,000-pound investment is a rather huge investment," Walter said by mincing his words.

It's a lot for me too... Klein sighed and smiled.

"I just came to Backlund, so I'm not very familiar with the police."

Walter immediately replied, "Sir, back when I was under the service of Viscount Conrad, I knew a few members of a Backlund high-ranking police officer association."

Backlund high-ranking police officer association? That would be the most important members at Sivellaus Yard. Even the chief superintendents who are in charge of an entire borough might not be qualified for induction.

Sivellaus Yard referred to the Backlund police department. It got its name from the street it was located at.

As expected of a butler who served under a noble family… Klein sighed inwardly as he smiled with a shake of his head.

"There's no need to do so for the time being. On this aspect, I'm sure Ma'am Wahana is able to seek the help of many people. Be it Member of Parliament Macht or others, all of them have the ability to make Sivellaus Yard place importance on the case."

He paused and deliberately said in passing, "I've seen the lower rungs of society, and I know their methods of survival. At times, the police might not be as useful as gang members or bounty hunters.

"Walter, go to the police department to retrieve the corresponding details and head over to the famous bars in the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough to commission a bounty mission.

"Regardless if they find the corresponding criminals or the batch of cloth, I'll be giving them 200 pounds in return.

"Heh heh, let's hope that those cheats had chosen to remain in Backlund."

"A reward of 200 pounds?" Walter repeated the sum as he couldn't help but steal a glance at his employer, as though he found it unbelievable that he would offer so much for Wahana's matter.

He turned agape and was just about to say something but

ultimately kept silent. All he did was seriously reply, “Alright, sir.”

“I’ll give you this money directly.” Klein slowly got up and took out his wallet.

As Walter received the thick wad of cash, he asked in thought, “Should I tell Ma’am Wahana?”

Klein smiled.

“There’s no need.”

Enlightened, Walter nodded with a bow.

“Your generosity will spread through this street.”

…

East Borough, Dharavi Street, in a cramped but lively pub.

Xio, who had seriously combed her short, blonde hair before heading out, squeezed through the area filled with men that stank of alcohol and putrid sweat and arrived at the bar counter.

She tapped the counter and asked the bartender, “Any new missions today?”

If it were anyone else who asked without ordering any drinks,

the bartender would've ignored them, but upon recognizing Xio, a bounty hunter who no one wanted drinking, he could only sigh and say, "A very handsome reward, 200 pounds."

"200 pounds?" Xio nearly suspected that she had heard wrong. Apart from Miss Audrey's missions, she had never seen such a handsome reward in East Borough or the Backlund Bridge area. Even the mission to seek out Azik Eggers that drove bounty hunters crazy had only offered 150 pounds.

For an ordinary bounty hunter, completing a commission like this was enough for them to not work for a year!

To Xio, it was equally important because she had been helping the mysterious man in the golden mask over the past few months. She had learned that the man was from MI9, and she was trying to earn enough contributions to exchange for the Interrogator potion formula.

Therefore, the reward she received when completing his tasks only paid a little. Most of it was exchanged towards her contribution goals, so all her savings came from the advantages that her Sheriff Sequence had given her to capture criminals.

Once I receive the potion formula, I still have to spend money to buy the Beyonder ingredients, and I only have 300 odd pounds... Fors is right. Money isn't omnipotent, but it's sufficiently important... Upon having this thought, she looked at the bartender and asked cautiously, "What's the mission? Who commissioned it?"

"Find a few cheats. They cheated the victim of cloth costing 1,000 pounds." As the bartender handed the details to Xio, he said, "The person who commissioned the mission looked like a butler. He called himself Walter, and he's in service of a Mr. Dwayne Dantès from Böklund Street. If you capture the cheats or find the

cloth, you can head there to retrieve the bounty."

Xio quickly flipped through the documents as something quickly formulated in her mind. She instinctively knew the direction in which to continue the investigations.

"I'll take this mission," she said immediately with a nod.

The bartender shrugged and said, "You aren't the only one. All the bounty hunters have taken on this mission.

"Besides, they have other ideas."

"Like what?" Xio asked out of curiosity.

The bartender chuckled.

"They say that since Mr. Dwayne Dantès is so generous, they're willing to recommend themselves if he lacks a bodyguard.

"However, they later gave up on the idea since being a bodyguard isn't as free as being a bounty hunter. Even having drinks will have to wait until they're given time off."

That's not a problem for me, but I can only be a bounty hunter... Xio nodded, jumped off the high-stool in front of the bar counter, and didn't waste time heading for the door.

...

The next day, just as Klein finished breakfast and was preparing to head to his garden to have a stroll to aid in his digestion, Butler Walter came in from outside and silently followed behind him until there wasn't anyone around.

"Sir, there are two matters that need your attention," he said politely.

"Two matters?" Klein was somewhat surprised. He thought that there would only be one.

Walter nodded.

"Yes, the first matter involves the 10% shares in the Backlund Bike Company. Someone has already offered 10,000 pounds.

"Sir, do you still wish to continue in the bid?"

It has been raised to 10,000 pounds? Not bad at all! Klein deliberately acted stumped as he thought.

"I'm new in Backlund, and there are many things that need me to hold back on.

"Let's leave it at that..."

"Alright, sir." Walter then said, "The cheats who scammed Ma'am Wahana's husband of the cloth have been captured. The bounty hunter has already arrived and requested payment."

"That quickly?" Klein turned his head in shock as he looked at

his butler.

If he had taken action himself, he was indeed capable of settling it that very day. After, he had Dowsing Rod Seeking to find people, but the problem stemmed from the fact that most bounty hunters weren't Seers.

Yes, perhaps it's a Beyonder good at tracking and searching for people... Klein made a preliminary judgment.

Walter answered in confirmation, "Yes, it's much faster than I imagined.

"According to that bounty hunter, she did a reverse search from black market sales before finding the cheats."

The black market peddlers gave in so easily? From the looks of it, they must've been taught a lesson with the fist... Klein nodded and said, "What's that bounty hunter's name? She's quite capable..."

"She calls herself Xio," Walter answered truthfully.

No way... Klein almost stumbled. Thankfully, he had the impressive balance of a Clown.

After calming the upheavals through his heart while acting calm, he deliberated and said, "Keep the bounty hunter's contact method. Perhaps there might be a chance to gain her assistance in the future."

"Alright, sir." Walter didn't find any problems with Dwayne

Dantès's instructions. Any decent member of high society kept some unofficial means to their chests.

Klein didn't continue on the topic of Xio as he tersely said, "How much was reclaimed?"

"The cash and the yet-to-be sold cloth from the cheats came up to about 850 pounds." Walter had apparently anticipated his employer's inquiry on the matter and had asked ahead of time.

"Very good," Klein nodded and said. "After paying the bounty hunter, help her send the cheats and the goods to the nearby police station."

...

North Borough Police Station.

Wahana and her husband, Bacchus, looked at the high-ranking inspector in front of them as they asked in unison, surprise coloring their voices.

"It's been found?"

"They've been caught?"

The high-ranking police inspector smiled in response.

"Yes."

When he informed them how much cash and cloth was left, Wahana and Bacchus heaved a collective sigh of relief.

They could afford 150 pounds in losses. Furthermore, the remaining cloth still had space for greater appreciation and profit. In essence, they hadn't suffered much of a loss.

They repeatedly thanked the inspector until someone invited Bacchus to identify the goods and criminals.

Wahana sat there without losing her etiquette. She smiled at the high-ranking inspector and said, "Your efficiency has exceeded my expectations. I'm very curious as to how you found the bunch of cheats?"

Being aware that this beautiful and elegant lady knew a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, and that she would eventually learn the truth, the high-ranking inspector didn't hide it from her.

"In fact, it was completed by a bounty hunter. She investigated the black market of stolen goods and quickly caught the suspects."

"You even offered a bounty?" Wahana seemed to gain a full understanding of the whole story.

The inspector shook his head and said, "No, someone beat us to it. He offered 200 pounds."

"200 pounds?" Wahana asked in surprise.

That wasn't a small sum of money, and it even exceeded the expected profit that her husband would earn from the sale.

Seeing the inspector give an affirmative reply, Wahana couldn't help but ask, "Who was it that offered the bounty?"

"The bounty hunter didn't say, but accompanying her was a gentleman dressed as a butler." The inspector simply described Walter's looks.

Wahana vaguely guessed at the butler's identity as she leaned back slightly, muttering softly to herself, "200 pounds..."

...

In the afternoon, Wahana, who came to Member of Parliament Macht's house to teach his daughter etiquette, first thanked Ma'am Riana for extending their help.

After the blackish-green-haired Riana said a few words of humility, she asked, "Wahana, I heard that you're Mr. Dwayne Dantès's etiquette teacher. I wonder what kind of person he is?"

Wahana deliberated and said, "He's a true gentleman. He's warmhearted, generous, kind, educated, gentlemanly, and very knowledgeable."

Riana nodded slightly upon hearing that before turning to look at her proud daughter and chuckled.

"Unfortunately, he's a little too old, or he might make a good match.

“Well, I plan on inviting him to our ball this weekend.”

Chapter 759: First Dance

Saturday night, 8 p.m.

Klein rode his high-end carriage and arrived at 39 Böklund Street —Member of Parliament Macht's house—in two and a half minutes

After stealing a glance at the lit fountain that was sloshing with water, he buttoned his tailcoat and walked down the carriage before strolling to the house's main entrance.

Richardson held an exquisitely packaged bottle of Southville red wine and followed closely behind his employer.

After walking through the main door, Klein instantly saw Member of Parliament Macht and his wife, Riana, walk over to welcome him.

The former was wearing an olive-green army officer uniform with an orange-red sash around his waist and a few medals hanging from his chest. In the Loen Kingdom, serving and retired officers enjoyed wearing their military uniforms at balls.

The latter was wearing a yellow long dress with frilly sides and rarely-seen, exquisite lace, making her look different from unmarried ladies. However, she also partially exposed her fair neck and her shoulders.

Klein took the bottle of Southville red wine from Richardson's hand and handed it to Member of Parliament Macht before saying with a bow, "Sorry, I'm late by a few minutes."

This was actually a common situation at Loen balls. Guests would rather be late by a certain amount of time than be early. This was because the masters of the house might still be busy with the final preparations with the ball. It was the worst time for them to entertain guests, but of course, one had to ensure that they weren't late by more than ten minutes.

If Wahana hadn't specially taught him this, Klein would've definitely come early as a form of respect.

"It's fine. The ball hasn't officially begun." Macht glanced at the Southville red wine as he handed it to his valet before nodding with a smile.

At Loen's high society engagements, one had to bring a gift for the master if it was their first time attending a ball. Alcoholic beverages were the most welcomed, but one had to keep in mind that the first gift had to be something locally produced.

After greeting Macht, Klein looked towards Ma'am Riana and saw that she had slightly raised her right hand. Hence, he took one step forward and lifted her palm and bent his back to kiss it.

"You illuminate the entire ball."

Before the ball began, complimenting the masters of the house was a necessary step in Loen social events. And unlike Intis, Loen's hand-kissing etiquette required the lady to gesture that it was possible before a gentleman could do the kiss; otherwise, it would be a serious faux pas.

"Likewise for your arrival," Ma'am Riana replied with a smile.

Then, the couple led Dwayne Dantès through the corridor and into the main hall where a pleasant tune was echoing.

After taking a few steps forward, Maury Macht pointed at a lady in a sky-blue dress.

“My daughter, Hazel.”

Klein looked at the girl as his pupils suddenly constricted!

He knew this girl!

To be precise, he had seen her image before!

Back when he had asked Arrodes where he could obtain a mystical item which could steal the Beyonder powers of others, the magic mirror had indicated a scene of an arrogant lady loitering in the sewers, and she was none other than Hazel Macht. She was a lady with wavy black-green hair and bright brown eyes!

She has a mystical item that corresponds to a Prometheus? With her family conditions, why would she be loitering in the sewers? Is it some fortuitous encounter of hers? Was she searching for something or waiting for something in the sewers? She has already become a Beyonder? How did she become one? Could it be that she has a Grandpa parasitizing in her body? Klein, who was donning the “skin” of Dwayne Dantès, instantly thought of many questions, but he pressed his hand to his chest as he bowed with an unperturbed look.

“Good evening, Miss Hazel.”

During this process, he stole a glance at Hazel Macht's face and discovered that she wore a composed look. There was an arrogance in her eyes, and all she did was smile politely and answer, "Good evening, Mr. Dantès."

She didn't have any abnormal reaction, which means that she's unable to sense the aura of the gray fog... At the very least, there's no Grandpa parasitizing her. I can't be certain for now, and I'll have to continue observing... Klein stood up straight as he took a cup of pale-gold champagne from a waiter's tray. He then began chatting with Member of Parliament Maury Macht.

"I never expected you to be a major."

He could tell from the epaulet on Macht's shoulder.

If he was a colonel, Klein would've even suspected if the gentleman was also a Beyonder, but it was hard to tell for a major.

"Haha, it's nothing. There are many opportunities to render meritorious services in Balam," Maury answered. "Of course, the weather there is especially unsuitable. I've always been suggesting to the army's higher-ups to design a uniform for West Balam and to get rid of the traditional dark colors; otherwise, the officers will only feel as if they are beef waiting to be roasted."

As for the enlisted soldiers, most of them wore red tops and white bottoms.

"Yes, the weather there is completely different from what it's like in the country. Even Desi Bay isn't that hot." Klein indicated that he had been to the Southern Continent, and he had been to either East or West Balam to corroborate his hunting experiences that he had mentioned a few days ago.

After a few minutes of small talk, Macht apologized and walked to the staircase with his wife. At the second floor, he raised a cup of red wine while standing by the railings facing the main door and said, “Thank you everyone for coming to our ball. First, let us toast the deities. They are the source of everything beautiful.”

He and Ma’am Riana tapped four times on their chests as they softly praised the Goddess. The other guests also praised the deities they believed in via their own means.

Macht continued having his cup raised as he said with a smile, “Second, a toast to the kingdom. It is a stable bedrock.”

“To the kingdom.” Klein raised his cup of champagne and spoke with the other guests around him.

Following that, Macht surveyed the area and asked humorously, “Finally, what shall we toast to?”

Klein’s mind whirred as he said loudly with a smile, “A toast to the improvement of the air in Backlund.”

Macht was taken aback as he couldn’t help but smile in response.

“Excellent. That’s a great suggestion.

“A toast to the improvement of Backlund’s air. This is a symbol of us living better lives. Cheers!”

The fixing of the atmospheric pollution issue had always been one of his political ideals as a House of Commons Member of

Parliament. He had ultimately been pushing for the corresponding bills, and he had played a significant role in the improvement of the environment. Therefore, toasting to the improvement in Backlund's air was equivalent to toasting to himself. It was more euphemistic and more aboveboard.

All the guests echoed in a spirited burst as they finished the drinks in their hands.

Right on the heels of that, Member of Parliament Macht held Ma'am Riana's hand, and they went down to the hall. They then started the opening dance in the mellow music.

All the gentlemen present began finding their first partners to dance. Klein took another cup of champagne as he leisurely sized up the guests.

Hmm, Ma'am Mary is here as well... He swept his gaze and found someone familiar. As one of the major shareholders of the Coim Company, with a wealth amounting to tens of thousands, Ma'am Mary had formerly hired Sherlock Moriarty to investigate her ex-husband's act of adultery.

She's a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, so it's normal that she has a close relationship with the Member of Parliament... Klein didn't attempt to invite her to a dance, since he here as Dwayne Dantès. He didn't know this lady who lived in another street.

He retracted his gaze and looked elsewhere. He saw Hazel Macht holding a cup of white wine and standing to the side. She wore a clear smile of alienation as she watched the gentlemen lock onto their targets to invite them for a dance.

This lady actually looks pretty good. She's dignified and pretty.

She should've been the star at this ball, with people yearning to invite her to a dance. However, the way she exudes that look of arrogance, looking down at people with a supercilious look, makes any gentleman who casts his eyes on her shift over to another target.

I've seen this look in the eyes of certain Beyonders as well. They no longer think of themselves as mortal, and they often have a sense of superiority when facing ordinary folks... Heh heh, this implies that Miss Hazel is likely a Beyonder... That's right, if she isn't a Beyonder, how would she dare to loiter in the sewers... She's from the Marauder pathway? But how is she to act as a Marauder or Swindler with such arrogance? It's hard to imagine... Seeing that the hosts were almost done with the opening dance, he began seriously considering who he could invite.

Dwayne Dantès is in his early forties, so it isn't appropriate to invite a lady for his first dance, unless it's someone confirmed to be a junior. And the first dance of most ma'am's would be done with their husbands... Hmm, I should be able to invite people I'm familiar with or the hosts... Klein swept the dance floor and found the only lady Dwayne Dantès was familiar with. It was his etiquette teacher, Wahana.

Invite her? No, she likely already knows that I've secretly helped her. To invite her for the first dance can easily make her misunderstand. It might even affect her relationship with her husband and incur unnecessary trouble for Dwayne Dantès... It's not like I'm Emperor Roselle who has a penchant for the wives of others. No, he has a penchant for everything. In short, I should avoid creating gossip... Klein shifted his gaze and heard the music change. It went from a mellow melody to something brisk.

It was a piece of countryside music that was popular in central Loen. It was well-liked by nobles and was often used for the first dance.

With the change in music, the gentlemen walked to the ladies and madams they had selected. Klein also noticed that no one approached Hazel Macht.

She's one of the hosts of this ball… Besides, I can observe her at a close distance… Heh heh, if she really is a Beyonder of the Marauder pathway, it implies that the gray fog is able to "converge" Beyonders from the neighboring pathways of the Seer pathway… Klein wore a gentle smile as he unhurriedly walked to the arrogant lady.

"Miss Hazel, may I have the pleasure of a dance with you?" Dwayne Dantès with his white sideburns gave a standard bow as he said.

Hazel glanced at him and, after a few seconds of silence, said, "It will be my honor."

She then extended her palm.

Klein politely held her hand and entered the dance floor as they began a brisk and lively dance.

Glancing at her beautiful but deadpan face, Klein said with a smile as he tried probing, "I just noticed that many young gentlemen wished to invite you to a dance, but they were unable to muster their courage."

Hazel looked up and swept her gaze at him and said, "Mr. Dantès, that's not a polite topic."

"…"

Klein choked, lost as to how to reply.

Chapter 760: What a Small Circle

I thought she would contemptuously say that she doesn't like immature and incapable men, hinting that she isn't impressed with ordinary people. Who knew she can't even be bothered to answer this question… Heh, this sense of superiority will easily lead to a loss of control for subsequent advancements… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

From what he knew, Beyonders were only humans who had additional powers. It was equivalent to having plenty of money or status. In fact, they were still considered human and had no way of escaping human society. Only by reaching Sequence 4 would one experience a qualitative change.

Furthermore, most demigods continue being active in human society. Even the Sequence 1 Snake of Fate Will Auceptin is being an obedient unborn fetus… Perhaps only at the level of Blasphemer Amon and the others will they be able to view the real world as a "god"… Klein's mind whirred as he said, "I'm sorry. I was once a merchant who often spent time in the Northern Continent and Southern Continent, and I have had little experience with a ball. Heh heh, I mean, this type of ball."

"It's fine," Hazel replied calmly as though she didn't care about the topic he had just raised.

If it were anyone else, they would've been at a loss for a conversation with this arrogant lady. All they could do was focus on the dance, but Klein was considered quite a knowledgeable and experienced person at this point. He knew quite a bit of the different Beyonders in the mysterious world, so with his apology, he said with a smile, "This is a challenge that isn't simpler than the sea. It similarly has beautiful scenery but hides countless difficulties. Of course, the sea also has stories of all kinds of treasures. Some of them are clearly fake, but others

sound rather realistic but are impossible to verify. It's just like Death's Key that's ranked first amongst them."

"Death's Key?" Hazel looked up at Mr. Dwayne Dantès who was a lot taller than her.

Indeed, a Beyonder with a strong sense of superiority would often have their interest piqued when it's something that involves mystery... Klein chuckled inwardly and he nodded gently.

"Yes, it's rumored to be hidden somewhere in the Berserk Sea..."

He used the legends he had heard back when he was aboard the White Agate, as he added more of the details he had heard during his career as an adventurer.

During this process, he couldn't avoid mentioning the Four Kings and the Seven Pirate Admirals.

Hazel was clearly interested in these as she responded to Klein in a rare instance. She would even occasionally ask other questions, making the dance between them less awkward. Without realizing it, their dance came to an end.

Klein skillfully ended the topic and switched to asking, "Do you plan on returning to where you were, or do you plan on heading over to get some food?"

After a dance, the gentleman had to abide by the lady's wishes and send her to where she wished to go. It didn't have to be where she originally stood.

Hazel opened her mouth as though she wished to ask further, but she ultimately didn't speak further. She nodded her head in a reserved manner, "Where I was."

Hehe, she clearly misses the stories at sea... She's just a big brat. As long as you grasp her temper and find what interests her, she's actually not difficult to interact with... Klein held back his smile as he sent Hazel back to the periphery of the dance floor where she previously stood.

As for him, he acted casual as he walked to the long table that had all kinds of food placed on it. He picked up a plate and began to scoop a serving of pan-friend Dragon-Bone Fish, and he matched it with some sliced black pepper steak.

Compared to the dance and entertaining others, food is the true essence of a gathering... As Klein thought, he worked hard at trying to make his appearance while eating appear elegant enough.

At this moment, he saw Ma'am Mary walk over and fork a piece of foie gras soaked in red wine onto her plate.

When Klein saw her glance at him, he politely smiled with a nod as a response.

"How may I address you? I haven't met you before at the balls and banquets hosted by Member of Parliament Macht." Perhaps it was because of Dwayne Dantès's gray sideburns and deep blue eyes that were very charming, the ordinary-looking Ma'am Mary with slightly high cheekbones took the initiative to ask.

Klein laughed and replied, "I'm a merchant who just returned from Desi Bay, Dwayne Dantès. I live on this street.

“Ma’am, do I have the honor of knowing your name?”

Mary nodded in thought, and she roughly understood this man to be a merchant who was trying hard to enter high society, just like she was previously.

She said with a smile, “Mary Schott, Coim Company’s executive director.”

She didn’t mention that she was the biggest shareholder of the Coim Company, or mention that she was a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council. This was a Loen-styled euphemism.

Mary Schott. She has taken up her original last name? Right, she has already divorced… Klein silently thought to himself and said with a smile, “I know of this company. Its main business is in anthracite and high-quality coal. It has expanded rapidly in the past few months. Heh heh, to be frank, I have the intention of investing in it, but I don’t seem capable of competing with the rest.”

After the atmospheric bills were passed, there was a drastic increase in the demand of anthracite and high-quality coal. Coim Company managed to develop itself in ways that exceeded its past efforts. Its overall valuation had already exceeded 250,000 pounds. Klein wasn’t shooting his mouth when talking about investing, but that he believed that this industry would become even more important in the coming years until humanity found a resource to replace it.

Mary had always been very proud of the National Atmospheric Pollution report she pushed for, as well as the development of the Coim Company, so she couldn’t help but smile when she heard that.

“This is because people are beginning to pay attention to the environment that they are living in.”

Having said that, she gently sighed and said, “As it gets better, trouble also increases as a result.”

Having “just” acquainted himself, Klein didn’t ask about the trouble. With his prior acquaintance with Ma’am Mary, he easily found a topic of interest and had a good conversation with her.

Heh heh, her attitude towards Sherlock Moriarty and Dwayne Dantès is very different… Despite being someone she knows, just a change in looks and identity will be given a brand new form of treatment without any problems arising. This feeling is truly magical… As they chatted, Klein felt wistful as he felt that the additional Faceless potion he had consumed was quickly digesting.

After a few minutes, a handsome man with bright blond hair walked over with a cup of red wine. He smiled at Ma’am Mary and said, “Mary, what are you talking about?”

“Hibbert, this is Mr. Dwayne Dantès from Desi. His experiences at sea and West Balam are truly interesting,” Mary immediately introduced the two. “Dwayne, this is Mr. Hibbert Hall, the eldest son of the Earl of East Chester. Heh heh, we should be calling him Lord, but he prefers people to address him as Mr. Chief Secretary. He’s the chief secretary of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council.”

I’ve heard you mention him before. Of course, that was when the identity, Sherlock Moriarty, was still active… The Earl of East Chester is a major noble in the nation. He’s considered the top brass when it comes to high society… Klein politely bowed without appearing overly low.

“Please permit me to convey my thanks as an ordinary citizen. The work of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council has allowed us to live in better living environments.”

Hibbert Hall was rather pleased with such sincere gratitude, so he smiled in reply.

“This is all thanks to the hard work all of us have put in.”

By the side, Mary said with a smile, “Dwayne, don’t mention such matters again. You will make Hibbert arrogant. No, I was just joking. He’s more humble than all the noble children I know. He should be having a vacation in the East Chester County’s fief at this time and spending his time hunting with his friends, but he immediately returned after I sent him a telegram informing him that I was invited to this ball by Member of Parliament Macht.”

“It’s not only for this ball. There are many things that require my attention. My father, Earl Hall, would also frequently commute between Backlund and our fief before June,” Hibbert seriously explained.

A gentleman who places great importance on his social image… Klein made a preliminary judgment.

When Mary heard that, she asked in passing, “Is there anything still keeping you back? When are you leaving Backlund?”

“Most of my work has already been completed. There’s only one matter left. Heh heh, my sister, Audrey, is very interested in the Backlund Bike Company’s 10% shares. She hired a specialized team to help her in the negotiations, and I’m responsible for overseeing the matter,” Hibbert said without much thought.

Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares? What a coincidence... I have to say that the circle of high-society is quite small after all... Klein sighed inwardly as he deliberately mentioned, "I also found a team to attempt to purchase the 10% shares, but I only managed to offer up to 9,000 pounds. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to compete with the other competitors and could only give up."

Hibbert glanced at him with a look of surprise.

"You have good taste."

He didn't mention how much his side's bid was, to prevent his competitor from participating again.

9,000 pounds... Mary silently muttered, realizing she had underestimated Dwayne Dantès's wealth.

At this moment, the music for the third dance sounded. Hibbert Hall turned to Mary and said, "May I have the pleasure of a dance with you?"

"That's what I've been waiting for." Mary immediately extended her hand.

This made Klein unable to exchange name cards with them; however, he wasn't in a rush, because it was still some time before the ball ended.

After getting another plate of food, he enjoyed it while looking at the dance floor, admiring the madams' and ladies' dancing.

During this process, he noticed that Member of Parliament

Macht and Ma'am Riana were mingling with different guests from time to time, having happy conversations with them and even dancing with them.

According to Walter, after confirming the guest list, the hosts need to seriously conclude every guest's preference and background, so as to tailor a different topic of conversation or jokes for them. This is to make everyone feel as though they are being treated uniquely... Socializing in high society sure is troublesome... Heh heh, this might be why Loenese gentlemen tend to have receding hairlines... Klein lampooned as he sighed in reflection.

He retracted his gaze and looked at his cleared plate. He seriously considered if he should invite another lady or madam to a dance, or if he should eat a little more.

At this moment, he caught Hazel Macht's figure through the corner of his eye. She was heading for the third story with hurried footsteps.

Chapter 761: Good People and Good Deeds

What happened? Klein instantly tensed up.

He had experienced too many accidents in the past, and he knew that he easily found himself involved in Beyonder matters. Upon encountering something similar, he couldn't help but subconsciously be on alert. It did resemble some form of post-traumatic stress disorder.

After seriously watching Hazel Macht's figure disappear from the staircase, Klein sensed that she was only in a hurry and wasn't panicking.

This means that she has the matter under control... Besides, Macht is a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, a member of high society just below the nobles in the kingdom. There should be Beyonders around protecting him. Yes, Earl Hall's eldest son is here too, so his bodyguards must be Beyonders as well... Besides, Saint Samuel Cathedral is only a ten-minute carriage ride from Böklund Street. If anything were to really happen, the Nighthawks, priests, and bishops would rush over... Unless one has made up their mind to sacrifice themselves, no one would create an accident at this ball... Klein gradually calmed down and had another guess regarding Hazel's situation.

She was rushing to the third story to resolve the negative effects of the mystical item!

The question Klein had asked Arrodes previously was where he could obtain a mystical item which could steal the Beyonder powers of others, and one of the answers he received was Hazel Macht!

Thinking back to their dance, Hazel's image rapidly reconstructed in Klein's mind with her different accessories as his focus.

Hair ornaments, *earrings*, *necklace*, *brooch*, *fishnet gloves*... *Which one could it be?* Klein retracted his gaze and found himself thirsty. Hence, he picked up a cup of water and downed it.

Just as he put down the cup, he saw his etiquette teacher, Wahana Heisen approach him with a plate.

This lady was dressed in a red dress, but she didn't look tawdry. She smiled at Dwayne Dantès and said, "I noticed that you don't enjoy drinking alcohol."

"I've once missed an important matter as a result of drinking," Klein randomly fleshed up Dwayne Dantès's character as an experienced person with depth.

Of course, he knew how to restrain himself. He didn't use his Faceless powers to remove a finger to prove how determined he was when making that former oath.

When Wahana heard that, she smiled in thought.

"Your past is filled with mystery. This is fatally attractive to many young ladies."

She didn't continue on the topic as she said, "I forgot to tell you that the problem my husband faced has been resolved."

Klein picked up a cup of champagne and raised it. He then said with a smile, “This is something to be happy about. Congratulations.”

He didn’t mention anything about him helping in secret.

Wahana gave him a deep, penetrating look as she raised the cup of red wine in her hand.

“Cheers.”

After clinking cups and taking a sip, Klein politely excused himself, put down his cup, and headed for the washroom.

This wasn’t because he wanted to head above the gray fog, but was solely due to the negative effects of Death Knell. He had drunk too much water and needed to relieve himself.

When he walked out of the washroom, Klein looked up at the staircase that led from the second story to the third story. He found Hazel Macht walking down with unhurried footsteps. She wore an unperturbed expression.

Indeed, it wasn’t a huge problem… It’s likely a result of the negative side effects of the mystical item she possesses… I wonder what it is… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he casually swept the dance floor. During the interlude between two songs, he walked over to a lady and invited her to a dance.

With Dwayne Dantès’s appearance and bearing, his invitation was undoubtedly accepted.

With him dancing, eating, chatting, and eating again, the ball slowly came to an end as the guests bade farewell one after another.

Having completed his mission of exchanging name cards, Klein did the same. However, he wasn't the first or last person to leave.

The hall soon turned silent as Ma'am Riana monitored the servants while they cleaned up the area. Meanwhile, she beckoned for her daughter, Hazel Macht.

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès's performance was better than I imagined. Many ladies had even asked me about him in private," Ma'am Riana said in a veiled manner. "Hazel, what's your impression of him when you were dancing and chatting with him? You're a lot more mature than girls your age. I believe in your taste and judgment."

She knew her daughter very well, and she had deliberately added the last sentence; otherwise, Hazel was unlikely to be interested in giving a detailed answer.

Hazel wasn't that arrogant when facing her mother. She said after some thought, "He's not very familiar with this circle, and he easily mentions topics that can be offensive, but he's very knowledgeable."

"Very knowledgeable..." Ma'am Riana was slightly surprised as she repeated her daughter's words.

With her understanding of Hazel, this was a rather good compliment.

She couldn't help but be worried that her daughter had taken a liking to Dwayne Dantès.

Hazel thinks little of the eligible bachelors around her because they are too young, inexperienced, and incapable? Dwayne Dantès happens to be the kind of man that girls who mature early like... Riana suddenly felt a little regret inviting the gentleman to the ball.

She knew that with Hazel's personality, she might very well elope if she were to suffer any objection to her newfound love.

Hazel seemed to sense her mother's thoughts and said without emotion, "I only like men who are sufficiently powerful."

Phew... Riana silently heaved a sigh of relief as she was no longer worried about the problem from before. This was because Hazel was a girl who found lying beneath her.

...

Late at night, Hazel got up from bed. With her night vision, she changed into clothes that facilitated movement.

She climbed down from her bedroom's balcony and carefully avoided her family's bodyguards. She went all the way to the garden and came to the middle of Böklund Street. Not every sewer manhole allowed a human passage with vertical metal ladders.

Hazel adeptly moved the manhole cover away and climbed down before closing the cover from underneath.

Nearly forty-five minutes after, she moved the manhole cover again and returned into the shadows of the street.

At this moment, Hazel saw a shadow nimbly flip into a garden nearby.

Unit 160... She read the corresponding address.

It was none other than Dwayne Dantès's residence.

On the manor's third story, Klein was once again awoken from his sleep due to his spiritual intuition. He had the urge to capture the infiltrator that disturbed his sleep and feed it to Creeping Hunger.

This time, he directly opened his iron cigar case and released his Wraith marionette.

Senor, in his dark red coat, first walked into the full-body mirror before leaping over to the oriel window in his valet's room.

"He" observed Richardson and saw the valet sit up as he looked at the door with fear and anxiety.

The door silently opened as a shadow flashed in.

Under the crimson moonlight, the infiltrator exposed brownish-yellow skin, a soft outline, and short curly black hair. He obviously hailed from the Southern Continent.

With a gloomy cold aura, he stood by the door and looked at

Richardson, saying in a deep voice, “Have you decided?

“Do not believe that you can attain your calm life by leaving. Inside of you flows the blood of Death’s subjects. You are destined to give up everything to restore god’s glory.

“Think about your deceased mother. Think about the insults you once suffered. Do you wish that your child will grow up under the contemptuous looks of others, to be a servant of others forever?”

“But, what can I do…” Richardson lowered his head as he said with great difficulty.

“Wait for the mission.” The infiltrator’s voice turned gentler.

Richardson didn’t commit to an answer as he seemed to be struggling inwardly.

As for the infiltrator, he didn’t seem to care about his hesitation. He treated it as though Richardson had agreed, turned around, left the room, and traced his steps back.

Death’s subject… Someone from the Numinous Episcopate, or another organization that’s trying to restore Balam? Having witnessed everything, Klein leaned back into bed and silently said, *What mission would they give Richardson? Steal my money to provide funds for the organization? Or will they create a terrorist incident at one of the balls of high society?*

At that moment, the infiltrator had climbed down from the balcony, passed through the garden, and flipped over the perimeter fence made of steel bars.

Suddenly, he saw a figure pounce over from his left. he dodged as he clenched his fist and threw a punch.

Thud!

The punch hit the black figure, but it pierced straight through. It was as though he had struck a shadow created by the street lamp.

Meanwhile, he suffered a heavy blow to the back of his head as he fainted onto the ground.

Hazel's figure immediately surfaced behind the infiltrator as she wore an excited expression. It was as though she had completed a successful scam.

She quickly reined in her emotions as she maintained her arrogant demeanor. She turned to look at the black metal gates of 160 Böklund Street.

This girl bent her back and held the infiltrator by the arm as she dragged him to Dwayne Dantès's doorstep.

Immediately after that, Hazel let go of her left hand, cleaned up any traces, walked forward with her chin slightly lifted, and pulled the doorbell.

Then, she quickly departed, heading straight to her home through the shadows in the street.

And on a street lamp outside Unit 160, on the black metal gate was a piece of glass. It reflected a figure wearing a dark red coat

and an old triangular hat. It had seen the entire process.

…

How should I deal with this… Inside the room, Klein was stumped.

He knew that Hazel was doing a good anonymous deed for her neighbor to finish off an infiltrator, but this way, if his butler were to make a police report, the matter would be investigated in detail, causing the matter to be transferred to the Nighthawks. When the time came, whoever struck the infiltrator unconscious would become an important question.

If Klein was really an ordinary person, it wouldn't have mattered—he could allow the Nighthawks to carry out their investigation. However, not only was he a powerful Sequence 5 Beyonder, but he was also scheming to steal an item from behind Chanis Gate. He didn't wish for any external setbacks to spoil his plans, or else he would have to change identities once again.

To be frank, his earliest solution was to find a way to terminate Richardson's services.

However, what he had heard changed his mind a little.

If I were to terminate Richardson's services, it would be equivalent to pushing him into the abyss despite his desire for a quiet life. It will force him to mix with those people… Unfortunately, Dwayne Dantès has a "mission;" otherwise, helping him in passing wouldn't be difficult… Klein sighed as he thought.

Ten seconds later, the unconscious infiltrator suddenly stood up,

cracked his neck, and hid in the nearby shadows. And at this moment, Butler Walter had walked out of the house's main door after hearing the doorbell.

Chapter 762: Nation Reestablishment Society

At the gates, Walter used the light from the street lamps and discovered no one was outside through the gaps. The street was silent.

For an instant, Walter suspected if he had heard wrong and that the doorbell hadn't rung!

He composed himself, and he quickly walked to the servant quarters at the back of the compound. He woke up a few servants and got them to carry double-barreled hunting rifles to begin patrolling the main building so as to prevent any bandits or burglars from infiltrating.

Walter didn't immediately get the police, because nothing had happened yet. The doorbell from earlier might've been a prank from a tramp.

Meanwhile, under the nearby sewers, the infiltrator was holding onto the metal handles as he slowly headed down into the unlit area.

He soon came to a halt, leaned back onto the moss-covered wall, and slowly slid down to sit down on the dirty ground.

His eyes closed again as though he was still in an unconscious state. In front of him, a middle-aged man wearing a dark red coat and an old triangular hat instantly appeared. He was none other than Klein's marionette, Wraith Senor.

Senor bent down, rummaged through the infiltrator's pockets

and found 7 soli and 11 pence, as well as tiny cloth bags containing different kinds of powders.

Inside the room, Klein remotely controlled his marionette from dozens of meters away. As he identified the powder, he discovered that his theories were correct. They were all herbal powder in the Death domain. And a portion of them could be used for spirit channeling!

He was very likely to be a Beyonder from the Corpse Collector pathway that hailed from Balam. Even if he hadn't reached Sequence 7 Spirit Medium, it was very normal for him to prepare the corresponding herbal powders, essential oils, and extract. After all, these materials weren't only used for spirit channeling.

Immediately, Klein controlled Senor to set up a ritual to pray to The Fool.

Then, he went above the gray fog to respond, allowing Senor to complete what followed.

After doing all of this, he returned to the real world and continued controlling Senor, allowing him to channel the spirit.

Passing through a storm of glimmers, Klein saw the infiltrator's spirit. He appeared listless, blurry, and translucent.

"What's your name? What faction do you belong to?" Senor asked with a deep voice.

The infiltrator answered blankly, "Godotpos. I belong to the Black Skeleton Gang."

Black Skeleton Gang. I believe it's a gang that's active around the border of East Borough and the dock area close to the Backlund Bridge area. It's mainly filled with people of Balam heritage. Although they aren't as barbaric and boorish as the Zmanger Gang, they aren't strangers to violence... As Klein recalled the intelligence he had previously gathered, he made Senor continue asking:

"What do you mainly do? Why are you looking for Richardson?"

Godotpos answered in a muddled state, "We are fighting for God.

"We were originally members of the Balam Nation Reestablishment Society. We established the Black Skeleton Gang to grasp various intel and obtain funds. Apart from that, we also have another mission. It is to seek out any items related to Death, and send it back to the Southern Continent.

"This time, we obtained verified information that in Earl Wolf's collection is a mask taken out from the Eggers family mausoleum. This family is a descendant of God.

"For this mask, we need to send someone to infiltrate Earl Wolf's household as a servant or infiltrate during one of the balls and banquets he hosts. And Richardson is an excellent choice. He has no history with any of the other organizations, and he's an experienced servant."

The servants of nobles are often "inherited." It's obviously not easy to infiltrate... Only short-term employments will be made if there's a sudden need for plenty of manpower...

Speaking of which, there really is such a situation. At the ball today, a few ladies had mentioned that some nobles who are financially tight will sell lots of their lands and manors, and also

dismiss nearly all their servants, leaving fewer than ten to serve them, so as to barely maintain a decent lifestyle. When there are large-scale balls or banquets that require manpower, they would spend money to hire a bunch of temporary workers from the Family Servant Assistance Association to keep up a front…

Also, Earl Wolf actually has a mask from the descendants of Death's family. I recall Mr. Azik's last name to be Eggers… Unfortunately, I don't wish to be disturbed by any accidents at the moment; otherwise, I might've come up with a way to help Mr. Azik obtain that mask… Klein mumbled silently and made Senor continue asking:

"How do you know Richardson?"

Godotpos said blankly, "We got to know each other at a manor in East Balam. Back then, we were both slaves.

"Among the slaves, there are people who secretly spread the faith of Death. Richardson, his mother, and I couldn't help but become believers of Death in such a life. We secretly joined an organization that had a lot of influence among the slaves there.

"Later, Richardson's mother passed away from an illness, and he was brought to Backlund, while I stayed in East Balam before I found an opportunity to escape.

"A few years later, I was sent to Backlund, and I chanced upon Richardson. H-he actually forgot about his mother's death and the abuse he had once received. He forgot his faith towards God, and had his will eroded by what he called a peaceful life!

"To avoid me, he deliberately made mistakes and kept switching employers, but how could he have guessed that his former companion is no longer an ordinary human!"

Everyone has the right to choose as long as they don't harm others. However, Richardson and I are two different kinds of people… In the room, Klein closed his eyes and made Senor ask in a deep voice, "What's the organization that is very influential among the slaves?"

Godotpos hesitated for a moment and said, "The Eternal Life Society. Those who believe in Death will obtain eternal life in the Underworld once they leave the real world that's filled with pain and sorrow."

Eternal Life Society… I'm aware of this. It's a branch of the Numinous Episcopate… As a former Nighthawk, Klein knew quite a lot about such matters.

He continued controlling Senor to interrogate Godotpos, and he obtained plenty of information regarding the Eternal Life Society, East Balam Nation Reestablishment Society, and the Black Skull Gang while confirming that Godotpos and his gang had their hands covered in the blood of the innocent.

After finishing the spirit channeling and clearing up any traces, he waited thirty minutes before letting the Wraith enter Godotpos's body, controlling him to climb out of the sewers and returning back into the shadows of the streets.

And at this point, the servants in 160 Böklund Street, who were wielding double-barreled hunting rifles, were no longer as vigilant while doing their patrolling rounds. They seemed to believe that any latent danger had passed.

Klein pretended as though he didn't notice anything as he continued sleeping in his master bedroom. However, he had already set up a ritual to summon and respond to himself. With Azik's copper whistle, the iron cigar case, and Creeping Hunger, he silently left his residence in the form of a spirit.

He followed behind Godotpos and constantly maintained a distance of eighty meters. By using his marionette to possess this “hostage,” he made him circle to another street and board a rental carriage by the side of the road.

About an hour later, Godotpos returned to the headquarters of the Black Skeleton Gang, a tiny house situated near the docks.

There were plenty of firearms stashed away here, with several operatives that were sent from the East Balam Nation Reestablishment Society. They formed the upper ranks of the Black Skeleton Gang.

Following the method that was agreed upon, “Godotpos” knocked on the door, and he said to a member who came towards him, “Richardson has submitted.”

“Very good.” The member inattentively shot Godotpos a glance, made way for him, and gave him passage.

“Godotpos” surveyed the area and found the high-yield explosives and a bunch of rifles stacked in the corner of the house. A few of the top brass of the Black Skeleton Gang were gathered together, discussing something.

“Godotpos, want a smoke?” The member from before handed him a cigarette.

This was a cigarette fashioned to the preferences of the Southern Continent. They were made from dried tobacco leaves mixed with tiny amounts of herbs.

Godotpos received the cigarette and casually picked up a box of

matchsticks from the table, took out a few sticks, and lit them.

Then, he threw the few burning matchsticks to the corner where the easily flammable explosives were.

"..."

Everyone present looked at Godotpos with a dumbfounded look, momentarily at a loss as to what had happened.

Rumble!

On a public bench dozens of meters away, Klein sat there as the flames blazed behind him, a hot gust of air swarming out of the house.

A few seconds later, Senor in his dark red coat appeared beside him, with some signs of being burned.

The Wraith held his hand to his chest and bowed before returning inside the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Unfortunately, I won't be able to pick up the Beyonder characteristics; otherwise, it wouldn't appear like an accident... It'll definitely be suspicious if the upper echelons of the Black Skeleton Gang don't have any Beyonders... Klein silently sighed as he cleared any traces before ending the summoning and returning above the gray fog.

The next morning, he got up and washed up as though nothing had happened. He then waited for his valet to bring in a change of clothes.

Richardson entered in silence as he finished his work skillfully.

Following that, he took a step back and bowed his head.

“Sir, after serving you this week, I wish to resign.”

He typically received a weekly salary from Housekeeper Taneja.

“Why?” Klein looked at himself in the mirror as he adjusted his vest.

Meanwhile, he leisurely thought, *Not bad at all. You know how to resign by your own volition and not bring trouble to your employer…*

Richardson had already thought of an excuse.

“I believe I’m lacking in ability to be a valet. At last night’s ball, I realized how lacking I was when I was interacting with the servants of the other guests.”

Klein smiled.

“Everyone begins with zero experience. Few grew up with experience. Consider it again, and give me your final answer tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir.” Richardson didn’t speak further as he took the initiative to leave the room. He went to the first floor to help his employer pick up the morning papers.

During this process, he would always first flip through it and place the most interesting articles at the top.

While flipping through, his gaze froze as he focused on an article:

“An explosion happened at 79 Dirham Street in the Backlund Bridge area. It’s suspected to be related to the Black Skeleton Gang…

“According to the police, all the upper echelons of the Black Skeleton Gang died in this accident, including Lima, Moreira, Godotpos…”

This… Richardson shook his head, suspecting that he was dreaming.

Chapter 763: Mr. X

160 Böklund Street, inside the dining hall on the second story.

Klein had just bitten into the buttered toast his servant had served him when he saw his butler walk in.

Walter bowed and said, “Sir, a person of unknown origins pulled our doorbell last night.

“As it was already very late, I didn’t wake you up, and instead got the servants to patrol the area with the double-barreled hunting rifles.

“If you so permit it, I’ll visit the nearby police station to get them to reinforce the patrols on this street at night.”

To employ such a butler, there aren’t any flaws aside from him being expensive… Klein nodded slightly and drank the fresh milk that had been delivered to him.

“Very good.”

…

39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht’s house.

Hazel entered the activity room on the second floor and saw her mother, Riana, chatting with the housekeeper.

“What happened?” She pushed a lock of black-green hair to the back of her ear.

Riana chuckled and said, “Someone rang Dantès’s doorbell late last night.”

“A prank?” Hazel sat down.

“No one knows. Anyways, Dantès’s butler specially went to the police station this morning,” Riana recounted what she had learned from her servant.

Hazel nodded slightly and said, “It’s best to have the police involved.”

“But it’s useless. No one knows who pulled the doorbell. Apparently, there wasn’t anyone there.” Riana laughed while shaking her head.

Hazel was taken aback as she blurted out, “There wasn’t anyone there?”

“That’s right. Dantès’s butler only seemed to ask the police to double their efforts on the night patrols on our street. That’s good news.” As the wife of a Member of Parliament of the House of Commons, and the daughter of a famous lawyer, Riana had very good relations with the police.

“Not a single person…” Hazel repeated softly before falling into silence.

After a while, she left the activity room and returned to the third

story.

Along the way, she couldn't help but clench her fist and swing it as though she was testing something. In between her brows was a clear look of puzzlement.

...

Inside his bedroom, Klein looked at the large pile of gold coins in front of him. All he saw was the shiny color of gold!

There was a total of 4,000 pounds of gold coins!

After a week of gathering funds, Admiral of Stars Cattleya had finally completed the transaction for the Scales of Luck. Apart from the gold coins, she had also paid another 6,500 pounds in cash.

To be honest, having a pile of gold coins is way more visually shocking than a pile of cash of the same size... As Klein sighed, he took out the 13 Loen gold coins—coins he received from Senor—from his pocket and threw it into the pile.

After doing all of this, he took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

Silently, Reinette Tinekerr appeared in front of him with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand.

"Ma'am, this is the first installment, a total of 4,013 pounds." Klein retracted his gaze from the pile of gold coins and looked at Miss Messenger.

He was actually quite curious as to how Miss Messenger would move such a huge pile of gold coins. He remembered that she always used her teeth when collecting letters.

"Very good..." "You still have..." "Five thousand..." "Nine hundred..." "Eighty..." "Seven..." Reinette Tinekerr's heads said one after another.

There's no need to remind me... Klein forced a smile and said, "I'll try to gather the rest as soon as possible."

Reinette Tinekerr didn't speak further as one of the heads tried hard to open its mouth.

Suddenly, the area before her turned dark and deep. All the gold coins were sucked up by vortex-like surging water.

In a few short seconds, the large pile of gold coins vanished.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads nodded at the same time before returning to the spirit world.

I still have 8,156 pounds and 5 Loen gold coins... I can barely be considered a tycoon... I could actually afford any investment opportunities if they appear, and it won't just be me raising the price and mentioning it in passing... This way, I won't be suspected to be a cheat for the time being... Heh heh, be a little optimistic. Perhaps the investment opportunity might allow me to earn back the money I spent. It's always fast to make money work for you... Klein silently exhaled as he cast his gaze out the window, forcing himself to enjoy the thinly fogged streets.

...

At night time in the East Borough, the surrounding area was pitch-black due to the few street lamps available, along with many of them being damaged. It was as though there were countless monsters and criminals lurking within.

Xio Derecha wore a hooded cloak, turned into a small alley, and came outside to what seemed like a dilapidated house.

This was the new gathering in East Borough she had previously mentioned to Fors!

Xio wasn't in a rush to knock on the door with the agreed-upon signal. She first looked down to check her attire.

Unlike how she usually dressed, she wore a pair of long boots.

They didn't look odd, but Xio knew very well that the soles were very thick. She had stuffed plenty of things inside, allowing a person to "magically" appear taller.

And this effectively hid Xio's greatest characteristic!

Feeling assured by the presence of her triangular blade, Xio pulled her hood up and knocked on the door with the signal.

Soon, she was led into an activity room inside as she randomly found a spot to sit down.

After the participants had mostly arrived, the host of the gathering finally walked in.

He was of medium build, with a height of about 1.75m. He wore a black classical robe, a pointed mage hat, with a brass mask on his face. He gave off an ancient and mysterious vibe.

Rather dark skin, but it's not exactly brown. He resembles someone from Feynapotter or Desi Bay... But I can't be sure. It might be a tan... He has raven black curly hair. This does match my first guess... Xio sized him up as a Sheriff.

The man in the brass mask looked around the room before laughing deeply.

"You can call me Mr. X."

Mr. X... Xio couldn't help but twitch the corners of her mouth.

After becoming an outer circle member of MI9, she had learned quite a bit of the situations regarding the secret organizations, and that included the Aurora Order.

Therefore, she knew very well that the Oracles of the Aurora Order used alphabets as their code names, and they enjoyed addressing themselves as Mr. or Ma'am.

And from her point of view, to address themselves in front of others in such a manner was obvious exposure of their identity and background. After all, the members who participated in these gatherings were mostly Beyonders who were lacking in knowledge!

Isn't he afraid that others would report him? It's no wonder the gentleman from MI9 said that the Aurora Order is filled with lunatics, that there's no way to understand their actions with the

logic of the average person... Ever since Mr. A vanished, there have been a few gatherings in Backlund that had impersonators, or gatherings that were hosted by his associates for their own benefit. The hosts were quickly reported and ended up being arrested... Hmm, it's not necessarily the case that Mr. X is from the Aurora Order. Perhaps, he's just like the others... Xio retracted her observing gaze and silently watched the gathering continue.

She seldom reported matters, because she had experience as an unaffiliated Beyonder. She knew it wasn't easy to survive in this world with such identities, so long as there wasn't any accidents, she wouldn't provide such intel to MI9.

If it's confirmed that he's an Oracle of the Aurora Order, I'll report him. These people are all lunatics. They will bring about extreme danger... As Xio thought over the matter, she watched the others exchange information and complete trades.

She didn't participate much in it, firstly because there wasn't any information or item of interest, and secondly, she was saving up for her Interrogator potion.

...

After the end of the gathering, she returned to her residence at Cherwood Borough. Xio saw Fors wearing a face mask that was said to be able to moisturize faces as she lay there leisurely reading.

"How was it? How was that gathering?" Fors asked, pretending as though she wasn't interested.

Xio threw her cloak to the side and said, "There were quite a number of participants, and there were quite a number of items as well, but they were mostly for Low-Sequence Beyonders."

“No one will offer anything good at the first gathering,” Fors said as she lowered the novel in her hands.

“Yeah.” Xio nodded and said, “The organizer of the gathering calls himself Mr. X, but no one knows if he’s related to Mr. A.”

Mr. X… A suspected Aurora Order Oracle… Could he be Lewis Wien? Fors’s attention was caught as she languidly leaned back and asked, “What does he look like?”

“He wore a mask!” Xio rolled her eyes at her. “Do you think I have the ability to see through an obstacle?”

“No, no, no. I mean his build.” Fors had seen Lewis Wien’s full figure thanks to her teacher, Dorian Gray, and knew his characteristics.

As a Sheriff, Xio easily restored Mr. X’s appearance and asked out of puzzlement, “Regardless if he’s related to Mr. A or not, isn’t he worried that he’ll be reported for having such a name?”

After Fors heard Xio’s description and saw the portrait she made with her Sheriff powers, she was delighted. There was a high chance that Mr. X was the traitor of the Abraham family, Lewis Wien!

He’s not afraid of being reported because he’s a Traveler. He can calmly escape no matter what happens? If the official organizations were to use their experience like how they dealt with Mr. A, there’s really no way they can restrain him… Fors silently mumbled. She stopped talking about the topic and switched to something else.

After Xio went to take a bath, she hurriedly used her powers as an Astrologer to ask her spirituality, and she stacked Lewis Wien's image with Mr. X's image before obtaining the answer that they were one and the same!

It's really him! Fors stood up as she paced about in excitement and glee in the living room.

Her first thought was to report this to the various major Churches, and also include the tipoff that the target had the powers of a Traveler. Following that, she recalled her prior attempt at hiring Mr. World to assassinate Lewis Wien.

Regardless, I should first ask Mr. World if he's free to take on this mission. I can't offend him. Upon recalling everything that Mr. World had done, Fors couldn't help but shiver.

After making up her mind, she first checked that Xio was having a bath and wouldn't come out anytime soon before praying to Mr. Fool.

"...Please tell Mr. World that the Aurora Order's Oracle, Lewis Wien, has appeared, and there's a high probability that he's a Traveler, codenamed 'Mr. X.'"

Chapter 764: First Investigation

Klein was returning from Saint Samuel Cathedral to Böklund Street on a four-wheeled carriage when he heard the stacked illusory pleas.

A female... It's nothing urgent... All he did was make a rough judgment and didn't immediately head above the gray fog to respond.

Sweeping his glance at the street lamps which were dispelling the darkness, Klein retracted his gaze and raised the white porcelain with gold rims to take a sip.

Beside him, Richardson noticed this and said after mustering his courage, "Sir, I've thought it through. You're very right. Everyone starts with zero experience. Few grow up with experience. Thank you for giving me this chance to grow."

After confirming that Godotpos and gang were dead, he was finally at ease as he began considering his professional career.

Switching employers repeatedly in a short period of time was a stain on a servant's record. Once he resigned from Dwayne Dantès's employ, Richardson believed that it would be difficult for him to continue being a valet.

This would be extremely damaging for him.

This was not only because a valet's annual salary was at least 25 pounds, and was way better than any non-management jobs. It was comparable to a lady's maid, and being a valet gave one the

greatest opportunity of becoming a butler!

By following their male or female employers and helping them in all kinds of trivialities, being their mouthpiece and assistant would allow them to build up their skills. It would allow them to grasp all the traits needed for being a butler and, as a result, become their employer's confidant. As long as there was a chance, one could easily be made a land steward, butler assistance or deputy butler, as they were slowly promoted to a butler.

Richardson did yearn for a peaceful life, but this didn't mean that he was willing to be a servant his entire life. Without a doubt, he wished to rely on his hard work to earn more and gain a higher standing. And becoming the butler of a wealthy family was his ultimate goal.

"It's not too late to realize that now," Klein replied with a smile, consenting to Richardson's retention.

After returning to 160 Böklund Street, he instructed Housekeeper Taneja to prepare supper for him at half-past eleven as he headed to the third story where he took off his coat and entered the bathroom.

At that moment, the bathtub had already been heated to an appropriate temperature by a maid five minutes ahead of time.

Klein wasn't in a rush to take his bath, as he went above the gray fog to determine who had prayed to him.

Mr. X... Traveler... Miss Magician is rather efficient... Without realizing it, she has matured quite well... Klein muttered to himself.

After some serious consideration, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made this fake person pray amidst the veil of the gray fog.

"...Give me the time, location, and provide more information. Only then will I take action."

Klein's idea was very simple. He found a Traveler's powers rather useful, but it was difficult for Dwayne Dantès to have a period of prolonged absence from Böklund Street, or stay in his room all the time. It would be fine if Miss Magician could provide detailed and reliable intel, allowing him to carry out the assassination once. But if she were to get The World to slowly gather information bit by bit, there was no way he could do it, as it affected his own plans.

Soon, Fors gave a reply.

"...I'll try to gather it as quickly as possible."

As the location and timing for Mr. X's next gathering hadn't been confirmed, all she could do was patiently wait.

After settling this matter, Klein returned to the real world, took off his clothes, and placed himself into the bathtub.

The warm water enveloped him as he closed his eyes in comfort. He felt that the fatigue that plagued his body and mind were being washed away bit by bit.

During this period of time, he had been to Saint Samuel Cathedral a few times to listen to Bishop Elektra's explanation of The Revelation of Evernight. He had grasped the looks and

characteristics of another two Keepers, but he hadn't seen any repeated sightings, preventing him from determining the schedule of the Keepers.

And doing such acts would similarly bring him trouble. Klein opened his eyes as he looked at the steam above him, sighing inwardly.

The first investigation should be coming soon…

A person who often entered Saint Samuel Cathedral's interior would likely be investigated by the Nighthawks, and with his origins still an unknown, such an investigation was almost necessary.

If there aren't any investigations, it would be a serious case of negligence for the Nighthawks… Klein slowly exhaled.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard slowly walked out of a quiet room.

His green eyes had a tint of strange black water as countless illusory bubbles and ripples appeared and disappeared.

"Not bad. You're already a Soul Assurer and are almost catching up to me." Standing in the corridor was Daly Simone as she congratulated him in a self-deprecating manner.

She was still wearing her hooded black robe, with blue eyeshadow and blush. She had quite an uncanny sense of

beauty.

When Leonard looked at this familiar lady, he found her bearing even colder than before. There seemed to be countless shadows hidden around her, in layers that went deep and felt cold.

“Clearly, I’m still very far from you. With your condition, you should be able to advance to Gatekeeper, right?” Leonard didn’t act too casual in front of Daly, speaking rather formally. This was because if he attempted to make any jokes, the one who would eventually be left blushing in embarrassment would definitely be him instead of the lady.

Gatekeeper was Sequence 5 of the Death pathway.

“I was ready two months ago,” Daly said without concealing anything, her expression slightly warped.

Leonard roughly understood what she meant as he nodded slightly.

“You haven’t contributed enough?”

Daly curled her lips immediately.

“That’s right.

“It’s like I’m already in bed with everything in place, only to realize that there aren’t any condoms at home. Worst of all, it’s late at night, and most of the stores around the neighborhood have closed for the day!”

What an amazing analogy... Leonard didn't think it was right of him to respond as he said with a smile, "You can choose to handle certain cases."

Without giving Daly a chance to speak, he pointed at the other end of the corridor.

"Captain Soest is still waiting for me to report on my advancement."

Daly didn't say a word as she watched him leave.

By the time his back disappeared around the corner, this lady's expression seemed to turned adrift as she muttered softly, "Captain Soest..."

In the room where Leonard's Red Gloves team was temporarily stationed in, Soest, who had just become a Spirit Warlock, saw his desultory subordinate walk in as he casually threw a dossier over.

"Very good. You've already advanced. I'll congratulate you later. First, investigate this target's dream."

It was already late at night, but for the Nighthawks who were mainly staffed with Sleepless, it was no different from day. They even felt stronger at night.

"Isn't this something the local Nighthawks do?" Leonard received the dossier and asked in passing.

"They've recently been swamped with cases and are lacking in

manpower. They've requested our help," Soest explained without much care.

Leonard didn't ask further as he looked down and flipped through the dossier.

The first thing that he caught sight of was a photograph, and the middle-aged gentleman on it had given him a deep impression!

Dwayne Dantès... Leonard's pupils instantly constricted.

He knew this man, aware that this person was an undying monster who had survived since the Fourth Epoch. He was at least a Saint or even stronger!

Furthermore, he knows my secret and Old Man's identity... Leonard instinctively raised his hand to rub his temples.

"Captain Soest, I just advanced, and my spirituality is a little out of control."

"Is that so..." Only then did Soest realize that he might've made a mistake. He hurriedly turned to look at another Red Glove and said, "Albert, you do it."

Albert was a man in his thirties. His hair was slightly blond, and his skin was pale. He didn't look too healthy.

Leonard heaved a sigh of relief as he handed the dossier over to him.

At this moment, his heart suddenly skipped a beat. *Would Albert suffer any negative effects if he were to enter the undying monster's dream?*

At that moment, he felt a little regretful. He believed that he should've done it himself. At the very least, he knew the level of danger and had faced him before. It wouldn't result in him provoking him.

Dwayne Dantès likely won't do anything to Albert... If he has any excessive reaction and causes anything abnormal to happen to Albert, he would immediately expose his problems to us. And with our Church's strength and Backlund's situation, there's no way he can leave this city alive... Leonard quickly calmed down, believing that Dwayne Dantès would use a milder manner to avoid the dream investigation.

He pulled over a chair and sat beside Albert. Although he appeared like he was reading the papers without much thought, he was constantly watching him to prevent any accidents from happening.

...

160 Böklund Street, inside the master bedroom.

Klein suddenly woke up in his dream, aware that "someone" had come.

The investigation of the Nighthawks? As he mumbled, he surveyed the area and found himself in the half-open room.

Following that, he heard knocks on the door.

“Come on in…” Klein tried hard to make his voice sound like a dreamy murmur.

The doorknob twisted as the door opened. A thinly-built blond man dressed in a black trench coat walked in. He was none other than the Red Glove, Albert.

“I’m a superintendent from the Backlund Police Department.” Albert casually showed proof of his identity and sat opposite Klein.

“How may I help you, Officer?” Klein got into character.

He knew that due to the influence of a Nightmare, he needed to appear normal.

Albert conjured a stack of papers and began reading them softly, “Dwayne Dantès. Male. Hails from Desi County…”

He repeated all the intelligence that had been gathered and asked, “Is this set of information legitimate?”

“Partially, but some of them are fake,” Klein replied “honestly.”

The only partial truths are probably “male” and “single”… Meanwhile, he was making self-deprecating comments.

Albert was pleased that he had made progress so quickly as he asked with a deadpan expression, “Which of these are fake?”

Klein was already prepared for that as he pretended to recall.

“Most of my wealth doesn’t come from mining, but from adventuring in the Southern Continent.”

He fabricated a story from Anderson’s description of West Balam about how a commoner earned his wealth by relying on his eloquence, intel, experience, and guts in an area that conflict often happened between Loen and Intis.

This story wasn’t considered very detailed, and it was mainly an outline. The main goal was to make the Nighthawks believe that Dwayne Dantès wasn’t a Beyonder, but just an ordinary person with a sense of adventure and risk. Such stories of people getting rich were common in Loen.

Chapter 765: Monday Again

After Klein was done, Albert asked a few targeted questions according to his recount, to ensure that the details matched up.

Without a doubt, he obtained a satisfactory answer.

“Thank you for your cooperation. Have a great dream.” Albert smiled as he got up and bowed. Then, he used his Nightmare powers to influence Dwayne Dantès once again. It would make him have a vague recollection that he had such a dream when he woke up, but he wouldn’t be able to recall the specifics.

After doing all of this, he turned to head for the door, turned the doorknob, and left the dream.

Indeed, the Nighthawks place too much trust in Nightmare powers. If I were to be the one leading this investigation, I would definitely design a series of questions that attack the matter from different angles ahead of time, and then do cross-referencing to find any loopholes... Heh, the best method is to enlist Miss Justice’s help in creating a set of professional psychological questionnaires and get the target to finish it in the dream. If he were faking something, the psychological state and the image he wishes to project would definitely show contradictions from different evaluations. This is unless he’s also a psychological expert and can spot the true goals of each set of questions... Klein leaned back into the sofa and cast his gaze out the window.

In the darkness, the street lamps’ glow appeared dim and pale, illuminating the surroundings in a gloomy silence.

Klein silently observed for a few seconds before he curled his lips

and gave a self-deprecating smile.

And in the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard first heaved a sigh of relief after he saw Albert wake up normally and heard his report. He felt even more fearful of the undying monster from the Fourth Epoch.

...

City of Silver. Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating every street.

Derrick Berg walked out of his house with the Axe of Hurricane in his possession as he headed for the twin towers that was north of the city.

Along the way, he met several residents of the City of Silver. They were either busy, sending their children for general education lessons, or patrolling every corner in groups. It was to prevent anyone from turning into an evil spirit after dying from an accident at home and being without a relative to end their lives.

The existence of these people made the City of Silver appear lively, and from time to time, Derrick could hear the laughter and cheers from little children.

He couldn't help but recall the days in Afternoon Town. The number of humans he met every day had numbered about twenty, and most of the time, they needed to stay in a garrisoned building. Outside were monsters that lurked in houses under the cloak of darkness. They were eradicated again and again, but they would appear time and time again from unknown places. Every team member from the expedition felt a sense of helplessness towards this, as though there was no way of gaining true safety. They could never feel at ease with the

need to go all out at any time. There was no chance for them to relax at all.

No ordinary creature would wish to maintain such states of high stress and vigilance for prolonged periods of time; therefore, in regards to that, the City of Silver had already developed a rotation system.

It didn't take much time for the first expedition team to go from Afternoon Town back to the City of Silver, but there was the unavoidable quarantine and relaxation period. It was only today that Derrick had managed to adjust himself to a mental state which he believed he could withstand the negative effects from advancing.

He had previously reported to Chief Colin Iliad that he had obtained the potion formula to Notary, and he was allowed to use this discovery to exchange for the corresponding Beyonder ingredients—feathers of a Spirit Pact Bird.

As for the items he owed The Moon, he had obtained them from patrolling Afternoon Town's surroundings and had passed them to him with Mr. Fool's help.

After advancing, I'll be qualified to select a mystical item for non-High-Sequence Beyonders... Derrick felt a little expectant as he sped up his pace, and arrived at the twin towers.

Although the material warehouse and the mystical items were all in the spire where they were watched by the six-member council, Derrick's goal was the steeple, because that was where he could exchange his contribution points for items.

Just as he was about to enter the steeple, he felt his spiritual perception trigger. He subconsciously looked up at the spire, and

he saw a woman in a black, purple-patterned robe standing behind a window, looking down at him.

She had silver-grayish hair, light gray eyes, and a beautiful face. She was none other than one Elders of the six-member council, Shepherd Lovia!

When their eyes met, Lovia's gaze seemed to penetrate his soul, but her expression remained the same. She even nodded slightly as though she was greeting him.

She's not greeting me, but the person behind me... Suddenly, Derrick came to a realization.

This was from the experience he slowly accumulated under the guidance of the Tarot Club.

He nodded in response as he retracted his gaze without any signs of abnormality. He then unhurriedly entered the steeple.

...

At night, in a private harbor in Bayam, the Golden Dream, with its strange main cannon in the middle, docked by the side of the harbor.

Danitz carried the local specialties that the Resistance had given him as he waved at them with a beaming smile while he headed up the gangway to the deck.

He had been leading an extremely comfortable life in recent times. As an envoy who sent arms, food, and small amounts of

Beyonder ingredients, he received quite good treatment. He either ate sumptuously or enjoyed himself by hunting and bragging. He was even invited to watch the ritual in which the Sea God blessed "His" believers.

After witnessing all of this, he suddenly came to a realization. Bayam, or perhaps all the colonies, would eventually embroil themselves in an intense conflict. It was something that wouldn't ease with decades or even a century.

Therefore, Danitz decided to sell most of his properties in Bayam, leaving behind only one piece of property. He then found a chance to buy properties in the Intis capital, Trier, and the Loen capital, Backlund, as well as extremely idyllic and peaceful villages.

I can also take the opportunity to return to Elema Town and visit the old man and mom. Yes, I can buy one less house and get them a vineyard... Danitz waved passionately at the Resistance once again.

He then puffed up his chest and said smugly to Flowery Bow Tie Jodeson, "Where's Captain? I need to report to her on the recent developments."

Jodeson tsked in contempt.

"She's obviously in the captain's cabin."

Meanwhile, he lampooned inwardly, *This fellow is becoming more and more arrogant after establishing ties with Gehrman Sparrow! However, that crazy adventurer is really terrifying. He actually managed to hunt Admiral of Blood!*

“Heh!” Danitz scoffed as he walked with a provocative gait and entered the cabin where he met Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

He instantly stopped his provocative look as he smiled.

“Captain, I’ve completed the mission.”

“Details,” Edwina put down the book in her hand as she asked.

Danitz was already prepared as he gave a detailed description of what had happened recently while exaggerating his importance. When he was done, he said, “Captain, I met Gehrman Sparrow, and he got me to ask you if there have been any abnormalities with Elven Songster Siatas’s corpse and that golden wine cup.”

Edwina didn’t answer him directly as she walked to a corner in the captain’s cabin. Sitting there was a black wooden chest.

The Golden Dream was setting sail for Sonia Island, so Siatas’s and Mobet’s remains remained on the ship. They were stored by Edwina in a specially prepared chest.

Bending one knee in genuflection, Edwina opened the wooden chest, allowing the interlocked remains to see the light of day.

The mostly squashed golden wine cup was held silently in a bony palm without any abnormal signs.

“There’s nothing abnormal.” Edwina gave the conclusion.

Danitz shot a glance and memorized the answer, preparing to report this to the mighty Fool once there wasn't anyone around, so that "He" could forward the message to the lunatic, Gehrman Sparrow.

...

Nothing abnormal? Above the gray fog, Klein frowned slightly, feeling a mixture of puzzlement and ease.

According to his theory, there was a high chance that there was a problem with the golden cup. To have nothing abnormal happen to it had exceeded his expectations; however, he also liked the answer. This was because he didn't wish for Siatas's and Mobet's eternal slumber to be disturbed.

Perhaps it needs other additional catalysts? Heh heh, let's hope that never happens... Klein muttered to himself before casting his gaze onto the junk pile where Groselle's Travels was.

As he temporarily didn't have any intention of entering the sea of collective subconscious, along with his recent focus being on the Antigonus family's notebook, he had delayed his plans of searching the book world a second time.

Phew... Klein exhaled, retracted his gaze and prepared for this week's Tarot Gathering.

Three in the afternoon, Backlund time.

Dark red beams of light shot up along the two sides of the long mottled table, materializing into different blurry figures.

As usual, Audrey was in a good mood, or perhaps in a better mood than usual. This was because her brother, Hibbert Hall, had sent a telegram, informing her that the purchase of the Backlund Bike Company's 10% shares was completed for a total of 12,000 pounds.

Furthermore, she didn't need to rush back to Backlund to sign any documents. Before Hibbert set off, she had signed a letter of authorization while under the witness of two lawyers. All she needed to do now was wait for everything to be over before signing a letter of confirmation for her brother.

Audrey curled up the corners of her lips as she stood up and said to the figure sitting at the end of the bronze table who was concealed by gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

May Mr. Fool bless me. I hope there will be clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree today... Immediately after that, she began praying in silence.

After exchanging greetings and taking their seats, Cattleya didn't let down Klein's expectations. Once again, she lowered her head without daring to look straight at him.

"Mr. Fool, there are three pages of Emperor Roselle's diary this time."

Has that Queen Mystic still not found the clues to why Emperor Roselle was assassinated... She's still providing diary pages through Ma'am Hermit... What a pity, I've recently been in the fief, and I haven't had much contact with the Psychology Alchemists. I can't even obtain new diary pages... Hmm, I'll head over to the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation after a few

days to take a look. Perhaps they might've found something... Audrey listened in curiosity.

The Fool Klein chuckled.

"Very good.

"You can consider your request."

In fact, I know that Queen Mystic has already given you the question... I wonder what she's doing in Backlund... Klein's mind started to wander.

Soon, Cattleya conjured the three diary pages and handed it to Mr. Fool.

Chapter 766: The Deities' Anchor

Knowing that the diary pages specially selected by Queen Mystic contained rather important information, The Fool Klein focused his attention and cast his eyes on the yellowish-brown goatskin in his hand.

"11th September. Ever since I became an angel, I've had the feeling that I've had my identity disassociated. In my heart, in my soul, and in the depths of my mind, there's ultimately a voice urging me, influencing me and creating an uncontrollable sense of coldness, bloodthirstiness, cruelty, and craziness.

"This doesn't stem from the external world or an influence from a god of the same pathway. I can clearly sense that it comes from one's genes, the collective subconsciousness of humanity from generation after generation. It stems from the Beyonder characteristic itself, and not from the remnant psychological influences.

"It makes me have a strong desire to hunt and kill. It makes me want to devour all the living beings around me with Beyonder characteristics. It requires me to spend a lot of effort to resist it. Even if I've already acted and digested the potion, it doesn't seem to improve.

"It's no wonder that Mr. Door said that rationality is temporary, but madness is eternal."

"28th September. I haven't written a diary entry in ages. In the past half a month, I seemed to see myself being replaced by a stranger. Bit by bit, I turn cold and terrifying. Even my daughter, Bernadette, can only allow me to show her minute amounts of fatherly love. Very, very tiny amounts.

“Just as I was about to go mad, I seemed to hear countless praises. They were from my subjects, people who had benefited from my reformations. They are the believers who view me as the Son of Steam. They praise me with great acclaim. They erected statues of me, write stories for me, and have created songs and poems for me.

“Their voices seem like a ship’s anchor that helps me ‘secure’ myself in place.

“I began to have the ability to resist that desire and that roar within me. Bit by bit, I walked out of it as I once again possessed the normal feelings of a father, a husband, and a man.

“Just Sequence 2 alone causes such changes. At Sequence 0, at the level of a true god, how terrifying would it be to resist that madness?

“Perhaps ‘They’ also need an anchor so as to resist the Beyonder characteristics and the strong inclination to lose control, the urges buried deep in the collective subconscious.

“I probably understand why ‘They’ establish Churches and why ‘They’ want to spread ‘Their’ faith, to write stories for ‘Their’ faction’s saints and leave legends for ‘Their’ corresponding angels…

“But why do ‘They’ not have any anthropomorphic form other than symbols?

“I can’t understand it.

“I’ll try asking Mr. Door in the future. ‘He’ seems to know a lot in

regards to the domain of deities. If 'He' had been released back then, there might very well be an additional deity today."

"29th September. After rereading yesterday's diary entry, I recalled the corresponding rituals of my Sequence 4, Sequence 3, and Sequence 2. They clearly had hints of madness and cruelty, akin to the kinds held by antagonists in novels.

"A Sequence pathway might very well be a path destined to be crazy and filled with despair.

"And this is the only path for humans to obtain extraordinary strength.

"How laughable and ironic it is.

"We strive to save ourselves, only to better destroy ourselves?"

The first page's content left Klein's heart heavy and repressed. The Roselle who had written those words was no longer an ordinary person, but someone who had become an angel, someone who had joined the Twilight Hermit Order, and someone who had seen the Blasphemy Slate. His understanding of the mysterious world and Beyonder characteristics far exceeded him, but he was even more pessimistic than him. He seemed to believe that the world's origins were innately warped, crazy, and destined for destruction.

However, the seven deities have apparently found a way to maintain "Their" rationality. Ordinary humans aren't without any use. Their recognition and their spirituality put together can help a deity "anchor" "Their" original image, retaining "Their" memories and rationality that "They" had accumulated for years... This can be inferred from Roselle's own experiences... However, why would the seven deities abandon "Their"

anthropomorphic images and use Sacred Emblems as a form of abstraction? This doesn't match my theories... I can't understand why... Klein didn't waste any time as he flipped to the next diary page.

"5th December. Night of the Blood Moon. I conversed with Mr. Door.

"Like every time prior to this, 'He' would always make a request to get me to help 'Him' return to the real world, but 'He' doesn't overly insist on it. Furthermore, 'He' would randomly answer some of my questions.

"Heh heh, it's like 'He' is playing a game, trying hard to raise my affection towards 'Him.' But unfortunately, I'm sorry, I've already sealed off that option ahead of time.

"As I already knew of the legends of the Kings of Angels, I mainly asked Mr. Door about the level of strength that the Kings of Angels have, knowing the fact that I had nothing to lose by asking 'Him' that question.

"Mr. Door said that some of the Kings of Angels accommodated the Uniqueness, while others had consumed two sets of Sequence 1 potions; it could also be both.

"The word 'accommodate' is used in an odd manner. I had asked 'Him' about it, but Mr. Door didn't directly answer me. All 'He' said was that if one was unable to 'accommodate' the Uniqueness, then the Uniqueness was a burden instead of an aid to a Sequence 1 angel before they held the ritual to advance to Sequence 0.

"Hmm, it's understandable. It's akin to using a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. The negative effects are often terrifying, and the

Uniqueness must definitely be even more exaggerated.

"I also asked which Kings of Angels had 'accommodated' their Uniquenesses, and similarly, Mr. Door didn't give a direct answer. 'He' only said that Amon and Adam make all the angels feel a sense of envy, because 'They' were born with a Uniqueness and didn't need to consider the problem of 'accommodation.' From another point of view, does it mean that Amon and Adam's state is equivalent to having consumed a Sequence 1 potion and the Uniqueness? As expected of the Creator's sons!

"That Creator who's also known as the ancient sun god was actually so powerful that 'He' could pass on a Uniqueness to each of 'His' two sons, as well as Sequence 1 Beyonders characteristics... Was 'He' trying to purify 'Himself' to eliminate any unneeded interference?

"Then, does Mr. Door also 'accommodate' a Uniqueness, and also possibly have even consumed two Sequence 1 potions? I didn't ask, because I knew 'He' definitely wouldn't answer me.

"During the conversation, Mr. Door warned me not to directly say out Adam's full name; otherwise, it would be detected and the conversation would be discovered.

"I had an inkling why as I laughingly asked 'Him' that didn't 'He' just say Adam's full name?

"Mr. Door said it didn't matter. This is because the Apprentice pathway's Sequence 4 is called Secrets Sorcerer. It has the meaning of maintaining secrecy, and although it's inferior to the Servant of Concealment of the Evernight pathway, it's enough for 'Him' to block any detection at 'His' level.

"I asked another few questions regarding the deities, but Mr.

Door didn't answer. All 'He' said was that when I had the ability and opportunity, I could head above the moon to take a look. I would then understand many things.

"This is somewhat in line with some of my previous thoughts, but I'm suspecting if 'He' is luring me there to get a chance to return to the real world. After all, 'His' appearance each time is related to the moon!"

As long as Mr. Door appears, there will be plenty of information, usually covering an entire page... Hmm, his explanation of the level of strength that Kings of Angels have does match my theories...

The generalized meaning of King of Angels implicitly refers to a quasi-deity who exceeds Sequence 1 by using a variety of means, but 'They' have yet to reach the level of a Sequence 0. This includes accommodating the Uniqueness or consuming additional Sequence 1 potions. The simplified meaning of King of Angels will point out to the Creator who the City of Silver worships—the eight kings of all the angels that are ruled by the ancient sun god. Of course, 'They' must also fulfill the general definition... Thoughts rapidly flashed through Klein's mind.

As for Roselle's theory about the ancient sun god, he was in strong agreement. He believed that the Creator who the City of Silver worshiped had reclaimed too many authorities of the ancient gods, causing "Him" to show signs of chaos and insanity. Hence, "He" decisively gave birth to two sons to eliminate a portion of the "waste."

To put it simply, Amon and Adam are freebies that come with drinking potions... From the looks of it, Angel of Imagination, Adam, clearly possesses the Uniqueness of the Spectator pathway. "He" is likely the mysterious leader of the Twilight Hermit Order. Since ancient times, "He" has been interfering with the direction of the times in order to revive "His" father... I wonder if "He" has

advanced to Sequence 0... Even if "He" hasn't, the number of angels the Twilight Hermit Order can mobilize probably exceeds my imagination... Oh, Secrets Sorcerer actually has the meaning of keeping secrets, as well as the implications of concealment... Klein instantly recalled the symbol on the back of The Fool's chair.

It was the Pupil-less Eye, a symbol representing secrecy, and the Contorted Lines that represented change!

He quickly reined in his thoughts and flipped to the third diary page.

"28th November. I dreamed of Grimm again.

"He was the smartest among my subordinates, but unfortunately, he died in the Fog Sea due to some unknown infection while exploring that nameless island. He didn't even leave a child behind.

"Back then, I knew that the nameless island hid secrets with unimaginable danger, but due to my lacking strength, all I could do was hold back.

"The dream this time is likely a result of my spirituality reminding me that I can explore that island, grasp its secrets, and completely resolve Grimm's matter.

"29th November. I summoned three subordinates, and with Benjamin Abraham's help and some searching, I finally found that nameless island again.

"I didn't directly enter, and I decided to rest for a day along its

periphery.

“Edwards said that he also often dreams of Grimm, feeling a deep sense of guilt for not having managed to save him back then.

“‘This is not your responsibility, but my problem.’ That was what I said to Edwards because I’m their leader.”

“30th November. We ventured deep into the island.

“Existing here were Beyonder creatures that large sources of data claim that they have gone extinct. They gathered there without any conflict, as though they were consecrating something…

“This bunch of Beyonder creatures without any intelligence appeared to be holding some ritual!

“They were praying to an unknown deity?

“In the ritual, I saw Grimm…”

Chapter 767: Passing a Message

Grimm, who got infected on the nameless island and was undeniably deceased, appeared once again on the nameless island? Emperor, when did you start writing horror stories? Also, where's the rest? Klein's gaze froze onto the last line of the third diary page, and he discovered that there wasn't any new information.

Apart from that, he was similarly alarmed by Emperor Roselle's description of the Beyonder creatures strange gathering and their worship of an unknown entity. One had to understand that not all Beyonder creatures had intelligence and could be communicated with. Many of them were monsters who had lost control or had madness as an innate property.

And these monsters that had lost control were gathered together, worshiping some unknown existence!

Unfortunately, the emperor didn't leave behind the coordinates of the nameless island... However, even if he had recorded it, I wouldn't dare to head over, for fear of any infection. If I were to die only to be revived on the island, that would be troublesome... I'll need to be at least a Sequence 4 or even a Sequence 3 before I'll have what it takes to explore it... As Klein thought, he made the diary in his hand vanish. He then turned to look at Cattleya and asked with a smile, "What's your request?"

Cattleya asked without even thinking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to know if Emperor Roselle once participated in a very secretive and very ancient organization."

Very secretive and very ancient... Twilight Hermit Order? Emperor Roselle used to be a member of it? Audrey suddenly recalled Mr.

Fool's previous mention of that organization.

Alger recalled the corresponding matter and remembered that in Miss Justice's description of the Desire Apostle case in Backlund, there was a mysterious organization mentioned. Back then, Mr. Fool had told the members not to say the organization's name in the outside world, because "any mention of it will be known!"

Such an organization does match Emperor Roselle's status... Alger nodded inwardly.

As for Klein, he thought of something else.

Queen Mystic's choice of diary pages are vague. She isn't able to accurately and precisely ask questions based on the content. It also means that she roughly knows that diary pages from certain periods are very important with key information within them, or she is able to discern Roselle's emotions from when it was written.

As for Ma'am Hermit's question, it didn't pose any problems for Klein. He smiled and said, "Yes."

At the same time, he silently warned himself, *In the future, I need to be careful that Queen Mystic's questions might be completely unrelated to the diary pages she hands over... Thankfully, I've read quite a number of Roselle's diary, and I have quite a good understanding of the emperor...*

After saying that, he added and said with a smile, "It's your turn."

He didn't directly mention the Twilight Hermit Order, wishing that he could answer another question based on this topic in the

future.

Cattleya bowed and expressed her gratitude before looking at The Magician.

“I wish to obtain clues regarding the direct descendants of the Abraham family. 1000 pounds.”

She had no psychological burden when it came to offering a price, as Queen Mystic could definitely provide compensation for her.

Why did you directly look at me? She already knows that my teacher is a member of the Abraham family? Fors was first alarmed before realizing that it was nothing surprising. This was because this matter wasn’t a secret to the other members of the Tarot Club apart from Ma’am Hermit. It was very normal for them to mention it after completing a transaction with her.

Although 1,000 pounds was very attractive, Fors didn’t plan on selling information on her teacher. In all her life, there were only a handful of people who had been truly sincere to her; therefore, she cherished such relationships.

After some deliberation, Fors asked, “Why are you looking for them?

“If you can provide a reason, I can pass the message. As for any further developments, it will depend on them. I have no say on those matters.”

Indeed, she might appear ordinary, but she actually conceals many secrets. She’s a lady who’s cautious and meticulous…

Cattleya sighed inwardly as she said with a nod, “That’s very reasonable.

“I’m searching for the direct descendants of the Abraham family in the hopes of obtaining information on Mr. Door. Pass this message to them and see if there’s a chance for cooperating.

“Well, just for passing on the message, I’ll pay you 350 pounds. If they’re willing to take up the matter, I’ll pay another 650 pounds.”

Fors held back for a full second before answering, “Deal.”

After saying that, she came to realize the hidden meaning behind Ma’am Hermit’s words.

Mr. Door is related to the Abraham family? That’s right. My bracelet came from Ma’am Aulisa, and it came from the Abraham family… Yes, Teacher still doesn’t know that I’m aware he’s part of the Abraham family… I can only casually mention it in my letters that someone was searching for the direct descendants of the Abraham family at a particular gathering, and that it has something to do with Mr. Door… I wonder what kind of reaction Teacher will have…

At this point, Miss Justice was happy for her friend, sensing that her friend had escaped the predicament of being broke.

Fors is already Sequence 7. She has almost caught up to me. I have to become a Hypnotist as soon as possible… As she had such thoughts, she glanced at the Tarot Club members, wishing that they had clues to the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree.

Miss Justice's gaze really makes it hard to say no... Fors lowered her head in embarrassment. This was because she had yet to obtain any clues regarding the fruit of an Illusory Chime Tree in her circles.

Sitting across from Audrey, Alger thought for two seconds and said, "I have clues, but it will take two weeks before I can obtain it."

He did have clues. A long time ago, he had discovered an Illusory Chime Tree when he entered the primitive island with Qilangos. But due to his lacking strength, he didn't attempt to approach it. And now, he had the chance of advancing to Sequence 5. He naturally didn't want to give up any opportunities for making money. After all, he still owed Admiral of Stars for the information of the Obninsks.

As for why he was mentioning it now, in a sense, it was to declare his rights. When the time came, he and The World would explore together. It was best to decide the splitting of the spoils ahead of time to prevent any conflict.

Of course, when dealing with the Illusory Chime Tree, it was likely that Gehrman Sparrow would idly stand at the side without rendering any assistance.

"No problem!" Audrey was delighted, and she didn't even ask for a price.

She was already beginning to consider finding an excuse or a reason to directly buy it from the Psychology Alchemists after returning to Backlund in June.

With the two transactions coming to an end, due to none of the other members having any requests for the time being, Cattleya

repeated her search for the blood of a Mythical Creature and Emlyn once again mentioned that he was searching for the remaining four believers of the Primordial Moon. Then, the Tarot Gathering entered the free exchange segment.

Derrick very naturally said, “I’ve already become a Notary.”

You don’t have to tell us that… The Hanged Man had the urge to facepalm, but he replied with a calm voice, “Although a Notary will receive a massive boost in one’s physical attributes, it’s still more of a support role. If the notarization of a power is valid, you’ll have them temporarily enhanced. If the notarization is invalid, the Beyonder powers will be forcefully dispersed. At the same time, a Notary is good at creating contracts. Once a signature is provided as confirmation, even a Sequence 5 cannot violate it. Even if a Sequence 4 demigod tries to forcefully violate the contract, they will have to pay quite a price…”

As a member of the Church of Storms, it was one of the basics for him to know the strengths and weaknesses of the Sun pathway; therefore, Alger carefully explained the exact situation for Little Sun. He also reminded him to select a mystical item that was good at controlling a target. If there wasn’t any, it was best to select something with powerful offensive strength.

“Thank you, Mr. Hanged Man,” Derrick thanked him from the bottom of his heart.

Deep down, in the entire Tarot Club, he felt that the greatest and most respectable person was Mr. Fool, and the most impressive person to strive for as a role model was Mr. World. And the most reliable and kind person was none other than wise Mr. Hanged Man.

Towards this, Emlyn thought, *This fellow has actually caught up to me. No, I can’t be surpassed by him. I need to complete the*

hunting competition as soon as possible to get the rewards!

He contemplated for a few seconds, and after receiving Mr. Fool's permission, he conjured the thin Moon Puppet that resembled a wooden pole.

"Ladies and gentlemen, does anyone of you know what this is?"

He knew that Mr. Fool was definitely aware of the answer, but he temporarily didn't have anything he could use for an equal exchange with this mighty existence. Therefore, he could only rely on the other members of the Tarot Club for any answers.

Isn't this the puppet I saw at that gathering? Mr. Moon already found his target... Fors similarly waited for others to give an answer out of curiosity.

Cattleya carefully observed it before frowning.

"It's likely a Moon Envoy.

"It's a Beyonder item that Primordial Moon believers create by using a bloody ritual that spans centuries. It's said to be imbued with divine powers. Each one of them possesses an unimaginable horror.

"Where did you obtain it from? It's very dangerous. It's best that you hand it over to the upper echelons of the Sanguine."

Emlyn changed his sitting posture and chuckled.

“I encountered it when hunting the Primordial Moon believer.

“She’s already dead, while I’m still alive.”

Mr. Moon’s flaunting of himself is really obvious… The senior Spectator, Audrey, chuckled inwardly.

Cattleya was taken aback. Without deliberately hiding anything, she asked, “How did you do it?

“Did the upper echelons of the Sanguine provide you with assistance?”

Emlyn gaped, somewhat at a loss for words.

Only then did he realize that this topic wasn’t suitable for a deeper discussion.

“Ahem.” He cleared his throat and looked towards the end of the long bronze table. “I sought help from Mr. Fool.”

Chapter 768: "Conversation" Between Smart People

Sought help from Mr. Fool? You can do that? Cattleya was stunned by what she heard.

Having been punished and discovering that "His" Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow, was becoming more and more impressive, she no longer had any doubts regarding Mr. Fool's status or abilities. She even knew that when Mr. Fool pulled her in through the use of an ancient item, allowing her to escape the pursuit of knowledge, she had come to realize that "He" was an existence at least at the level of the Hidden Sage or Primordial Moon. However, for certain reasons, "He" wasn't able to interfere with the real world, making her suspect "Him" to be an ancient god that was undergoing an awakening process.

The Moon's words left her surprised that Mr. Fool was able to provide substantial help to the Tarot Club members, and wasn't just someone who could only provide knowledge or pull them above the gray fog.

On the one hand, this means that in times of danger, I can also pray directly to Mr. Fool for help... This is more ridiculous than any ritual... On the other hand, it reveals the fact that Mr. Fool's recovery process is faster than I had imagined... Many thoughts instantly flashed through Cattleya's mind.

Audrey, Derrick, and company weren't that surprised. They had more or less sought Mr. Fool's help in the past, and they had even witnessed the angel under this great existence.

Seeing everyone's gaze fall on him, Emlyn shrank his neck as he lifted his chin.

“I paid a price.

“It was a fair and equal exchange!”

Fair and equal exchange… A mighty existence’s immediate and effective response is priceless! Cattleya couldn’t help but retort inwardly.

She didn’t directly say it, because she too wished to use the opportunity of such a “fair and equal exchange” in the future. It would imply that she would have an additional life compared to others!

Fors was quite puzzled by Mr. Moon’s deliberate emphasis on the principle of fair and equal exchange. Everyone who had sought Mr. Fool’s help had made a corresponding payment!

Mr. Moon sure is a man who cares about his reputation, no—a Sanguine… Audrey seriously evaluated Emlyn’s emotional changes that happened over a span of seconds.

As the exchange continued, the Tarot Gathering slowly came to an end.

After returning to the City of Silver, Derrick first recalled a Notary’s strengths and weaknesses mentioned by Mr. Hanged Man. Then, he once again headed for the twin towers that was north of the city to select a mystical item.

He didn’t do this before, because his condition wasn’t stable after advancing. He was worried that making contact with a mystical item would lead to him losing control.

Inside the spire, Derrick Berg listed his requirements after finishing the paperwork. He saw a filtered list of items and obtained the corresponding documents that contained the information.

After having a careful read and observation period, he quickly narrowed down the choices to two:

The first was Cardi's Ring. It was ancient and simple in appearance, and it was completely iron-black in color. It was engraved with dark and complicated patterns. It was left behind by a resident of the City of Silver a long time ago. It could aid the wearer in awing a target, causing them to stop. It could also make ordinary humans temporarily lose their reason, or it could awaken the hidden emotions and memories of a crazy monster, allowing them to enter a brief period of confusion in which they wouldn't deliver any attacks.

The other item was Thunder God's Roar. It was obtained from a city that was in ruins. It was rather heavy and resembled a sledgehammer. It was dark blue in color while silver lightning swirled around it. Holding its handle felt like holding the leg bone of a creature. It could produce sounds that left the enemy in fear and chaos while in combat, as though a Thunder God had descended upon the ground as "He" kept roaring. Every strike brought with it a potent destructiveness with no lack of terrifying lightning.

The negative effect of Cardi's Ring was that the wearer would unknowingly produce another "self." Therefore, one needed to periodically receive treatment from a Psyche Analyst. If there were any missed treatments, then it could result in the aggravation of the problem, making it harder to treat. And eventually, the two selves would enter a fight, ultimately leading to losing control.

In contrast, Thunder God's Roar didn't have that many latent

risks. It would only make the user be a little irascible bit by bit. As long as one periodically vented their emotions, there wouldn't be a problem. However, it also had another side effect. In a completely dark environment, the chances of being attacked by terrifying monsters from the depths of darkness was one hundred percent!

The chances of being attacked is one hundred percent… Upon seeing this number, Derrick turned gloomy. This meant that many City of Silver residents had vanished because of this reason.

They were the former owners of Thunder God's Roar!

Which should I choose? Generating another "self" is terrifying. Miss Justice has mentioned before that it's called dissociative identity disorder… Thunder God's Roar not only has a power that affects the enemy's state, but it also has a rather powerful offensive capability… My Axe of Hurricane has been used too many times, so it will likely be damaged ahead of time… I can produce light by myself, so I don't have to be worried about absolute darkness… Derrick thought for a moment and pointed at the dark blue sledgehammer.

"I want Thunder God's Roar."

…

160 Böklund Street. Klein walked out of his master bedroom and saw Butler Walter waiting for him with a few invitation letters in hand.

"Sir, there are a total of three invitations this week. There's an afternoon tea session on Wednesday, a literary salon on Friday, and a banquet on Saturday. They were sent from…"

Klein listened with a warm expression before saying with a smile, “Tell these friendly inviters that I’ll be participating.”

“Alright, sir.” Walter bowed and left the third story.

Seeing the figure disappear from the stairwell, Klein couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

After another week of such invitations, it will be my turn to invite my neighbors for a banquet or a ball…

By repeating this act of inviting others and being invited, I’ll really enter their circles and would be recommended by them to important figures at even higher levels. I’ll be able to enter different clubs…

Heh heh, such recommendations are definitely established on a foundation of having sufficient wealth. A person without any value wouldn’t be recommended…

Socializing for high society is truly troublesome. It’ll take at least another month before I’ll get to make contact with people who were slightly involved in the Great Smog of Backlund… The Church is easier. As long as there’s enough donations and enough piousness, I’ll be able to freely enter and exit to listen to the bishop’s preachings. Of course, that’s on the premise I pass the investigation…

If everything goes well, I’ll be able to figure out the rotation schedule of the Keepers and find a chance to go behind Chanis Gate…

Klein reined in his thoughts as he instructed his valet,

Richardson, to bring him his coat, hat, and cane.

According to his schedule, he was to head to the Royal Grand Theater to see the most popular play, “The Betrayer’s Ring,” in recent times.

This isn’t solely for entertainment. It’s to understand the popular plays, famous music, and trending novels. Only then could he have a common topic of conversation at the various high society gatherings.

Being a popular gentleman must be tiring. Behind a one-minute performance lies ten years of hard work… Social gatherings such as these are really exhausting… As Klein lampooned, he allowed Richardson to help him wear a coat before he sat in his high-end four-wheeled carriage. He headed for the Royal Grand Theater in West Borough, where he had a luxurious box to himself, and watched “The Betrayer’s Ring.”

It’s different from television and movies. A play’s acting is more exaggerated and impactful. Yes, this is determined by the acting environment…

The story isn’t bad. But why does it seem familiar? Don’t tell me that it’s a story adapted from Emperor Roselle’s works…

These are likely famous play actors. The papers have mentioned them before. It’s said that they’re very popular, just like celebrities on Earth during the age of the Internet…

As long as I participate in the gatherings of high society, I’ll definitely have the opportunity of meeting them… As Klein watched the play, he habitually lampooned inwardly.

…

Cherwood Borough, at the ticket booth of a large theater.

Melissa, who finally had her turn, pushed the notes and coins through the booth window and said, “The Betrayer’s Ring. Two tickets. 3 p.m. on Sunday.”

…

After watching “The Betrayer’s Ring,” Klein sat in his carriage as he sipped a cup of black tea and received the evening papers that Richardson had purchased.

He first flipped through the play’s critic column, and he found the comments from some professional critics. He compared their reviews to his own, and he gradually formulated a unique and profound experience.

Yes, at the very least, it’s enough to fool those ladies and gentlemen… After Klein finished his “homework,” he leisurely read the papers and was surprised to find a piece of news.

“The Backlund Bike Company’s 10% shares have been sold. Further inquiries won’t be entertained!”

It’s done? By publishing this piece of news, it means Mr. Isengard has already received the money… Klein was first delighted before he frowned slightly.

His gaze landed on the exclamation mark at the end!

The information was indeed what he and Isengard Stanton had agreed upon ahead of time, but he found that exclamation mark was rather harsh on the eyes.

Such a statement doesn't need an exclamation mark… Mr. Isengard is a person who pays attention to details. He wouldn't give the papers free rein… He deliberately left the exclamation to pass a message?

He's giving a warning? While pondering, Klein suddenly realized something.

The 10% shares which Isengard Stanton sold are obviously from Sherlock Moriarty. With the former's character, he wouldn't sell it for no reason. In a certain sense, this means that Sherlock Moriarty or his proxy has returned to Backlund!

Therefore, one of the factions of the royal family that was involved with the Great Smog of Backlund had acutely noticed this situation and has begun monitoring Detective Isengard Stanton, hoping to capture the person who heads over to claim the cash!

How should I get the money… Klein seemed to naturally read the papers as he began seriously considering the pertinent question.

Chapter 769: Sacrificing to Oneself

Ten at night. Backlund was drizzling again as a thin fog produced a blurry sense of beauty amidst the street lamps.

Isengard Stanton's assistant, Bowen, surveyed the bottom level once before walking to the side of the oriel window and was prepared to shut the final window.

At that moment, a shadow scuttled in and landed firmly on the protruding wall.

It was a blue, short-furred stray cat!

Bowen saw the large pair of yellow eyes looking at him as he couldn't help but chuckle.

"There's no food here."

As a detective's work made him prone to revenge, and him having many secrets to hide, Isengard Stanton's cook and servants were paid by the hour. There were a fixed number of hours a day, and they wouldn't prepare too much food. This made it difficult for there to be any leftovers after dinner.

The blue cat opened its mouth but didn't produce any meowing sounds. It began speaking like a human, "I'm Sherlock Moriarty. I'm here to meet Mr. Isengard Stanton."

"..." Although Bowen was a Beyonder who was nurtured by the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, he was a Low-

Sequence Beyonder and his horizons were stilted. This was the first time he was encountering a speaking cat, so he was momentarily shocked and dazed.

After a few seconds, he came to his senses and recalled what the cat had just said.

It said... It said it's Sherlock Moriarty?

This great detective really isn't simple!

He actually changed into a cat, no—controlled a cat!

Such powers are really strange and terrifying!

Bowen rapidly calmed down and didn't directly answer the cat. He reached out to close the windows.

After doing all of this, he said with a suppressed voice, "Follow me."

The cat immediately leaped from the platform behind the oriel window as it agilely followed behind Bowen with its tail up. It followed him all the way to the second story and watched him knock on Isengard Stanton's bedroom door.

"Is there something?" Isengard, who was dressed in pajamas with faint lines, opened the door and asked.

He was just enjoying his tobacco before sleeping.

Bowen cautiously pointed to the crouched blue cat beside him.

“Mr. Sherlock Moriarty is looking for you.”

Isengard, with his white sideburns and thin face raised his brows slightly and looked down. He took two steps back and allowed the blue cat to saunter into his bedroom.

“Return to your room and get some sleep. Wake up as per normal tomorrow. We still have a case awaiting us,” Isengard instructed Bowen as though nothing had happened.

After his assistant left him, he closed the door and turned to look at the blue cat who was sitting beside the reclining chair. He chuckled.

“I never expected you to have such Beyonder powers. I was worried you would directly come over.”

“I noticed your exclamation mark,” the cat said with a smile.

It had to be said that having such an expression show on a cat’s face was rather odd. It left anyone who witnessed it feel a chill run down their back.

Isengard didn’t react abnormally towards that as he sucked at his pipe, sat on a reclining chair, and slowly exhaled in comfort. He said with a smile, “I trust your intelligence.”

“Thank you for your compliments.” The cat politely reached out its paws and bowed.

Isengard observed it and rubbed its pipe while smiling.

“You should’ve understood what is happening.

“Those people don’t dare to monitor me too strictly, afraid that I would discover them and end up telling the Church of Evernight and the Church of Steam. Heh heh, so even though it will be quite troublesome for them if they get exposed, I believe that they have a demigod among them. This is a deduction and is also based on certain feedback. After all, I’ve lived on this street for years.

“Therefore, humans and animals wouldn’t be stopped from entering my house. I believe you’ve already figured that out. But when leaving, you’ll definitely be tailed and tracked. Do you have the means to evade their tracking? Hmm… the sum of money isn’t a small one. Bringing it out would be quite conspicuous.

“Let me think. Were you planning on conferring with me in order to get me to deposit the money into a particular bank account, and then you’ll find many people to withdraw them in different parts of Backlund?”

Upon saying that, Isengard said with a self-deprecating smile, “This is the best solution I can think of, but carrying it out would be extremely troublesome.”

The cat didn’t give a direct response as it gave a deep chuckle.

“I only need you to lend me an empty room and three candles.”

“No problem.” Isengard didn’t press the issue as he said, “The shares were sold for 12,000 pounds. The buyer is the daughter of

Earl Hall, Audrey. Well, the hiring of lawyers and accountants, as well as the publishing of the advertisements cost a total of 600 pounds. In addition, there was a 0.5% stamp duty and 20% D-type taxes. So at the end of the day, there's only 8,940 pounds left."

D-type taxes were a tax on commercial, financial, and specialized income.

There's tax... More than 2,000 pounds are gone just like that... The cat's expression instantly froze.

Klein was formerly a Nighthawk, and his salary was tax-free. Later, as a private detective, his income was difficult to be monitored, so he never declared his income for tax purposes. Later, he became an adventurer, and since the bounties targeted at pirates enjoyed concessions, there was no need for him to pay taxes on them. Hence, he never realized that tax was something he needed to pay. Therefore, back when Isengard Stanton had mentioned taxes, he hadn't taken it to heart, believing that it wouldn't be much. However, reality had given him a heavy beating.

As for why there weren't any taxes for the share transaction the previous time, taxes were waived by the Loen government for initial investments related to inventions, as a way to foster inventions.

After a brief silence, the cat's whiskers moved as it said, "Alright, give me the cash. Eh, move it to the empty room.

"There's no problems with the money, right?"

"I've already checked them. They wouldn't do any cheap tricks on that, as it would be an insult to my intelligence." Isengard stood

up with his pipe. “Remember to send me a signed letter of confirmation by mail later.

“It’s already on its way,” the cat replied, prepared.

Isengard walked to the safe inside the master bedroom, using a passcode and key to open it. Then, he took out stacks of cash, and he stuffed them into different briefcases.

Following that, he left the master bedroom with these briefcases and entered a guest room diagonally opposite the master bedroom.

“Check it,” Isengard placed the briefcases filled with cash on the ground as he said to the cat that followed him in.

“I trust you,” the cat said after taking a few glances.

Isengard nodded and pointed to the cabinet.

“There are candles inside.”

With that said, he left the door, held the doorknob, and said with a smile, “I’m really curious how you would leave… I believe it will be a very exciting magic show.”

Isengard Stanton closed the door with a click, leaving the guest room silent and bleak.

At the cat’s side, a figure dressed in a dark red coat and an old triangular hat appeared. It was none other than Klein’s

marionette, Wraith Senor.

He found the candles and quickly set up a simple altar. Skipping over many of the first few steps, he directly muttered in Elvish, “Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua.

“Your devoted servant prays for your attention;

“I pray for you to take his offerings.

“I pray for you to open the gates to your Kingdom.

The wind inside the wall of spirituality suddenly grew in intensity as Senor quickly sliced the back of his hand and threw out a few drops of blood.

As a Sequence 5 Wraith, everything on him was material that was rich in spirituality!

The strong winds sucked up the blood, howling as it drilled into the candle flame that symbolized Sea God Kalvetua. The flame burgeoned, forming an illusory door filled with magic labels and symbols.

After about ten seconds, the door let out a heavy creak as it slowly opened.

One by one, Senor lifted up the briefcases filled with money and threw them into the illusory door.

When there was almost none left, the gold coin he stored in his body flew out and landed on the altar.

The Wraith's figure then disappeared, projecting onto the smooth side of the gold coin.

The gold coin trembled as it flew up, hitched a ride on the briefcase ahead of it, and entered the illusory door of sacrifice.

Silently, the mysterious door closed as the three candlelight were restored to normal.

At this moment, the blue, short-furred cat seemed to recover its senses. It looked around blankly as it meowed.

After a while, Isengard opened the door and entered, finding all the briefcases with the cash gone. There were only three candles burning silently as the blue short-furred cat was warily arching its back at him.

While he scrutinized this scene, a rental carriage slowly drove past on the fork on the other end of the street.

...

On the same night, in a building inside Cherwood Borough.

Xio returned home under the drizzle. As she wiped her hair with a towel, she said to Fors, "Your letter has been mailed."

Fors tersely answered as she began to guess when her teacher

would respond.

At this moment, Xio put down the towel and quipped, “There’s news about Mr. X’s gathering. It’ll still be at the same place on Friday night.”

Great. I can tell Mr. World! I wonder how much I’ll need to pay... Fors’s eyes lit up when she heard that.

Before she could ask about the details, Xio added, “Mr. X also gave a mission that’s said to have handsome rewards. Eh, it’s to inform him of people around them who have abnormal luck.”

“People with abnormal luck?” Fors muttered in puzzlement. “Is this man’s brain working? Who would divulge things around them at such a gathering? This will make it easy for others to discover their true identities.”

“Who knows? Perhaps he really is a lunatic.” Xio didn’t know anyone with abnormal luck, so she answered without much thought.

Fors carefully thought for a moment, but she failed to figure out the true intentions behind this mission. All she could do was throw it to the back of her mind. She planned on praying to Mr. Fool once Xio went to take a bath, passing the relevant information to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Chapter 770: A Child Should Act like a Child

Mr. X is looking for people with abnormal luck? Above the gray fog, Klein ruminated over the information Miss Magician had provided, in an attempt to analyze anything of use.

After thinking to no avail, he decided to approach it from another angle. He first recalled the people who had abnormal luck around him to see if there were any connections.

Hmm… The Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson Hood counts as one… Dr. Aaron Ceres is another… Hmm, both of them were affected by one of the Snakes of Fate… Angel of Fate Ouroboros was one of the creators of Rose Redemption. This secret organization supports and believes the True Creator… The Aurora Order is equivalent to the True Creator's Church… A series of circumstances surfaced in Klein's mind as he quickly came to a conclusion.

This is Angel of Fate Ouroboros's attempt to search for Snake of Fate Will Auceptin!

"He" is driving the members of the Aurora Order to help "Him" find Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin!

And this implies that behind Mr. X, there's a King of Angels existing somewhere in Backlund!

Under such circumstances, assassinating Mr. X will be equivalent to having a death wish… It's no wonder Mr. X doesn't care about the uniqueness of Backlund… The official factions would at most imagine that he has a saint backing him. Hmm, in the official dossiers, the Aurora Order only has five saints. This way, they will

respond in the wrong manner... After Klein made the judgment, the first thought he had was to decline Miss Magician's request, and also to warn her not to provoke Mr. X.

If it wasn't because sounding the alarm might affect Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin, while the Church of the Evernight Goddess clearly had records of Dr. Aaron Ceres's bout of bad luck, Klein would've gotten Miss Magician to report both the Angel of Fate Ouroboros and Mr. X to a particular Church!

He calmly thought for another few seconds and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow, making him pray in the gray fog.

"...I'll confirm the situation and give you a reply tomorrow."

He didn't directly reject her commission, as he planned on first asking Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin!

He then immediately returned to the real world, and he carefully took out the extremely fragile paper crane from his wallet before gently unfolding it.

Klein wasn't in a rush to write anything. Instead, he first recalled the various questions he needed to consult Will on. After thinking up a draft, he got out a pencil and sharpened it with a blade.

After stretching his muscles, Klein wrote:

"The members of the Aurora Order are searching for people with abnormal luck.

“I wonder if you know how to use the Worm of Time to create charms.

“Does your placenta blood count as a Mythical Creature’s blood? If it does, I hope to obtain one drop. What price would I have to offer?”

Klein had originally planned on asking Will Auceptin how he was able to maintain “His” rationality. After all, the Church’s information indicated that there had been no public faith in the Snake of Fate. However, he ultimately curbed himself from doing that, afraid that Will Auceptin in “His” infant state replied, “How did you conceive the notion that I’m rational?”

That way, he had no idea if Will was joking or speaking the truth.

Hmm, although there’s no organization that believes in the Snake of Fate, there are certain areas that believe in the God of Luck; it’s considered a traditional custom… Perhaps “They” are an alternative identity of Will Auceptin or Ouroboros… Klein mumbled silently and used the best of his Clown abilities before managing to refold the paper crane. He then placed it underneath his pillow.

After doing all of that, he had the time to calculate how much cash he had.

17,046 pounds, 5 gold coins, 3 soli, and 8 pence in change… If I had assets like a house, manor, and company shares, having so many liquid assets would make me quite a tycoon in Backlund… Of course, I’m still very far from being a top tycoon. To reach them, one’s overall assets need to be a million pounds… As Klein was glad that he had quite a bit of money, he recalled his debt, as well as the large investments that he needed to make in order to develop his persona’s image.

He then drank a mouthful of water, got into bed, and covered himself with a light but warm blanket before he slowly fell asleep.

Amidst his reverie, Klein suddenly snapped awake and saw the desolate black plains.

He walked all the way to the pitch-black steeple in the middle of the plains, passing through the chaotic and abnormal layout before coming deep into the steeple. Like before, there was a circle of tarot cards on the ground.

However, the protruding area in the middle of the tarot cards didn't have any silvery lines written.

Will Auceptin didn't give a reply... Then why did he pull me into this dream? Amidst Klein's puzzlement, he suddenly saw a black baby pram roll out of the shadows. In it was an infant whose looks were indiscernible while it was wrapped in silver silk!

"...Mr. Snake of Fate?" Klein politely and cautiously asked.

The infant immediately said in a clear voice, "What makes you so sure it's a mister?"

Isn't that determined from your name? Don't mind such details! Klein lampooned and relaxed due to the attitude he was given.

"Then, how may I address you?"

Will Auceptin in baby form tersely answered as it said, stumped, "I haven't decided...

“As you know, oh—you don’t. Every time I start again, I try to make myself a little different, so as to maintain a good mental state. A child should act like a child while they’re a child.”

Klein’s heart stirred when he heard that.

“Is this the way the Monster pathway maintains its reasoning so as to resist madness?”

In the black pram, Will Auceptin replied briskly, “Yes, every beginning washes away the madness. However, it still needs certain anchoring from faith; otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to maintain my state as a Sequence 1 for too long.

“Heh heh, compared to before, you’re becoming more and more knowledgeable.”

Oh, apart from anchoring oneself with faith, there are other ways to resist the madness. However, “restarting” is clearly an ability of Sequence 1 Snake of Fate of the Monster pathway. Other Beyonder pathways aren’t able to emulate that… Mr. Azik is constantly losing his memories and repeatedly finding himself. Does it also involve the same concept? Klein nodded in thought as he made every second count by asking, “I suspect Ouroboros is searching for you through the Aurora Order members.”

Will Auceptin scoffed.

“I’ve been playing hide-and-seek with ‘Him’ for a very long time. ‘He’ isn’t good at such matters. It’s quite obvious that ‘He’ doesn’t have a childhood. Every time he restarts, ‘He’ grows up beside the True Creator. ‘He’ lacks the psychological experience of the different stages in life, causing ‘Him’ to be very crazy at times, but of course, ‘He’ doesn’t mind.

“I did inform Ricciardo to use the Die of Probability in certain places and leave marks. This will mess up Ouroboros’s judgment. ‘He’ will soon leave Backlund once again.”

That means there’s still chance of assassinating Mr. X… Yes, when the time comes, I’ll divine the level of danger above the gray fog… Klein didn’t continue on this topic as he asked, “Do you know how to use the Worm of Time to create charms?”

Will Auceptin didn’t directly answer and instead returned with a question, “You obtained a Worm of Time from Pallez Zoroast?”

“How did you know?” Klein was taken aback as he asked.

He wasn’t surprised that Will Auceptin had managed to mention the origins of the Worm of Time—after all, there weren’t many demigods in the Marauder pathway who could create avatars—but why hadn’t ‘He’ assumed that it was Blasphemer Amon? The latter could also leave behind a Worm of Time!

Will Auceptin smiled and said, “Pallez Zoroast isn’t in good condition, and he had to parasitize your former colleague. Ah right, your former colleague was investigating Sherlock Moriarty, and he had entered my house in the middle of the night.

“I sensed that there was something problematic about him and had given him a short period of bad luck, causing him to encounter other demigods hidden in Backlund. And when he was in danger, Pallez Zoroast had taken action. Haha, it would’ve been fine even if he hadn’t taken action. It’s only a prank. I would’ve given your former colleague sufficient good luck at the critical moment.”

Leonard is investigating Sherlock Moriarty? The Grandpa in his

body is called Pallez Zoroast… Klein frowned slightly, unsure where the problem stemmed from.

Will Auceptin continued, “The creation of a Worm of Time charm isn’t too difficult for you. You can pray to that uniqueness trait about you and use a compound of mercury and pure silver as a medium to draw the corresponding symbols.”

It’s not too difficult… Pray to The Fool? That’s right. The mysterious space above the gray fog clearly has a form of attraction to the Marauder pathway… Klein was thrilled as he felt like he had grasped something.

At this moment, Will smiled and added, “As for what the corresponding symbol is, I’ve no idea.”

…What a huge reversal… Klein couldn’t help but twitch the corner of his lips.

When he noticed that Will Auceptin wasn’t speaking any further, he hurriedly smiled and said, “There’s another question. About your placenta blood…”

Before he could finish his sentence, Will suddenly opened his mouth and let out a cry.

“Waaa!”

He began wailing like a real infant.

…Can’t we talk normally… Klein froze in his spot.

If he hadn't already confirmed it, he really would've suspected whether the entity before him was a Sequence 1, the president of the Life School of Thought.

"Alright, alright. I just wanted to ask if it's the blood of a Mythical Creature," Klein said as he raised his hands midway.

Will stopped crying and said with a laugh, "Of course, but I'll swap it ahead of time. Otherwise, everyone will die on the spot."

He paused for a moment before saying, "If you can give me something suitable, it's not impossible to give you one drop.

"Alright, goodbye!"

Just as Will Auceptin said that, Klein felt the steeple shake as the dream rapidly shattered.

Soon, he woke up.

Chapter 771: Fate Siphon

What item would a Snake of Fate be interested in? Klein slowly sat up and leaned against a pillow.

He thought for some time and decided to consider it at a later date. After all, he was still at least a month away from Will Auceptin's birth. He could also leave the question for The Hermit Cattleya and Queen Mystic Bernadette, who was backing her, to rack their brains over.

Of course, Klein didn't eliminate the possibility of Will Auceptin's sudden choice of having an early birth.

He slowly turned his attention into creating a Worm of Time charm. According to Will Auceptin's explanation, he had most of the conditions required, but he was just short of the corresponding symbol.

Pray to The Fool and use the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog... I wonder if a symbol corresponding to the Marauder pathway would work... Even if it does, I don't know what it is. Unless I pull a Marauder above the gray fog and let the high-back chair produce the corresponding pattern... As Klein thought about the details, he suddenly had an idea.

In that case, perhaps he could try the symbol behind The Fool's chair!

It was the Pupil-less Eye, a symbol representing concealment, and the Contorted Lines that represented change!

I wonder if it will work... Divination won't be able to rule it out by elimination, but I can predict if the attempt will be successful. Besides, even if it fails, it shouldn't be too big a problem. After all, I'm praying to myself. Even if the material were to be wasted in the experiment, it would enter above the gray fog and not be lost... With this in mind, Klein felt pumped. He couldn't help but get out of bed to try out the experiment that very night!

A material like the Worm of Time that's left behind by a Marauder demigod at Amon's level still has its essence and level even if it's dead. When using it for a charm, it might not reach the level of an angel for various reasons, but it wouldn't be too far off. It'll be about the peak strength of a Saint. If Klein succeeded, it would be equivalent to having an additional trump card. At critical points in time, it might give him an additional life. So how could he not be excited and expectant!?

I can only stir some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. The level of the Worm of Time charm will likely drop a little more. But regardless, it will definitely be like the Ninth Law given to me by Admiral Amyrius... If I used the Blatherer's aura to create a high-level charm in the Devil domain, it will likely be at the level of the Ninth Law. Unfortunately, I wouldn't dare to pray to the Dark Side of the Universe... Klein wore his pajamas as he stood barefooted. He walked took four steps counterclockwise on a thick carpet as he chanted the incantation before entering above the gray fog.

Sitting at The Fool's seat at the end of the long bronze table, he conjured a dark red fountain pen and yellowish-brown goatskin. He wrote down the corresponding divination statement:

"The charm I'm about to begin making will be successful."

Unwinding the spirit pendulum from his wrist, Klein held it with his left hand and entered the state of Cogitation.

After repeating the divination statement seven times, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz spinning counterclockwise at a rather slow speed and ordinary amplitude.

This means that it will succeed... But that begs the question, will it successfully verify that the symbol I use is effective, or successfully verify that it doesn't work? As an experienced Seer, Klein attempted to interpret the revelation, but he failed to obtain any confirmation.

With regards to that, he could only decide to experiment. There was no way for him to eliminate the mistakes if he didn't do so.

Right on the heels of that, Klein wrote a new divination statement:

"The assassination of Mr. X this Friday will be dangerous."

This time, the topaz pendant continued spinning clockwise at a faster frequency and greater amplitude.

There's significant danger, but it doesn't reach the level of a demigod's participation, much less that of a King of Angels... If it involves an existence of that level, "He" will definitely sense my divination and resist it... From the looks of it, Angel of Fate Ouroboros will soon be led out of Backlund... This means that the danger itself is a result of Mr. X and his subordinates. It's within the limits of what I can handle... As long as I don't make a mistake, the chances of success are pretty high... Klein made a judgment, put down the pen and paper, and returned to the real world.

As a mysticism expert who often created charms, he had no lack of common materials. He immediately got out some candles and lit them on the table. Following that, he set up a simple altar

against the glow of dusk. He then used a piece of silver to draw out the combined symbol that represented The Fool.

As Klein didn't know what Path Number The Fool represented or what magic labels there were, he could only ensure that both sides remained equal. According to the books of charms he had read, these would similarly satisfy the rules of mysticism, but the corresponding might would be reduced. The chances of failure would rise because the existence that one was praying to could consider it as being irreverent and not pious enough. Of course, it wasn't a problem for Klein since he wouldn't reject himself.

After completing the act of carving the symbol, Klein found a metal bottle and used his spirituality together with a container, and he then poured the mercury out and filled the carved out pattern.

This time, he decided to complete only the front side for now. He would then summon himself and respond to himself. He would then bring the worm with the twelve translucent rings back to the room and then place it on a silver sheet.

After doing all of this, Klein adjusted the altar and took two steps back. He then said in ancient Hermes, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."

Following the process, he completed the necessary steps before taking four steps counterclockwise and entered the space above the gray fog. After imbuing himself with the Black Emperor card, he used his spirituality to stir a tiny amount of the powers above the gray fog to respond to his prayers.

While the surging energy poured into the circle of light, Klein didn't hesitate to return to the real world. He saw the altar had turned dark and gloomy, as though there were countless secrets

hidden here. And the silver sheet had already floated up, fusing with the Worm of Time's corpse.

Klein took two steps forward, flipped the silver sheet around, and he filled the carved symbol on the back with mercury.

As the lines lit up, they effused a hazy luster.

Klein rapidly retracted his arms and saw the luster grow richer. He then enveloped the silver sheet and the Worm of Time's corpse inside.

Suddenly, the darkness around the altar distorted as the entire space seemed to turn abnormal.

This change disappeared as fast as it came. The charms filled with strange patterns slowly landed on the desk. It was entirely translucent in color and was dark black. It was like a miniature card made out of a special crystal. It also resembled the eyes of a particular existence that was watching this world.

It succeeded! It really works! Klein was delighted as he hurriedly picked up the charm. He found it cold to the touch as if he was touching snow.

Regardless of the resulting effects of the charm, just its formation had meant a success!

Klein had once again obtained a high-level charm at the demigod level!

He busied himself again, bringing the completed item above the

gray fog. He then used dream divination to figure out how to use it.

The charm which was in the shape of a black crystal card had only one effect, but it was highly potent. It was to siphon off the luck of others. And to be precise, it was to graft fate—a period of the target's fate would be grafted onto the user!

The simplest situation would be when an enemy is about to kill me, I'll use this charm, siphoning off his fate of surviving, as well as grafting the fate of impending death onto thim. Then, the situation would be developed into him clearly succeeding, only for him to die... It does match the Marauder pathway's usual traits, but it's more sinister and terrifying... It's going from stealing wealth to stealing fate... If the Worm of Time were alive, and I was able to fully employ the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog, this charm might even point towards the domain of time... As Klein thought, he felt a sense of fear.

If it wasn't for the assistance that this mysterious space had given him by obstructing and purging things, he had no way to deal with a Worm of Time!

Phew, now it's mine... I can't call it a Worm of Time anymore. I'll just call it Fate Siphon... Klein once again got busy as he brought back the Fate Siphon charm to the real world.

After dealing with the traces of the ritual, he gravely placed the high-level charm into the iron cigar case, putting it together with Azik's copper whistle and the Senor gold coin. He then sealed and isolated the case with a wall of spirituality.

Being in a good mood, Klein didn't feel sleepy. He drew the curtains a little and allowed the crimson moonlight to shine in, illuminating his room with tranquility and silence.

While he was enjoying the scenery, he suddenly saw a figure sneak out from Member of Parliament Macht's house as it approached amidst the shadows.

It was none other than Hazel Macht. She once again headed for the sewers, removed the manhole cover, climbed down, and didn't forget to close the cover.

Why is she always heading into the sewers? It's not likely for her to be heading to other areas from here to act like a superhero in the mysterious world. After all, each trip doesn't take her more than an hour. Unless she has very reliable intelligence, it's difficult to achieve anything. Besides, this will make it easy for her to be caught by the official Beyonders... Together with the scene provided to me by Arrodes, she's likely finding something... Hmm, it's very easy for her to encounter danger if she keeps heading into the sewers... Klein stood behind the curtain gap as he observed what was happening under the serene night.

He didn't attempt to warn Hazel or let the Wraith possess her to let her understand the dangers of the Beyonder world. Firstly, this was because he had quite a subjective view that Hazel's sense of superiority was due to a result of her lacking knowledge in mysticism, so he couldn't be sure. Secondly, he wasn't sure how she had obtained Beyonder powers and a mystical item. Warning her out of gratitude for her kind deed earlier would easily attract unwanted attention or even trouble.

After enjoying an evening of peace, Klein returned to bed and slept till daybreak.

Before Richardson entered, he turned into Gehrman Sparrow and prayed to The Fool:

"...I can accept the mission, but regardless of the outcome, I want a stone from that bracelet of yours, as well as the ability to use

that spellbook of yours for some time.

“If it succeeds, all spoils of war will be mine. You can only take the target’s head.

“If required, you will need to provide assistance.”

Chapter 772: Walter's Abnormality

He wants a stone from my bracelet and the right to use Leymano's Travels for some time? How does he know that I have those two items? I don't remember mentioning it during the Tarot Gatherings... After hearing Gehrman Sparrow's response, Fors was bewildered and rather shocked. It felt like he had seen through all her secrets.

She tensed up as she quickly tried recalling how this information could've been leaked.

Aside from Teacher, Xio, and Mr. Fool, no one knows that I have these two items, especially Leymano's Travels. I haven't even used it... Mr. Fool... Hmm, Mr. World appears quite strange during the Tarot Gatherings; he never hands over Emperor Roselle's diary pages, and he doesn't seem to put any effort into this, nor does he show any concern... He and Mr. Fool have a deeper connection. He obtains the relevant information from "Him"? A believer or a Blessed? Fors carefully thought over the matter as she grasped something, easing her horror from before.

Only at this moment did she have the time and energy to consider if she could accept Gehrman Sparrow's requests.

To Fors, such a price was too cheap, far lower than she had expected. Furthermore, it was reasonable!

As a Beyonder who seldom went out and just stayed home writing and resting, lending Leymano's Travels for some time didn't affect her safety or her need to use it. And likewise, giving one of the two remaining stones in the bracelet that allowed her to travel through the spirit world didn't cause her to lose all her trump cards.

The only problem is that Mr. World seems to be willing to only try it once. If he fails, he will still take the payment... Yes, with the fact that he needs to bear the risk, that's normal... I originally imagined that I would need to help him do many things and obtain a reward from Teacher by using the traitor's head to repay the debt... Fors thought calmly for a few seconds before she prayed to Mr. Fool:

"...Please inform Mr. World that I accept his conditions, and I will try my best to provide him assistance in the operation."

He originally wished to warn Gehrman Sparrow that using the stone might result in the side effect of receiving the ravings of the full moon, but she then realized that it was apparently only something Beyonders from the Apprentice pathway encountered.

...

Regardless if it succeeds or fails, I'll obtain that stone. I'll be able to secretly leave Backlund and meet with Mr. Hanged Man to explore that primitive island... When the time comes, I'll use the spellbook to record the usage of the stone. That way, I don't have to worry about the return trip. That's unless my luck is terrible and the recording fails... Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief, opened the door, and got Richardson to help him dress up.

"Sir, after breakfast, your schedule is to head to the Royal Museum to see the royal family's collection exhibition." As Richardson helped his employer wear his coat, he informed him of the day's schedule.

As Dwayne Dantès mastered social dancing very quickly, the number of etiquette classes in the morning went from five times a week to three times a week, allowing him to spare time for other things. And such exhibitions were definitely a hot topic of conversation in high society circles. By not going in person, it

would make him appear lacking.

As for heading to Saint Samuel Cathedral for the bishop's preachings, Klein had consciously lowered his frequency. This wasn't because he needed to donate tens of pounds each time, but that he was afraid that heading there frequently despite having the novelty period wear off would incur suspicion. Being natural and reasonable were the core traits of his plans.

Other than on a Sunday, he planned on randomly heading to Church on two of the remaining six days. He wanted to rely on an even longer period of time to accumulate intelligence so as to figure out a pattern. He couldn't be impatient or in a rush!

"I'm already looking forward to it." Klein looked at the dignified reflection of himself as he said to his valet with a smile.

Upon thinking of Saint Samuel Cathedral and the Church of Evernight, he naturally connected it to Leonard Mitchell's secret investigation of Sherlock Moriarty. He didn't understand what he was suspicious about.

Is it because of Emlyn White's purchase of Tinder that drove Leonard to investigate the people related to him, or was it because of the fleeting appearances of the detective in the cases of Capim and Lanevus that made the Red Gloves who are in charge of the investigations notice something? Or could it be both? Klein thought about the clues that he had left behind and had a rough guess.

He wasn't afraid that Sherlock Moriarty would be wanted by the Church of Evernight and given a bounty. After all, apart from contacting a few people that he was familiar with, the detective wasn't to appear again. He was worried that someone would discover that Sherlock Moriarty, in his early appearances, resembled Klein Moretti greatly, and as such, they would pursue

the deceased former Nighthawk.

In fact, it's not a problem even if they discover that. I'm no longer the Clown or Magician from before. There are more than a handful of demigods searching for me. Even with the high-ranking deacons of the Church, there won't be any qualitative changes... Besides, Benson and Melissa truly are ordinary people. The Church will definitely not involve them and disturb their lives... I wonder if they will claim the bereavement compensation back. Probably not, for there's no way they can explain it to ordinary people... Klein wasn't that worried with all the debt he was in.

This was also why he was so calm when he heard Will Auceptin mention Klein Moretti's identity last night.

How could a Sequence 1 Angel who was good at fate-related abilities and had previously interacted with Sherlock Moriarty early on not discover the detective's origins?

Even with the gray fog's obstruction that interfered with many details, Will Auceptin was definitely able to know that Sherlock Moriarty originally came from Tingen.

And back in Tingen, Klein had interacted with a youth named Ademisaul, who was of the Monster pathway, leading him to bleed from his eyes. And if Will Auceptin were to be aware of this and make a comparison, the answer was obvious.

If Leonard were to really realize Sherlock Moriarty's hidden identity, I wonder what kind of expression he would have... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he walked out the master bedroom. He went to the second floor to enjoy the breakfast his cook had prepared specially for him.

...

West Borough, 2 King's Avenue, Royal Museum.

Klein passed through the ticket entrance with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson and went into the museum.

The exhibition was held by the Loen royal family. They showcased all kinds of collections that had historical meaning from the kingdom's founding so as to allow the public to enjoy and gain an understanding. It was a way to raise the kingdom's citizens respect and recognition of the royal family.

As a graduate from the Department of History, Klein was still rather interested in the exhibition. Many of the matters that he was very familiar with had the corresponding items appear here. They allowed him to plunge into the long and fascinating history from another angle.

What left Klein somewhat puzzled was Walter's deep understanding towards most of the exhibits. He introduced them to Dwayne Dantès with extreme detail.

As expected of a butler who came from an aristocratic household...
Klein silently nodded.

As he perused the exhibits, the trio kept encountering other visitors, and the exhibition hall was quiet and orderly, so people had to converse in whispers.

When passing by an exhibit, Klein noticed Walter suddenly stop. He then glanced to his side as his expression turned complicated.

As he wasn't a Spectator, Klein wasn't able to interpret the actual meaning of those complicated feelings. All he could do was trace

Walter's gaze towards the exhibit.

Standing in front of the exhibit were a man and a woman. The man was in his thirties and wore a black suit, silk hat, and a gold-inlaid cane, looking like a gentleman of status and wealth. The woman was in a yellow dress with a golden necklace. Her overall attire was inclined towards bright colors.

Mr. Butler is looking at that man… Klein instantly made the judgment as he swept his gaze past the target without anyone detecting him.

He realized that the man looked rather old. His skin was dark as a result of frequent exposure to the sun. The back of his hand was like dried wood, and his fingers were extremely rough.

If I didn't look at his attire, I would've believed it if someone told me he was a farmer, gardener, or carriage driver… Klein retracted his gaze as he felt a little puzzled.

The reason why he noticed these details was because he had seriously considered the appearance of an ordinary person who adventured in the Southern Continent for extended periods of time back when he was constructing the identity of Dwayne Dantès.

He believed that apart from his gaze, bearing, and natural facial features that were etched by his rich experience, Dwayne Dantès also needed to have details, such as skin that had experienced long periods of suntanning, unobvious scars, and rough but strong palms. Otherwise, it wouldn't be enough to prop up such a character's inherent traits

I have to say that from the moment I became a Faceless, I'm getting more and more experienced and wise in the aspect of

creating a new character... If I were to return to Earth, even without my Beyonder powers, I'll have strong acting skills... As Klein made self-deprecating comments inwardly, he saw Walter recover from his stern look as though nothing had happened.

As for the man with somewhat old facial features and rough skin, he pointed at a flag inside the exhibition case.

"This is the flag that the Earl of Lastings, Prince Harrods Augustus used during the White Rose War. Unfortunately, he perished in that war. However, his death was the turning point of the entire war and the reason why Loen eventually clinched victory. Look, the flag still has his blood..."

He's quite knowledgeable in the field of history... Klein gaze swept towards Walter from the corner of his eye, thought for two seconds, and smiled. He approached the couple and interjected in a friendly manner:

"I never expected such a neglected tidbit of history would be known by someone else. I originally believed that the people's understanding of the White Rose War was only limited to Loen's victory against Intis.

"Sir, your eruditeness leaves me amazed."

To be praised in front of his female partner, the man's expression turned from a wary one to a relaxed one. A gleeful smile appeared on his face.

"I'm just a person who likes history."

He casually swept his gaze towards the servant of the gentleman

in front of him as he suddenly frowned before easing his brows. There were remnant looks of puzzlement.

Indeed, he knows Butler Walter... Klein smiled while maintaining his composure.

“Hello there, I’m a merchant from Desi, Dwayne Dantès. How may I address you?”

The man hesitated and said, “William Sikes, a land steward at a manor.”

Chapter 773: Additional Development

William Sikes... A land steward... Klein inwardly repeated the response he got before turning the topic of conversation towards the flag and the White Rose War.

After a short chat, he politely bade farewell and walked towards the other exhibits with Walter and Richardson. He continued his own tour of the exhibits, as though his encounter from before was completely trivial, a conversation that was purely coincidental.

When it was almost noon, Klein, who had returned to his high-end four-wheeled carriage, looked out at the passing bicycles when he suddenly said, "Walter, you seem to know Mr. William Sikes?"

Walter solemnly nodded and said, "I once knew him while I was working for Viscount Conrad's household.

"He served a member of the royal family, the former Earl of Lastings, Prince Edessak."

He didn't conceal anything, and he described William Sikes's background in detail.

He was once in service of Prince Edessak? He's living quite a good life after the prince passed away because of the Great Smog of Backlund. I wonder what manor he's the land steward of... Perhaps he knows some secrets? Klein gently nodded and didn't probe further. He was wondering if he should find an opportunity to investigate William Sikes.

If William Sikes really knows something, the royal family's faction wouldn't leave him be. Or perhaps he is part of that faction. In short, investigating him will be a rather dangerous matter. There's no way to entrust this matter to Miss Magician, Emlyn White, or Miss Xio... Miss Sharron has the ability to do so, but this might result in destroying her peaceful life... The best solution is still to use Hero Bandit Black Emperor. But the problem is that before stealing the Antigonus family's notebook, my investigations of the Great Smog of Backlund should only be superficial. I shouldn't alarm anyone or bring about any accidental changes... Klein appeared to admire the streets outside, but many thoughts were going through his mind.

Finally, he decided to hold back for the time being, being unwilling to affect the most pertinent matter he had at present.

After having lunch and taking a nap, Klein received classes in literary appreciation until it was almost evening.

After sending away his teacher, he was just about to head to the second story's dining hall when he suddenly heard the doorbell ring.

Amidst the ringing, Klein saw Richardson immediately take a few steps forward to open the door.

Standing outside were two police officers in black-and-white checkered uniforms. From their epaulets, one of them was a high-ranking inspector, while the other was a sergeant.

"Officers, how may I help you?" Richardson asked on behalf of his employer.

The high-ranking inspector was a thin man and had his black hair hidden under his peak cap. His sideburns had a little color

as he swept his gaze into the house before warmly saying with a smile, “I’m here for Mr. Dwayne Dantès. There’s a case that involves him and his butler.”

“What is it?” Klein slowly walked to the door. “I’m Dwayne Dantès.”

After introducing himself, he asked politely, “Officers, how may I address you?

“If the matter is a little more complicated and needs more time, why not come to my parlor. We can discuss it over tea.”

The other police officer, the sergeant, was an elegant lady. She was clearly interested in taking up the offer as she looked at the high-ranking inspector, awaiting the decision of her superior.

Due to the Church of the Evernight Goddess, the Loen police force had plenty of female officers, but due to the other faiths and the prevailing trends of society, they suffered some form of discrimination when it came to promotions and positions. They mostly did clerical work, and there was an invisible ceiling for their career development.

The high-ranking inspector smiled and said, “There’s no need for tea, but we need to question your servants.”

He paused before getting to the main point.

“Mr. Dwayne Dantès, do you know a person by the name of William Sikes?”

“I got to know him this morning at the Royal Museum.” Klein vaguely sensed that some sort of unexpected development had occurred as he asked, “Did something happen to him?”

The high-ranking inspector wiped away his smile and said, “He’s dead. He died at a hotel near the Royal Museum.”

“He’s dead?” Klein didn’t hide his puzzlement and shock.

I just met him, and he’s dead?

Had he already been targeted?

The inspector nodded solemnly and said, “Yes, the cause of death is rather complicated, and we aren’t ruling out the possibility of murder.”

“What about his female partner?” Klein frowned as he asked. “He had a female partner when I met him.”

“That lady was his mistress. When she left the hotel, William Sikes was still alive. This can be confirmed by the attendants at the hotel because they had later sent him red wine.” The inspector simply shared the situation and said, “After leaving the Royal Museum, where did you go?”

“I came back here directly. I had lunch, took a nap, and attended lessons. My servants, neighbors, and literary appreciation teacher can prove that,” Klein frankly replied.

He then turned his head to Richardson and said, “Bring Walter here.”

Soon, Walter walked down from the second story with a white glove and answered similar questions.

After receiving Dwayne Dantès's permission, the two officers questioned the rest of his servants, but they failed to find any problems.

They didn't stay for long, politely bidding him farewell and visiting the other neighbors.

Klein's appetite wasn't affected by this matter as he went to the second story to enjoy his dinner.

Time quickly flew by as he spent the rest of the time reading books and newspapers. Before sleeping, Klein took in the scenery outside the window as he awaited his valet, Richardson, to take away the fruits in the room.

Suddenly, he asked without turning his head, "What did Walter do in the afternoon?"

"He was busy handling various matters. He never left," Richardson answered softly.

Klein nodded gently without asking further. He began suspecting if he had been overthinking matters.

Phew... He slowly exhaled before getting into bed.

In the middle of the night, Klein's spirituality was triggered as he snapped awake.

He pricked up his brows, left the bed, and arrived by the window. He pulled back the curtains a little.

Under the dim moonlight, a figure carefully passed through the garden's trail and arrived by the perimeter walls before flipping over it.

He had a broad forehead with raven-black hair and stern brown eyes. He was none other than Butler Walter.

"He's agile and his motions are fluid. If he's not trained, he's a Low-Sequence Beyonder…" Klein observed the scene as he made a preliminary judgment.

He saw Walter's shadows follow the streets until he arrived at the manhole which Hazel often used to enter the sewers. He removed the manhole cover, climbed down, and didn't forget to close the cover.

Why is everyone so skilled at getting into the sewers? Mr. Butler likely hasn't done it in the past; otherwise, my spirituality would've warned me. After all, he's leaving from my "territory"… It means that before he became my butler, he had performed such actions quite frequently elsewhere… Klein curled his lips, returned to his bedside, and took out a the iron cigar case from under his pillow.

He controlled Wraith Senor to tail Walter, wanting to see what he was up to.

I hope it doesn't exceed 100 meters; otherwise, I'll need to enter the sewers as well… as Klein silently muttered to himself, he returned to the gap in the curtains.

His marionette, Senor, immediately used the mysterious connection between different mirrors to jump to the street lamp beside the manhole before passing the manhole to silently tail Walter.

Klein saw that Walter turned into a more secluded and dark passage after taking ten meters forward. On the wall were all kinds of moss and dirt.

Suddenly, the butler stopped and said to someone, “Why were you so rash?

“Why didn’t you wait for a better opportunity?”

Soon, a weak and slightly hoarse female’s voice replied to Walter’s inquiry.

“It was the best opportunity.

“Once he returns to that manor, there’s no knowing when he will come out again.”

“But why would you be so seriously injured?” Walter said with sighs of concern.

The female voice scoffed and said, “William Sikes is stronger than what you or I imagined. Perhaps only this way can he satisfy his secret identity.

“Regardless, I finally obtained clues from him. After so much time, I finally have a chance to approach the truth.”

“You didn’t need to be so rash.” Walter fell silent.

The weak female’s voice chuckled and said, “I’ve already sold my soul to an evil god. The only meaning to life is vengeance.”

In a rare instance, Walter sighed and said, “Continue hiding here. I’ll prepare food for you until you recover.

“If there aren’t any accidents, use the old method to contact me.”

The weak female voice remained silent for a while before saying, “When he was alive, he had many subordinates who claimed to be loyal. After his death, few still remember him or are willing to risk their lives for him. You are the one who has surprised me the most.”

“He is the first noble who treated me that way, and he is the person I’m truly loyal to,” Walter answered in a deep voice.

Having heard the conversation with his marionette, Klein vaguely understood the entire story.

After Prince Edessak passed away, a few of his loyal subordinates were investigating the truth of his suicide. Walter was one of them. However, he was mainly in charge of gathering any superficial intelligence, as well as using his identity to provide some help… This is probably the additional development that Arrodes mentioned…

Klein immediately made Senor go invisible as he infiltrated the secluded passageway and saw Walter conversing with someone while standing. His figure blocked a black-dressed woman who was seated on the ground against the wall. Her face was

somewhat pale.

After the woman heard Walter's words, she gave a throaty laugh and looked towards the entrance.

"It's time you leave. Don't be caught by others."

She turned her head, allowing Klein to see her. She had a round face, slender eyes, and a gentle and refined temperament. Deep down, she was sweet and was an outstandingly gorgeous beauty who Klein was "familiar" with.

Trissy!

Trissy Cheek!

Chapter 774: Clues

She isn't dead? She managed to escape? She's actually trying to seek revenge for Prince Edessak? At that moment that he saw Trissy, Klein nearly lost control of his expression.

Although he had guessed it based on the conversation, he still felt it exceeded his expectations when the truth was placed before him.

Without even the need for a dream divination, he could still recall the Great Smog of Backlund. Trissy had conversed with him, and back then, she was eager to escape Prince Edessak's control and escape the manipulation of her fate by the hidden person behind the scenes. She felt her daily life was filled with pain.

This Demoness who was once a man had sold her soul to an evil god to help avenge Prince Edessak? What kind of crappy trite romance plot point is this!? The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he "saw" Walter throw a bag of food to Trissy. After "hearing" him give a few words of advice, he turned and left the secluded path.

At this moment, a figure appeared from Member of Parliament Macht's house. It was within Klein's line of sight from where he was standing. It followed the shadows in the street as it quickly approached the entrance to the sewer. She was none other than Hazel who held a mystical item from the Marauder pathway.

She'll encounter Walter... This isn't some entrance to the sewers! It's clearly the entrance to a bustling city! Klein looked down and nearly facepalmed.

Upon arriving at the manhole, Hazel warily observed her surroundings for a few seconds before moving the cover away and climbing down. The entire process was done in one fell swoop without any signs of delay.

Stepping onto the slightly moist ground, she followed the rusted metal pipes and the sewage that slowly flowed with a clear destination in mind.

Suddenly, she felt her back turn cold as a chill ran down her spine. Her hair began to stand on end.

Right on the heels of that, Hazel seemed to plunge into a freezing river, and she felt a coldness that was overcoming her body.

She was horrified to see herself walking in a different direction, heading straight for the wall with metal pipes. And this was completely against her will!

Horror filled Hazel's mind before she received a reprieve from her numb thoughts. She infused all her spirituality into the necklace on her neck.

The seven green gems on the necklace were equidistant from each other. Embedded around them were tiny diamonds. In the absolute darkness, they still swirled with a faint lustrous glow.

Suddenly, a gem lit up as the green glow illuminated Hazel's ghastly face.

She leaned against the wall and paused for a moment. She moved her feet forward in an awkward manner before retracting them.

At that instant, the coldness Hazel felt had paused for a moment.

She didn't hesitate to use her spirituality to light up another green gem. She raised her right hand, aimed it at herself, and twisted her wrist.

At the same time, many mysterious symbols and patterns appeared in her mind as her spirituality and voice changed momentarily.

She had stolen the Beyonder power, Wraith Shriek!

Hazel was just about to open her mouth to shout when she found her hands losing control again. She forcefully and quickly covered her mouth with her hands.

Her Shriek turned into a muffle as she took a few brisk steps to the wall. She turned into another fork before crouching down in the pure darkness.

She tried hard to struggle, but it was useless. She wasn't even capable of activating the necklace on her neck.

Hazel's dark brown eyes widened as they filled with horror and indignation. Tears began to well in her eyes before slowly streaming down her cheeks.

And at this moment, Walter had come out from another path, returning back to the sewer entrance before climbing up agilely.

After he sneaked back into 160 Böklund Street, Hazel suddenly regained control of her body. She felt that the coldness had

completely disappeared.

She first raised her hands in surprise, using her night vision to take a glance. Following that, she looked around in a fluster, as though there were countless unknown monsters hidden in the darkness of the sewers.

Hazel immediately touched the necklace with her right hand, carefully stood up, and headed for the entrance.

She didn't flee in panic, but she instead warily prepared for any attack that would appear from the darkness.

Finally, she returned to Böklund Street where she saw the black street lamp emitting its light, illuminating the streets that still had the remnant signs of rain.

Only then did Hazel speed up her pace and run home. Midway, she suddenly turned back, nervously and frantically closing the manhole's cover.

After doing all of this, she followed the shadows and entered her garden. With the help of the gas and water pipes, she entered the balcony to her bedroom.

Only at that point did she really have any room to think. She widened her eyes and subconsciously looked around. Slowly, her body began to tremble.

She raised her left arm, hoping to use her clothes to wipe her face, but she paused midway, switching to using a handkerchief from her pocket.

...

Hazel still has the basic abilities needed to react. She's not a complete newbie... In the sewers, Senor appeared with his dark red coat and triangular hat as he spoke silently.

Following that, under Klein's control, he went invisible again as he entered the hidden fork where Trissy was.

Just as the Wraith approached, the black-dressed Trissy looked up and revealed a weak but stubborn smile.

"From the looks of it, you have no ill intentions.

"That lady was quite lucky."

She had sensed Hazel and discovered the Wraith!

Senor's figure appeared as he chuckled.

"Perhaps killing her will only bring you greater trouble."

To be honest, he wished to report Trissy to the authorities because he knew of the evil deeds she had done. He knew how she had incited the passengers and crew on the Alfalfa, causing them to kill each other out at sea. He also knew how she had many innocent lives die ahead of time. However, after realizing that Trissy was investigating the mystery behind Prince Edessak's death, Klein had a new plan in mind. He would incite the Demoness and cooperate with her on certain matters.

The mystery of Prince Edessak's death was equivalent to the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund!

Investigating this matter is bound to be very dangerous. Roping others in will make me feel guilty, afraid that harm or even death will happen to them as a result. By getting Trissy to do it, I wouldn't have such a psychological burden. The crimes she had committed had long doomed her to hell! The only problem is that she might be using the investigations of the mystery to Prince Edessak's death for her own ploys. I have to be wary about this to prevent myself from being used, thus causing a disaster… As Klein thought, he made Senor take two steps forward.

Trissy looked at the middle-aged before her and chuckled.

"Since you have ill intentions, go ahead, Mr. Senor."

At this instant, the marionette's senses revealed countless threads floating and flailing around Trissy. And seated in the middle was her black-dressed self with a pale face. It resembled a spider in the middle of her web, but it was filled with temptation and pity that made one approach her.

"You know me?" The marionette halted in his footsteps.

Trissy's expression was somewhat adrift as she answered in reverie, "I once spent an unforgettable period of time at sea."

Back then, you were still a man… Klein lampooned and chuckled.

"Why are you investigating Prince Edessak's death? Didn't he commit suicide?"

Trissy immediately looked up as anger colored her face.

“Suicides can be different. Some people do it willingly; others are forced.”

No way, she really seems to mind Prince Edessak’s death… Lady, have you forgotten that you were once a man? Have you forgotten the pain you were previously talking about? Don’t tell me that this is the so-called Stockholm syndrome where you end up bonding with your captor due to the minute amount of kindness they’ve provided? Well, I’m not a Spectator, and I can’t determine if she’s being truthful or not… Klein made Senor chuckle.

“So, you believe that Prince Edessak was forced to commit suicide?

“You sought William Sikes to investigate this matter?”

The angry look on Trissy’s face vanished as a miserable but beautiful smile appeared.

“That’s right.

“It was he who forced Edessak to commit suicide with a spirituality obliteration bullet. However, he was also under orders by others. Heh, to obtain the final bit of pleasure, he revealed everything. Heh heh, he was still unable to really touch me. I even showed him my former photo. He died filled with even more misery and despair…”

I can’t imagine what William suffered… Trissy is as twisted as she was before… Demonesses at the stage of Pleasure are really filled with charms. Every expression and every action are filled with

enticement… But I can tell that Trissy has already reined it in very well, only using it when needed. She has already advanced? Or is it because of love? As Klein lampooned, he made Senor ask, “Who is it?”

When asking that question, Klein hadn’t expected to receive an answer, but Trissy chuckled and replied, “Viscount Stratford.

“The royal guard captain of the royal family.”

Chapter 775: Making Use

Viscount Stratford… Royal guard captain of the royal family… From this post, the Great Smog of Backlund does have inklings of a particular royal family faction being behind it. As for who it is, it will require investigation… Klein temporarily didn't have the time to verify Trissy's answer, so all he did was make Senor scoff.

"I'm a little doubtful since you are telling me this so easily."

Trissy said in a scoffing and self-deprecating manner, "That's because it's something good for me. I can tell that you and the faction you represent are very interested in the true motives of those pulling the strings of the royal family. I would be very happy if I can provide some useful clues that cause you to have conflict with them, causing the real conspirer to surface. This will aid in my revenge and also be of the greatest help to me."

According to this logic, does that also mean that I can use you to investigate this matter and fish out the mastermind behind this? From that, I can allow my faction to hide in safety before it obtains any actual information… Eh, wasn't what Trissy said meant to entice me to engage in limited cooperation with her, while she also volunteers to be the mine-clearer in order to reveal the truth… She is clearly expressing her value… She's afraid that I'll eventually decide to kill her… Klein roughly understood what Trissy was truly getting at as he controlled the Wraith to say, "Very reasonable. I should also do the same.

"I believe that without my threats or enticement, you'll attempt to make contact with Viscount Stratford after you recover from your wounds."

Trissy curled her lips and said, “I only hope that he doesn’t like men.”

This isn’t something that cannot be resolved. If you’re already Sequence 5, then you can consider switching to the Hunter pathway’s Sequence 4 Iron-blooded Knight… Also, have you forgotten your past self? Why are you getting used to the powers of a Demoness of Pleasure to deal with men… Klein lampooned before making Senor smile.

“This isn’t a problem. You can always show him your old photo.”

Trissy was taken aback as a slightly twisted expression colored her face. A humiliation that she had buried deep inside her had been dug out, exposing it beneath the sun.

Her beautiful eyes were tainted with what stemmed from anger from the humiliation. Her face which was pale due to her injuries instantly flushed red.

Trissy quickly reined in her emotions and scoffed, speaking with a suppressed voice, “As expected of Admiral of Blood. It appears you know plenty about the Demoness pathway.”

She wasn’t sure before. I made that joke because I thought the Demoness Sect and the Rose School of Thought had worked together, making her believe that Admiral of Blood would know the secret of the Assassin pathway… Regardless, it’s not nice mocking the gender of others… Hmm, this is in line with Admiral of Blood’s persona… A Marionettist’s principle is “remember that every marionette has its own setting?” The reason why Trissy had mentioned her past photo was apparently just to vent and grind off an enemy’s joy and excitement. She wasn’t taking notice of the details she mentioned… Klein nodded in thought as he controlled Senor.

“At my level, there will always be plenty of secrets I know.”

He didn’t continue on the topic as he said, “How can I contact you?

“I might be able to provide you with some help during the investigations of Viscount Stratford.”

Trissy reached her hand towards her ear and grabbed a clump of smooth, raven-black hair. Then, blue ice formed, allowing her to crack it off.

She then spread out her palm, allowing a silent, pitch-black flame to appear, burning the hair to ashes.

These ashes weren’t lifted up by the cold winds in the sewers, but they had shrunk, forming a sticky black object.

“Smear it uniformly over a mirror, and then I’ll know that you’re looking for me. I’ll subsequently use that mirror to communicate with you.” Trissy shook her wrist and threw the pasty black object to Senor. “It can be used about five times, and that should be enough.”

As Senor was only a marionette, Klein wasn’t worried about letting him grab the black sticky object. After taking a few looks, he stuffed it into his pocket.

Trissy fell silent for a few seconds before biting her lip.

“If I need your help, how do I contact you?”

That's a problem... Klein did wish to have her directly contact Miss Messenger, Reinette Tinekerr. After all, Trissy would later know that behind the Wraith was Gehrman Sparrow if she gathered any news about Admiral of Blood. This wasn't something that could be hidden.

After a few seconds of consideration, he decided to be a little more cautious. He decided to wait until Trissy had any substantial discoveries before changing the communication method.

After all, she isn't someone to be trusted... To avenge Prince Edessak, some of her feelings are real, but they likely include some other goals, for example, seeking revenge for herself... Klein made Senor survey the area and said, "These sewers hide plenty of secrets. I'll come often. You can leave the help you need in text form here.

"If the matter is urgent, preventing you from doing it in time, you can contact that person from before to get him to leave the message."

Trissy slowly nodded.

"Okay."

With the conversation almost done, Klein planned on letting his marionette, Senor, leave.

At that moment, he caught sight of Trissy's hands. he discovered that the sapphire ring which was equivalent to a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was gone!

I noticed it just now, but I thought she had switched it to her other hand or another finger, but it's actually gone... From the looks of it, she paid a considerable price back when she escaped Prince Edessak's Red Rose Manor and escaped Ince Zangwill's 0-08's control! The mark that the Prince Edessak left on her has also vanished? Klein thought for a moment before getting Senor to laugh.

"One more thing.

"Which evil god did you sell your soul to?"

Trissy gave the middle-aged man a deep look.

"The Primordial Demoness."

...Weren't you trying to escape from that strange state? Didn't you feel that you were increasingly becoming less like yourself? Why did you backtrack? Don't you know that by changing your name to Trissy Cheek, they were trying to make you the Primordial Demoness's vessel? No, she might really not know. She might not even know what Cheek means... She did her best to escape her fate, only to plunge deeper into it... At that instant, Klein felt a baffling fear towards fate and deities.

He made Senor smile.

"It's hard for me to believe it with you replying so easily without any qualms."

Trissy's eyes had a slight tinge of confusion as she said in a self-deprecating manner, "That's because it's a problem for me, not a secret.

“With one more person knowing, there might be one more chance of a solution presenting itself. Even if the chances are slim, it’s better than nothing.”

While solving the problem, there’s also a high chance that you’ll be finished… Klein didn’t continue the topic as he said after some thought, “When you approach Viscount Stratford and the mastermind behind all of this, take note of any coincidences that often happen around you.”

The deeper the investigation into the Great Smog of Backlund is, the more likely it would gain the attention of Ince Zangwill and 0-08!

“Coincidences…” Trissy was taken aback as she repeated the word.

At that instant, she recalled all the coincidences she had encountered back at Red Rose Manor.

Amidst her thoughts, she suddenly looked up, only to realize that Admiral of Blood Senor had vanished.

…

The next morning, Klein woke up punctually, and with the assistance of Richardson, he wore his coat.

Just as he arrived in the dining hall, he saw Walter standing by the door, politely awaiting his arrival.

“Sir, your schedule for today is to participate in a tea session at

Member of Parliament Macht's residence." Walter professionally reminded his employer.

He was stern, old-fashioned, and conscientious. He looked no different from his usual self, making it impossible to tell that he had headed for the sewers in the middle of the night.

Klein nodded with a smile as though nothing had happened.

"I haven't forgotten."

He then entered the dining hall and enjoyed an exquisite meal that had started showing signs of being repetitive.

There's not enough variety for breakfast... Klein focused on eating, and after he was done, he put down his cutlery and sighed.

"I miss my hometown a little. Get the cook to prepare some Desi pie tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. I should've thought of that earlier," Housekeeper Taneja replied apologetically.

Klein waved his hand as a gesture for her not to take it to heart before he headed to the garden for a stroll.

After doing all of this, he returned to the third story to continue reading the papers he hadn't finished until his etiquette teacher, Wahana, arrived.

Wahana was still dressed decently with an elegant bearing. She smiled at Dwayne Dantès and said, “I heard you would be heading to Ma’am Riana’s place for high tea later today. Then, this lesson will focus on high tea…”

Klein maintained his smile as he listened attentively, asking questions from time to time.

About thirty minutes later, Walter knocked on the door and entered.

“Sir, Member of Parliament Macht’s servant just came over to inform us that the high tea session has been cancelled because Ma’am Riana’s daughter, Miss Hazel, is sick. She’s very apologetic for that, and she wishes to invite you again next week.”

Hazel is sick? A result of last night’s fright? It’s not impossible if it’s an ordinary person, but a Beyonder has their physical qualities enhanced. The chances of that happening are very low…

Furthermore, Hazel clearly hasn’t seen the changes that result from the loss of control brought about by potions. Her mental state is still well, allowing her to feel a sense of superiority and having no fear. Even if she was frightened, it wouldn’t result in any psychological ailments… Ailments… Sequence 5 of the Demoness pathway can make people around them get infected with ailments…

Last night, Trissy secretly released her ailment after seeing a stranger enter the sewers? And as a Wraith, Senor wasn’t affected, so I didn’t discover it… Such a problem isn’t too serious. Hazel didn’t spend much time in the area for too long. She’s just a little shaken, preventing her from recovering quickly… From the looks of it, Trissy has really advanced to Sequence 5… Klein nodded gently and said, “Please give Miss Hazel my regards.”

Chapter 776: Preparations

Without the high tea session, Klein decided to pray at Saint Samuel Cathedral, so as to show his devoutness.

Of course, he didn't forget to stop and admire the white pigeons on the square, allowing himself to appear leisurely and calm.

He entered the cathedral, passing through the murals that were illuminated by the sun from high above and arriving at a dark and deep prayer hall.

This place wasn't as gorgeously decorated like the other Churches that had all kinds of dazzling elegant taste that produced a visual impact. Instead, it was mild and peaceful, allowing one to feel a natural sense of tranquility. As for the pure light that resembled twinkling stars up ahead, they were filled with the intense solemnity of holiness.

Klein removed his hat and handed it to Richardson along with his cane. Then, he walked down the aisle.

At this moment, two figures stood up in the front pew and turned towards the entrance. One of them was the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell who looked suave with his untidy hair.

Almost at the same moment, Leonard Mitchell also saw the middle-aged man with the white sideburns and deep blue eyes.

Dwayne Dantès... He tensed up momentarily as his body showed signs of indiscernible stiffness.

Klein gave Leonard a side look as he nodded with a smile. He had a friendly and casual expression.

"..."

Leonard forced a smile as he nodded in a slightly sluggish manner.

Following that, he turned to the side, made way, and brushed shoulders with Dwayne Dantès.

This made Klein see who the person was behind him. It was also someone he knew—Daly who was wearing a spirit medium's black robe.

This lady still wore blue eyeshadow and blush, presenting quite an uncanny sense of beauty.

Daly glanced at the middle-aged gentleman when her expression suddenly went adrift. She retracted her gaze as she silently approached the exit.

No way, I was just mimicking Captain's profound eyes. Even the color is different, yet Ma'am Daly could still find it familiar? A woman's intuition is truly terrifying... Klein had a vague guess when he noticed Daly's brief abnormality.

A long time ago, as an insensitive man, he believed that Ma'am Daly was secretly in love with Captain; otherwise, she wouldn't have endured the risk to rush to Tingen to get Klein to find an opportunity to teach the acting method to Dunn Smith.

As for Captain, Klein wasn't sure about his thoughts. After all, Dunn Smith, at that moment, was often unable to distinguish reality from a dream. His bad memory was rather pronounced, and he might unknowingly have forgotten certain things that lay at the bottom of his heart.

However, Captain often mentions Ma'am Daly, using her as an example to educate us. He was so familiar with how many years she took to advance and the kind of talent she had that it seemed like he had memorized it... Yes, whenever Captain mentioned these matters, he would occasionally add that he spent nine years going from Midnight Poet to Nightmare... C-could it be that he was feeling a little inferior when facing Ma'am Daly? Inferior... Klein recalled the past as his mood suddenly felt dampened.

He realized that he didn't really understand Dunn Smith. He didn't understand how many things the man had hidden inwardly.

And Ma'am Daly isn't much younger than him. She appears to be very open and doesn't care about marriage... Klein silently sighed and reined in his thoughts. He found a nearby pew and bowed his head, closing his eyes to pray.

Outside the prayer hall, Leonard had recovered as he gathered with the other Red Gloves teammates with Daly.

They waited for a while as Soest, who had become a Spirit Warlock, walked out from another side. He scanned them and said, "Our mission this time is to use the various clues discovered from the explosion of the Black Skeleton Gang's headquarters to find all the formal members of the Numinous Episcopate in Backlund.

"Ma'am Daly is a Beyonder from the Corpse Collector pathway. She knows quite a bit about the Numinous Episcopate, so His

Grace, Saint Anthony, has gotten her to assist us."

...

In the evening, Klein, who had dismissed Richardson, took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog. He conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made his blurry figure pray.

"...Please inform Miss Magician that she needs to reserve a hotel room before Friday night. It's best that it's far from the place where Mr. X holds the gathering...

"...Pass me the stone and spellbook ahead of time. I need to make certain preparations...

"...On Friday night, she needs to stop her friend who participates in Mr. X's gathering and also present to me that person's external appearance when in disguise...

"...If there's anything else, I'll inform her in time."

With only two days left before the assassination attempt on Mr. X, Klein undoubtedly needed to prepare ahead of time. And there were many things that needed preparation. Dwayne Dantès wasn't able to do everything, so he had to rely on Miss Magician.

His preliminary plan was to use the powers of a Faceless to disguise himself as a participant in Mr. X's gathering. He would enter directly with the passcode, and then he would employ different plans based on the situation.

According to the experience he had in engaging in combat and controlling his marionette, Klein had a feeling that a Marionettist's principle was "try to hide behind the scenes, covertly directing a script."

Unless necessary, a Marionettist had to avoid engaging in direct combat with others!

Currently, the most troublesome point is that Mr. X's gathering is at eight. And usually, at this time, Dwayne Dantès clearly wouldn't have fallen asleep. He won't be able to escape the notice of his butler and servants and secretly head to East Borough... Of course, on the contrary, it can also create an alibi, but the problem is, what method should I use to fool everyone in his house... If only I had a Faceless partner who can act as Dwayne Dantès... Miss Justice's necklace can do it, but she's not in Backlund... Klein leaned back into his chair as he rubbed his temples.

He had even considered directly summoning and responding to himself, using his identity as Hero Bandit Black Emperor to carry out the operation, but doing so would cause him to lose the ability to change his physical appearance. It also made it difficult for him to possess others and disguise as Fors's friend to participate in the gathering.

Unless Miss Magician's friend is a part of this, allowing me to possess him or her... That wouldn't do either. First, it will expose some of the Tarot Club's secrets, and second, Mr. X might have the means to discover a Wraith. Of course, traces of this can be concealed using a series of seals with a gold coin, the Paper Angel, or the iron cigar case... Klein considered for a while before deciding on a method he was very proficient in from his previous life.

Feigning sickness!

I'll begin acting sick tomorrow. I'll eat very little, and sleep before eight... This way, the butler and servants wouldn't disturb me... But if there's an emergency, what do I do when Walter and company knock on the door? A Magician's Illusion Creation can only fool the eyes. It isn't some artificial intelligence... Artificial intelligence... Right, I can fix the illusion onto a mirror, letting it look like Dwayne Dantès. Then, I'll get Arrodes to answer remotely! With this in mind, Klein's thoughts suddenly opened up.

I have to say that Arrodes can be quite useful at times... After a poignant comment, Klein returned to the real world. He walked to the desk, took out pen and paper, and began drawing a picture comprising of symbols that implied concealment and mystery prying.

Just as he finished his final stroke, the room's lighting dimmed suddenly. The full-body mirror first turned deep black before silver light surfaced. Loenese text appeared one after another.

"Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, heard your summoning. W-was I late?"

There's something new every time... Klein shook his head in amusement.

"No."

"How tolerant you are of me, Great Master. You can ask your question." Words neatly appeared on the mirror.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "I plan on eliminating the Aurora Order Oracle, Mr. X. Do you have any suggestions?"

The full-body mirror's words froze for a few seconds before changing.

"It's best you do it after Thursday."

It's in line with my divination... Angel of Fate Ouroboros or a Saint of the Aurora Order might be around Mr. X tonight and on Thursday... Klein smiled and said, "Arrodes, I have something that requires your help."

"T-this is my honor! You are giving me an opportunity!" Words quickly emerged, fully professing what it meant to be excited and delighted. "May I ask what the mission is?"

Klein nodded and said, "This Friday night, I will be using a mirror as an illusion prop, changing it to look like my present identity... If any emergencies happen, you're in charge of controlling the mirror to answer without letting anyone discover any abnormalities.

"Can you do it?"

The air around the full-body mirror suddenly gushed around, and a toady voice belonging to Dwayne Dantès sounded:

"Great Master, I'll try my best to complete anything you command.

"Although it won't be able to last long, and it doesn't match my usual habits, it's enough to deal with everyone here.

"If you wish, I can simulate any voice!"

You're more talented than I expected… It's not easy being a mirror these days… However, why does that final statement sound odd… Klein's facial muscles trembled as he said, "When dealing with them, hide the nature of the question-and-answer game. Don't let others notice it."

Arrodes immediately presented a new sentence on the full-body mirror:

"I will play your identity well!"

"Very good." Klein nodded.

He was truly worried that Arrodes would begin asking Butler Walter and Valet Richardson embarrassing questions. Questions like: "have you fantasized about ladies you shouldn't have any urges for?" or "who do you think of late at night when resolving your physical needs?"

He believed that with the magic mirror's way of doing things, it might very well carry out such an act without any forewarning. Back then, Danitz nearly broke down thanks to its questions.

Without speaking any further, Klein switched to saying, "That will be all for today. I'll contact you again on Friday night."

"Yes, Great Master. Your humble servant already looks forward to serving you!" Arrodes first conjured a single line before producing a drawing of a hand waving.

Chapter 777: Sick and Crazy Setup

On Friday afternoon, Klein, who had skipped a literary salon because of his feigned sickness, arrived above the gray fog once again.

In front of him was a hard-covered, palm-sized notebook which was bronze green in color. It was Leymano's Travels which The Magician Fors had provided.

After flipping the item which was closer to a spellbook over to a certain page, Klein looked at the yellowish-brown page, raised his hand, and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile.

As he injected some of his spirituality into Leymano's Travels, making it light up with a faint luster, he made the blue gem on the scepter's tip emit a bright light.

A sizzling sound was produced as bolts of silver lightning appeared out of thin air. They were thick and menacing as they zapped about, meshing together to form a hurricane.

At the same time, complicated symbols and labels quickly outlined themselves on the page of Leymano's Travels. They overlapped each other and fused together, slowly taking shape.

Just as the page was about to be colored in silver, bolts of lightning snaked out from it, causing all the patterns to be destroyed!

It failed again... Klein sighed silently as he repeated the same process.

This wasn't his first attempt. Ever since he obtained Leymano's Travels on Wednesday night, he would head above the gray fog from time to time, using this spellbook to record the powers produced by the Sea God Scepter. He repeated it until his spirituality was nearly drained, forcing him to return to the real world to take a break.

During this process, there were successes and failures. Klein relied on repeated attempts before completing the final step, recording the Lightning Storm spell which he had eyed for a very long time!

This was a demigod power of the Sailor pathway!

Before that failure, Klein had failed nearly twenty times. It could be said that his luck was terrible.

After repeated failures, he was delighted to see a silver luster spread across the yellowish page at the fifth attempt. An ancient, mysterious, complicated, and indescribable symbol contracted, forming a fancy diagram that made anyone who placed their eyes on it feel as though they were being struck by lightning.

Phew... I've finally succeeded. Klein rubbed his fingers against the paper and heaved a long sigh of relief.

He flipped through Leymano's Travels and admired his previous efforts.

Over the past two days, he wasn't fully caught up with Lightning Storm. He also recorded two other demigod powers. One of them was Paper Angel that he had used while stirring some of the powers above the gray fog. It aided in disrupting any divination and prophecies. Similarly, there was Hurricane that stemmed from the Sea God Scepter.

When recording them, Klein was rather lucky. One took nine times, while the other took twelve before he succeeded.

As for Flight, Glide, Lightning Strike, and other powers that didn't reach Sequence 4, they only required him to do it once or twice. Therefore, Klein had almost filled the entire book.

This spellbook isn't very useful to unaffiliated Beyonders. It needs plenty of time and patience to record a sufficient number of powers. And when the powers exceed Sequence 6, the chances of failure increases, making the powers difficult to obtain... However, there are 22 pathways in the mystical domain. If the first few Sequences have their powers matched well, finishing off a Sequence 5 isn't too surprising... Klein closed Leymano's Travels and sighed inwardly.

From his point of view, the spellbook was equivalent to half a divine artifact for unaffiliated Beyonders. Although it was more difficult to be useful than Creeping Hunger in its early stages, once there was a good combination, it was quite normal for one to fight someone of a higher Sequence. However, among Beyonders who were supported by major factions, Leymano's Travels would be ridiculously powerful. This was because it could record a demigod's powers!

As long as they wish, a demigod can repeat the power again and again. As for Creeping Hunger, it has a high chance of failing to devour a demigod. Even a real Shepherd would find it extremely difficult to Graze a High-Sequence Beyonder. Firstly, there are no available resources, and secondly, it's easy to lose control. Elder Lovia from the City of Silver was someone lucky enough to be able to Graze a Sequence 4 evil spirit... When Klein thought of this, he cast his gaze onto a dark green, coarse stone. It was rough and uneven with signs of burn marks. It was none other than Fors's stone that allowed the traversal of the spirit world.

With Leymano's Travels and this stone, along with the Fate Siphon

charm and Wraith marionette, even if Mr. X has a Saint protecting him, I should still be able to complete the mission and leave without problems... Klein rubbed his temples and returned to the real world. After setting up a bestowment ritual, he brought the corresponding items back.

After making all the preparations, he walked to the full-body mirror and looked at himself. He made himself look haggard.

After dinner, Klein had used the excuse of not being well to return to his room.

After taking in the night scenery, he took out a palm-sized mirror from the drawer and placed it on the soft and elastic pillow.

Then, Klein went over, making the mirror reflect the blue-eyed, white-sideburned Dwayne Dantès.

He then slowly straightened his body and took a step back, creating another Dwayne Dantès in bed!

This gentleman was wearing silk pajamas and leaning against a pillow. He held a book in hand with his eyes half-closed as though he was in thought.

Not bad, the mirror illusion isn't weaker than a paper figurine illusion... Klein returned to the desk and picked up a fountain pen, drawing the strange symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

After a brief silence, the Dwayne Dantès in bed suddenly opened his eyes and gave a toady smile.

“Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here!”

I have to say that even with Dwayne Dantès's face, there's no way he can look normal with that kind of smile… Klein silently sighed and nearly turned to look to his side.

“Very good,” he praised with a nod.

He didn't give any other instructions. With a half top hat, he slid down from the balcony to the first floor. He followed the secluded garden trail and flipped over the corner perimeter wall of 160 Böklund Street. During this process, he hadn't forgotten to close the windows.

Pressing his right hand on his hat and landing his feet on the streets, Klein slowly looked up. At some point in time, his facial features and outline had changed. He had black hair and brown eyes, with a thin and angular face.

This was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who had a bounty of 50,000 pounds from just a single country!

The hunt was about to begin.

…

Cherwood Borough. Xio, who was just about to head out to East Borough to participate in Mr. X's Beyonder gathering, was stopped by Fors.

“You want to head out to gather material?” Xio deliberated before saying the words her friend often used.

Fors stroked her hair and said, “No, to earn money!

“I previously accepted a mission to find the dust left behind after a ghost fades away. As you know, there aren’t any ghosts at the cemetery. They’ve all been given a send-off by the priests and bishops to their respective deity’s kingdom. Therefore, I can only head over to East Borough and find targets that died due to various reasons without being discovered.

“Can you bear letting such a beautiful and frail lady like me head into such a messy place alone?”

“But, can’t you push it back a day?” Xio said hesitantly. “I’m planning to participate in Mr. X’s gathering.”

Fors immediately shook her head.

“No, I need to complete the mission tomorrow. It’s a total of 50 pounds!”

“If it’s due tomorrow, why didn’t you do it the past few days?” Xio looked suspiciously at her friend.

Fors chuckled.

“Is this your first day knowing me?

“Don’t you know I have a severe case of procrastination?

“Besides, you have no money. What’s the point of going to Mr. X’s gathering? You don’t even know what Beyonder ingredients you

need!”

“That’s true.” Xio was convinced before she smiled. “Does every author have a sickness of procrastination?”

“Probably.” As Fors perfunctorily replied, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

…

In the East Borough, inside a cheap motel, Klein entered the room which Miss Magician had reserved for him under a fake alias.

Here, having a room and a bed for one person was an extravagance, but even so, such rooms only cost 12 pence a night. Of course, many of the cheap motels in East Borough didn’t have any single rooms. The best of them were some compartments that cost 5 pence a night. It only had a bed and a partition that blocked others from looking inside, allowing the occupants to change clothes.

As for the ten to twenty bunk beds in the basement, they cost 1.5 pence a night. The motel didn’t hold any responsibilities for the items that one stored there.

There’s actually a mirror. Not bad… Klein put down his hat and stood in front of a full-body mirror filled with crevices. He then wore the hooded robe which Miss Magician had prepared for him.

Immediately after that, his body shrank at a discernible pace. His skin gradually turned pale with a tinge of malt colors. The

Adam's apple at his throat vanished as his hair grew long and turned blonde.

Klein instantly recognized the image of Fors's friend, even though the disguise didn't show her looks. It was Miss Xio!

However, because there was a hood to conceal himself, he didn't really transform into a woman. All he did was handle the easily noticeable spots.

I can't do anything about the height of 150 centimeters. I'll need to digest the entirety of my potion before I can reach this limit… Thankfully, Miss Xio disguises herself by raising her height. I don't have to vex over this… Klein looked at the 160-centimeter-tall figure in the mirror, switched to a pair of leather boots that looked to be and was flat-soled.

After donning the disguise, Klein hooded himself and silently left the single room from the window. He came to an alley in East Borough, taking a detour until he arrived outside the building where Mr. X was hosting the Beyonder gathering.

After recalling the passcode which Miss Magician had provided, Klein rapped the door with his fingers—three light taps and three heavy taps, separated by two long and three short intervals.

After ten seconds, the door silently opened. An attendant wearing an iron mask first observed the visitor before making way.

Klein calmly walked past him and entered the building without showing any signs of panic.

Chapter 778: 1 + 1 > 2

While passing through the living room, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that there was an invisible gaze scanning him from an unknown location.

He feigned ignorance as he entered the activity room ahead. He surveyed the area and found a spot that wasn't too far or close to the host's seat.

And at the moment he passed through the activity room's door, all the attention on him vanished.

If not for the Wraith having three seals to isolate it, it probably would've been noticed... Mr. X doesn't appear to be as bold and crazy as he seems... Klein sat down and moved his hood, hiding his face deeper in the shadows.

After about ten minutes, when most of the members had arrived, a brass mask-wearing Mr. X appeared by the door without causing a commotion. He walked in and headed towards his seat.

He was dressed in a black classical robe with a pointed mage hat. As he walked, he had a converged aura, but it was enough to make everyone present bow their heads without realizing it.

Turning around and slowly taking his seat, Mr. X surveyed the room and said in a deep voice, "Let's begin."

He's within four meters... Klein wasn't in a rush to take action. He retracted his gaze and patiently watched as a few gathering

members exchanged information about people with abnormal luck for money. Occasionally, Mr. X would reply.

Time ticked by as the gathering's focus went from Mr. X's act of handing out rewards to the transactions between the members. Klein didn't hesitate as he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

Illusory black threads immediately surfaced before his eyes as they emanated from the bodies of different people, out into the void towards some boundless distance.

After making a simple distinction of the threads, Klein began to secretly control Mr. X's Spirit Body Threads.

There were two difficulties to this mission according to his plan. The first was that having Astrologer as one of the earlier jobs in his pathway, Mr. X or the other hidden Aurora Order Saint might be able to sense the danger when he began controlling the Spirit Body Threads, acutely sensing some abnormality.

Klein wasn't sure about Mr. X's spiritual intuition because back when Miss Sharron existed in a Wraith state, she failed to notice Marionettist Rosago's controlling of her Spirit Body Threads. However, for a Saint who was a demigod, a High-Sequence Beyonder who had obtained godhood, no special trait of this being would surprise Klein. It wasn't surprising if that being's spiritual intuition was triggered due to the changes in another person's Spirit Body Threads.

For other Marionettist, they were probably helpless regarding this. But Klein was different. He had another identity as The Fool. He had the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog to aid him, allowing him to rely on Paper Angels to produce interference and eliminate any hidden problems.

The gathering continued without any abnormalities. More than ten seconds passed as Klein was close to gaining initial control of Mr. X. There was only three seconds left, but this Aurora Order Oracle didn't notice at all. He continued observing the completion of another transaction with a deep look in his eyes, his thoughts a mystery.

At the critical moment, Klein stopped!

He barely maintained his progress as he extended his hand, reaching into the pocket of the hooded robe and touching the iron cigar case which had been sealed with a wall of spirituality.

Klein moved his fingers, prodding it gently to remove the wall of spirituality, allowing it to disperse into a swirling wind inside his pocket.

He pulled back his palm and waited for a few more seconds until Mr. X's gaze looked to the side before he continued controlling the Spirit Body Threads.

Two seconds. One second. Zero!

Mr. X's thoughts turned sluggish as though someone had poured stirred cement onto him.

An enemy... Danger... Slow thoughts appeared in his head as he quickly made his decision. He planned on seeking help from his subordinates and the entity who was watching in secret, and put up an effective resistance.

At this moment, coldness drilled into his body, preventing his limbs and mouth from answering his will.

Admiral of Blood Senor!

A Wraith's possession!

There were many flaws to a Marionettist's control of Spirit Body Threads. The biggest problem was the target immediately realizing that there was a problem once initial control was attained. They would then have the ability to carry out any contingencies.

If it was one-on-one, without anyone around them, Klein could naturally use the target's increasingly impeded state to effectively disrupt and interfere with any resistance they put up, but if the target had any aides, it was very difficult for a Marionettist's control to fool others. It required help from the environment, or partners to conceal the matter without exposing it.

And on this point, a Wraith who was able to possess a target and forcefully control them was the best support for a Marionettist!

The reason why Klein didn't directly enter a state of initial control was because he needed to release the Wraith.

After the initial inspection at the door, the vigilance in the activity room at the gathering location was definitely lower!

Mr. X's eyes widened as his thoughts turned sluggish. His instinctive attempt to shout was blocked by his throat and mouth, silencing him completely.

His attempt to raise his hands also slowed down as they reached for a porcelain teacup by his side.

This completely violated his will. It was because of the cold aura that occupied every corner of his body!

Wraith... Marionettist... No... If this continues... I'll die silently... Mr. X immediately controlled his spirituality as he constructed complicated symbols and labels in his mind.

He was just about to open a Traveler's Door, which was also the Door of Teleportation, to escape the Marionettist's control range. Compared to that, a Wraith's possession was relatively less dangerous!

But amidst his sluggish thoughts, the illusory symbols and labels failed to appear all at once. Instead, they appeared one stroke after another in a discontinuous matter and at an insufficient speed.

Seizing this opportunity, Wraith Senor, who was possessing Mr. X, under Marionettist Klein's control, simply moved Mr. X's head, changing his seating position.

Such an action instantly interrupted the formation of the Traveler's Door!

Oh no... My... reaction... is too slow... It will be... interfered... by the Wraith... Use mystical... item... Mr. X's eyes filled with blood, but none of his subordinates around him noticed it. Even the one watching in secret didn't notice any abnormalities.

As for the gathering members who were interacting and trading, they lowered their voices because of his change in seating posture.

At that moment, the activity room was filled with people. Although there were Beyonders everywhere and many were his assistants, Mr. X found himself in extreme solitude and was helpless.

He didn't even know who was attacking him or where the attacker was sitting!

As the thoughts went through his mind, Mr. X regained control of his spirituality as he directed it towards the golden ring with an embedded ruby on his left index finger.

However, going from a thought to a decision, and then going from a decision to an action took too long. It was as though he was acting out his thought processes in slow motion.

This gave Senor plenty of time to raise Mr. X's left palm, bend his finger, and tap the side of "his" forehead which was uncovered by the brass mask as though in thought.

It was a very faint tapping sound, and the strength used was quite significant, but under Klein's control, Senor held back perfectly. It made most of the strength enter Mr. X's mind without spreading outwards so as to hide any commotion.

Tak! Tak!

Mr. X's thoughts of emanating his spirituality were disrupted, and he was temporarily unable to find his train of thought.

By the time he recovered, the Marionettist's control had deepened. This made his thoughts chaotic and impeded. Even his thinking and decision-making became extremely difficult.

With the Wraith using all kinds of tiny, concealed actions to interfere with Mr. X's attempts to use his various Beyonder powers and impressive mystical items, he slowly slid towards the abyss of becoming a marionette.

He watched helplessly as he marched towards death slowly.

Only then did he realize how terrifying and unsolvable the combination of a Marionettist and Wraith was.

The hunt continued silently under everyone's noses.

As Klein's control deepened, Mr. X's actions turned stiffer and sluggish. However, with the Wraith possessing him, no one could notice any problems.

To be precise, Mr. X's actions were no longer a result of the sluggish him, but from Wraith Senor. He wasn't even able to show the look of despair in his eyes.

Amidst the transactions that either succeeded or failed, ranging from arguments to negotiations, five minutes quickly passed. Klein was just one last step from killing Mr. X and turning him into his marionette.

However, he couldn't do so.

This was because he had yet to digest much of the Marionettist potion. He could only control one marionette at present, so if he wanted to convert Mr. X, he had to give up Wraith Senor.

But once he gave up Senor, this Admiral of Blood who was long

dead would immediately surface and be discovered by everyone. It would bring about extreme trouble.

Similarly, if Klein didn't give up his Wraith marionette had and assassinated Mr. X while he wasn't able to resist, he needed to consider the Aurora Order Saint who was lurking in the shadows.

This was the second most difficult part of his plan.

To silently control Mr. X and remove his ability to resist wasn't difficult with the combination of Marionettist and Wraith. The way to kill him wasn't difficult as well. Mr. X in his present state could easily be finished off by Klein with an Air Bullet.

The difficulty was in leaving safely after pulling off such a stunt.

This actually required sufficient patience.

Time slowly passed with Klein appearing calm despite his tensed nerves. He pretended that he wasn't interested in the items that appeared as he kept silent the entire time.

Finally, when the gathering came to an end, Mr. X said in a deep voice with complete normality, "The end."

His words were succinct, just like the way he ended the previous gathering. This was what Xio described to Fors.

As the gathering's members stood up one by one, Klein mixed in among them, looking inconspicuous. At the same time, he reached his hand into his pocket, and he flipped open Leymano's

Travels based on his sense of touch.

Chapter 779: One-Shot

The three types of paper in Leymano's Travels clearly had different textures. The white paper that could only record Sequence 7, 8, and 9 powers was thin, smooth and flat. The yellowish-brown goatskin which could record Sequence 5 and 6 powers were very pliable like tanned leather. The three charred yellow pages that could record godhood powers were thick and textured. Together, they allowed someone to quickly distinguish between them simply from touch.

Klein's fingers quickly found the thick and textured three pages as he gently pinched the middle page.

Although his pocket wasn't large enough, preventing him from fully opening Leymano's Travels, the hooded robe was personally modified by Fors herself. The pocket had plenty of space, allowing the palm-sized spellbook to be flipped to a right angle.

As Klein used his palm to prevent Leymano's Travels from closing, he used his finger to slide across the corresponding page's surface. The surface had slight bumps and depressions, making the strange patterns and symbols that were filled with mystery and ancient vibes be directly presented in his mind.

He injected his spirituality into it.

This charred-yellow page recorded a demigod power of the Storm pathway: Hurricane!

Klein wanted to use it to create chaos, so as to interfere with the Aurora Order saint who was lurking in the darkness. By doing so, he could seize the opportunity to assassinate Mr. X and escape

with the help of the wind.

Aside from this goal, the chaos could also effectively hide his tracks. By letting the members of the gathering scatter, and with everyone's identity being a mystery, doing so made everyone be a suspect. The Aurora Order would then find it difficult to pinpoint Xio.

As his thoughts whirred, Klein locked his gaze onto a spot, and he slowly pulled out Leymano's Travels.

Meanwhile, Mr. X took two steps to Klein's side, standing near him like he was a friend he hadn't seen in years.

Following that, there was a loud buzz as a terrifying hurricane spiraled out of control in front of everybody. It was where Klein had targeted his spirituality at.

The tables, coffee tables, sofa, and high-back chairs in the room flew up as the violent hurricane ripped through the walls, carrying the roof away as it headed for the alley. Some of the gathering's participants were in the way of the hurricane and were thrown far away, while others fell forward due to the wind pressure as they ran in another direction.

If Klein hadn't purposely controlled the timing and direction of the hurricane, not only would Mr. X's old house be destroyed, but even the series of condominiums around it would suffer damage. As for the gathering participants, they would've been swept up in the hurricane, having their survival depend solely on luck.

The buzzing sounds quickly intensified as the hurricane that reached into the sky was like a terrifying giant. It stomped across the alley towards the street, leaving nothing behind in its

wake.

Klein was similarly swept up as he and the possessed Mr. X were thrown onto another street.

During this process, as both of them were standing close to one another, along with how a Wraith could float, these could control the target's body to a certain extent even with the hurricane. Therefore, the distance between Klein and Mr. X ultimately stayed within five meters. His control of the Spirit Body Threads had never been terminated.

In midair, with the howling winds in his ear, Klein suddenly yanked at his chest with his right hand, tearing away the hooded robe's surface, reached under his arm, and drew Death Knell.

Although in Mr. X's current state where just Air Bullets alone could finish him off, Klein decided to be cautious. He was afraid that certain mystical items on his body would suddenly be triggered, just like Admiral of Blood Senor's necklace.

When hunting, it was necessary to do his best!

Klein's vigorous action of drawing his revolver had obviously affected his control of the Spirit Body Threads. If it wasn't because Mr. X was on the brink of being fully controlled, just this alone was enough to recover his usual lucidness.

However, even so, Mr. X's thoughts were no longer impeded as his mind sped up.

He attempted to resist, but with Wraith Senor's possessing him,

it had forced his efforts to be in vain for a brief moment.

Then, Mr. X's eyes reflected an enemy who swooped downward. It was a thin face with pronounced facial lines.

In his vision, the person coldly cocked the revolver, pointing the black barrel at him.

Bang!

Klein didn't hesitate to pull the trigger as the gunshot was drowned by the howling winds.

Mr. X's head jerked backwards as though an invisible hand had pressed onto it.

His head and brass mask shattered into pieces, splattering red and white liquids everywhere.

It was a lethal shot!

Death Knell had sounded the knell for him!

Plop!

After the shot, Klein fell to the ground on his back.

With a thud, Mr. X landed beside him as the blood and fragments that scattered in midair had strangely flowed back,

gathering by his neck and forming a head filled with cracks and crevices.

This was the ability of a Wraith.

At that moment, the hurricane was starting to disperse, and the huge commotion had undoubtedly caught the notice of faraway demigods.

Inside the Holy Wind Cathedral, the new Backlund archbishop, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus, instantly flew out of his room as he floated in the air.

Klein, who had fallen on the ground, noticed that the wind pressure had weakened. With Death Knell in one hand and Leymano's Travels in the other, he flipped the latter to the first yellowish-brown goatskin page.

After obtaining this spellbook, he realized that there were a few pages recorded in it, with one of them being Traveler's Door.

Klein originally imagined that it was a coincidence, but on careful thought, he found it inevitable. This was because Leymano's Travels belonged to the ancient Abraham family. They wielded the Apprentice pathway and several corresponding mystical items, so they had the resources to easily record a Traveler's powers. After all, this was something very, very useful.

At that moment, as long as the Traveler's Door was formed, Klein could leave unharmed with Mr. X's corpse that was being possessed by Wraith Senor.

He hadn't used it in the building, because it was possible that the

Aurora Order Saint might intercept it. Furthermore, Mr. X was also a Traveler. He had a chance of successfully escaping via Traveler's Door. Therefore, Klein didn't dare risk it before he was completely dead.

At that moment, Klein's vision went black as he realized that the surrounding streets were filled with a pitch-black and strange liquid. They surged over and quickly coagulated to form a strong cage.

In such darkness, shadows began to come alive as cold gazes landed on him.

A demigod's power! The Aurora Order does have a saint nearby! There's no way to directly teleport away! Klein's heart tensed up as he calmly flipped Leymano's Travels to the charred-yellow page.

Sizzle!

A silver "python" snaked out of thin air, embroiling itself with the darkness as it illuminated everything.

Lightning Storm!

The coagulated pitch-blackness shattered instantly. And without any hesitation, Klein stuffed his Death Knell-wielding right hand into his pocket, pinching the dark green stone that was filled with burn marks.

"Door!"

He chanted in ancient Hermes with an abnormally calm tone.

A light blue brilliance burst out as Klein's figure rapidly turned into a blur. Even Mr. X's corpse which had come close to grab onto his shoulder had experienced similar changes.

The two figures instantly turned invisible as they vanished from the spot. They quickly departed into the spirit world with overlapping saturated colors, pulling off an ingenious escape.

In the shadowy alley with the flattened gathering building which had planks, rubble, clothes, and all kinds of random items strewn all around, someone harrumphed.

"Damn it!"

At this moment, the other gathering members had already fled the street. From far away in the sky, a sonic boom could be heard.

...

Xio and Fors, who were searching for ghosts in East Borough, were alarmed by the sky that suddenly lit up. They hurriedly looked into the distance and saw the silver forest that seemed to bloom like a forest.

The twisted form and sense of horror had left them trembling despite the distance. They didn't even dare look straight at it.

"What happened over there?" Xio mumbled as she exchanged looks with Fors blankly.

Fors actually had a guess, but she found it difficult to believe. This was because it had far exceeded her expectations of The World Gehrman Sparrow's strength!

...

In a dark alley, Klein appeared out of thin air with Mr. X's corpse as they landed on the ground.

He wasn't flustered at all. He kept Death Knell in his pocket and then took out another book.

Groselle's Travels!

Smack! Klein smacked the book written by Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt onto Mr. X's face, staining the cover with blood.

Moments later, Mr. X's corpse vanished, leaving behind Wraith Senor in his dark red coat and old triangular hat.

Right on the heels of that, Klein put away Groselle's Travels, flipped open Leymano's Travels and made another charred-yellow page face up.

Suddenly, a bright light emitted from the book as an illusory angel with twelve wings flew up and landed on Klein.

All of this happened in an instant before darkness returned to the alley. Only the dim moonlight continued illuminating the area silently.

Klein immediately took out another metal bottle, poured out the blood stored inside, and uniformly smeared it across Leymano's Travels.

After doing all of this, he put away everything else, pulling away the hooded robe and throwing it beside him.

A scarlet flame immediately soared up, burning the tattered robe clean.

Meanwhile, Klein silently grew another 10 centimeters as he transformed into a relatively ordinary appearance.

Then, he identified his bearings with the help of the stars, and he picked up a fallen branch to assist him as he quickly toured through the dark and deteriorated streets, returning back to the cheap motel.

At this point, he still had no idea what additional weakness he had been given.

Inside the single room in the motel, Klein changed into his own clothes, turning back into Gehrman Sparrow.

Seeing this thin and cold-looking crazy adventurer in the mirror, he fell silent for a few seconds, picking up the half top hat and wearing it.

...

Above the flattened building, Church of Storms Cardinal, Backlund diocese archbishop, Deep Blue Officiant Randall

Valentinus, who had failed in capturing anyone, looked down in silence for an extended period of time.

...

160 Böklund Street. Upon seeing the visitor outside, Butler Walter asked in surprise, “Your Excellency, why are you suddenly here? Is there something?”

Bishop Elektra chuckled and said, “I heard that Dwayne is sick, so I’m here to visit him. Perhaps he will quickly recover under the Goddess’s blessings.”

Chapter 780: Extract

Walter came to the third story and rapped on the master bedroom's door.

"Who is it?" Dwayne Dantès's slightly weak and hoarse voice sounded.

Walter turned the doorknob, opening a tiny crack in the door.

"Sir, Bishop Elektra is here to visit you.

"Do you wish to meet him in the living room or activity room, or should he be invited directly to your bedroom?"

Usually, visitors weren't permitted to enter the master's bedroom. This was rather impolite, but visiting the sick was an exception.

After a brief silence, Dwayne Dantès replied, "Invite him into the bedroom."

"Alright, sir." As Walter gestured Richardson to urge a maid to prepare some tea, he walked down and invited Bishop Elektra of the Church of Evernight up.

Soon, Elektra entered the bedroom and saw Dwayne Dantès lying in bed, looking haggard.

“Richardson, get the bishop a seat,” the pale Dwayne Dantès said with a smile.

Richardson had already done so. He immediately moved a high-back chair to a spot near the bed.

However, Elektra took a few steps forward to observe the new tycoon in town and asked in concern, “Dwayne, how are you? Did you consult a physician?”

His spiritual perception wasn’t triggered, so he didn’t make any attempts. He was only visiting a pious believer out of concern.

Dwayne Dantès coughed lightly and smiled.

“I’m actually almost recovered. I believe I’ll be able to head over to church tomorrow or the day after tomorrow to listen to your preachings.”

“That’s good. I was wondering if I needed to pray to Goddess to bless you.” Elektra chuckled and took a step back before sitting on the chair which Richardson had brought for him.

At this moment, Dwayne Dantès glanced at the bishop and chuckled.

“Actually, I’ve always had a question. Are clergymen of the Church of the Goddess allowed to get married?”

Elektra, who was two years short of reaching forty, sighed and smiled.

“This question has actually troubled us for the longest time.

“In ancient times, the archbishops had engaged in intense debates about this on several theosophical meetings.

“One side believed that servants of the Goddess need to maintain their purity, be it men or women; otherwise it would be sacrilegious. The other side found words from the Goddess in The Revelation of Evernight and other books, believing that the Goddess encouraged marriage. ‘She’ encouraged equality between both sexes and for them to have normal contact. Hence, clergymen should be an example of this, and not be a negative example; by doing so, that would be the greatest respect towards the Goddess.

“In recent times, this question has basically been shelved. The Church doesn’t ban or encourage it. The only request is that married clergymen are not to let their families live in the cathedrals.”

Dwayne Dantès nodded slowly as he curled the corner of his lips.

“Your Excellency, do you have a wife?”

Although Bishop Elektra was thin and not very good-looking, he was pleasant to the eyes. He sighed and said, hardly hiding his smile, “Two years ago, I walked down the aisle under the Goddess’s watch. I happen to have a child this year.

“I originally imagined that I would remain single my entire life in order to serve Goddess, but…”

As he spoke, he gave a self-deprecating laugh and shook his

head.

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès to probe deeper, Elektra asked, “You seem to be single as well. Are you considering the problem of marriage?”

He seemed to imagine that Dwayne Dantès had such thoughts, and he directly asked, imagining that the answer was certain as he continued, “What kind of lady do you like? Perhaps I might be able to help introduce you to someone.”

Dwayne Dantès coughed lightly and said with a smile, “I often chose adventures to amass wealth in the past, so I wasn’t willing to get married, afraid I would drag her down. Heh, I like many types of women and am not picky.

“I like those older than me, one’s who can give me warmth and make me feel at ease…”

Before he finished, his valet, Richardson, wore a stunned expression. He hurriedly turned his head aside and lowered it. He felt his face burning for some baffling reason.

Dwayne Dantès didn’t seem to sense it as he continued, “I also like those younger than me, those who are pure and lively, making anyone who sees them feel as though it’s dawn because of the radiance they aren’t aware of…”

Bishop Elektra’s face suddenly froze as he raised his palm and clenched it into a fist as he held it to his mouth and coughed twice.

Yet, Dwayne Dantès didn’t stop. He shook his head and said with

a sigh, “I also like those who were once in love or were married so that people wouldn’t dare approach due to their status, women who can only be viewed from afar. They are so charming that each action of theirs are so intoxicating and irresistible. I often dream…”

Butler Walter, who was standing nearby, trembled. He felt as though he had experienced a dream that he didn’t wish to wake up from despite opposing it greatly. He had no idea if it was a good or bad dream.

Dwayne Dantès was about to continue to describe further, but he stopped producing any sound after opening his mouth.

He then chuckled softly.

“That’s all very normal. When humans are at their limits and are under the influence of their senses, they often have some abnormal thoughts. As long as they’re repressed while acting in line with one’s will, it wouldn’t feel like torture. One would still be a husband, a good father, a good man.”

“That’s very reasonable. When I’m incensed, I often have irrational thoughts, but few people will turn them into reality.” Bishop Elektra ingeniously changed the subject. As for Butler Walter and Valet Richardson, they revealed looks of contemplation.

The bishop didn’t stay long. After drinking a few sips of the marquis black tea that the maid delivered, he got up and bade farewell, leaving Dwayne Dantès’s residence.

The room quickly turned quiet as the window at the balcony silently opened. Klein, who had changed back into Dwayne Dantès, agilely leaped inside.

Thankfully, I returned in time. If I allowed Arrodes to continue speaking, Bishop Elektra would probably renounce a pious believer like me… Perhaps I'll even discover Walter and Richardson hanging from their rooms tomorrow morning, and the streets would have rumors of Dwayne Dantès being a pervert… Klein looked at the fake Dwayne on the bed and sighed silently. That final response had been personally formulated by him, and he got Arrodes to read it.

Of course, this was his contingency plan for the worst possible scenario. He had believed that Arrodes wouldn't have made the situation develop that far.

"Welcome back, Great Master." The Dwayne Dantès in bed bowed and greeted. "Did your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, do well?"

Hearing the mirror stammer the question, Klein sighed and said, "It's still alright. You did pretty good.

"However, try not to agitate others when chatting."

"I-I will take note!" The fake Dwayne Dantès rapidly vanished as a small mirror appeared on the pillow.

Above the mirror, silver light bloomed as words appeared:

"Thank you for your affirmation. I will continue following in your footsteps. I look forward to being of service to you the next time~"

After a goodbye expression was sketched out, the mirror returned to normal.

Klein went close to it and put away the mirror before entering the bathroom attached to the master bedroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

He wanted to complete the Grazing before Mr. X's Spirit Body dispersed.

...

In the book world, inside a cave on a snow-laden mountain peak.

Klein looked at Mr. X's corpse and carefully identified the head that had been pieced together from the fragments. He matched it with his memories of the target's picture which Miss Magician had provided him.

It's him... I hope I'll obtain Traveling and Record. With them, I would make a killing with this operation. Otherwise, I'll have to consider getting Miss Magician to pay more. The difficulty between hunting a Sequence 5 and that of facing a demigod are two completely different matters. As Klein thought, he reached out his left palm and spread open his fingers, aiming at the corpse whose spirituality hadn't completely dispersed.

Creeping Hunger quickly transformed back into its original form, looking as though it was made of thin human skin, two eyes split open in the middle of its palm. Its pupils were bright red, as though they were dyed in blood.

Amidst a cold and eerie wind, Mr. X's significantly dispersed Spirit Body and the resplendent Beyonder specks of light that resembled the Milky Way drilled into Creeping Hunger, fixing onto a blank finger.

Creeping Hunger first turned transparent as if it was a shadow of the spirit world before returning to normal.

Klein closed his eyes and sensed it as his brows gradually eased. A smile surfaced on his face.

His luck was pretty good this time because he had drawn one of the Beyonder powers he wanted the most: Traveler's Door!

It could also be called Door of Teleportation, Teleportation, or Traveling. Its effect was to allow a person to traverse the spirit world while sensing the external world. Beyonders of different Sequences could endure Traveling for different periods of time due to the differences in their Spirit Body's potency. This made the effects of spirit world traversal and the distance differ.

If it's a Sequence 9 or 8, they wouldn't be able to go beyond Backlund... With my present level, I wonder if I can directly head to the primitive island which Mr. Hanged Man provided. Hmm, if that doesn't work, I can split it into a few trips... Klein thought as he smiled.

At this point, he realized that a Traveler's strength in head-on combat was very powerful. This was because the difficulty in using short-distance Traveling was about the same as Flaming Jump. This also meant that a Traveler could keep phasing around a target, opening up and narrowing distances as they pleased. This would catch people by surprise while also preventing them from inflicting a successful blow.

Furthermore, if plenty of powers were Recorded and the vigilance that accompanies immediately departing once something felt amiss, Klein suspected that even with Lightning Storm and Hurricane, he had no way of restraining a Traveler in direct combat.

Indeed, a Marionettist should try to hide behind the shadows... As Klein thought poignantly, he cast his eyes on Mr. X's corpse.

Creeping Hunger had also obtained another Beyonder power. It was Door Opening of the Apprentice Sequence. It was equivalent to a very weakened version of Traveling and was of little value.

Turning his gaze, Klein's eye noticed the ruby ring on Mr. X's hand.

Chapter 781: Negative Effects

After staring at Mr. X's corpse for a while, Klein held back the urge to personally dig through his pockets for spoils of war. He made Wraith Senor take two steps and retrieve the ruby ring.

This way, even if Mr. X carried an item with unimaginable negative effects, it would be endured by the marionette and not affect himself.

After some careful inspecting, Senor held the ruby ring, 48 pounds in cash, and an ordinary pipe filled with tobacco and walked back.

That's all? An Oracle of the Aurora Order only has this much? Klein was rather surprised at this scene as he nearly cursed "pauper" at him.

Soon, he recovered his calm and used his reasoning to convince himself that such a situation was very reasonable.

Mr. X is a Traveler. He can record the Beyonder powers of others. He's considered an all-rounder. Even if such a powerhouse were to have other mystical items, he would tend to record them and not carry them around. This way, he could enjoy the benefits of the powers without suffering from the negative effects. That can prevent himself from killing himself.

Using this line of thought, the effects of this ring was likely to be passive or triggered.

With this in mind, Klein nodded gently. He made Senor carry Mr.

X's cracked and sticky head, possess him, and return above the gray fog.

Sitting behind The Fool's seat, he was no longer afraid of anything. He directly took the ruby ring and used the method of divination in order to determine the actual effects of the mystical item.

Its name is Flower of Blood…

It allows the wearer to control their body at a deeper level. As long as they don't suffer from instant death or are completely purified; hence, losing the ability to control it, they will be able to slowly recover…

This is equivalent to an instinct, a passive effect…

From the looks of it, my choice of delivering a lethal strike with Death Knell was the correct one. If I hadn't used all my might, Mr. X might not have actually died. He would then be able to use the extreme pain to awaken himself and escape the control of a Marionettist… He had also considered his weakness of being more of a spellcaster and having a body that was insufficient in strength…

This ring has flesh magic to a certain degree. It's quite useful… As Klein held the ruby ring, he rapped the edge of the mottled table and muttered silently.

He then began probing the Flower of Blood's negative effects.

Nearly a minute later, Klein opened his eyes and left the dream.

Oh, come on!? This? he muttered as he wore a twisted look.

With dream divination, he had interpreted the Flower of Blood's negative effects. It involved randomly making the wearer lose all rationale and the ability to think.

Great. This is in line with the True Creator… Klein couldn't help but grind his teeth.

A negative effect that was completely random meant that the Flower of Blood had no way to be used!

Thinking back to the scene from before, Klein muttered to himself in an amused and peeved manner, *Mr. X actually dared to wear such a ring?*

That's right, people who change their faith to the True Creator often don't have any facility to think. In that case, wearing such a ring wouldn't make them worse.

Hmm, losing rationale isn't losing reason. It wouldn't be as bad as suddenly hurting others. But clearly, he would be very rigid and foolish, acting only on instinct.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He decided to throw the Flower of Blood into the junk pile and not vex over it. From his point of view, it was a piece of crap that he couldn't use, nor was anyone willing to buy it unless he sold it to the Aurora Order. However, that would only make the True Creator very happy.

At that moment, he caught sight of Admiral of Blood Senor who was standing beside him through the corner of his eye.

Klein's heart stirred as he clapped.

Why didn't I think of that—I might not be able to use it, but I can let my marionette use it. After all, he's dead and he follows all my instructions. He doesn't need to think!

Admiral of Blood, Flower of Blood. It's destined to be a pair! Although Senor has lost his control over his body because he's dead, I can provide that…

This way, he can still be fixed even if he can't phase into a Wraith in time, or if his Zombie body isn't strong enough to withstand a blow, causing him to lose a limb or two.

Of course, to a marionette, that's not important, as it doesn't affect his intrinsic character. The main goal is to obtain the additional flesh magic.

A few seconds later, a delighted Klein made Senor pick up the ruby ring and wear it on his left index finger.

After doing this, Klein made the Wraith return to the gold coin before he raised his left palm and spread his fingers.

He wanted to release the Interrogator from Creeping Hunger!

This was a promise he had made a long time ago.

This was the last Spirit Body that had been Grazed when he received Creeping Hunger. It was time to set it free.

Amidst an indistinct cold wind, a blurry soul appeared by the side of the bronze table.

He was a man in a navy uniform. He was in his thirties and had the rank of commander. He had brown whiskers on his painful and dazed face.

“What’s your name? How did Qilangos kill you?” Klein asked in a deep voice.

The man jolted from his reverie and answered, “My name is Andy Haydn. The second mate of the Enmat. I died at a battle at sea, no—I didn’t die immediately. I was captured by a Feysacian before I entered that glove of yours…

“I do not know of a Qilangos, much less heard of him.”

This Interrogator was already inside the glove when Qilangos obtained Creeping Hunger? As Psychic Piercing is very useful, he didn’t switch it? I wonder who the previous owner of Creeping Hunger was… Klein asked with piqued interest, “Who was the Feysacian who caught you? What does he look like?”

Andy Haydn thought seriously and said, “I don’t know his name. I only remember his epaulet was that of a captain. I remember that he had a big, impressionable nose. I remember his eyes were blue, and his hair was close to blond. He was almost two meters tall…”

Such people from Feysac are common… other than his identity as a captain… Klein considered for a moment and said, “Which year did you die?”

Andy Haydn's figure slowly dissipated away, and finally, it said, "1338..."

That's twelve years ago. Hmm, Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos got famous less than ten years ago... That captain might already be an admiral... Klein gently nodded and discovered that he had failed to ask if Andy Haydn had any last wishes.

Forget it, setting him free is already a good deed... Klein quickly threw the matter to the back of his mind as he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow.

...

"...Please inform Miss Magician that Mr. X, Lewis Wien, is dead. Please get her to take receipt of the item and the spellbook... I'll request it from her when I need it again..."

An endless gray fog filled Fors's eyes as The World Gehrman Sparrow's words emotionlessly rang in her ears. Although she was already prepared for this piece of news, she still found it unbelievable and unacceptable.

He really succeeded? That storm in East Borough was created by him? Fors held down the upheavals in her heart. Taking advantage of the silent night, she set up a bestowment ritual in her bedroom.

Before long, the candlelight and spirituality items created an illusory door. Two items flew out and landed gently on the table.

When Fors took a careful look, she nearly screamed as she hurriedly covered her mouth. She took two steps back and kept

close to the wall of spirituality.

One of the two items was her Leymano's Travels, while the other item was a hideous head covered in cracks. It was stained with blood as if they had pieced together, as it seemed to shimmer with what appeared like reflected light on glass.

As a graduate of med school, and having worked as a doctor at a well-known clinic, Fors had seen her fair share of corpses but never had she seen such a disgusting, creepy, and terrifying head.

After composing herself, Fors looked at the head again, identifying it to be Lewis Wien's.

She carefully used astromancy to make a final confirmation. Following that, she muttered with a slightly twisted expression, *Mr. World shattered the target's head and then pieced them back together?*

At this moment, Fors couldn't help have a scene surface in her mind.

It was of the cold Gehrman Sparrow sitting in front of a table, piecing together the bloody head fragments together, as though seriously putting a jigsaw puzzle together.

This made Fors involuntarily shiver. She had an inexplicable feeling that The World was a psychotic killer with a serious mental illness.

Moving her gaze away, she took two steps forward and picked up Leymano's Travels and casually flipped through it.

Her gaze gradually froze because there were more spells in the spellbook, most of them seemingly related to wind and lightning.

This made her recall the lightning storm that quickly passed in East Borough. She was convinced that it was created by Mr. World.

Fors hurriedly flipped to the three charred-yellow pages in Leymano's Travels and found them blank.

She immediately had a guess, believing that The World Gehrman Sparrow had likely gained Mr. Fool's help to record Beyonder powers at the demigod level.

I just realized that if I have enough money and resources, I can hire the Tarot Club members to help me record different Beyonder powers. This way, Leymano's Travels will become extremely powerful, but I don't have the money or resources... Hmm, I can request for a reward from Teacher this time. I can say that I paid quite a price to help seek revenge for him... Fors thought and first thanked Mr. Fool before asking him to pass on the message to The World.

"...I'm very sorry that my payment isn't proportionate to the difficulty of the mission. After I receive a reward, I'll provide compensation."

After the prayer, Fors ended the ritual and hurriedly hid the head.

If Xio discovers this, she'll definitely imagine a horror story... After she was done, Fors clapped her hands as she thought leisurely.

...

When Fors replied, Klein had already returned to the real world. All he heard was a vague female's voice.

But even so, he couldn't help the fear and horror he felt. This was because Death Knell had given him an additional weakness: the fear of women!

Chapter 782: Saturday Night

On Saturday morning, Klein, who was wearing pajamas, rubbed his head and got out of bed.

He didn't sleep well, as different women would inevitably enter his dreams, scaring him awake. He needed to spend several seconds to calm his emotions before returning to sleep again.

Thankfully, this weakness only lasts six hours, and there's no need for me to head out in the middle of the night. I didn't have to face the maids... Klein sighed as he pulled the rope beside his bed. Richardson, who had been waiting outside, immediately entered with the clothes his employer needed to wear.

I've no idea what Arrodes said. Richardson seems to try to avoid me when facing me... Was it the kind of ladies he mentioned he likes, and that it happens to also be at odds with how society views it? Klein happened to only hear the magic mirror mention the kind of women that Butler Walter liked when he rushed back. He wasn't sure what had happened prior to that.

He didn't use dream divination to obtain the corresponding information, as he didn't feel that it was necessary. After all, with Richardson's personality, he wouldn't have the courage to take action no matter who he liked. It wouldn't have had any additional effects.

After changing into his clothes, Klein headed to the second story and walked to the dining room. Walter was wearing white gloves as usual, waiting by the entrance.

Upon seeing Dwayne Dantès approach, he took a step forward

and bowed politely.

"Good morning, sir. You have two lessons today. In the evening, you will be participating in the banquet at Mr. Portland Moment's place."

Portland Moment lived at 100 Böklund Street. He was a full-time professor at Backlund University's Department of Engineering, a fellow at the Loen Kingdom Imperial Science Institute. As he had discovered a few metal alloys, he had received the Light of Machinery award, and he was just second to people like Turani von Helmosuin in the world of academics.

Furthermore, the few metal alloys were widely used in ship and steam engine construction. Just the licensing patent was enough to make him a tycoon with a wealth of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Upon hearing Walter, Klein casually glanced at him, realizing that he had some dark eye circles. His eye bags were a little puffy, making him look different from usual. It was as though he hadn't slept well the entire night.

If not for a Faceless's powers, Dwayne Dantès would probably look the same… Klein retracted his gaze in pity and didn't speak further. As he nodded gently in response to Walter's greetings, he entered the dining hall.

To be honest, Klein was rather impressed with him. He was able to hold back his fantasies and stop himself from approaching her to seek out pleasure, despite frequently meeting a Demoness. All he did was have wet dreams that included the target when alone at night.

One had to know that a Demoness, especially one who was in

the midst of or having passed the Pleasure Sequence, had a charm that far exceeded a Beyonder's effects towards males. Every action was filled with a charm that made any men who came close to them feel intoxicated and lost. It was like consuming opioids and gradually developing into something more serious, to the point of not being able to extricate oneself from the pleasure given by a Demoness. Perhaps only gay men could effectively resist such charms.

Of course, Klein suspected that gay men were not immune to it either. This was because one's mind and hormones would be affected, creating changes that originally didn't exist. Furthermore, a large number of Demonesses were men to begin with. This lowered one's psychological resistance.

And precisely because of this, even though he was a Sequence 5 Beyonder, Klein had to constantly maintain a high-strung state when facing Demonesses like Trissy and Tracy. He was afraid that any mishap might cause him to be charmed.

Even he wasn't immune to such effects, much less an ordinary person like Butler Walter. This wasn't something that willpower alone could resist!

Although perhaps being a result of Prince Edessak's death or her own advancement, Trissy was clearly able to rein in her charms. Walter is only an ordinary person. Hmm, even if he is one, he's at best a Sequence 9 or 8... For him to maintain his present state implies how strong his self-restraint is. He's very loyal to Prince Edessak, and he loves his wife and daughter... As Klein sighed, he sat down. Breakfast today was his favorite Desi pie. The oil that effused out of it made him salivate.

...

The sea late at night was nearly black as it was faintly dyed with

a sliver of crimson red. It was calmer and quieter than in the day.

The Blue Avenger was ebbing up and down in the waves like a ghost as it cruised towards the crimson moon.

Alger Wilson stood at the bow, looking far away at the waves. On the surface, he appeared staid as usual, but deep down, he could hardly hold back his agitation.

Ahead of him was the Abyss Maelstrom north of Sonia Island!

As it was a dangerous vortex that was famous for appearing without any signs, no ship was willing to enter these dangerous waters.

After delivering the report and leaving Pasu Island, Alger commandeered the Blue Avenger all the way north where they circled around Sonia Island and headed for this area.

Midway, they had docked at a harbor for resupplies without wasting any more time.

As for whether he would be suspected for heading north, Alger wasn't worried. This was because the Church of Storms was happy to have its captains head north of the Sonia Sea and the Fog Sea in order to obtain intel on the Feysac Empire, Intis Kingdom, Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the Church of the God of Combat.

Looking back at his ship, Alger walked deckside, took out a charm made of tin, held it in his palm, and chanted the incantation, "Storm!"

A blue flame soared and devoured the charm. Alger suddenly sensed a baffling affinity with all the fish in the ocean beneath him.

At that instant, both parties were able to communicate at the psyche level!

The tin charm was one of the items he had obtained from his resupply at Pasu Island, allowing him to have an affinity with undersea creatures, providing a crude level of psychic communication with him.

Amidst his thoughts, Alger didn't think of obtaining any intel. All he did was wait for the Blue Avenger to approach the Abyss Maelstrom and make a second attempt.

Seconds turned into minutes as Alger, who had failed nearly a hundred times, finally learned from a spindle-like fish about where Obninsks often appeared.

If I didn't know that the target is near the Abyss Maelstrom, I would've long given up. It's really difficult to grasp any reliable information through a brute-force search... Alger concluded as he touched his pocket.

He had already used up most of his affinity charms, with only five left.

I'll have to get another batch of them when I return. Others must not discover that I've expended all these... I heard the Rorsted Archipelago's Resistance has plenty... Heh heh... As Alger was pondering, he changed the direction of the Blue Avenger for the spot he had just learned about.

About an hour passed as the Blue Avenger stopped. Alger casually took out a sealed metal bottle.

This was the Sanguine anesthetic gas that he had spent 130 pounds to buy from The Moon. He had no doubt in regards to its effects because he had used one in the past.

As the Blue Avenger was a ghost ship, it didn't need many people to man it at night. There was only one person every night who was in charge of watching the ship, preventing it from deliberately creating problems or cruising into dangerous waters.

As the captain, Alger had arranged himself to be on duty that night without anyone noticing.

After he was done with his preparations, he came to the door of the sailors, took out a metallic pipe, and opened the bottle. He released the gas into each room, without even sparing the storeroom which stored all kinds of sundry. It was in case certain members of the crew were playing cards in there instead of sleeping.

After doing all of this, Alger, who wasn't in a rush to concoct the potion, brought the ingredients with him, changing into a diving suit that was made of shark skin. He leaped from the starboard and into the water, without causing any splashes.

Under the dark and calm waters, Alger's eyes gradually turned dark blue, allowing him to see his surroundings clearly.

He breathed in the air within the water comfortably as he arrived in a pitch-black deep sea.

Then, he used the affinity charm once again to communicate with the surrounding fish that were of different shapes and sizes.

With the advice from the kind fish, Alger identified his bearings and swam as he asked, finally arriving at what seemed like an underwater volcano.

The fish actually didn't know that an Obninsk stayed here. They only knew that their own kind and a number of top deep sea hunters often disappeared in the vicinity.

With his Beyonder powers, Alger looked far ahead and saw the huge, black cave in the undersea volcano. Tentacles that were thicker than pythons found in a Southern Continent primitive forest gently flailed outwards.

The huge suckers and patterned skin, as well as the cave that was several times the size of the Blue Avenger, left Alger apprehensive as he didn't dare approach.

An Obninsk is at least a powerful Sequence 5... Furthermore, it has a terrifying body... Hmm, I can confirm that it's my target... Alger carefully swam over and stopped at a distance from the threat. After careful identification, he used the affinity charm once again.

Following that, he allowed his spirituality to pass through the water and reach into the cave in an attempt to communicate with the powerful psyche force that was huddled inside.

The massive psyche slowly relaxed as countless thoughts were released.

It was taken aback for a moment before its psyche suddenly erupted like a volcano!

Roar!

Amidst a terrifying sound, the cave produced a ludicrous vortex that sucked the surrounding water, trash, as well as Alger towards it.

It's filled with animosity! Alger's pupils constricted as his body turned slippery as he was driven by a formless wind backward in an attempt to escape.

He used several Beyonder powers before escaping the influence of the vortex. He didn't dare stay near the undersea volcano, and he quickly surfaced before opening up a gap.

Almost a minute later, Alger, who had escaped the dangerous area, spat out bubbles as he heaved a sigh of relief.

That Obninsk can actually resist the influence of charms that increase an affinity with sea creatures…

Does it hate items with the Lord's aura?

After some thought, Alger, who didn't wish to waste this opportunity, steeled his resolve since he had already come this far. He began using Elvish to pray amidst the seawater.

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

Chapter 783: The Trick to Communication

When he heard the illusory pleas, Klein was attending a banquet at Portland Moment's place due to the time difference.

The banquet began from half-past seven, and it continued all the way to half-past nine, and even ten. This was because the appetizers, soup, side dishes, main dishes, staple food, vegetables, fruits, and desserts had numbered a total of ten to twenty dishes. The footmen would serve the dishes one after the other, removing and changing dishes in unison to prevent the dining table from turning chaotic, and also providing an interval between the dishes in order to allow the guests to chat. Gentlemen would take the initiative to talk to the ladies to their right.

In short, it's rather troublesome and exhausting. I even have to take note of which dish matches with which alcohol... However, it's quite tasty... Taking the opportunity when the roasted lamb was being switched out, he said to Ma'am Willis to his right, "My apologies. I'll need to use the washroom."

He got up, pressing his right hand to his chest and bending over slightly as a gesture. Then, he left the dining hall and headed for one of the washrooms on the second story.

Upon entering, he locked the door and immediately took four steps counterclockwise to head above the gray fog.

...Mr. Hanged Man's prayer. He wishes for me to help him in gaining the goodwill of an Obninsk, and he's willing to find 15 pages of Roselle's diary, or help me do something of equal value... His progress isn't slow... Klein sat at The Fool's seat as he emanated his spirituality and touched the constantly

burgeoning and contracting crimson star.

After pondering for a few seconds, he said, “Investigate all Feysac captains who participated in the Konotop sea battle in 1338.”

As a historian, Klein immediately knew which sea battle it was when he learned that the Interrogator had died at the hands of a Feysacian in 1338.

In 1338, the relationship between Loen and Feysac was tense with occasional conflicts. However, there was only one battle that resulted in the death of someone that was at the level of a commander. It was a sea battle that happened in East Balam’s Konotop.

And on a Feysacian fleet, there were definitely not many captains!

…

In the deep, dark waters, Alger Wilson saw the endless grayish-white fog and heard Mr. Fool’s answer.

Investigate all the captains from the Feysac Empire that were involved in the Konotop sea battle in 1338… Why would Mr. Fool pay attention to such a trivial figure? Is there some immense secret hidden in this matter? Alger’s heart stirred. Without any hesitation, he directly agreed.

“Your wish is my wish.”

Such a mission was difficult and very complicated for him, but it

wasn't dangerous. It was something that the present him could accept.

After the response, Alger heard Mr. Fool's deep voice once again:

"You can return to the target's vicinity."

That's it? As expected of Mr. Fool! After he obtained the authority, "He" is more like a Sea God than Kalvetua. His might isn't limited to the Rorsted Archipelago! Alger was delighted as he thanked The Fool solemnly. Then, bending his back and kicking his legs, he turned to head down, diving into the depths once more.

In just minutes, he returned beside the undersea volcano and saw a turbulent flow in the gigantic dark cave as the tentacles were flailing and had yet to calm down.

Although Alger trusted Mr. Fool in being sufficiently powerful and terrifying, an awakening ancient god, he instinctively became cautious when he saw that scene. He carefully inched forward.

He suspected that the Obninsk's flailing of its countless tentacles was a sign of welcoming him.

And at this moment, above the gray fog, The Sea God Scepter-wielding Klein frowned slightly.

"It refuses to communicate with Sea God, and it even hates the feeling, making it unwilling to show its goodwill…" he muttered under his breath, exasperated.

His influence on the surrounding waters through the prayee had failed!

For some unknown reason, the Obninsk strongly resisted Beyonder powers that promoted an affinity with sea creatures.

Through the prayer scene, he could see the thick tentacles thrashing about, and he vaguely sensed that the target was infuriated. It was trying to rip apart all living beings that dared approach it.

Mr. Hanged Man has gone over... He's going over... The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he decided to switch his approach.

He raised the Sea God Scepter a little higher, allowing the blue gems at the tip light up one after another, emitting a bright, blinding light!

Right on the heels of that, he directed the violent aura of Lightning Storm over, casting it on the Obninsk.

The thick tentacles that thrashed about at the bottom of the sea suddenly froze before falling down. They clung close to the seabed as countless green points of lights appeared in the dark cave.

Amidst a jarring rumbling sound, a terrifying monster that could devour a sailboat crawled out. Its patterned black body was massive and distorted. It had a total of three heads, and each head had more than a dozen eyes. All of them were emitting a green light!

The monster then prostrated, appearing as obedient as a trained

hound.

"Indeed, tricks are needed in communication." Klein nodded in satisfaction and once again used the Beyonder affinity powers to make the Obninsk open the mouths of its three heads via a psychic connection.

This made Alger instantly see three dark "caves," each of them large enough to provide a sailboat passage inside.

Praise be to Mr. Fool... Alger looked at the "magnificent" scene before him as he couldn't help but mutter inwardly.

He didn't waste any time, and he chose the middle head by quickly swimming towards it.

A spiraled and warped passage quickly appeared in Alger's vision as the walls were made of flesh. The width was comparable to the bow of the Blue Avenger.

Whoosh. Water flowed into the passage, heading right for the deep depths. Alger took the opportunity to let his body go with the flow.

Suddenly, he felt as though he was back as a Sailor, engaging in combat amidst waves, groggy from being tossed around. It couldn't be sustained.

By the time Alger used his Beyonder powers and got a hold of himself, he had already left the tunnel of flesh. He was in a dark, spacious world, with a sticky sensation by his feet. There was a putrid stench everywhere around him.

In just a second, Alger realized that the liquid inside was corroding him. He hurriedly produced a water membrane as he made it swell into a transparent sphere.

He knew that he was already inside the Obninsk's stomach. Without any hesitation, he took out all the bottles he had long prepared and began concocting the potion.

As the supplementary ingredients were thrown into the wide-mouthed metal bottle, they mixed into a dark blue liquid. Following that, Alger carefully threw in a "jellyfish" that enveloped azure-blue seawater in its translucent membrane.

The distant and ethereal singing grew in intensity before calming down. In the bottle, there wasn't any ripples or bubbles. The liquid was dark, just like the ocean before a storm.

Alger calmed his mind, entered Cogitation, and picked up the metal bottle before cleanly downing the Ocean Songster potion inside.

The liquid was cold as it brought about a numbness that slid down his gullet and into his stomach. It then spread throughout his body cells at an unimaginable speed.

At that instant, Alger vaguely heard countless voices. They came from all life at sea, but the Obninsk's body blocked most of it, leaving a relatively screened out version.

Plop! Plop! Plop!

Alger felt his heart beating violently as it spewed blood outwards. His spirituality and the sound waves began to remold his voice

and soul.

He couldn't help it as he opened his mouth, letting out a loud sigh.

Amidst the sigh, Alger felt his Spirit Body being ripped slightly. As the sound waves spread outwards, they first turned into mottled scales on his skin before pulling out long flesh tendrils that appeared like flailing tentacles.

The sound wave continued spreading outwards with his Spirit Body fragments, making contact with the sticky liquid within the Obninsk's stomach, and they magically bounced back, infusing Alger's body once again.

Alger, who was on the brink of losing control, instantly felt better as he seized the opportunity. Without any fear of embarrassing himself, he began singing loudly in a bid to vent the invisible sound waves that would blast his body apart.

Rough, messy, off-tune singing filled with a metallic quality spread outwards, wave after wave, mixing with the numerous Spirit Body fragments before bouncing back on the Obninsk's sticky stomach walls.

In this process, Alger was like an ingredient being baked in sound waves as he was molded into form.

Finally, he regained control of his body, and he grasped his spreading spirituality.

At last... Alger closed his eyes as a smile couldn't help but appear on his face.

He had completed the first goal he had for all these years—to advance to Ocean Songster!

I've gained superficial control of lightning, gaining a more all-rounded underwater mobility, as well as the ability to use singing to affect targets... The latter ability is different because of every person's uniqueness, producing different branching paths. One of them is to use beautiful singing to disrupt an enemy's Spirit Body, causing him to turn adrift and fall into a daze; another is to raise one's explosive strength; another is to simulate a thunderous boom to leave others in awe; and another is to use chaotic and unpleasant singing to leave the enemy frustrated, causing them to lose their rationality... Alger inspected himself as his expression turned a little odd.

He soon put these thoughts away, picked up his items, and swam towards the Obninsk's mouth before gently tapping on the already closed mouth.

The mouth slowly opened as it roared suddenly, spewing out everything in its mouth.

Alger instantly felt as though he was in midair as he nearly collided with a shark.

After a series of actions, he surfaced and swam towards the Blue Avenger.

Only after the ghost ship's outline was reflected in his eyes did he truly heave a sigh of relief.

Alger was only worried that something out of the ordinary would happen to the Blue Avenger while he was advancing.

Although an hour or two wasn't a huge problem, there were always all kinds of surprises in this world.

...

After receiving Mr. Hanged Man's gratitude again, Klein returned to the real world, washed, and dried his hands before leaving the washroom and walking towards the dining hall.

As the fragrance of food inundated his olfactory senses once again, he slowly drew a breath as he returned to his seat with a smile. As he gestured to the guests, he sat down.

At this point, it was already time for dessert.

From the looks of it, I stayed too long in the washroom... I hope that after today there wouldn't be talks about Dwayne Dantès having constipation... Klein silently muttered to himself as he smiled at Ma'am Willis to his right and said, "When I was young, I ate all kinds of strange food in the Southern Continent. One of them was called Tenet Tree plums. They taste like bland butter, just like these desserts."

He euphemistically explained the reason for his delay by implying that he had weakened his stomach from his younger days.

Chapter 784: Character Assassination

Ma'am Willis glanced at Dwayne Dantès and said with a smile, completely unfazed, "Your past, and your experiences in Desi Bay and the Southern Continent, are more interesting than any novel I've read. It makes me feel like having a similar experience of my own."

Of course, they're just real-life stories that have been tweaked. It's all thanks to Anderson Hood, a hunter that goes everywhere... As Klein cast his gaze on a tiny butter cake, he chuckled.

"It's because those are only the interesting ones. There are many that I'd rather not be reminded of."

After that simple statement, he began enjoying the dessert. However, when Ma'am Willis and the other ladies heard that, they were somehow reminded of a best-selling novel, "A Man with a Story." To them, Dwayne Dantès was such a man. Although he looked like a placid lake, there was more deep down. Hidden there were more pleasant surprises and plenty of pain.

The banquet ended twenty minutes to ten. A number of gentlemen and ladies went to the card room to play two hours of Texas hold'em, while the remaining men headed for the activity room to have a chat. They didn't bar women from joining, but as it was inevitable for them to broach on sexual matters while smoking, no women joined them. They either circled the piano at the first story and listened to and sang along with the performer, or they grouped up to play chess.

Klein chose to head to the activity room on the second story. Private conversations with a few people had helped him speed

up his admission into the circle.

After entering the room, he observed the environment and went straight for the windows to open them. Then, he pulled a nearby high-back chair to sit down.

Just as he did this, he saw the banquet's host, Portland Moment laugh with a pipe in hand.

"Men often need some space for themselves."

His voice was sonorous, and he had a big build. He was an elder in his sixties with a ruddy complexion and rather thick hair despite being all white. His facial features were the most classic features of a Loenese man with nothing that stood out.

"Yes, men have to take note of their image when the ladies are around. We have to be considerate about their thoughts. I've already wanted to kiss this an hour ago," Hazel's father, Member of Parliament Macht, took out a gorgeous silver box, taking out a cigar from inside.

The other men in the activity room did the same as pipes or cigarettes appeared in their hands as though they were pulling off a magic trick.

As the flames flickered, wisps of smoke began to billow, filling the room as though the smog from yesteryear hadn't dispersed.

After enjoying it for a few seconds with his eyes closed, Portland Moment looked to the guest by the window and asked, "Dwayne, do you not smoke?"

Klein clenched his fist and placed it to his mouth, coughing slightly as he said, “I have yet to recover. The doctor advised me not to smoke for the time being.”

To be frank, he was almost choking. Thankfully, he had smartly chosen a seat by the window.

This group smoke like chimneys… Klein curled his right index finger and rubbed against his nostrils.

He had the urge to use the Beyonder powers of a Magician to create an invisible air pipe that extended outside to draw in fresh air so as to escape the harm of second-hand smoke. But considering how there might be Beyonders hiding amongst these men, he wisely gave up on the idea.

Portland Moment laughed upon hearing that.

“I heard from Bishop Elektra that it’s not without reason that you were sick. You lack a wife!”

This professor was a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, but his wife was a believer of the Evernight Goddess. Therefore, they had taken up residence in Böklund Street near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He often had bishops visiting him and having exchanges.

Is he mocking me for thinking about women despite being sick? I really couldn’t tell that Bishop Elektra is actually a man who likes spreading gossip… It’s all Arrodes’s fault! Klein lampooned and shook his head with a smile.

“I place great importance on marriage. I’d rather remain single if

there's no one suitable."

At this moment, the high-ranking employee of the Backlund municipal office, Mr. Willis, spewed out smoke and said, "Actually, I envy Dwayne's single status. it allows him to be able to pursue any kind of woman that he likes."

He had deliberated enunciated "any kind," causing ambiguous laughter to sound out.

The matter of Dwayne Dantès's wide preferences and him never rejecting any charming woman has already spread across this street? Klein held back his right hand to prevent himself from subconsciously rubbing his temples. He felt that the deep, dignified, handsome, gregarious new tycoon's image was undergoing a subtle change.

He first suspected that it was the loudmouth, Bishop Elektra, that had spread the news, but later believed that it was Butler Walter who had proactively gotten the servants to spread the gossip.

This was because a nearly flawless, charming gentleman would often be unknowingly ostracized by members of the same sex in a circle. But when a blemish surfaced, with a topic that could be used in jest, it made it easier for him to build closer ties.

Klein wasn't angry about such treatment; instead, he deliberately gave a wry smile in a rather gentlemanly manner.

"That's why I have difficulty choosing, causing me to remain single to this day."

“Haha.” Portland Moment and company laughed in unison.

Member of Parliament Macht then said, “What you need is to be a little more decisive. A good marriage and a good family aids a man greatly.”

He stopped teasing him and gave serious advice.

From the looks of it, no matter which world you’re in, you can’t escape the fate of being pressured into marriage… Klein nodded gently and glanced out the window, taking in the night scenery of Portland Moment’s garden.

At this moment, he saw a figure. It was Hazel Macht, who was dressed in a black-green gown, following a trail going deeper into the garden, pausing from time to time to look around as though she was looking for something.

Wasn’t this lady playing the piano just now? Why would she suddenly be in the garden? When Klein retracted his gaze, Hazel’s figure was blocked by flowers.

When guests attend banquets or balls, leaving the hall to head into the garden isn’t something impolite. After all, it’s a very stylish habit to take a stroll under the moon and take in the flowery aroma of the night winds. However, this often implies a rendezvous.

Who’s Hazel rendezvousing with? No, it doesn’t seem like it. No one that came today is truly her “equal.” Although she doesn’t appear as arrogant after the fright she suffered in the sewers, making her occasionally look depressed, she still seems to belittle ordinary people deep down… She’s dealing with the negative effects of the mystical item? That doesn’t make sense. Entering a lounge or the washroom would be better than the garden since

there's more privacy. Furthermore, back at the ball held at her place, she also went to the third story and not the garden… Klein eliminated the various impossibilities and finally had a theory.

From the way Hazel is trying to sense or find something, she seems to have noticed some abnormality and plans to observe and deal with it up close?

Does this also mean that there's some paranormal activity happening in Professor Portland Moment's house?

If that's true, this professor or someone in his family isn't simple at all… The bishops of the Saint Samuel Cathedral haven't realized anything despite them visiting often!

Hmm, a Marauder's senses and observation skills in certain areas definitely stand out…

Klein didn't have any thoughts of intervening in the situation outside. After all, something that Hazel could sense was definitely nothing too dangerous. Besides, Saint Samuel Cathedral was nearby. If there were any hidden secrets, no one would attempt to escalate matters and, would instead, try to lay low.

At this moment, Macht finally calmed down from an untasteful joke and looked towards Portland Moment.

"I heard you'll be leaving Backlund University?"

Professor Portland Moment sucked at his pipe and said, "That's right. The Higher Education Commission wishes that I become the chancellor of the reorganized Backlund University of

Technology. Heh heh, although a large amount of my wealth comes from metal alloys, what I'm best at is mechanical engineering."

"They've promised to build me a better laboratory there, and also provide me with more funding. Ha, at my age, having more autonomy and helpers is more important."

Mr. Willis echoed with a smile, "And Backlund University will have a full-time professor spot empty up. Those Senior Associate Professors that have been waiting for decades can finally have a chance."

In Loen's tertiary education system, full-time professors weren't just a title, but also a post. It was equivalent to a dean, so there was only one.

Backlund University of Technology... Klein smiled as he listened, keeping silent on matters he didn't know much about.

...

In the garden, Hazel arrived in a dark and secluded corner.

She had discovered that ants and other insects on the ground were gathering in an abnormal manner, and her spiritual perception felt that something was hidden here.

This was innate to her Sequence, and it had never failed in the past.

Without any additional help, she could directly choose the

precious items hidden among several sealed boxes. Of course, she wasn't able to distinguish what it was exactly. All she knew was that compared to the rest, what her spiritual perception told her was something definitely more valuable.

Just like Mr. Dwayne Dantès. He definitely has extremely precious items on him… Hazel curled the corners of her lips as she cast her gaze at the soil which looked a little loose.

She sensed that copious amounts of spirituality were gathered underneath, thus attracting insects and souls.

It's not a human body. It's some spirituality-equipped materials that have been used… They should've been thrown away in batches, but they were instead buried together, causing unnecessary changes… Hazel's eyes turned darker as she interpreted the situation underground based on the unhidden spirituality traits and changes.

She tipped her chin slightly and looked back at the building. She believed that Portland Moment's family had at least one person with extraordinary powers.

And if this problem in the garden wasn't resolved, the nearby houses would have paranormal activity in the coming days!

Hazel retracted her gaze, extended her left hand, and aimed it at the soil. With a gentle grip, she slowly twisted her wrist.

The gathered spirituality vanished as though it had been stolen by someone.

Chapter 785: Trissy's Discovery

100 Böklund Street, in a corner of the garden in Portland Moment's residence.

The many ants and worms that were gathering there slowly dispersed as the cold, creepy sensation faded.

That person with extraordinary powers likely doesn't have any experience... With her goal achieved, Hazel nodded indiscernibly before turning around briskly and strolling through the garden.

She wasn't in a rush to return as she enjoyed the crimson moonlight, the cold air, and the faint flowery scent.

After a long while, Hazel stopped her stroll and left the garden, entering the hall on the first story.

At this moment, apart from the guests still playing Texas hold'em, many ladies and gentlemen had bid farewell. Moments after Hazel found her mother, Ma'am Riana, she saw her father, Member of Parliament Macht, and a few other gentlemen walking down as they conversed with lively expressions.

"Are you ready to head home? You have to visit a very important guest tomorrow morning." As Riana gestured for her daughter to come close, she walked towards her husband and greeted the others with a smile.

Macht nodded and said, "I would've loved to try another of Portland's cigars if not for that matter."

Riana swept her gaze to Willis, Dwayne Dantès, and company, and she asked in passing, “Gentlemen, what are you talking about? It sounds interesting.”

Macht turned his body to the side and said with a smile, “Dwayne said that he encountered ghosts when he was in the Southern Continent.

“He and his companions suddenly woke up in the middle of the night and found themselves unable to open their eyes. Their bodies were heavy, as though someone was pressing on them.

“They used a great deal of strength before escaping such a state and left their beds. However, they discovered their rooms were extremely cold. You might not know this, but East Balam’s weather is hot most of the time.

“Then, Dwayne and his companions each held double-barreled hunting rifles and stood guard the entire night. They frantically left the town after the sun rose.”

After hearing that, Ma’am Riana looked at Dwayne Dantès with piqued interest.

“Is that true?

“Do ghosts really exist?”

Klein shook his head with a smile.

“That I’m not sure of. Perhaps my companions and I had just experienced a harrowing adventure and our bodies and minds

weren't in the best of conditions. This might've resulted in all kinds of problems."

The stories he told were sourced from one of Anderson's experiences. Back when the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea was exploring a temple in the primitive forest, he chanced upon a specter, creating a large-scale breakout overnight.

Ghosts... Hazel turned her head to look towards the garden as the corners of her mouth curved up slightly before she held back.

She didn't say a word as she quietly listened to her parents bidding the rest of them farewell before returning home together.

Late at night, Hazel, who had changed into a sleeping gown, walked to the balcony and stood behind a gap in the curtains. She looked towards the sewer manhole on Böklund Street.

As she looked at it, her face gradually turned pale as though she had recalled an experience filled with pain and horror.

She forced herself to retract her gaze, took two deep breaths, and turned around to walk to her bedside.

During this process, she bit gently on her lip and muttered silently, *That was likely a wraith... Definitely...*

I need items or charms in the Sun domain...

While Hazel was looking at the manhole, Klein was also doing the same.

It's been days. I wonder how well that Demoness, Trissy, has recovered and whether she has left or not... Thankfully, after Hazel was given a scare by me, she hasn't dared to approach the manhole... Klein's gaze swept the iron-black street lamps as he nodded slightly.

He opened the iron cigar case and made his Wraith marionette appear within the full-body mirror.

He had already decided to send Senor down the sewers to check the area to confirm Trissy's condition. He didn't want that Demoness to cause any trouble.

Furthermore, the sewers were just physically too close to his identity as Dwayne Dantès. Klein didn't wish for Trissy to be in the vicinity any longer, wishing that she could recover soon and take action. That would prompt her to leave Böklund Street.

Hmm, having Admiral of Blood Senor appear every once in a while would fulfill the character setting I previously created. It doesn't live nearby, and because the sewers contains a secret, it often wanders around in search of it... As Klein was thinking, he made the marionette in the ancient triangular hat leap onto the street lamp's surface before passing through the manhole cover in a Wraith form, quickly approaching the hidden fork where Trissy hid herself at.

Before reaching the dead end, Senor, who had night vision, could see that the area was empty.

She's already recovered and left? Klein thought as he made the marionette continue forward, stopping at the spot where Trissy was previously sitting.

He discovered that the place was tidied up. Not only was the

ground not muddy and moist, even the moss on the walls and corner had vanished.

There isn't any leftover food either… That fellow became a germaphobe after becoming a woman? No, perhaps he was like that to begin with… With Senor's vision, Klein surveyed the area and determined that either Trissy hadn't left, or she hadn't left for more than a day; otherwise, it was impossible to maintain the cleanliness of the place.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, light footsteps sounded into the Wraith's ear.

Under his control, Senor retraced his steps and wasn't surprised to see Trissy in her black dress.

This Demoness had her luscious black hair cascading down, unlike peers her age who had different hairstyles. It was simple and neat.

Matched with her pale face that had just recovered some of its ruddiness, Trissy looked like a dreamy flower that was silently blooming in the night.

As expected of a Demoness… Thankfully, there's a marionette in between us; otherwise, I would just end up staring at her… Heh heh, a dead person won't be enticed! No matter how charming a Demoness is, there's no way they can make the deceased climb out of a tomb like a zombie… Klein lampooned as he looked at Trissy who had a blank expression but was secretly wary, having released the invisible threads.

"Where did you go?"

Trissy pricked up her brows and said, “Would you like to relieve yourself where you sleep?”

Uh… I thought a Demoness wouldn’t need to use the washroom… Klein gave a self-deprecating comment and made Senor chuckle.

“Are you referring to pissing and shitting?”

He had deliberately made the marionette say such words, as it matched Admiral of Blood’s persona of a boorish pirate.

Trissy indiscernibly frowned and said, “Is there anything else?”

Senor didn’t continue on the topic as he said, “You look like you’ve almost recovered.”

Trissy smiled.

“Not bad. I’ll be leaving tomorrow.”

She paused as she slightly narrowed her slender eyes.

“To be frank, I doubt whether you’re the real Admiral of Blood at times.”

Of course it’s real! You should ask if he’s alive or dead… With his interest piqued, Klein made Senor ask, “Why do you say that?”

Trissy’s gaze swept over the Wraith’s face and said, “It’s said that

Admiral of Blood is someone who indulges in his desires, and he has no resistance towards beautiful females and males.

"Yet, I don't see any sparks of desire when you face me.

"I believe the real Admiral of Blood would've added the condition of doing something I wouldn't want to in the agreement."

Klein deliberated for two seconds and made Senor give a self-deprecating smile.

"I'm afraid of finding myself lost to Pleasure and ending up being controlled by you."

Trissy's expression instantly changed. This was indeed one of the reasons why she had raised the topic.

To a Demoness of Pleasure, Beyonders who habitually indulged in their desires were natural prey.

Klein actively ignored the topic and made the marionette say, "You're seeking out the target tomorrow?

"Very clearly, the royal guard captain knows you and knows what you look like."

After all, you were arranged by them to be by Prince Edessak's side... Klein silently added.

Trissy lowered her head and looked at her toes before chuckling.

“Rest at ease, I have the perfect plan.”

As she spoke, she turned her body sideways and casually looked deep into the sewers.

“If you set off from here, at the end of the sixth left fork is a hidden passage. It has signs of prolonged human activity. Heh heh, I discovered it while walking around in the past few days.

“I believe it has something to do with that girl, right…

“It’s also the reason why you’re here?”

Hidden passage? Klein didn’t confirm or deny it. He made Senor smile and say, “Did you discover anything?”

Trissy shook her head.

“There was nothing at all. Perhaps only a certain pathway, or someone with a specific item, can find the clues.”

A Marauder’s intuition, or something on Hazel’s person? Klein didn’t make Senor continue on the topic as he pressed his hand to his chest and bowed with a smile.

“Since you’ve recovered, I can be at ease.”

The moment he said that, he suddenly vanished.

Trissy focused her eyes into a stare, but it was to no avail. Only when the invisible threads she had released was hit by a breeze did she retract her gaze, confirming that Admiral of Blood had really left.

At that moment, Klein had brought the Wraith back to the manhole without attempting to explore the spot which Trissy had mentioned.

There were three reasons for his decision. First, it had exceeded a hundred meters. Second, he suspected that he wouldn't find anything since he wasn't from the Marauder pathway, nor did he have the corresponding items. Third, Trissy was still around.

...

Fors woke up naturally on a Sunday morning as she got up to wash up. As she chewed on a fresh piece of toast, she retrieved a stack of items from her mailbox.

As she walked to the coffee table with a cup of coffee on it, she casually flipped through the items and discovered a reply letter she had been looking forward to.

Throwing down the papers, bills, and other letters, Fors tore open the envelope.

"...Teacher is already in Backlund?" Fors quickly read through the letter as she muttered in surprise.

At the same time, she saw the toast in her mouth plunge to the ground.

Chapter 786: Accounting Fraud

Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street.

Just as the attendant at the front desk was about to drink some water, she saw a lady walk in.

The lady was about 1.65 meters tall, and she wore a light-colored dress with frilly sides. Her brown curly hair cascaded down as she wore colored glasses. She looked casual, just like someone who had just returned from Desi Bay.

She held a dark brown leather suitcase as she unhurriedly walked to the front desk.

A lady with extraordinary disposition... Her attire is nice... How I wish I could see what she looks like without her glasses... As a female, the attendant habitually sized up her clothes and accessories.

She then heard the lady say in a languid tone, "One night. A single room."

"2 soli and 8 pence." The attendant gave her the room rate for the day and directly asked, "Do you have any identification documents?"

She wasn't too adamant about registering her identity, because the inn had no means of confirming the authenticity of the documents.

“Yes.” The lady put down her dark brown suitcase and took out an identification document from her handbag before passing it to her.

“Margaret Taylor…” the attendant muttered as she registered her before finding a bunch of keys. “Room 2012.”

“Thank you.” The lady in fashionable attire received the keys, carried the dark brown suitcase, and walked towards the staircase.

At this moment, an attendant in a red vest came over. He bowed and asked, “How may I help you?”

He immediately cast his gaze on the dark brown suitcase.

The lady curled her lips into a smile as she shook her head.

“There’s no need. It’s very light.”

With that said, she didn’t stop as she walked up the stairs and entered Room 2012.

Only after she closed the door and put down the suitcase did she raise her right hand to her chest, letting out a long sigh of relief.

Why do I feel like a psychotic murderer…

She was none other than the disguised Fors. There was nothing in her suitcase except for Mr. X’s head which was wrapped in newspapers!

The two attendants from before probably wouldn't have guessed that a fashionable lady didn't have any clothes, facial products, or makeup in her suitcase, but a cracked, bloody head... If they were to discover that, everyone in the inn would be given a fright... This is source material for a detective novel! Fors calmed her feelings of anxiousness and picked up her suitcase again and opened the door.

She observed the corridor and saw no one walking through it. She hurriedly walked out and headed for Room 2016 and rapped on the wooden door.

Her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, was living in the same room he previously used.

After sensing someone sizing her up through the peephole, Fors heard the doorknob twist as the gears unlocked.

Dorian Gray was dressed in a black suit with very broad shoulders. He looked to the left and right warily before making way, allowing his student to enter.

"No one noticed you, right?" Following that, he closed the door and asked cautiously.

Fors put down the suitcase and removed the colored glasses that hid half her face.

"No, I used a fake identity."

As a Beyonder in Backlund with rather rich experience as a Low-Sequence Beyonder, having a few fake identification documents was necessary.

Furthermore, she had Xio's expert help in such matters.

The only problem was that it was ultimately a fake identity that couldn't stand up to police scrutiny.

However, Fors had heard that there were places where real identity documentation could be obtained. Furthermore, they were documents which the police department had a record of, with the pictures swapped. Of course, the price was much more expensive.

Dorian nodded gently and silently exhaled. As he got Fors to sit, he brought a chair over and said, "You mentioned that someone is paying to find the direct descendants of the Abraham family at a Beyonder gathering in Backlund? And the goal is to find information on Mr. Door?"

"Yes, Teacher," Fors said nothing but the truth. "I don't know much about the family, so I thought of asking you to see if you knew anything."

She hid two points, namely the Beyonder gathering being called the Tarot Gathering, and that she long knew that her teacher was a member of the Abraham family.

Dorian sat down and drank a sip from a white porcelain teacup. He asked with a calm expression, "Who was the one asking?"

"I'm not sure. I can only confirm that it was a woman. She had concealed her appearance. Uh, she seemed very powerful and must have quite a strong backing." Fors described her impression of Ma'am Hermit.

What she didn't say was that this woman had close ties with Queen Mystic Bernadette.

Dorian Gray pondered for a few seconds before saying, "I don't know much either. All I know is that Mr. Door is the ancestor of the Abraham family. He vanished during the War of the Four Emperors. You can try using this piece of information to get some of the bounty."

Mr. Door is the Abraham family's ancestor? Mr. Door, who made the Abraham family suffer the curse of the full moon, causing many members to lose control, is actually the Abraham family's ancestor? Fors was alarmed.

Having already learned some of the problems of the Abraham family from Mr. Fool, she couldn't believe that the cause of all of this was the source of the bloodline!

Does Mr. Door not know the consequences of his actions? Fors muttered silently as she couldn't help but frown.

Dorian Gray noticed his student's abnormal reaction as he asked, somewhat puzzled, "Is there a problem?"

Oh no, I didn't manage to hide my expression... Fors deliberated and said, "I just don't understand. It's been more than a thousand years, so apart from the Abraham family's direct descendants, who would wish to gather information on Mr. Door and why?"

Perhaps they're trying to find Mr. Door? Ah right, Queen Mystic is Emperor Roselle's daughter, and Mr. Door has appeared in Emperor Roselle's diary. Therefore, the queen is trying to find Mr. Door to figure out the truth of the past. That's normal... However, Mr. Door vanished in the War of the Four Emperors, more than a

thousand years before Emperor Roselle's era. How did they manage to contact each other... Could it be that Emperor Roselle could also hear the full moon ravings... Hmm, I remember Mr. Fool making a remark that Mr. Door might be calling for help... If that's the case, it's really... it's really... As an author, Fors was momentarily at a loss for words to describe her feelings.

Dorian revealed a wry smile and said, "Certainly, I'm also puzzled about this problem. Remember to tell me if you find the answer."

Fors didn't harp on this matter, afraid that Dorian Gray would notice anything amiss. She then said, "Teacher, why did you suddenly come to Backlund?"

Dorian smiled and picked up a cigarette as he raised it to his nose to give it a whiff. Without lighting it, he said, "I happen to have some matters that need me to be in Backlund. I also decided to check on your digestion progress."

In fact, he had been alarmed by Fors's letter. He couldn't believe that anyone in the world would still be asking about Mr. Door. One had to know that even the Abraham family had given up such attempts. He was the only one who kept at it, teaching students on his own accord.

This also made him recall a prophecy that was passed around within the family—the Abrahams were increasingly approaching their destruction.

When he connected the two matters together, he rushed over to Backlund to confirm his student's situation. He wished that she could advance as soon as possible, leaving some hope for the Abraham family.

“I just grasped the various astrological knowledge,” Fors replied, feeling a little guilty.

Due to her lack of money, she hadn’t bought the high-quality crystal ball needed by an Astrologer.

To not continue on this topic, Fors began asking Dorian Gray about the acting principles needed for Astrologer, obtaining advice such as “astrology isn’t all-powerful.”

Towards the end, Fors glanced at the dark brown suitcase beside her and said, “Teacher, there’s one more matter.”

“What is it?” Dorian leaned back into his chair as he leisurely drank a mouthful of black tea.

Fors followed the script she had prepared and said, “After knowing that Lewis Wien betrayed the organization, inflicting a great deal of harm upon all of you, I’ve always had the thought of finding him and exacting revenge for all of you.”

“Give up that thought!” Dorian sat up straight. “Even if you have Leymano’s Travels, you are no match for him, much less able to kill him! I’m very glad that you have such thoughts, but there’s no need to take unnecessary risks.”

I’m definitely not able to do it alone… Fors mumbled silently before saying, “I got to know a very powerful bounty hunter. I spent about 10,000 pounds to seek his help.”

She wasn’t able to estimate the cost of the job, so she had used the price that Miss Audrey paid when previously entrusting them to kill the Intis ambassador.

That might be a cheat... Lewis Wien is likely a Traveler, and he has the support of the Aurora Order... Dorian didn't hold any hopes of any bounty hunter being Lewis Wien's match when he heard his student say, "He has already succeeded."

Cough! Cough! Cough! Dorian choked on his saliva as he broke out into a fit of coughs.

He dropped the teacup to the ground, but it bounced up like magic, firmly landing on the coffee table.

"He has given me Lewis Wien's head." Fors held up the dark brown suitcase and opened it, taking out the spherical object which was wrapped in newspapers.

With the newspapers unfolded bit by bit, Dorian saw that face he would never forget. The smug smile on Lewis Wien's face back when he attacked the Abraham family's headquarters was gone. His head was covered in cracks, as though it had been glued together piece by piece. It was gruesome, filled with pain and despair.

As an Astrologer, Dorian Gray's spiritual intuition told him that it was undoubtedly Lewis Wien's head.

"Good, very good..." Dorian muttered in excitement before looking up at his student. "Who was the bounty hunter? I can't imagine Backlund having such a powerful bounty hunter."

Fors hesitated for a moment before saying, "Gehrman Sparrow."

Chapter 787: Dorian's Warning

Gehrman Sparrow... Dorian felt the vessels on his forehead pulse when he heard that as he held his hands together, tensing up without realizing it.

Situated in Pritz Harbor, he inevitably learned of the various news at sea, both actively and passively, knowing far more than the residents in Backlund who relied on the newspapers.

In recent months, he often heard from different channels of information about Gehrman Sparrow. From killing Steel Maveti to severely injuring Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, to successfully hunting Admiral of Blood Senor, all these stories were colored with mania.

He left the sea and came to Backlund? He hasn't changed his trait of craziness! Dorian held back the horror and wariness that subconsciously rose in his heart as he looked at his student and said in a deep voice, "It's best that you minimize your communication with that bounty hunter.

"He's bound to get into big trouble one day, and it wouldn't take long for that to happen."

Teacher is indeed experienced and has great acumen. He instantly saw through Mr. World's intrinsic nature... Unfortunately, I'm already a member of the Tarot Club, so it's impossible not to communicate with him... Fors adjusted her state of mind and sincerely nodded.

"Yes, Teacher."

Dorian composed himself and once again looked at his former student and current enemy, Lewis Wien.

However, this Traveler could no longer speak. He didn't even have an iota of spirituality left.

After a few seconds of silence, Dorian leaned back slightly and looked at Fors.

"You mentioned paying 10,000 pounds for the job?"

He wasn't aware of Fors's financial situation, other than knowing that his student was a best-selling author who likely earned quite a bit from her royalties. Furthermore, she seemed to be doing quite well in the few Beyonder circles with transactions that rewarded handsomely. Therefore, it wasn't too surprising or unacceptable that she could save up 10,000 pounds.

Fors fidgeted, feeling a slight guilty-conscience as she said, "Is it too expensive?"

She deliberately asked a question in order to hide the fact that she had mentioned a fake number, so as to show that she didn't have much experience in such matters.

Dorian shook his head.

"No, it's too cheap.

"It's so cheap that I suspect whether Gehrman Sparrow has other motives."

As a member of the Abraham family which had suffered numerous setbacks, he often maintained a relatively high level of wariness.

In the professional terminology of various clubs and gatherings, that's called a membership fee... Fors lampooned as she "frankly" said, "There were other conditions, including everything on Lewis Wien's person belonging to him, as well as the requirement of me providing him help. Also, I promised that if he's in need of cash in the future, I will compensate him an additional 3,000 pounds."

"That's reasonable, but just barely." Dorian nodded gently and said, "Usually, assassinating Lewis Wien who had the Aurora Order backing him would cost at least 30,000 pounds. Hmm, and if there are other situations, the price will be higher."

Back then, Mr. World had used demigod powers recorded in Leymano's Travels... He probably encountered something else... An Aurora Order Saint? Having had an edifying experience exerted on her by the Tarot Club, Fors wasn't unfamiliar with the Aurora Order's structure. She didn't hide her frown as she said, "From the looks of it, it's indeed a little abnormal. Perhaps he's in desperate need of cash?"

Dorian thought and said, "Perhaps he cares more about Lewis Wien's Beyonder characteristic. To the Beyonders of other pathways, it can be forged into a rather useful mystical item as long as he finds a suitable Artisan..."

Dorian paused for two seconds before adding, "There's no need to worry about that. Just stay away from him in the future.

"Perhaps he had long targeted Lewis Wien, and he was just using the information you provided to carry out the assassination while still getting an additional bonus."

Dorian didn't continue on the topic as he took out a fist-sized pure crystal ball from his pocket.

"It's made of Star Crystal, and it can effectively raise your astromancy."

The light shone in from outside the window as resplendent "waves" surfaced within the crystal ball.

Without waiting for Fors to reject, Dorian chuckled.

"Lewis Wien is my enemy. The payment used to get rid of him should be paid by me. I don't have that much cash at the moment, and I can only use some items to deduct from the payment."

"No, there's no need..." Fors shook her head, partially genuine, but partially in contradiction to her will.

It was genuine because she only wanted to seek revenge for her teacher back when she thought of getting rid of Lewis Wien without considering the possible rewards she could later receive. It was in contradiction to her will because she couldn't reject the reward.

Dorian said with a stern expression, "Do you wish for me to be ashamed and uneasy?

"Don't worry. I still have quite a bit of wealth."

Fors nodded in response.

“Alright then…”

Dorian smiled once again.

“Also, I’ve brought you the Scribe potion formula. You can gather the corresponding ingredients as you digest the Astrologer potion. Heh heh, I’ll prepare one of the main ingredients for you —the brain of an Asmann. You’ll have to rely on yourself for the rest.”

An Asmann was said to be a monster that existed in ancient times. It looked like an unprotected human brain that could fill a room. Not only could it create terrifying illusions, but it could also make its attackers die from their own attacks.

As he spoke, Dorian took out a yellowish-brown goatskin and passed it to Fors.

Fors received it in gratitude and quickly scanned the list of main ingredients:

“One complete brain of an Asmann, cursed artifact of an ancient wraith…”

I hope I can gather the remaining ingredients before I finish digesting the Astrologer potion… Just as Fors rolled up the goatskin, she saw Dorian take out a pure golden box from his suitcase.

After removing the wall of spirituality, Dorian opened the box as he said, “Without the gold enclosing it, the brain of an Asmann will constantly affect you, causing you to hallucinate until you lose your mental facilities.”

Inside the squarish box was a blob of grayish-white, translucent, and wrinkled object. It was about a fifth the size of Lewis Wien's head.

As expected of a family with a long history... Fors sincerely thanked him once again and received the golden box and skilfully closed it and used a wall of spirituality to seal it.

Dorian didn't stop and instead gave an excuse for Fors to stay back. He set up a ritual and summoned the void creature Malmouth who enjoyed music. He then took out two documents from the creature's spherical body.

He had prepared the three items for Fors when he received the shocking news regarding Mr. Door; therefore, he had it on him.

"These are two pieces of property in Backlund. One of them is in Hillston Borough, and the other is in Cherwood Borough. They're in excellent locations and should have a total valuation of about 6,500 pounds. The amount you can sell them for will be yours," Dorian said with a smile.

Although the Abraham family was in a state of decline, as a former angel family with a long history, it still had quite a bit of resources, including land, tree farms, property, manors, and mines. However, Dorian only had control over a few, with most of the remainder belonging to the various smaller families.

The place I'm renting costs 2,500 pounds and s in an okay district but an average location... What Teacher gave me today does add up to about 10,000 pounds... Fors couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

...

In the Holy Wind Cathedral, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus looked at the Mandated Punisher deacon and said, “Any findings?”

The new Backlund archbishop was a middle-aged man with a domineering demeanor. His dark blue hair was thick, and he had large earlobes. His eyes seemed to constantly hide lightning and storms within them.

The Mandated Punisher deacon standing before his desk was a thin middle-aged man wearing a modified captain’s hat. His looks didn’t stand out, but there was an anchor tattoo on his neck.

The man answered reverently, “Your Eminence, we’ve already caught some of the members who participated in the gathering.

“However, they have no idea who the rest are, much less know of the person who assassinated Mr. X.

“According to their description, the assailant was about 1.6 meters tall and likely female. We can’t rule out the possibility that it’s a short man.”

Randall held back his anger and asked, “What do you plan on doing next?”

“As we are temporarily unable to know who Mr. X invited to the gathering, and 1.6-meter-tall women are common, our plan is to relax our stance on the surface as we target a few suspicious targets and convert those we’ve caught into informants. Without us exerting any danger, those bunch of lunatics from the Aurora Order will definitely seek out the murderer themselves in order to avenge Mr. X. They’ll likely do a carpet search, and this way, not only will we find the assassin, but we can also discover more

clues to the Aurora Order," the thin middle-aged man explained in detail.

Randall nodded in thought and said, "Roy, when taking action, remember to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.

"The situation is clear that the Aurora Order has at least a Saint in Backlund. And the assassin's strength is greater than the typical Sequence 5 Beyonder, and they similarly have a demigod backing them."

"Yes, Your Eminence." Roy Wellesley struck the left side of his chest with his right fist.

...

"Dwayne, you often exceed my expectations. It hasn't taken you long to finish studying The Revelation of Evernight's Book of Wisdom." Inside Saint Samuel Cathedral, Bishop Elektra closed the bible in his hands and smiled at the pious tycoon with gray sideburns and deep blue eyes.

Klein laughed and replied, "This is expected of a believer.

"Next up is the study of the Letters of the Saints?"

"Yes, which saint do you wish to begin with?" Elektra asked.

Klein looked to his sides and chuckled.

"Let's do Saint Samuel then."

Elektra wasn't surprised at that as he seriously introduced, "Saint Samuel was a Backlund archbishop during the Fourth Epoch of the Trunsoest Empire. He contributed greatly to the spreading of the Goddess's faith and entered 'Her' divine kingdom before dying, becoming an angel…"

As he spoke, he flipped to the corresponding Letters of the Saints.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He felt a deep sense of evil and diabolical will spread above him.

Following that, a cold and quiet feeling extended from underground, leveling everything and restoring the cathedral to its former tranquility.

Bishop Elektra snapped out of his daze and said to Dwayne Dantès who didn't seem to detect anything, "Sorry, I just recalled something."

Chapter 788: Hidden Passage

"It's fine," Klein replied with a warm smile.

Although he didn't seem to notice anything, thoughts were flying through his mind. He began considering what the anomaly that happened during that instant meant.

Previously, the Keepers would head upstairs along the nearby staircase. It can be preliminary determined that they live there, coinciding with the area where the anomaly happened... The Keepers aren't in the best of conditions, so the chances of them losing control are greater than ordinary Beyonders, causing them to suddenly release a sense of an evil and diabolical will?

And this was suppressed and quelled by the core seal deep behind Chanis Gate?

If that's the case, there are two possibilities. One, the core seal behind Chanis Gate can sense all the anomalies in Saint Samuel Cathedral, and then react instinctively. Second, during the Keeper's watch over the years, they are constantly corroded by the core seal's powers. In a certain sense, they are a part of it, or they bear the weight of the corresponding traits. Once any abnormalities happen, their bodies will immediately intervene.

If it's the former, that means that when I knock a Keeper unconscious and replace him, it will easily be detected by the core seal behind Chanis Gate. It will produce an anomaly like before, causing my plan to fail right at the beginning. If it's the latter, I'll definitely be repelled when entering Chanis Gate, even when disguised as a Keeper...

I need to figure out the problem before coming up with a direct countermeasure…

It's really difficult to steal Sealed Artifacts from the various Churches. It's no wonder almost no one is willing to do so…

As Klein's thoughts wandered, he superficially paid attention to Bishop Elektra's explanation of Saint Samuel's experiences and letters that he left behind. When it was almost time, he politely bade him farewell.

After returning to 160 Böklund Street, he saw his butler approach just as he handed his hat and cane to Richardson.

"Sir, do you plan on holding a ball or banquet next weekend and invite the neighbors?" Walter wasn't using a suggestive tone, but a tone of inquiry.

However, Klein knew very well that since his butler had raised the matter, it meant that it was almost time.

He nodded gently and said, "Saturday night then. A ball.

"I'll have to trouble you and Taneja to make the preparations.

"Is there enough money?"

When saying the last statement, Klein looked to his housekeeper.

Taneja sternly nodded and said, "There's enough.

“The various alcoholic beverages in your wine cellar is enough to handle several banquets.”

When moving into 160 Böklund Street, Klein had handed her 1,000 pounds in cash for the household expenses. From the looks of it, even with the need to replenish fine wine, tea leaves, and coffee beans, it wasn’t something that could be spent in a month.

The gold pound is rather strong after all… Klein nodded and smiled.

“Let’s not use wine that’s too expensive for our first ball. It’s common to be reserved in Loen.”

“Yes, sir.” Although Walter was very aware of how to run a ball, he still paid serious attention to his employer’s instructions.

He paused and said, “There are only two things you need to do. First, it’s to settle the guest list with our help, thinking up some small talk for each guest, matching the person’s corresponding status and experience. Second, it’s to order a suit for the ball.”

How troublesome… When greeting Hazel, can I say that the sewers here are cleaner than the squares in the Southern Continent? As Klein sighed and lampooned, he nodded slightly.

“No problem.”

…

Deep into the night, the crimson moon hung high in the sky. The

smog which had significantly thinned made Backlund have an additional sense of tranquility.

In Dwayne Dantès's master bedroom, Klein set up a ritual to summon himself.

He planned on entering the sewers tonight to confirm that Trissy had left. He then planned on heading for the fork she had described, to explore the so-called hidden passageway to see if he could discover anything.

Klein didn't have extravagant hopes of gaining anything. He was only worried that the secret hidden in the sewers would pose a hidden risk that would one day explode. This could easily involve Dwayne Dantès who lived nearby, spoiling his plans in stealing the Antigonus family's notebook.

On this matter, I can't be an ostrich that buries its head in the sand and pretend not to know anything... I should discover the problem early and destroy what needs destroying or report what needs reporting before it completely erupts. That's the most effective solution... Of course, I also need to be sufficiently careful. I mustn't let my exploration end up lighting a fuse... Klein's Spirit Body tore out of the candlelight, and with Azik's copper whistle augmenting him, he possessed the physical body of Dwayne Dantès, controlling him to walk to the boundary of the wall of spirituality and sit in the reclining chair.

To the external world, it looked as though the tycoon had dozed off reading the papers.

Summoning my soul to possess my own body feels different from returning to my body. There's an obvious barrier in between... Klein did a comparison of the experience and floated to his desk, cleaning up most of the items on the altar and leaving behind the candle that maintained his summoning to burn silently.

After doing all of this, Klein wore Creeping Hunger, and with Azik's copper whistle, Death Knell, and the Senor gold coin in possession, he flew out of the master bedroom and left 160 Böklund Street, drilling into the sewers.

Just as Klein found himself in the moist and dirty environment, he immediately released Wraith Senor and made his marionette open up a distance from him, turning into the hidden fork where Trissy was previously recuperating.

This time, he saw that the clean region in the sewers was already stained with dirt containing signs of rats.

From the looks of it, Trissy has really left... Klein, who was following far behind, heaved a sigh of relief.

As a Spirit Body, he didn't need to breathe, nor did he need to walk on the ground. Therefore, he didn't mind how disgusting the sewers were.

Senor walked out of the area and continued walking ahead and turned on the sixth left turn. Klein constantly maintained a distance of fifty meters, perfectly acting the role of the person behind the scenes.

At the end of the fork was a corroded wall covered in moss. At a glance, there weren't any abnormalities to it. If Trissy hadn't mentioned it, Klein wouldn't have gotten his marionette to observe every inch of the area in detail.

A few minutes later, Senor suddenly straightened his back and walked forward, entering the wall.

Passing through the rather thick obstacle, Klein's eyes opened up. With the marionette's vision, he saw a half-natural, half-artificial cave. It wasn't more than 1.8 meters high and was about 3 meters wide. The ground was littered with tools like shovels which were wrapped in oilskin and large piles of mud and rubble. Right up ahead were two hidden passageways that extended downwards.

The left one was about five to six meters deep, while the one on the right was nearly ten meters deep. However, nothing seemed to have existed in them, as though they were still being excavated.

This was dug up by Hazel? In the day, she's an arrogant lady of high society, and at night, she's an excavator in the sewers? Furthermore, she's moving the dirt and rubble one pail at a time? She was loitering around to find the exact spot, and digging was the subsequent step? That wall must've been a secret door... Klein hid himself at the fork's entrance as he made Senor scrutinize the area.

Following that, he made the Wraith enter the left passage until he reached a completely sealed off area.

Senor's figure slowly turned faint as it turned incorporeal. In this state, he passed through the soil and explored deeper.

But even when reaching the hundred-meter limit, he didn't discover anything of use. All he saw were ordinary insects and worms.

Klein made the marionette switch directions, "swimming" in the sea of soil without finding anything.

Senor soon returned to the cave from before and entered the

right passageway without being affected by any obstacles.

There's still nothing… It's not without reason that Trissy determined that it will only work for a particular pathway or being in possession of a certain item… Hmm… She must've probed the area with the invisible threads of a Demoness of Pleasure… Unfortunately, I've already lost Tinder… I wonder if the gray fog's aura on me would work. It seems to strongly attract Beyonders from the Marauder pathway… Klein silently commented and, using his Spirit Body state, planned on personally visiting the two hidden passageways that Hazel had dug up.

However, he curbed his desire because he was now a Marionettist. Doing it personally in situations that didn't require it was in violation of the acting principles.

It's fine even if I don't use the gray fog's aura. I'll just request to purchase a mystical item from the Marauder pathway during tomorrow afternoon's Tarot Gathering. It doesn't need to be too expensive. It can just correspond to Sequence 8 or 9… Hmm, that badge from Lanevus is only a signal receiver, not an item of this pathway… While not aware of the exact situation of what's hiding inside, rashly using my Spirit Body to explore it might result in me attracting a High-Sequence monster… Being careful and cautious will forever be a condition for myself… Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief and retrieved Wraith Senor.

He wasn't worried that Hazel would continue coming in the near future. Any person with normal intelligence wouldn't continue coming unless they had the means to deal with the situation from before!

Ignoring how Hazel hasn't had any contact with Beyonder circles, even if she has, getting an item from the Sun domain isn't simple. After all, Backlund is the territory of the Church of Storms… I do have something that I don't use often. Heh heh, can I find an opportunity to sell it to her and then let her use it to harm my

marionette? Klein jeered at himself before shaking his head with a laugh.

He ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog, vanishing from the sewers.

...

On Monday morning, the bright sunlight tore through the thin clouds, shining onto every corner of Backlund.

Emlyn White pulled down on his silk top hat. As he left the carriage and walked to the Harvest Church, he squinted his eyes and mumbled, “What terrible weather...

“Backlund’s worst season is coming soon...”

He was just about to step onto the stairs when he saw a paperboy approach him, handing him a copy of the Tussock Times.

“Sir, today’s morning papers!”

Emlyn wanted to reject it when he discovered a small slip clasped in the middle of the boy’s fingers.

“...”

Emlyn maintained his countenance as he took out a penny and passed it to the boy, receiving the copy of the Tussock Times and the slip.

Before entering the Harvest Church, he quickly spread it open and scanned it.

“There are clues to the people you are looking for. Please come to the Bravehearts Bar.”

Chapter 789: Each Person's Monday

9:30 a.m., Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, Bravehearts Bar.

Emlyn White stood rooted to his spot after he got down from the carriage. He stared ahead in a daze, nearly forgetting to avoid the sunlight.

At that moment, the bar's main door was shut with no signs of it opening.

As a Sanguine who seldom left his home and only went to places like bars at night, Emlyn never expected the bar to be closed in the morning. He had left the Harvest Church in a rush via the transportation system after seeing the paper slip, hoping to obtain any first-hand intelligence.

To save time, he even tolerated the cramped environment and stench of the metro.

At that moment, Emlyn was somewhat peeved, but he knew that he had made the mistake. All he could do was pull a face and circle around Iron Gate Street to not waste his trip.

Just as he was about to approach a rental carriage that stood along the street, he caught sight of a familiar figure from the corner of his eye.

The person was wearing a brown rounded top hat and an old coat while carrying a ragged haversack. He was none other than Ian, the underground arms dealer and intelligence merchant.

Hehe, I have quite good intuition. I knew he would appear early! Emlyn was delighted as he stuffed his hands into his pockets and leisurely walked over, blocking Ian's way as he chuckled.

"Good morning."

Ian looked up and glanced at the handsome man before him, replying in puzzlement, "Good morning, Mr. White. You should've come in the evening."

"It seems to be a suitable time now," Emlyn said with a smile, clearly in a good mood. "Ian, why do you always wear the same clothes and outfit every time I see you?"

Ian answered without minding the question, "This can make me appear more mature while allowing me to keep a low profile.

"Of course, the main reason is that I lack money."

The final sentence was added with a joking tone.

"I look forward to your attire in summer," Emlyn said with a scoff.

"I'll take off my coat," As Ian spoke, he took out two pieces of paper from his ragged haversack. They were the bounty notices that Emlyn had previously given him. "Someone in East Borough saw this person."

He handed over one of the papers to Emlyn, and on it was the name, Argos.

Realizing that there really were clues to the Primordial Moon believers, Emlyn asked in delight, “Where is he?”

Ian didn’t reply as he looked at him with a silent smile.

Experienced, Emlyn immediately took out his wallet and gave 150 pounds to Ian.

“That’s your reward.”

Ian smiled and said, “There’s still another half to go.”

Another half? Emlyn nearly wanted to let this merchant in front of him know the prowess of a Sanguine. This was because an effective clue cost 20 pounds, while an exact location cost 150 pounds.

However, he quickly read between the lines as he asked in pleasant surprise, “Another one was found?”

“Yes.” Ian handed him the remaining piece of paper in his hand. “While my friend observed Argos and confirmed his residence, it was discovered that he had met with this person named Galis Kevin. Therefore, I’ve obtained the residence of the two targets at the same time.”

“...Very good.” Emlyn emptied his wallet and gave another 150 pounds to Ian.

He was abnormally delighted; he felt that the Ancestor and Mr. Fool were blessing him. This was because there were only five targets, and he had successfully hunted one. Now, with two

additional clues, all he needed to do was succeed in order to declare himself victor regardless of what the other Sanguine did.

Ian seriously counted and checked the notes before saying with a suppressed voice, “Argos is on the third story of the apartment block at East Borough’s 6 Limestone Street, opposite the public washroom.

“Galis Kevin is similarly in East Borough. He stays in the room beside the staircase on the first floor at 19 Beluga Whale Street.”

“I will confirm your intelligence. I believe you wouldn’t wish to abandon your business for a mere 300 pounds.” Emlyn nodded gently as he gave a warning. Following that, he chuckled and said, “They were found so easily?”

Ian’s red eyes darted around slightly as he said, “First, many bounty hunters are my friends. They have many informants in East Borough.

“Second, those two gentlemen didn’t have great disguises. Despite being in East Borough, they wore very different attire from the people around them. If they were willing to wear more ragged clothes and did more than twelve hours of labor work, I believe they would be hard to find in the messy East Borough.”

Is that so… One needs to take note of the difference in environment when hiding oneself… Emlyn muttered silently to himself, feeling as though he had learned a new trick.

He didn’t plan on heading to East Borough immediately. This was because even if he took action in the day, it would be very difficult to escape without causing a commotion. It was a rather dangerous act in Backlund, as it meant that the Mandated Punishers or Nighthawks might come knocking at the door just

after he sneaked back home.

Emlyn planned on verifying the situation and taking action between eight to nine in the evening after the Tarot Gathering.

The Primordial Moon believer from before was quite strong. These two likely aren't weaker. Although I have confidence, it feels unsafe only relying on myself… As Emlyn considered the problem, he waved his hand and bade Ian farewell. He rode on a rental carriage, heading back for the south side of the Bridge.

…

East Chester County, Stoen City.

Audrey stood behind a railing, watching the servants placing the items that had been brought from the family castle in suitable spots. The scene was bustling but orderly.

I'll send someone to Associate Professor Michele later and tell him that I'll be paying a visit to the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation… I hope that they've obtained some items that have been tainted with Beyonder effects… As Audrey's mind wandered, she couldn't help but smile. She was proud of her decision of donating the funds to establish the foundation.

When her eyes that were as beautiful as emeralds saw the time on the wall clock, she hurriedly reined in her thoughts and turned to return to her bedroom.

Susie was slumped in a corner of the bedroom. Its front paws were crossed, giving it a sense of elegance.

In front of it was an opened book. There were dense lines of text written on it.

Susie would raise one of her front paws from time to time to flip the page as she read with great seriousness.

Every time I see Susie like that, I feel a little ashamed… Audrey, you mustn't slack off on your education! Audrey encouraged herself in silence as she approached, planning to get Susie to head outside to guard the door.

Susie looked up and glanced at Audrey before standing straight up, saying, "I got it!"

After saying that, it briskly ran out the bedroom without closing the door.

"…I haven't said anything." Audrey blinked as she softly muttered to herself.

She had given such instructions many times. To prevent Susie from detecting that she wanted to be alone in the room from 3 to 3:30 p.m. on Mondays, forbidding humans and dogs from coming close, she had also done similar matters at other times, pretending that there was a gathering, wanting alone time while maintaining an irregular pattern.

I have to say that Susie's existence has effectively raised my motivation to learn, as well as how strictly I handle matters… I can't be inferior to a dog! But, being better than this dog doesn't seem to be something worthy of praise… Audrey puffed her cheeks with a self-deprecating comment as she sat by her bed, awaiting the beginning of the Tarot Gathering.

...

3 p.m. above the gray fog.

Dark red figures shot up along the two sides of the long bronze table, materializing into different blurry figures.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~” Audrey’s greeted with a cheery voice as she bowed.

The other members greeted one after another until the existence at the seat of honor nodded in response.

While sitting down, Fors couldn’t help but look at Mr. World, wondering what she should use as an opening.

Apart from passing on her teacher’s reply to Ma’am Hermit, she planned on doing a few matters. One, she wanted to tell Mr. World that due to the difficulty of the mission, she would pay him more, but it required him to wait. This was because the sale of the houses took time. Second, after brainstorming, she thought of a good way that could earn money and raise her strength. She had gained inspiration from The World’s actions: Rent out Leymano’s Travels!

When a member needed an item to temporarily raise their combat strength to deal with certain situations, they could rent Leymano’s Travels from her. The rent could be paid in two forms —cash which wasn’t too expensive or to record Beyonder powers instead. This also meant that the renter had to guarantee that the spellbook was returned with more filled pages.

Of course, as the provider, Fors would record useful Apprentice

powers like Door Opening, providing the renter with relevant help.

A problem that could easily happen in this transaction was that the renter might not return it, but with Mr. Fool witnessing these exchanges in the Tarot Club, Fors believed that no one would be blinded by greed.

And the death of the renter was a low probability event for losing Leymano's Travels. But with everyone knowing that they could pray to Mr. Fool in times of danger, death was an even smaller probability!

How can there not be any risks when doing business… I will talk to Mr. World about when he will use it so that there won't be any conflicts… Fors retracted her gaze and heard Ma'am Hermit speak.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I have two pages of Roselle's diary this time."

Ever since contact was made with Queen Mystic, the receiving of diary pages has stabilized in a rather terrifying manner… Klein nodded slightly and chuckled.

"Very good."

After a brief silence, Cattleya conjured two yellowish-brown pieces of paper. They leaped into Mr. Fool's palms as if they had tunneled through the spirit world.

Klein slowly lowered his gaze at the diary in his hands.

“29th December. It’s almost a new year again.

“All the mausoleums have been built. What’s done cannot be undone.”

Chapter 790: The End of the Diary

All the mausoleums have been built... What's done cannot be undone... Klein looked at the diary page in his hand as his thoughts boiled over as ideas kept emerging and shattering.

From his point of view, this diary page of Emperor Roselle nearly proved his previous conjectures. He had chosen to forcefully switch to the Black Emperor pathway in his later years, doing so at the cost of going mad to become a Sequence 0 true god!

What drove the emperor to make such a decision? What did "He" discover that resulted in "His" agitation, rashness, and loss of composure in the previous diary entry? And compared to back then, "His" emotions in this diary entry appear calm and composed, but it feels like "He" is even more extreme... It's hard to imagine what the emperor experienced or encountered in "His" later years that resulted in "Him" having such an abnormal situation... The madness that Angels are embroiled with to begin with, or is it something that had happened to the faith of the believers that kept him anchored "His" rationality? Hmm, if "He" was normal, shouldn't "He" hold back a little and strive for certain outcomes before finding an opportunity to devour the Hidden Sage? Klein instantly thought of many things, but he was unable to find any evidence.

And on this page of goatskin, there were only two short lines of text, as though it indicated the final diary page of Emperor Roselle's life. The end of the year or the beginning of the new year was the day "He" was suspected to have perished in the White Maple Palace.

An emperor of an era, a transmigrator's last words? Klein sighed silently as he flipped to the goatskin beneath.

The diary page didn't have a date, but at the top of the page was a line in Feysac:

"Immediately follows the previous page."

The words were written neatly and elegantly, very different from Emperor Roselle's handwriting. It was obvious that it was added by someone else.

It's probably a note by Queen Mystic... To indicate that this is the last part of the diary, written after the emperor said that what's done cannot be undone? But why isn't there a date? Klein was deeply puzzled as he read the corresponding content, his gaze freezing up.

"I believe I'm not the only transmigrator in this world.

"If there's anyone else who can read my diary, remember to carefully select your Beyonder pathway.

"Once you choose this, it pretty much confirms your allies and your enemies.

"I'm unable to give any actual suggestions because I myself can't see the true faces of the seven deities or those evil gods. This might be partially related to the second Blasphemy Slate that the ancient organization hides. Unfortunately, I only have a rough idea of the hidden parts, and I'm unable to verify them.

"Similarly, I don't know what's written on the first Blasphemy Slate either.

“A useful warning is to not choose pathways with Sequence 0s that are occupied, and also be careful of neighboring Sequence 0s and Sequence 1s. I’ve suffered tremendously on this aspect.

“As for what Sequence 0 represents, search for my other diary pages if you aren’t aware.

“Heh heh, this page is equivalent to the afterword of my life. If I succeed, I’ll be a god, and it will be another story. If I were to fail, there wouldn’t be a future. Perhaps, well—you know.

“Go, my friend who understands my diary, go seek out the secret of transmigration and the truth hidden within. I’ll be watching you, if I’m still alive.

“Finally, let me warn you that you have to remember:

“Be careful of the moon!”

Klein wasn’t surprised about there being more than one transmigrator. After all, he had long known of a “senior” in the form of Emperor Roselle.

He was puzzled about the details that the emperor had used to determine that there wasn’t only one transmigrator.

This was a very important point, as it held great meaning as to whether there were incomparable problems in his bid to return home.

This was like an unknown equation. Without enough examples and conditions, there was no way to obtain the correct answer

no matter how he tried to solve it. Only with enough equations could he find the correct answer.

Hmm… The emperor should've written his discoveries on this matter in the previous diary entries. Unfortunately, I have no way of knowing where it is in order to do a targeted search and recovery… Klein silently sighed before considering the other contents in the "afterword."

The hidden contents in the second Blasphemy Slate which the Twilight Hermit Order showed?

Did they deliberately hide the contents, or did they not actually obtain it… The second Blasphemy Slate was actually split into two parts, with the other half landing in the hands of other factions?

My pathway has already been determined. It was selected based on the exclamation found in Emperor Roselle's diary… From the emperor's afterword, I can be a bit assured. The Seer pathway doesn't have a Sequence 0 because the mad Sequence 1 Zaratul is still alive. And according to the Law of Beyonder Characteristics Conservation, heh heh—this subdivision part can probably be called the Law of Incompatibility. If there's a Sequence 1, there's no Sequence 0.

I need to be careful of Zaratul, Mr. Door, Blasphemer Amon, and Pallez Zoroast, as well as the other Sequence 1s who exist in these three pathways.

What does being careful of the moon mean?

Be careful of the Primordial Moon?

That could be said directly…

Wait, the emperor apparently had thoughts of exploring the crimson moon before. Could it be that he finally committed himself to do it and discovered something on the moon, which is why he warned other transmigrators to be careful of the moon?

The moon has something to do with transmigration?

Yes… the emperor's tone indicates that "He" still has some contingency plans, and he might not completely perish. He might be watching me… There should also be clues to such matters, and they should also be written in the earlier diary entries…

As conclusions and puzzlements flashed through Klein's mind, he finally turned solemn.

He made the diary in his hand vanish and looked towards Cattleya.

"Do you have anything you want to ask?"

Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose and politely bowed her head.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to know if Emperor Roselle is still alive."

This question snapped the other members of the Tarot Club out of their own thoughts as they looked towards the end of the bronze table in agitation.

Although Emperor Roselle being alive wasn't directly related to them, nor would it bring any obvious influence, this topic was enough to stir the thirst hidden deep in the hearts of people regarding rumors and gossip!

I thought I would be immune to such matters after advancing to a Psychiatrist... Sigh, I'm really curious! Audrey looked at Mr. Fool with bright eyes as she waited for "Him" to give the answer.

Only Derrick was uninterested in the matter. The reason why he looked at Mr. Fool was solely because everyone else had done so.

Indeed, Queen Mystic's questions are basically targeted at the diary pages she provides... Klein didn't feel stumped as he skillfully chuckled.

"Perhaps."

By using the answer "perhaps," he was expressing that Emperor Roselle had the hope of saving himself. As for whether he eventually succeeded or whether there was an accident, it wasn't in the scope of the question that might not have an answer.

Perhaps... Mr. Fool is implying that Emperor Roselle might still be alive? Cattleya and company felt as though they had heard the greatest secret in the world as they felt a little agitated and excited.

However, they could also sense the underlying tone in Mr. Fool's words. Due to the lack of diary entries and with him having just awoken recently, "He" was unable to determine if Emperor Roselle had seized an opportunity. To determine that would require more clues and evidence in the future.

Regardless, Emperor Roselle was likely mentally prepared for the assassination.

Without giving Justice, The Hanged Man, and company to think of the related problems, Klein leaned back and said with a calm tone, “That’s all from me.”

Fors hurriedly snapped out of her fantasizing of Roselle’s late years as she looked to the end of the bronze table.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to communicate privately with The World. It will end quickly.”

What does she want to communicate with Gehrman Sparrow about? Isn’t Mr. X’s matter over? Klein thought in puzzlement as he nodded gently.

“Yes.”

Following that, he blocked the senses of the other members and controlled The World to chuckle hoarsely.

“Is there anything else?”

Fors deliberated for two seconds and said, “This is the matter. Mr. X’s head allowed me to receive a handsome reward. I believe that I didn’t pay enough on this matter to match the difficulty of the mission. Therefore, I wish to compensate you.

“How much do you wish to receive.”

Not bad. You actually want to compensate me without any prompting… Although Miss Magician is a little greedy on gaining petty advantages, she's still an honest person. Hmm, it's very normal to earn some profit while making a transaction. It's not considered greedy… The pleasantly surprised Klein sighed inwardly in praise as he made The World chuckle.

"How much can you pay?"

Fors hesitated for a moment and said, "5,000 pounds."

She had used the 10,000-pound price she had informed her teacher, and planned to split it evenly with Mr. World. Furthermore, she needed the recipe, crystal ball, and Beyonder ingredient; thus, she planned on selling the two properties and give him money directly.

And as for the reason why Fors was this generous, it had to do with the mission being harder than she had expected while also paying too low a price. In addition, she was increasingly fearful of The World Gehrman Sparrow. She didn't dare to offend the crazy adventurer and terrifying bounty hunter.

The Abraham family gave quite a huge reward… Klein controlled The World to say with a laugh, "If you can use large amounts of gold coins in place of notes, you can pay less. It will just depend on how much you can gather."

"I'll try my best." Although Fors was very puzzled over why Mr. World valued gold coins that much, she didn't dare to ask. He had done the same with Ma'am Hermit's transaction previously.

She paused before asking, "Mr. World, when would you need to use Leymano's Travels? I plan on renting it out before and after that period in order to earn some money and Beyonder powers."

Rent it out? Rent out a mystical item? Klein was taken aback upon hearing that. He never expected Miss Magician to have such business-oriented mind!

Chapter 791: New Model

As a youth that came from the Internet age on Earth, Klein quickly understood Miss Magician's idea, how she prepared to do it, and what she was relying on.

Isn't this sharing economy? With the Tarot Club and The Fool, there's no technological limitation... Miss Magician is usually lazy and doesn't have a strong presence, but I never expected her to have sharp acumen on such matters Hmm, it also stems from me requesting to borrow the spellbook... Regardless, to be able to quickly be inspired and set up a business model is pretty good... Klein deliberately made The World Gehrman Sparrow hesitate for a few seconds before saying, "I might need it this weekend and next week."

He was estimating this based on the time it took Mr. Hanged Man to return from the Abyss Maelstrom to the Rorsted Sea, while also allocating time for him to stabilize his spirituality and replenish his supplies.

When the time came, they would join forces to explore the primitive island with many Beyonder creatures.

Fors hurriedly nodded.

"Alright, I will make the arrangements to prevent others from using it."

As she heaved a sigh of relief, she requested Mr. Fool that he bear witness for the subsequent rental agreements. After obtaining a confirmation from "Him," she indicated that she was done with the private communication.

Following that, she conjured Leymano's Travels and surveyed the table.

"Everyone, I have here a mystical item.

"It has a total of 38 pages. Each page can help the user record Beyonder powers they encounter. They will then be able to release it when needed, but it will be slightly weaker than the original power...

"Each page can be repeatedly recorded. Each record can only be used once... Amongst them, three pages can be used to record demigod level Beyonder powers, but the chances of success are very low. It might not succeed one in ten times..."

Fors simply explained the traits of Leymano's Travels and its negative effects. It lit up the eyes of Audrey and company.

With them no longer being novices in the domain of mysticism or the Beyonder world, it wasn't difficult for them to tell the value of Miss Magician's notebook without her making it explicit to them. At the same time, they viewed it as a demigod-level artifact.

It resembles a Shepherd and the Creeping Hunger. They allow the use of the Beyonder powers from other pathways, but there aren't as many negative effects. There's also a chance to record a demigod power... Draw my own blood... Audrey suddenly shrank her hand back in fear as she thought over the matter.

As a powerful noble's daughter, she had almost never been injured from a young age. Therefore, she had an extreme fear of pain that remained an unknown to her.

Taking the opportunity when Fors paused, she raised her hand slightly and asked, “Miss Magician, how much do you wish to sell it for?”

Audrey believed that her father, Earl Hall, would also be able to recognize the value of Leymano’s Travels, so it was certain that she could be reimbursed by him. Therefore, she planned on fully satisfying Fors’s requirements.

She must be lacking money recently, or else she wouldn’t be selling such an important and useful mystical item… While Audrey thought in pity, she considered whether she should offer to buy it at a premium.

Damn it… Why can’t it be put on sale after I return from the primitive island… Alger had a strong interest in Leymano’s Travels, but he wasn’t able to produce the money or materials needed to purchase this mystical item.

1,300 pounds was money that an ordinary person might not be able to save up even in ten to twenty years, but compared to an item at the level of Leymano’s Travels, it was nothing!

It’s worth at least 10,000 pounds. If I encounter Beyonders that are backed by powerful factions, it wouldn’t be a problem selling it for more than 30,000 pounds… Alger swept his glance at Justice, who was inquiring about the price, as well as Cattleya, who had nudged her glasses, looking as though she was planning to join the bid. He couldn’t help but sigh. He didn’t believe that the transaction would fail according to his wishes, having it left unsold before he returned from the primitive island.

Miss Justice has money, and The Hermit has Queen Mystic and the Moses Ascetic Order. They don’t lack money or resources. Sigh… Alger adjusted his seating posture as he looked across the table with a heavy look.

Emlyn and Derrick were similarly interested in Leymano's Travels, but it was simply interest. They knew that they lacked the ability to provide anything in a fair exchange.

When she heard Miss Justice's question, Fors realized that she had forgotten to mention the most crucial point. She hurriedly added, "No, it's not for purchase. I'm only renting it."

"When you need it, you can rent it for a short period which will be witnessed by Mr. Fool."

Rent? You can do that? At that moment, everyone except Klein and Derrick were surprised.

Without a doubt, they knew what a rental transaction was, but they never expected it to be applied to a mystical item, much less have it appear in the Tarot Club!

This was apparently very doable. It was relatively useful for every member of the Tarot Club, and it wouldn't cost them much while remaining affordable. Furthermore, Miss Magician could slowly build up quite a sizable fortune by doing so, but in fact, the best result was to record Beyonder powers. She could gather different kinds of Beyonder powers from various pathways in this way, making it far more efficient than seeking the chance to record it on her own! Alger quickly realized the key to the rental transaction as he was delighted. He asked, "How much is the rental fee?"

Leymano's Travels corresponds to a Sequence 6. It's usually about 5,000 pounds, but due to its uniqueness, it costs at least 10,000 pounds... Fors had built up quite a bit of experience during her time in the Tarot Club, so after some consideration, she said, "Each rental basically starts at 300 pounds. Every additional day is an additional 50 pounds. And when returning it, the notebook needs to have two additional pages of Beyonder powers than

when it was rented out. If there's only one blank page or no blank pages when it's rented, one just needs to fill up the full book."

Having two additional pages didn't mean two additional powers. That also meant that they could use any of the Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels. One just needed to make up for it later. There was no need for it to be of the same type, as pages were all that mattered.

50 pounds a day, 1,500 pounds a month... if it's possible, I can keep renting it... Audrey did a simple count of the costs.

Alger was thrilled when he heard that as he said with an unperturbed look, "I plan on renting it for two days, but the exact price needs negotiation. It will be adjusted based on what Beyonder powers are recorded in the notebook."

He felt more confident towards his exploration of the primitive island!

"When do you plan to rent it?" Fors asked, delighted that she had business right away.

"I'll be renting it for two days sometime between this weekend to next weekend. The exact time hasn't been determined," Alger replied without any hesitation.

Fors immediately frowned as she said apprehensively, "This period of time has already been reserved for Mr. World."

Reserved for The World? When did this happen? Alger was surprised as he looked at the other end of the long bronze tale.

He soon came to a realization that it had been agreed upon during their private communication.

Why would they come to such an agreement? Miss Magician doesn't need to have informed him ahead of time... They had other transactions during the private communication? What kind of communications and transactions would they have... Hmm, Miss Magician had commissioned the assassination of an Aurora Order Oracle. The World had accepted the mission, and one of the traits of the Oracle is the ability to record and use the Beyonder powers of others once. Heh heh, this is identical to Leymano's Travels... Does this mean that The World has already succeeded? As such, Miss Magician is indebted to him, and she hadn't fully resolved it. Now, she came up with this method to pay off the rest? Alger eliminated the possibilities and finally felt that he had found the truth.

Without anyone catching wind of it, The World Gehrman Sparrow had already hunted an Aurora Order Oracle, an Oracle suspected to be a Sequence 5!

This secretly made Alger feel alarmed because he was about to cooperate with The World soon.

Thankfully, there's Mr. Fool bearing witness... As a Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't violate the agreement he makes in front of a god... Alger consoled himself and retracted his gaze from The World.

Meanwhile, Audrey and Cattleya had recalled the matter of the Aurora Order Oracle from the transactions involving both Miss Magician and Mr. World, as well as how the Oracle's powers were similar to Leymano's Travels; hence, they believed that The World might've already completed the mission. Renting the spellbook was one of the parts to completing the transaction.

Emlyn didn't think about such matters, putting his focus on the unavailability of Leymano's Travels this weekend and the following week.

In other words, I can borrow it for the next few days? If I have help from this notebook, those two primitive believers wouldn't be able to pose a threat… Emlyn looked around and turned anxious as he leisurely said, "Can I rent it for today and tomorrow?"

"400 pounds plus two pages of Beyonder powers," Fors directly announced the price.

Emlyn nodded gently.

"Introduce what Beyonder powers are recorded first. If they aren't very useful to me, I wish that the price can be lowered because I'll need to waste time recording powers."

Fors flipped through Leymano's Travels and began to give a vague introduction.

Door Opening… Black Screen… Tumble… Teleport… Lightning Strike… Float… Flight… Windblades… Eh, why are there so many Beyonder powers in the Storm domain? The World has used it before? He recorded the Beyonder powers corresponding to Sea God from Mr. Fool? When I return to the cathedral, I should find out what recently happened in Backlund. That Oracle couldn't have died without a trace… As Alger listened, he began thinking of investigating the matter.

Chapter 792: The Fool's Authority

The Hermit similarly thought of The World Gehrman Sparrow from hearing the Beyonder powers which were recorded in Leymano's Travels.

I wonder if I can pay a certain price to get The Fool to showcase demigod powers of the Storm pathway as well as "His" domain... This will be better than seeking the help of the Moses Ascetic Order. That will make them know of my possession of Leymano's Travels... Hmm, I should first write to Her Majesty. Perhaps, she will come to the Future to showcase her powers... Cattleya was increasingly convinced that the spellbook had a value that exceeded its level and was very regretful that Miss Magician was only renting it.

After hearing the description, Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief. This was because the Beyonder powers like Lightning were very lethal against artificial vampires.

Of course, it was the same for Sanguine.

Very good. I was still worried about needing to seek The Sun's help and passing Leymano's Travels to him to get him to showcase purification powers to be recorded... Emlyn instantly became relaxed as he glanced at Derrick beside him while saying to Fors, "Deal."

400 pounds with the recording of a few Beyonder powers was nothing compared to the completion of his mission.

I can earn money quickly and also obtain Beyonder powers this way... Fors suddenly felt that her future was bright as she

hurriedly smiled.

“Alright, I’ll get Mr. Fool to transfer it to you after the gathering.”

Right on the heels of that, she turned to say to Cattleya, “Ma’am, the Abraham family’s direct descendant has given a reply. Do you wish to communicate privately or have me directly say it out loud?”

Cattleya thought and said, “Let’s do it privately.”

Soon, the others had their senses blocked as Fors recounted what her teacher said:

“They don’t know much about Mr. Door either. They only know two things, no—three.”

“First, among their ancestors, there is an existence known as Mr. Door.

“Second, this ancestor vanished in the War of the Four Emperors. They’ve been struggling to find him.

“Third, they will hear ravings that can cause a loss of control during the full moon and Blood Moon.

“In addition, they temporarily do not wish to make any direct contact.”

The third point was added by Fors by herself. She wished that Ma’am Hermit and the Queen Mystic behind her could use this

to further understand Mr. Door's matters. This was beneficial in helping the Abraham escape the fate of being cursed.

Mr. Door is the Abraham family's ancestor and "He" vanished in the War of the Four Emperors. "He" would create ravings during full moons? Hmm, the latter was confirmed by Mr. Fool, so there's nothing suspicious... That is to say that although Mr. Door has vanished, "He" still can affect Beyonders of the same bloodline, as well as living beings that used certain items during the full moon and Blood Moon. This means that "He" hasn't completely lost his connection with the real world... This is how the emperor was able to interact with "Him"? Her Majesty once said that there were members of the Abraham family who worked for the emperor back then... Cattleya had some theories as she gently nodded.

"If there are any questions, I'll get you to pass them on.

"I'll pay the remaining 650 pounds today."

With 650 pounds, along with Mr. Moon's 400 pounds, I've made a profit of 1,050 pounds today. Together with the 730 pounds from before, as well as the sale of the two properties to pay Mr. World, I might still have a thousand left. My savings are about to exceed 3,000 pounds! This way, I'll have the money needed to purchase the other main ingredient for Scribe. I might still have some leftover... At that moment, Fors suddenly found herself a little wealthy.

This made her consider helping purchase the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic for Xio to make up for the risk she had to endure over Mr. X's assassination.

After the blocking of senses was lifted, Fors heard The World Gehrman Sparrow speak before she could say a word.

“I need a mystical item from the Marauder pathway. It can be at Sequence 9 or 8.”

Cattleya considered for a moment and said, “I can ask around for you. However, items of the Marauder pathway aren’t common. There might be a premium involved.”

“No problem.” Klein controlled The World to provide the response.

He then made his marionette look at the now wealthy Miss Magician.

“I want to sell an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic for only 1,000 pounds.”

Typically, this Sequence 7 Beyonder characteristic which could be used as a main ingredient should’ve been priced around 1,200 pounds, but Klein had two sets at the moment. Furthermore, considering how he had used Miss Xio’s identity to participate in Mr. X’s gathering, there was a certain degree of danger he was bringing to her; therefore, he gave a slight discount.

It’s only 1,000 pounds. That’s like a sale at a department store! But why does Mr. World know that I want it? He is Mr. Fool’s Blessed. The Interrogator Beyonder characteristic was in his hands, and he is also aware that I can now afford it… Fors was stunned for two seconds as she nearly forgot to reply.

During this process, Audrey held back the urge to engage in shopping, because she knew that Xio needed the item.

1,000 pounds? An Interrogator’s Beyonder characteristic? Cattleya

seriously thought over the hidden intent behind The World when she heard Miss Magician say, “Deal!”

…I haven’t even made my offer… Cattleya mumbled inwardly as she maintained her silence.

She could tell that The World and The Magician had reached a strange level of understanding on this matter, so she didn’t interject.

Similarly, she also sensed that something good had happened to The Hanged Man this week. He appeared more spirited than before, appearing more confident.

He previously purchased the potion formula and main ingredients to Ocean Songster… He had also asked me where Obninsks that do not belong to the Church of Storms can be found… This is likely related to the ritual… He has already advanced? Cattleya suddenly felt a sense of danger.

As the Admiral of Stars who was famous throughout the Five Seas, she always felt a sense of superiority in the Tarot Club. But in recent times, with The World Gehrman Sparrow showing his ability at hunting pirate admirals, followed by The Hanged Man reaching Sequence 5, a Sequence 5 that made him adept at sea battles, she felt that she no longer had the right to belittle others. She felt a sense of urgency that hadn’t existed in her for a long time.

However, I have Sequence 4 ahead of me. It’s the boundary between spirituality and godhood. It’s not that easy to advance… I still don’t see any hope despite preparing for years… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and asked, “Any chances for the blood of a Mythical Creature?”

I've been waiting for you to ask this! The Fool Klein smiled while watching the transactions as he controlled The World to hoarsely laugh.

"That angel got me to ask you what you can give 'Him' in exchange for a drop of blood.

"'He' emphasizes that it needs to satisfy him."

Angel? Mr. World directly contacted an angel? Furthermore, he has convinced the angel to provide a drop of blood!? Audrey was first alarmed before her thoughts raced as she turned to look at the seat of honor.

She suspected that The World, Mr. Fool's Blessed, had contacted an angel that was in service to Mr. Fool!

She was like The Magician, believing that The World only knew of clues to the location of an angel or its remains. They never expected him to directly converse with an angel!

One had to know that the Grounded Angels were equivalent to the leaders of the seven Churches!

Indeed... Alger sighed silently, believing that his guess has been verified.

As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed... Cattleya held back her surprise and shock as she pondered.

"May I know what pathway this angel is from?"

The World surveyed the area and said, “Monster.”

Monster, which means it’s an angel from the Fate pathway? It’s no wonder Mr. Fool’s honorific name has the words King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck… Audrey, Derrick, and company were enlightened, believing that their inferences matched the actual situation and the inherent logic.

Their gazes and guesses stirred Klein. He realized a corresponding problem. In the honorific name he fabricated, the description of wielding good luck had successfully been directed towards the mysterious space above the gray fog!

Is this related to why the people from the Fate pathway can see my uniqueness? Could this be related to why the Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin, took the initiative to establish friendly ties with me? In my honorific name’s three lines, the first line is a description of my inherent self, and the second is about the corresponding divine domain. Only the third line involves the authority. Wields good luck… Of course, The Fool itself can also contain a certain amount of authority… Klein suddenly felt that he needed to find an opportunity to communicate with the unborn fetus.

However, he suspected that the paper crane would tear at any moment. This was because just erasing the original content was already a rather precarious process.

At this moment, Cattleya said, “Thanks for your help. I will seriously consider it and give you a response as soon as possible.”

She planned on consulting Queen Mystic to see if there were any conditions that would entice an angel from the Fate pathway.

With the conversation between The World and The Hermit ending, the transactions came to a formal end. The Tarot Gathering then proceeded into a period for free communication.

Fors thought for a moment and looked at Emlyn.

“I’d like to remind you of two things. First, be familiar with the powers on each corresponding page. It will be very dangerous if you were to flip to the wrong page and use the wrong power in combat.”

Emlyn scoffed immediately as he said, “I’m very confident in my intelligence.”

Fors didn’t speak further and switched to mentioning:

“A serious case involving Beyonders happened in East Borough. The surrounding region is on high alert. If you plan on carrying out any operations, take note of that.”

Emlyn viewed this piece of information with great importance as he asked, “Are you aware of what happened?”

Chapter 793: Surprise Visitor

Upon hearing Mr. Moon's question, Fors nearly blurted out, "*Of course! Better than anyone else! I'm just not too aware of the details.*"

However, she controlled her mouth in time as she apprehensively looked at Mr. World.

At the same time, Alger, Audrey, and Cattleya vaguely guessed that the serious matter that had happened in Backlund's East Borough was the assassination of the Aurora Order's Oracle. Based on the inferences they had before, it was done by The World!

And as Emlyn wasn't a Spectator, he wasn't able to tell from her eyes. All Fors could do was force a smile at Emlyn.

"I'm unable to tell you the specifics.

"I only know that demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain appeared back then. The Church of Storms places a great deal of attention over the matter."

She didn't dare divulge the reasons on behalf of Mr. World, simply describing what she had seen.

She believed that if Mr. World was willing to reveal more, he definitely would've added on to her answer.

Demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain? Audrey and

company were taken aback as they instinctively doubted the accuracy of their theories.

They had previously imagined that Leymano's Travels had been created after the death of the Aurora Order Oracle; therefore, The World had no way of borrowing Mr. Fool's demigod-level powers to record them before the assassination!

The serious case involving Beyonders in East Borough has nothing to do with Mr. World? No, Fors's glance is enough proof that it was caused by Mr. World! But why would a demigod-level Beyonder power of the Storm domain appear? One possibility is that Leymano's Travels isn't a result of this assassination but that it originally belonged to Fors. Another possibility is that a Cardinal of the Church of Storms or a Beyonder with the corresponding Sealed Artifact had delivered an attack...

If it were the former, needing Mr. World to use the Beyonder powers at the demigod level implies that the Oracle was relatively powerful with the possible existence of a Saint backing him. If it were the latter, to have Mr. World still be able to leave safely after such an assault implies his formidableness...

Of course, the possibility can't be eliminated that he deliberately lured the Church of Storms to encounter the Aurora Order's Oracle, and while a battle broke out between demigods, he efficiently carried out an assassination during the chaos... Audrey made some guesses based on the details she had observed, and each guess implied one thing:

The World had the strength, intelligence, support, and ability, making him one of the top Sequence 5 Beyonders below that of demigods!

How terrifying. As expected of Mr. Fool's Blessed... When I arrive at a cathedral, I should be able to figure out what happened... Alger

also made a basic judgment of the situation as he sighed. All he could do was console himself. With such a helper, the exploration of the primitive island would only be easier.

As for Cattleya, she shared similar thoughts with Audrey. She planned on asking Queen Mystic about the situation. This owner of the Dawn had previously revealed in her letter that she would be in Backlund for the time being.

Demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain… Emlyn repeated Miss Magician's words as his head ached.

Although he enjoyed staying at home and not heading out, he still needed to head out to get some blood to drink from the hospitals. Being in a big city, he was equipped with common knowledge. Together with his elders warnings and guidance, he knew a lot about the official organizations like the Machinery Hivemind, Mandated Punishers, and Nighthawks. He knew the influence that a serious case would bring to the area.

If I don't have a good disguise while infiltrating East Borough, I might be caught by the Mandated Punishers before I even approach my targets… Although I have the identity of being part of the Church of Earth Mother and wouldn't be impounded underground or made into a test subject of Sealed Artifacts, this also means that my operation has failed. I might even have Leymano's Travels taken away… During such times, taking the sewers would be even more dangerous. Who knows how many official Beyonders are lying in ambush over there… Emlyn suddenly felt that what seemed like a simple mission had turned difficult.

He quickly came to a decision that he would take action in the latter half of the night. During this time, the low-class residents of East Borough would begin returning home from work. Although it was dark, the streets would be bustling. Even if the Mandated Punishers had ten times more manpower, it was

impossible to carry out any strict surveillance and single out every possible suspect.

The next important step is to plan the operation to finish off the two artificial vampires without causing much of a stir… Hmm, I'll have to consider a situation of an intense battle that's impossible to hide… Wait, Miss Magician had just mentioned that Leymano's Travels has a Beyonder power known as Teleport… The problem is resolved! Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled.

"I will keep that in mind."

He had said that sentence very calmly and with great confidence, as though everything was in control.

Heh, this fellow Emlyn was first stumped before feeling relieved. There's a 90% chance he recalled the Traveler's Door in Leymano's Travels… If I hadn't obtained Traveling, I definitely would've added the condition that no one is to touch that spellbook's page before The World Gehrman Sparrow… Klein scoffed silently without a word.

To him, as there was only one Traveler's Door in Leymano's Travels, he definitely needed to use Creeping Hunger for his return trip to the primitive island. In that case, he might as well exploit the glove as he needed to feed a death row convict to it. He didn't want to waste it.

"Anyways, I've warned you." Fors didn't speak further, wishing that everything would go smoothly for Mr. Moon.

At that moment, Alger turned to look at Little Sun.

“Are you still in the City of Silver?”

“Yes, my recent mission is to acquaint myself with my powers and patrol the surrounding area,” Derrick replied honestly.

Alger thought for a moment before saying, “Has that Shepherd Elder not looked for you recently?”

“No.” Derrick paused. “The six-member council seems to be busy with the former Chief’s mausoleum. As for what it is, I’m not privy to the information.”

Klein had heard Little Sun mention of the former Chief of the City of Silver. It was said that he had built a mausoleum that reached deep underground before moving into it, and he hadn’t appeared again. It was suspected that his attempt to switch to Sequence 3 of the Death pathway had failed.

I wonder what happened inside the mausoleum. My spiritual intuition tells me that there’s danger involved… Before Klein spoke, he heard Alger say, “Take note of this matter. To investigate the former Chief’s mausoleum at such a critical moment means that it’s something important. It might bring you danger.”

“Okay!” Derrick nodded strongly. “I’ll do my best to figure out the specifics.”

The exchange continued. As the members didn’t encounter much this week, this segment quickly came to an end. The Tarot Club members began teaching The Sun mysticism languages of the outside world as they learned about ancient myths from him.

During this process, Audrey was a little disappointed and depressed. She had failed to buy anything or share anything this week, and her participation appeared lacking.

Sigh... My life has been too quiet and stable. I have nothing to share... However, this is normal. As the daughter of one of the top three bankers in the kingdom, a daughter of East Chester's earl, if I were to frequently encounter Beyonder matters, experiencing alarming and exciting matters every week, that means that the present society and government structure is unable to maintain the order of the Beyonder world. It would definitely result in a fundamental change to everything... Hmm, when I return to Backlund, my contact with the Psychology Alchemists will increase. I'll be able to change this situation... Audrey rapidly became optimistic, and she stood up and bade Mr. Fool farewell.

Over the past half a year, she had read quite a number of useful books thanks to Susie. In terms of profundity and maturity, she was a lot better than before.

...

Backlund North Borough, 160 Böklund Street.

After ending the Tarot Club, Klein walked to the attached balcony to his bedroom, and he looked at the surrounding environment which was filled with vegetation.

With Miss Magician's attempt to rent out Leymano's Travels, there will be more of such Tarot Club transactions in the future. Heh heh, they might not have realized that their own Beyonder powers can be sold! Once the rentals happen more frequently, someone will ultimately request someone to help record a particular power... When the time comes, I'll be able to supply Beyonder powers of various domains thanks to the numerous mystical items I have...

It won't be too expensive, but it's long-lasting, and it will often be in demand.

Heh, I wonder who will be the first to muster their courage to seek The Fool for help, hoping that a demigod power can be recorded... This needs to be a fair exchange, and a sufficient price needs to be paid... If no one dares take that step, afraid that it's blasphemous, I can let The World be an example. After all, Mr. Fool has shown his friendliness and casualness from the beginning. As long as no mistakes are made, similar transactions can be made...

Having the precedent of punishing Ma'am Hermit, I don't believe anyone will belittle The Fool as a result. They would be honored, delighted, and fearful... Klein thought about the Tarot Club as his thoughts wandered, filled with anticipation towards the trade of Beyonder powers in the future.

At this moment, he heard knocking at the door.

"Please enter," Dwayne Dantès with his gray sideburns turned around and said.

The doorknob turned and the door opened. Butler Walter in his white gloves walked in and said respectfully, "Sir, Ma'am Mary from the National Atmospheric Pollution Council is here to visit you.

"Do you wish to meet her?"

Mary Schott? The major shareholder of the Coim Company, the lady who got me to investigate her former husband's adultery? Why is she here? Don't tell me that Dwayne Dantès has caught her fancy... Klein was slightly puzzled as he nodded with a smile.

“It’s almost tea time. Let’s have it a little earlier.”

“Alright, I will invite Ma’am Mary to the activity room on the second story.” Walter easily understood his employer’s intentions.

Klein nodded slightly without saying anything else. With the help of his valet, Richardson, he wore his coat and went down to the second story.

Soon, he saw Ma’am Mary with her tall cheekbones in the activity room.

This lady was dressed in a dark blue dress with elegant accessories in an ostentatious but restrained manner. Compared to last year, she appeared more classy and with a higher temperament.

“Good afternoon, Ma’am. I’ve always been considering finding a time to visit you. I would wish to hear about your investigations on Backlund’s atmospheric pollution.” Klein took the initiative to speak politely.

Mary replied with a smile, “Unfortunately, I didn’t manage to wait for it.”

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries as they talked about the recent weather, Klein sat on a single-seater as he raised his porcelain teacup.

“Ma’am, you seem to have something troubling you?”

He could tell that Mary was hesitant and deliberating.

Mary laughed as she sighed.

“I’ve heard about your experience and wisdom. I believe that you’re a gentleman with excellent foresight.

“This is the thing: Are you interested in purchasing some of the Coim Company’s shares?”

“Why? Ma’am, are you in trouble?” Klein asked in a staid manner

Mary shook her head.

“Someone else is selling them.”

Chapter 794: Short-Term Investment

Someone else is selling? Klein ruminated over those words without immediately asking. After the servant placed the silver three-layered tray down for high tea and left, he said with a smile, “Ma’am, why don’t you purchase it yourself?

“Even a blind person knows that Loen will place more attention on environmental pollution in the future. Therefore, the Coim Company, that deal with anthracite and high-quality charcoal, definitely has a promising future. It being worth half a million or even a million pounds wouldn’t be a fantasy. Of course, the premise is that the company’s management can keep up with the corresponding expansion.

“In such a situation, the acquisition of shares in the Coim Company is definitely a profitable business. If I were you, I’d take it for myself, no matter how much debt I get myself into.”

Mary used two fingers to pick a cucumber sandwich from the bottom silver tray, took a tiny nimble, and slowly chewed before swallowing it down.

With this as a buffer, she finally organized her words.

“Ever since the law to fix atmospheric pollution was passed, the Coim Company has been rapidly developing. The faces of the shareholders have begun changing. As you know, people who have their sights on money will often have good business sense. And behind them, there are usually some powerful figures at play.

“If I weren’t a member of the National Atmospheric Pollution

Council, and had used this to get to know quite a number of nobles and high-ranking government officials, I believe I wouldn't be able to withstand the pressure, and I would end up selling my shares at a relatively good price. I would then leave the stage with a considerably good profit.

"But even so, most of the shares will quickly concentrate, and I'll quickly lose my status as the highest shareholder, losing control over the company's direction.

"This is something I inherited from my father. I don't want it to become somebody else's toy. I wish for it to slowly develop into the biggest anthracite and high-quality supplier to Backlund, or even all of the Loen Kingdom. Heh heh, it's not that I haven't tried other solutions. I've pledged my shares and sold my property, investing a large sum of my liquidity into it, absorbing 15% of the shares in secret, as well as requesting friends that I can trust to help. I've obtained a total of 10% of the shares, and together with the 20% I originally had, I hold 45% in total.

"The current situation is that a minor shareholder suddenly decided to liquidate his 3%, and my friends and I temporarily do not have the money to acquire it."

This is a commercial war… This was a first for Klein, who was accustomed to dealing with Beyonders; he found it fresh but also unfamiliar.

He similarly reached out his hand and selected a sandwich which had high-quality turkey at the bottom of the three-layered tray. As he ate, he contemplated for about ten seconds and said, "The shares that you acquire later can also be pledged, right?"

"There won't be enough time. The other party has already provided an offer, and the transaction can be closed at any time," Mary said as she finished the food in her hand.

Klein leaned back into his sofa in a relaxed manner.

"Why did you come to me?"

Upon hearing the question, Mary heaved a slight sigh of relief.

"First, you must've brought quite a sizable amount of money to Backlund. You wouldn't need to raise funds through different means. Second, you just came to Backlund, so you aren't deeply involved with the other party or in other aspects. This also means that I'm not afraid that you would violate the terms of the agreement. Even if you choose to align with them, you'll have to consider if it's worth violating the law. Third, although we've only met once, I believe you are a very dignified and knowledgeable gentleman."

Your praise is leaving me a little embarrassed... However, it also means that my acting performance as Dwayne Dantès is effective. At the very least, everyone knows that he's a middle-aged gentleman with foresight and competence, with plenty of money that he has nowhere to invest... Hmm, considering the original 16,493 pounds and Miss Magician's 5,000, no—6,000 pounds, as well as the 48 pounds provided by Mr. X, I have a total of 22,991 pounds and 5 gold coins. Even if I deduct the 5,987 pounds I owe Miss Messenger, I'll be considered a true tycoon... Many people with assets worth a hundred thousand pounds might not have that much liquidity... Klein couldn't help but do a count of his wealth as he asked with a smile, "Ma'am, what do you wish for me to do?"

Mary sipped some tea and said eloquently, "Acquire the 3% shares. But before that, I'll sign two contracts with you. The first contract stipulates that I'll forcefully purchase the shares from you in three months and buy it at the highest price over this period of time. The corresponding tax will be shouldered by me. The second contract stipulates that we act in concert...

“In addition, I will make you a member of the board of directors for the Coim Company. You will enjoy the corresponding perks as you monitor the company’s development. This will help you be integrated even better into high society.”

Sounds like a sure-win. It’s equivalent to me providing a loan, and Ma’am Mary will repay me with a certain amount of interest and social resources… And compared to a debt agreement, I’ll be holding onto the shares of an excellent company. It’s more secure; after all, we are considered strangers… Of course, that’s under the premise that the Coim Company itself is alright. Hmm, this is also why she’s making me a director… Klein analyzed the conditions proposed by Ma’am Mary and slowly felt enticed by them.

From his point of view, Dwayne Dantès needed some investments. Otherwise, he would appear suspicious. Then, selecting the kind of investment was a rather important problem since it had to be considered that Dwayne Dantès might have to give up everything and leave Backlund because of his operation’s failure or success.

When the time comes, there’s a chance to take away the money, but I can forget about the shares… This kind of investment, one that allows me to quickly recoup my investment, meets my requirements… I might even earn quite a bit… Klein contemplated for a moment before warmly smiling.

“Helping a lady resolve problems is something that I need to do.”

Ma’am Mary immediately felt relieved. Just as she was about to say something, she heard Dwayne Dantès’s attractive voice continue:

“However, I’m rather cautious in regards to any investments I make.

“I will hire a lawyer and an accounting team to investigate the Coim Company’s situation. I’ll try to reach a conclusion as quickly as possible, and if there aren’t any problems, we can begin our cooperation.”

Aside from that, I will also do a divination… Klein silently added inwardly.

“Definitely.” Ma’am Mary smiled and added, “I’ll bear the costs for such expenses.”

Klein didn’t reject the offer as he nodded and said, “How much would the 3% shares cost?”

“The current valuation is 9,600 pounds, but the shareholder believes that the Coim Company has a promising future, so it can’t be lower than 12,000 pounds.” Mary gave him the exact details.

Phew… Klein used a calm and relaxed manner to smile.

“That’s still alright.”

Dwayne Dantès is indeed rich… Mary thought as she said, “Dwayne, can I invite you to visit the Coim Company tomorrow?”

“That’s exactly what I wish for,” Klein replied with a smile.

At the same time, he couldn’t help but think of something. His former landlord, Stelyn Sammer’s husband, was likely still a manager at Coim Company.

Yet another familiar face, but it's not one for Dwayne Dantès... Klein felt wistful for some baffling reason.

...

At 8 p.m. there were still crowds of people entering East Borough from the other streets. Fatigue obviously colored their faces.

And this continued almost until ten.

Emlyn White had changed into a grayish-blue worker's attire, wore a cap, and hid himself in the alley of the Backlund Bridge area while observing the poor that sauntered back and forth.

Although he didn't have any experience in disguising himself, he had eyes and brains. Just a short observation was enough for him to discover the problems with his attire.

The most important point was that, compared to the poor who had dirty and ragged clothes, the work attire he had bought in the afternoon was too new and clean, easily attracting the attention of others.

Emlyn thought for a moment, returned to the dark alley, and reached out his fingers. Using what he had seen, he began tearing open the areas that were easily damaged.

Then, he observed his surroundings as his facial muscles gradually distorted into a grimace.

With a look of contempt, Emlyn came to the wall, closed his eyes, and began dabbing the dirt onto his clothes and pants.

*The smell of coal... the smell of rotting mud... the smell of p-p*ss...* Emlyn subconsciously extended his palm away from himself as he covered his mouth with his other hand. He nearly vomited.

At this moment, he realized that having an extraordinary sense of smell wasn't necessarily a good thing.

After a few minutes of excruciating torture, Emlyn finally finished his disguise. Even his handsome face was stained with coal.

With this disguise, he hunched his back, and slipped into the crowd, quickly entering East Borough without garnering any attention.

As he walked, Emlyn realized a problem.

He wasn't familiar with the roads at all!

He had no idea where Limestone Street or Beluga Whale Street was in East Borough, while most of the street signs had already been damaged.

An assassination attempt really is a troublesome matter... Emlyn mumbled as he began asking around for directions.

After nearly an hour of hard work, he finally arrived at Limestone Street. The streets were narrow, with the buildings on both sides leaning close to each other. Even in the day, it appeared dark. At night, it gave off a terrifying sense of creepiness and darkness. But to the Sanguine, such an environment wasn't bad. The only problem was the dirt and messiness.

After spraying a medicine that eliminated his scent, Emlyn walked into the condominium at Unit 6, went to the third story, and approached the public washroom with his nose pinched before standing outside the room of Primordial Moon believer, Argos.

Emlyn cocked his ears to listen for a while before he stopped pinching his nose in puzzlement.

He nearly fainted from the stench wafting over from the washroom. It took him a great bit of effort to focus his gaze on the room.

His sense of smell told him that there wasn't anyone inside, nor were there any corpses.

He moved away? Or he isn't back? Emlyn muttered silently in a daze.

He never expected his hunt to be so unsuccessful.

After reining in his emotions, Emlyn left the condominium and rushed to 19 Beluga Whale Street.

This time, he was delighted to discover that someone was home. Galis Kevin was home.

At that moment, Emlyn caught the scent of another person. It was very identical to Argos's apartment at Limestone Street.

Two people... There are two people in the room! Argos isn't home because he came to Galis Kevin... Two... Emlyn's expression

suddenly froze.

He wasn't worried if it was one-on-one. But if it was one against two, he was still a little fearful with Leymano's Travels. After all, the two of them were artificial vampires with rather significant strength!

Chapter 795: Patience

As a Sanguine who liked to stay home, the number of battles Emlyn had involved himself in could be counted on one hand. Furthermore, he had never attempted fighting in the state of a numbers disadvantage.

Be it his attack on the previous Primordial Moon believer, or resisting Bishop Utravsky from the Harvest Church, he basically had the numerical advantage in being the worst at one-on-one fights.

Thinking back to the failure of his family of three attempting to defeat the half-giant bishop, Emlyn's expression turned livid as though he had recalled the torture he suffered back at the Harvest Church.

As there weren't many residents living here, and with Galis Kevin having sharp senses as an artificial vampire, he didn't dare stay outside the door for too long. He quickly walked past the area and walked to the end of the corridor and hid in the shadows.

What should I do next... Emlyn leaned against random objects that blocked the crimson sunlight as his thoughts rapidly whirled in an attempt to find a solution with his pitiful amounts of experience.

Gradually, the words which The Hanged Man had taught The Sun surfaced in his mind:

"Patience is an important premise when dealing with many situations...

"Only by being able to curb your urges and irascibility will you be able to avoid danger to the greatest extent...

"At times, tolerance is very important..."

Tolerance... Emlyn nodded indiscernibly and knew what he needed to do.

He planned on laying in ambush until Argos left!

As this wasn't the artificial vampire's residence, it was certain that he would leave. When the time came, Emlyn could deal with a one-on-one situation.

Patience, tolerance, waiting... Emlyn repeated these words inwardly so as to resist the damage the surroundings were dealing to him.

The air wafting through the first floor of the condominium was filled with the stench of piss, rotting moisture, the unflushed smell of feces, the odor of some of its residents, as well as all kinds of nauseating, unpleasant, and disgusting smells. Mixed together, they were like a poison that ate at Emlyn's senses.

For the first time in his life, Emlyn wished that he could slice off his nose. He had the feeling as though he was stuck in an abyss or was in hell suffering torture.

Patience... Tolerance... Waiting... he mechanically chanted the principles, finding each second that passed excruciatingly long.

Finally, he saw Galis Kevin's door open. A thin dark-brown figure

walked out. His cheekbones protruded, and he had a high, sharp, and crooked nose. He was none other than the Primordial Moon believer, Argos.

At that moment, his face had patches of swollen festering that looked disgusting.

Indeed, as that young boss, Ian, said, these fellows wear clothes that are clean and tidy, completely unlike the residents of East Borough... Emlyn became spirited as he watched Argos leave the condominium.

After patiently waiting for nearly five minutes, he stood up and decided to take action.

As his target, Galis Kevin, was an artificial vampire, Emlyn was rather aware of his opponent's strengths and traits. Hence, he had made preparations in a targeted manner.

Galis Kevin's sense of smell isn't weaker than mine when I just came of age. Heh, this actually cannot be confirmed. For him to stay in such an environment, he might've already lost his nose and brains... Besides, his spirituality can't be weak, and he has an innate instinct that's geared towards danger... His vision and hearing can't be too bad either... As Emlyn viewed his opponent with scorn, he consumed a potion and sprayed out a liquid to cover his body's scent again.

Right on the heels of that, by consuming the potion and spraying it on like last time, he hid his body and attire, disappearing as though he had been wiped away by an eraser.

In a dark, uninhabited corner, a palm-sized notebook which was bronze-green in color had suddenly appeared out of thin air, as though it had passed through a transparent screen.

It began flipping itself almost silently before fixing onto a white page that was filled with astromancy symbols.

As these symbols vanished, the surroundings brightened up a little.

This was the disruption ability of an Astrologer!

Then, Leymano's Travels was retracted, disappearing inch by inch as it was completely concealed by the invisible screen.

Prepared, Emlyn recalled his plans. He lightened his footsteps and silently arrived outside Galis Kevin's apartment without approaching the door.

The notebook appeared out of thin air once again before being flipped to the Door Opening page.

An illusory sound immediately resounded in Emlyn's mind as it "prompted" him to reach out a hand towards the wall.

At the same time, Emlyn cautiously pulled back Leymano's Travels into his clothes, using his invisible coat to hide it.

When Emlyn's palm finally pressed the wall, he saw a ghostly-blue, incorporeal, blurry door appear before his eyes. It was embedded in the wall, but it also showed signs of masonry at the bottom.

Cocking his ear to hear the goings-on inside the house, he took a sniff of the air before taking a step forward. He then passed through the ghostly-blue door as if he was passing a screen of

water.

The scene before him changed immediately. It was filled with walls covered in stains and three wooden beds on the side, a worn-out cupboard, and all kinds of miscellaneous items.

This was the inside of Galis Kevin's apartment!

As for the ghostly-blue door behind Emlyn, it had long vanished as if it had never existed before.

Cautiously surveying the area, Emlyn caught sight of his target, Galis Kevin.

This Primordial Moon believer was a good-looking mixed-blood. He had long hair that reached his shoulders, and his eyes were a little red, as though he didn't fully acquire the eyes of a Sanguine.

At that moment, he was sitting by the side of the bed, staring at the door; his thoughts a mystery.

Emlyn circled to his side without causing a commotion. He took out Leymano's Travels which he ensured was in a blind spot, and he flipped to a page that left his fingers slightly numb.

It was a yellowish-brown goatskin page. The surface was filled with all kinds of ancient and distorted symbols and patterns. Together, they constructed a figure that looked like a thin tree with outstretched branches.

After adjusting his angle, Emlyn slid his finger across the page.

Suddenly, silver lightning illuminated the room as if it was daytime.

A sizzling sound was heard as the lightning smote Galis Kevin on the head, charring the Primordial Moon believer instantly. His body convulsed as his eyes lost focus.

The silver bolts of lightning continued snaking around while Emlyn's figure surfaced behind the frozen target's back. He reached out his right palm and clenched his opponent's neck.

Kacha!

He calmly snapped Galis Kevin's neck and yanked off his head and tossed the body away, eliminating the possibility of letting his opponent heal himself with his strong restorative powers.

Pa!

Galis Kevin's headless corpse collapsed to the ground as blood sprayed everywhere.

An artificial vampire lost its life just like that.

Emlyn's calm expression was quickly replaced with surprise. He looked at the head in his hand with disbelief. He realized that Galis Kevin didn't realize what was happening even upon death. Fixed in his eyes were pain and puzzlement.

It's that easy? It happened like a breeze? Although Emlyn was proud, he didn't believe that he could finish off an artificial vampire that easily. However, reality told him that it was as easy

as a breeze.

A Lightning Strike that can cause paralysis, together with my high movement speed, had allowed me to instantly kill my target... Heh, the premise is that he's weak to lightning, allowing him to be easily paralyzed... Also, I had interfered with his spiritual intuition ahead of time and avoided attacking him head-on by passing through the wall. Those were key to my success... After a few seconds of surprise, Emlyn recalled the details and concluded plenty of useful experience.

This made him truly realize the potency of matching Beyonder powers, as well as the value of Leymano's Travels.

It's no wonder Mr. Hanged Man was the first one to have thoughts of renting it... Emlyn reined in his thoughts and looked at the blood that gushed out of Galis Kevin. His throat couldn't help but move.

He hadn't had that much fresh blood in a while.

However, he didn't dare drink it. This was because the deceased Beyonder characteristic had yet to appear. The blood would still contain parts of it, and drinking it would easily result in excessive Beyonder characteristics, adding the risk of losing control. This wasn't conducive to his subsequent operations.

Emlyn retracted his gaze and surveyed the surroundings. He found a stack of old newspapers and a tiny wooden chest. He planned on using that to store Galis Kevin's head in.

And before that, he sat down and waited for the Beyonder characteristic to appear.

Two minutes later, Emlyn suddenly looked up at the door.

He heard footsteps!

Immediately after that, he caught the scent of Argos!

Why is this artificial vampire back? He returned midway? Emlyn White instantly became a little nervous, unsure how he was going to handle the issue.

Thump!

Argos knocked on the door from the outside without making a sound. This resulted in an abnormal silence.

Emlyn was stunned. He immediately understood that Argos had caught scent of the blood and knew that something had happened inside.

What should I do... Rush out and finish him? No, others will see me if I do so. I would then be caught by the official Beyonders... Emlyn instinctively took out a potion ad planned on hiding himself again.

Suddenly, he had an idea.

Exhaling silently, Emlyn placed Galis Kevin on the bed as he drank an invisibility potion and spewed out the corresponding amount of liquid. Slowly and very gently, he moved to a corner of the room and hid there.

This way, it made it seem like the assassination was completed and that the murderer had long fled the scene.

As time passed, aside from the occasional passing by of the residents, there was silence both inside and outside.

Suddenly, Galis Kevin's window creaked open as a pair of eyes shot its gaze inside.

After careful inspection, Argos, with a festering face, leaped into the room and slowly walked to the corpse which was still indistinctly expelling the Beyonder characteristic.

In the corner, Emlyn White secretly took out Leymano's Travels while Argos wasn't looking in his direction. He flipped to another page of Lightning Strike.

At this moment, Argos's sight landed on the bed and on his companion's head, as well as the stack of old newspapers and the tiny wooden chest.

His pupils suddenly constricted.

Chapter 796: Slowly Becoming Proficient

Not good! Emlyn White traced Argos's gaze and realized that he had forgotten to deal with the old newspapers and the tiny wooden chest.

Although they were part of the room, they were placed in different parts of the room. Now, they were put together, making it appear rather odd. It was as though someone had wanted to do something with them before having to give up for the time being.

Then, why would there be a need to give up? Was the person alarmed by the knocking of the door? That means that the murderer hadn't left and is hiding in a particular corner of the room? Similar thoughts flashed in Argos's and Emlyn's mind at the same time. However, one of them was feeling perplexed, while the other was reverse-inferring the other party's thoughts.

No good!

The two vampires reacted at the same time as Argos lunged to the side as he emitted thick black gases that resembled a bat's wing. As for Emlyn White, his finger quickly swiped across the opened Leymano's Travels.

Suddenly, a silver hue appeared, illuminating the room again.

The Lightning that branched out didn't hit Argos and ended up hitting the ground beside the bed. It broke up into countless thin bolts that snaked towards conductive materials.

Here, the wing which Argos used thick black gases to create seemed to attract the lightning. It was pursued by the snaking lightning as they struck him, spreading across his body.

Argos became numb for a second and crashed down to the ground before he could leap up.

Emlyn hurriedly flipped through Leymano's Travels and once against slid his finger across a Lightning Strike page.

Although he didn't know why there were so many pages of Lightning Strike, with them taking up nearly half of the yellowish-brown goatskin, he was overjoyed that he could keep using them.

The silver bolts of lightning crashed down, smiting Argos, causing his body to emit black smoke despite having just recovered from his numbed state. Failing to leap away, his body began to convulse uncontrollably.

Seizing this opportunity, Emlyn White bent his knee and leaped forward with his feet, approaching Argos with afterimages trailing behind him. Then, he wrapped his right arm around target's head, easily flashing behind him.

Kacha!

Argos directly saw his back.

His eyes filled with blood as the few festering parts on his face burst open as deep and illusory darkness poured out from inside.

Emlyn had no idea what had happened. He slid backward instinctively as he kept changing his positioning.

Argos didn't pursue him as his eyes lost their rationality. All that was left was pure malicious intent, madness, and clear blankness.

He raised his hands and pressed them against his head before forcefully twisting it, allowing it to return to its normal orientation with a crisp crack.

And around this artificial vampire, the darkness surged as though it wanted to devour everything.

Then, Argos stretched his neck from side to side as his body swelled and oozed out disgusting pus.

He had come to Galis Kevin tonight because his body had shown signs of losing control. There was a need to discuss a solution. He returned midway because he suddenly came to a realization that perhaps the harsh environment had caused intense negative effects to him due to his extraordinary sense of smell and sensitivity; thus, resulting in him having signs of losing control.

And at that moment, he completely broke down with the shadow of death hanging over him. He had lost control.

Emlyn White's heart palpitated when Argos swept his gaze across him. He felt that he had encountered trouble again as he couldn't help but curse the Primordial Moon's believers for often making themselves into monsters.

He didn't immediately pray to Mr. Fool for two reasons. First, there wasn't any time as his opponent was about to launch an attack. Second, in a one-on-one situation, Emlyn believed that it wasn't too dangerous dealing with a Sequence 7 Rampager.

He made every second count by flipping through Leymano's Travels quickly, letting it land on the page with Lightning Strike again.

Pa!

Thick, distorted bolts of silver lightning smote down heavily as it flailed its claws, striking the mutated Argos.

At that moment, the lightning seemed to shatter the surging darkness, but it also seemed to be devoured by it. The two vanished at the same time, leaving behind Argos who had finally locked his sights onto Emlyn.

This artificial vampire who had lost control produced afterimages as he pounced towards his target.

Emlyn crouched down and rolled, dodging the lethal strike.

At the same time, he reached his free right hand into his pocket and took out a metal bottle.

Bam!

As Argos quickly turned around, he instantly appeared near his enemy.

Pa! Without any time to remove the cover, Emlyn clenched his fingers, pinching open a crack in the metal bottle.

Then, he threw the bottle ahead, letting the pure and radiant liquid inside splatter towards the approaching Argos.

This was Sun Water which he had concocted with his spirituality. It was extremely strong against vampires.

This was the preparation that a Potions Professor had to do in advance!

“Ah!”

Being splashed by the liquid, Argos let out a blood-curdling scream. Wisps of black smoke billowed from his body as he lost his strength in midair.

Bang! Although he collided with Emlyn, he failed to make him lose his balance. Emlyn tumbled twice but didn’t suffer any actual damage.

While tumbling, Emlyn ignored managing his injuries. He swatted his right hand which had made contact with a few drops of Sun Water and quickly flipped Leymano’s Travels.

Pa!

Another bolt of silver lightning smote down, causing Argos’s tragic cries to come to an end.

This vampire who had lost control had appeared to be suffering the radiance of the sun from a close distance as he fell into a state of intense paralysis.

Emlyn seized this opportunity and took out another bottle of Sun Water. He unscrewed the cap and poured it towards his opponent.

This time, Argos didn't even manage to let out a cry. His body began to melt like wax.

It was only then that Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief. He then conjured a thick black fog behind him, turning it into illusory bats the size of a palm as they swarmed towards his target.

The black bats landed on Argos, enveloping him completely. Following that, they separated and flew back to Emlyn before vanishing.

Argos's body had shrunk quite noticeably, and he finally couldn't hold out any longer. In his half-melted state, he slowly collapsed.

Only then did Emlyn raise his right hand to check on the remnant pain. He saw that his palm and a few fingers had wounds that were corroding.

However, the flesh inside was rapidly squirming as they healed themselves.

It's over... I actually finished him... Emlyn retracted his gaze and looked at Argos's corpse in slight disbelief.

Although this hunt had quite a few ups and downs, he hadn't encountered any real danger the entire time. This made him realize that the existence of the Tarot Club made him far stronger than he imagined.

If Argos had checked Galis Kevin's corpse first and not notice the newspapers and wooden chest, he definitely would've figured out that I possess Beyonder powers like Lightning Strike. He wouldn't have used Wings of Darkness while dodging and end up being hit by the lightning.

But this way, he wouldn't have discovered any abnormalities and wouldn't have made any evasive maneuvers ahead of time. My Lightning Strike would've struck him directly and things would've been easier.

Viewing it from this angle, no matter what happened, I would be able to kill him as long as I didn't make a mistake in my handling of matters... They're really weak... So I'm already this powerful...

It's no wonder the Ancestor made me join the Tarot Club... This is a gathering that prepares the various races for the impending apocalypse. It's of a much higher level than the other secret organizations! Emlyn tipped his chin up a little as he couldn't help but curl his lips.

Following that, he heard footsteps outside, but no one dared to approach.

Argos's scream must've alarmed the surrounding residents, but they wouldn't dare enter because they're afraid of trouble... However, someone will definitely report it to the police... I need to clear the scene as quickly as possible and leave... Emlyn retracted his gaze from the door and walked to Galis Kevin's corpse. From the pooling blood, he picked up an item the size of a fist.

It was completely red in color and resembled a heart. It was expanding and contracting slightly, and its surface was translucent. He could vaguely see a liquid flowing inside, and it was none other than the Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 7 Vampire of the Apothecary pathway.

This is my trophy... Emlyn momentarily felt unaccustomed to it. After calming himself, he wrapped the Beyonder characteristic and Galis Kevin's head with the old newspapers and stuffed it into the wooden chest.

After placing the wooden chest to the side, he yanked Argos's head whose form looked nothing like before. He then took out another bottle of medicine and scattered in every corner of the room.

During this process, Emlyn wasn't flustered at all. It was as though he wasn't worried that the official Beyonders in East Borough would rush over.

A few minutes later, he picked up Argos's mutated Beyonder characteristic, glancing at its surface, which was nearly black in color, and the indistinct human-faced patterns. Behind him, a black gas was emanated.

The black gas transformed into countless tiny bats again as they flew within the room. They combined with the potion liquid that had been sprayed earlier, forming a silent black flame that spread outwards.

The black flames burned away the blood and corpse, as well as the traces of the Lightning Strikes. All that was left was a layer of sticky liquid that resembled asphalt covering the different objects in the room.

Then, these liquid bodies turned into heavy black bats as they spiraled around Emlyn's body.

Emlyn didn't have extravagant hopes that his actions could completely interfere in subsequent investigations. He only had one goal—to make the situation look okay. This made the police or official Beyonders who took on the case write off the matter as something of little value. After a simple investigation, they would file it away and not pay any further attention to it.

After doing all of this, Emlyn, with his cap and blackened face, surveyed the room.

Following that, he bowed slightly at the crimson moon.

Meanwhile, he flipped the pages of Leymano's Travels and had it stop at Teleportation.

Emlyn's figure, along with the heavy bats, immediately turned transparent and formless as he vanished from the spot.

After nearly fifteen minutes, a few policemen from East Borough rushed in. They crashed through the door but didn't discover any residents or corpses.

They yawned languidly and forced the onlooking residents to admit that they had been hallucinating; thus, ending the investigation.

This was the efficiency and style of the East Borough police.

...

After leaving East Borough, Emlyn first headed home and hid Leymano's Travels. Then, with his spoils, he headed straight for Odora's house in West Borough.

He wanted to declare his victory and claim his reward!

Chapter 797: Reward

Inside Odora's villa, Emlyn saw Cosmi, who was also a Baron like he was.

This Sanguine who seemed like a man in his prime was Nibbs Odora's spokesperson.

I'm also a Baron, and one that recently achieved adulthood at that… Emlyn mumbled inwardly. He got up from the sofa in the activity room and bowed.

"Good evening, My Lord."

Cosmi was just about to say something when his nose twitched. He then cast his gaze towards the wooden chest beside Emlyn's feet.

"The smell of fresh blood?"

As he asked in puzzlement, he seemed to connect the dots and added after a second of thought, "You killed another target?"

Emlyn curled his lips and shook his head.

"No."

Then, before Cosmi could ask further, his smile turned profound.

“Not one, but two.”

Two? The middle-aged gentleman was taken aback as he watched Emlyn bend down to open the lid.

During this process, Emlyn’s facial muscles winced a little as this series of actions had touched the wound on his right hand.

Holding back the change in his expression, Emlyn allowed his arm to hang down slightly, allowing the chest to tilt and reveal its contents to the Sanguine Baron opposite him.

Two charred, bloody heads were stuffed inside a pile of old newspapers. By the side were two transparent objects which resembled hearts—one red with vitality, and the other nearly black.

This impactful scene was reflected in Cosmi’s eyes as he looked up in surprise, staring at Emlyn blankly as he blurted, “You did this?”

Although he had only managed to recognize one head being Galis Kevin’s, but the two Vampire Beyonder characteristics couldn’t be faked!

Emlyn put down the wooden chest and allowed his right hand to hang down naturally. Surreptitiously, he flicked his right hand very slightly along the corners of his trousers as he replied with a smile, “Of course.

“This is the thing: After receiving the 7,000-pound reward back then, I bought a particular Baron’s legacy at a particular Beyonder gathering. With it, I advanced.

“I don’t wish to use money to satisfy the murderers who hunt us Sanguine, but I didn’t wish for this legacy to land in the hands of others; besides, the seller wasn’t necessarily the hunter.”

Taking this opportunity, Emlyn revealed the fact that he had already become a Baron. Furthermore, every word he said was the truth.

This was a technique he had learned from the Tarot Club.

I long knew that you were a Baron. Do you think your frequent purchases of all kinds of items with spirituality and the borrowing of books that explain potions would go unnoticed? If it weren’t because of certain factors, we would’ve questioned you long ago… What I’m surprised about is your combat ability. You don’t even have a single mystical item, and with you only wishing to buy dolls, it’s not easy to hunt two artificial vampires without causing a commotion, even for a Baron… Even I would need to make plenty of preparations and acquire detailed intelligence before it’s possible… Without anyone noticing it, Emlyn is already this strong? Cosmi Odora couldn’t help but lampoon as he revealed a fake smile.

“So that’s the reason…

“Emlyn, why did you hide it from us? Don’t you wish to be addressed as ‘Lord’ by the other Sanguine?”

Emlyn glanced at the Sanguine’s expression and tilted his chin.

“I was planning on telling everyone, but since there was the hunting competition, I decided to give everyone a surprise.

“Cosmi, I’ve already hunted three of the Primordial Moon believers, and you gave five targets. Does this mean that I’ve won?”

He couldn’t wait to change his form of address from ‘Lord’ to ‘Cosmi.’

Cosmi’s eyelids twitched as he chuckled.

“Yes, that’s right. You can ignore the two other targets. Leave it to Rus Báthory and the rest. This way, they might still be eligible for a consolation prize.”

Having said that, Cosmi found his attitude a little too cold, so he hurriedly asked in concern, “Were you injured?”

“A little.” Emlyn raised his right arm and stretched his fingers.

To be frank, on his hunt that night, the worst injury he suffered was after he teleported out of East Borough. He had ripped apart his skin to wipe his blood across the cover of Leymano’s Travels.

Cosmi didn’t develop the topic as he said after a few seconds of silence,

“Congratulations on being the victor of this hunting competition. You will receive two prizes.

“First, if there’s a chance to become a Viscount in the future, you will enter the final list of candidates, receiving free help for the ritual.

“Second, you will obtain a mystical item. It’s a ring personally created by the Ancestor. Although it doesn’t contain any godhood, it possesses potent and very mystical powers. As the Ancestor didn’t name it, we all call it ‘Lilith’s Ring.’

“Also, according to convention, these two Beyonder characteristics will belong to the entire Sanguine race. This way, we might be able to have two more newborns, and you would receive 3,000 pounds in cash in return.”

A ring personally created made by the Ancestor… Although Emlyn was somewhat disappointed that the reward wasn’t a Viscount’s Beyonder characteristic, with it only being candidature and a free ritual, the ring made by Sanguine Ancestor Lilith herself was enough to put things right.

To a proud Sanguine with a sense of racial superiority, this was the highest form of honor!

As his joy was quelled, Emlyn, who had participated in several Tarot Gatherings and had completed two hunts, felt that things weren’t that simple.

I was sent by the Ancestor to Mr. Fool, and now, I’m receiving a ring from the Ancestor? Isn’t that too much of a coincidence? Emlyn thought for a moment and couldn’t figure out the answer. He finally decided to pray to Mr. Fool later, describe the entire situation, and see what advice “He” could give him.

Noticing that Emlyn’s joy had subsided and that he had remained silent for more than ten seconds, Cosmi cleared his throat.

“That ring and the cash will be given to you tomorrow.

“When the time comes, I’ll summon Rus Báthory and company, officially announcing your victory in this hunting competition. Then, the ring will be given to you.”

“No problem.” Although Emlyn lacked the experience in such matters, he knew that “rewards” couldn’t be given in private. It needed to be given in front of all the participants.

Without staying any longer, he bade farewell and left Odora’s villa in a rental carriage.

As the carriage slowly drove off, Emlyn took a look at the crimson moon which was hanging silently in the sky. His mind gradually calmed as he couldn’t help but recall everything that happened that very day. From that, he concluded lessons and gained experience.

Finally, he began counting how many Beyonder powers he needed to record onto Leymano’s Travels.

I used all of the five Lightning Strikes… One Teleportation, one Door Opening, one Astromancy… A total of eight times. In addition to that, I need to pay two additional powers, making it ten.

This will be a little difficult. There are some Beyonder powers that probably can’t be recorded; for example, my self-recovery powers… I can only repeat them… Heh, after I obtain the Ancestor’s ring, I can try recording the Beyonder powers it possesses…

…

Lilith’s Ring? Above the gray fog in the palace that looked like a

giant's residence, Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he quietly pondered over Emlyn White's prayer.

He had originally imagined that he would be woken up in the middle of the night, having to provide a particular inexperienced vampire help, but to his surprise, Emlyn had finished everything by eleven and had even "submitted" the mission in.

Back then, Emlyn prayed to The Fool because of a revelation from the ancient god, Lilith... Now, he has received "Her" ring... Regardless of who Lilith is, I need to be wary and observe... Klein seriously contemplated for a few seconds before replying to Emlyn's prayer in a staid manner, "When praying to me or participating in the Gathering in the future, take off that ring."

After giving his instructions, Klein returned to the real world. Without worrying about being woken up in the middle of the night, he slept till daybreak.

After breakfast and taking a rest, it was time for his etiquette lessons with Wahana. It was a special lesson for the ball he was hosting at his residence on the weekend.

Wahana's soft black hair flowed as the ends of her dress twirled while she led Dwayne Dantès into familiarizing himself with the opening dance.

In the brisk and comforting music, this etiquette teacher suddenly said, "I heard Ma'am Mary visited you yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes." As Klein poignantly reflected on how there weren't any secrets in the world of social networks, he nodded frankly.

Wahana nodded gently and said after two seconds of silence, “I heard that Ma’am Mary has pledged all her shares to the bank to borrow a large sum of money.”

This is a warning for me to be careful, so that I wouldn’t fall into a scam… The help I previously provided had not only allowed me to quickly enter the social circles in Böklund Street, but it has also continuously brought me benefits… However, Ma’am Mary’s pledging of shares was to secretly acquire more shares… Klein listened in silence before revealing a warm smile.

“Thank you.”

He paused and added, “I believe in the character of every friend, but in the field of business, caution is forever the first principle.

“I’ve already gotten Walter to hire an independent lawyer and accounting team to perform the due diligence, and come up with a proposal that can protect my interests and avoid taxes in the best way possible.

“Before that, I won’t make any decisions.”

Wahana raised her head a little and looked into Dwayne Dantès’s deep blue eyes before suddenly sighing with a laugh.

“You truly are a wise person.”

Klein originally wanted to attribute it to maturity, but thinking back to how Wahana’s husband had previously been in a scam over his cloth, and he had only managed to reduce his losses thanks to him, such an answer easily made her imagine things and make comparisons. Since it would appear like a mockery, he

changed his excuse and said with a chuckle, “My wisdom comes from the lessons I’ve received in the past.”

“It’s hard to imagine you being duped.” Wahana chuckled as she lowered her head. “Is it due to all your experiences that you can appreciate the different kinds of charms for all kinds of ladies?”

When is this rumor ever going to end… Klein said with a helpless smile, “Every flower has something beautiful about it.”

After familiarizing himself with the entire process and the corresponding dance, Klein walked Wahana out. Together with his valet, Richardson, he took up Ma’am Mary’s invitation and headed for the Coim Company in Cherwood Borough.

Chapter 798: Revisiting an Old Haunt

Cherwood Borough, outside the Coim Company.

When Klein alighted from the carriage, he looked around as if he had never been here before, as though everything had a strong sense of novelty.

In fact, he wasn't a stranger to the area. He knew that opposite the street was the Gardeley department store where the middle-class enjoyed patronizing, and that there was a shop not far away that was famous for its specialty Desi pies.

He had once spent a considerable amount of time here waiting for Doragu Gale, to tail him so as to obtain evidence to his acts of adultery!

Retracting his gaze, Klein walked towards the Coim Company with Richardson. Ma'am Mary and her lady's maid were already waiting there.

In the relatively conservative Loen Kingdom, a lady's servant had to be of the same sex; otherwise, it would result in nasty gossip, affecting her social relationships and marriage. Therefore, even though Ma'am Mary's lady's maid needed to play the role of her secretary to a certain extent, with her understanding societal etiquette, commercial knowledge, and having a certain level of negotiation skill, all she could do was select from women with good education or with relevant working experience without considering any men.

Similarly, gentlemen needed to have valets and commercial secretaries of the same sex.

Of course, even so, there were always people who couldn't rein themselves in and engaged in immoral acts. Every year, there were cases of servants and their employers having relations. Amongst them, the maids were mostly the victims. They were either cheated, forced, or enticed to become the male employer's lover. When they were eventually discovered, they would be fired, losing their jobs. Then, their reputation would be destroyed, making them ineligible options for servants again. Many a time, they had to become prostitutes.

"Good afternoon, Dwayne." Ma'am Mary welcomed him with a smile.

Klein bowed and said, "Good afternoon, Ma'am. It really is a flourishing area."

Such a topic was roughly equivalent to talking about the weather.

After Mary exchanged pleasantries with him, she led Dwayne Dantès through the Coim Company's entrance and said with a smile, "Later, there will be professionals giving you an explanation as they show you around.

"After about half an hour, head on up. I've prepared a buffet and invited a few friends in different circles."

Friends in different circles... This is her trying to expand my social circle... Very sincere! Klein nodded slightly and said, "As someone not from the area, I always look forward to knowing more friends, having just come to Backlund."

"No, you're nothing like that. If I had the liberty of saying it, you're a true Backlund gentleman who has received excellent education," Ma'am Mary replied politely.

As they conversed, they passed through the door and entered the reception area which had excellent lighting. A stocky man in a suit with a beautiful mustache stood there waiting.

"This is Luke Sammer. He is our Coim Company's first manager," Mary introduced him to Dwayne Dantès.

Actually, I know him... Klein looked at Luke and nodded with a smile.

To him, Luke Sammer was a rather staid, professional gentleman. He enjoyed machinery and was a very gentlemanly person at banquets. He didn't belittle the poor detective who had yet to make a name for himself, not did he deliberately curry favor with the few mid-ranking civil servants of the Backlund municipal department that lived on Minsk Street.

"This is my friend, Dwayne Dantès. He's interested in anthracite and high-quality charcoal. Help me give him a detailed explanation," Mary said to Luke.

Luke, who had been informed ahead of time, took a step forward and looked at the tycoon from Desi Bay. He gave a warm smile and said respectfully, "Mr. Dantès, this is the Coim Company's headquarters... We have long-term agreements with several anthracite mines... We supply Cherwood, Hillston, North, and West Borough with anthracite and high-quality charcoal, satisfying 30% of their overall demand. We also have the chance of clinching a huge contract with the navy..."

I've never seen Luke with such an expression... Klein followed him around Coim Company with an unperturbed expression as he listened to Luke introduce the various areas. From time to time, he would inquire without expressing his attitude.

Half an hour later, they went up to the second floor and entered a huge meeting room.

The place was already set up with tables clinging close to the walls. Plates of food were randomly placed on them, with mainly ham, smoked meat, sausages, bread, salad, cakes, pudding, and other cold dishes. However, there were a few hot dishes.

Just as he stepped in, Dwayne Dantès was introduced to two men who were talking close to Mary.

“This is Reporter Mike Joseph from the Daily Observer. This is an excellent surgeon, Dr. Aaron Ceres. In Backlund, you will often need them.”

As Klein listened to Mary, he smiled at the two gentlemen, the corners of his lips nearly twitching.

These are all friends I’m very familiar with! Well, I’m even more familiar with the fetus in the womb of Aaron’s wife. Hmm, why does that sound wrong… As Klein lampooned, he patiently waited for Mary to introduce Dwayne Dantès to the two men before politely greeting Mike and Aaron.

Mike Joseph didn’t look much different from last year. He had thin brows, rough skin, and charming blue eyes. As for Aaron Ceres, although he was intrinsically a cold and reserved person, he didn’t make it obvious. Everything that happened in the recent half-year had been smooth for him. In terms of mood and confidence, he was riding a high.

Upon hearing that Dantès was a tycoon from Desi, Mike took out his name card and handed it over with a smile.

“You don’t mind me advertising, right?

“If you wish to publish an advertisement, find me. Be it the Daily Observer or the Tussock Times, I can provide you with a discounted price.”

As he spoke, Mike winked, indicating that he was joking.

You are nothing but a reporter with all these fake identification documents… Why didn’t you mention the discount price advertisements to Sherlock Moriarty in the past? You were looking down on the detective, were you? Klein lampooned and exchanged name cards with him.

“I’ve always had such needs.”

Following that, he turned to Aaron and handed another name card to him.

“I was recently ill and recovered only recently. I’m very aware of how important a doctor is.”

“I’m a surgeon, so I believe you wouldn’t wish to meet me that much.” Despite saying so, Aaron still received the name card.

No, I’d love to meet you. I even wish to join the party of your child’s birth… Klein mumbled, deliberately leading the conversation to the field of medicine and having a good conversation with Mike and Aaron.

He had previously been stressing over how to close ties with Aaron to reestablish connections with a particular unborn fetus.

After all, the paper crane was about to tear at any moment, making it unusable for even one more attempt. As for Sherlock Moriarty, it was difficult for him to openly appear in Backlund to pay Aaron a visit, much less participate in the birth party.

There aren't any problems now. With Ma'am Mary's introduction, I can very naturally get close to Aaron. When the time comes, I'll definitely be invited. Hehe, I might even be made the godfather of a particular Snake of Mercury; after all, we are all believers of the Goddess... Will this make a particular fetus angry?... I'd better be careful. I definitely wouldn't mention this unless Aaron mentions it... Klein thought in delight.

He skillfully held himself back without appearing overly passionate on their first meeting. After a simple chat, he was introduced to the other guests by Mary.

During this process, Klein didn't forget to get some food and water, making him appear to easily adapt himself to the environment.

After completing a round, Mary stopped and said after some deliberation, "Everyone here is my friend."

This means that you didn't invite anyone from the other camp, and you are also including me as your friend? Klein nodded gently.

"I probably shouldn't ask as a gentleman, but as a businessman, I need to know who is the person, or who are the people, vying for the Coim Company's controlling share rights?"

Mary fell silent for two seconds.

“Baron Syndras and his friends. They wish to publicly list the Coim Company and earn the sky-high evaluation that will eventually happen. They’re completely unconcerned with the company’s future development.”

Baron Syndras, one of the richest men in Loen. By donating to the Conservative Party, he became an aristocrat and is a banker, factory owner, and a powerful businessman… It’s hard to tell where he stands, so even though he relied on the Conservative Party to obtain his aristocratic title, he’s more aligned with the New Party while being biased towards merchants… Klein thought and asked with a smile, “Why didn’t you get that Mr. Hall to help? His father is a powerful noble and banker. He should be able to provide you with the necessary help.”

Mary said with a wry smile, “Mr. Hall doesn’t wish to involve himself in this matter. He claims to be the chief secretary of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council, so he can’t be involved in commercial activities that deal with anthracite or charcoal.”

A man whose true ambitions lie in politics… However, he probably doesn’t wish to be at odds with Baron Syndras… Heh heh, if I were to choose another butler back then, I’d likely have established ties with Baron Syndras… He’s so rich, so if he really wants to raise the price, I wouldn’t be able to beat him… Heh, will a trope of him using money to crush me appear… Klein didn’t ask further as he said, “I will wait for the investigation report.”

Realizing that Dwayne Dantès wasn’t directly backing out, Mary said with slight gratitude, “In this age, chivalrous people are already few and far between. You are one of them.”

Klein smiled without promising anything. After the buffet was over, he began returning to North Borough on his high-end four-wheeled carriage.

As he daydreamed while looking out the window, Klein suddenly said to Richardson, “Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral.”

He had failed to figure out the exact answer to the reason for the anomaly in the cathedral which was later quelled. This made him wonder if he should find a chance to make contact with the Keepers.

He also remembered that every afternoon, there would at least be a Keeper who prayed to the Goddess in the prayer hall.

How should I make contact? In that environment, even a conversation will appear noisy... And this will easily incur the suspicion of others... Klein frowned slightly as he decided to observe before coming up with a solution.

The carriage didn’t change direction as it continued driving towards Böklund Street, but it didn’t stop and instead continued past it.

Inside the carriage, Klein closed his eyes to calm his slightly anxious feelings.

Chapter 799: Spying

North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Just as Klein entered the main prayer hall, he used the points of light that shone from the back of the altar to survey his surroundings, taking in all the believers inside.

In one glance, Klein rapidly locked onto a target. He followed the aisle and walked forward without showing any abnormal signs.

In the first row was an elder wearing a black clergyman's robe, but he exuded a cold aura. His face was pale, and his hair was withered and yellow. He had his eyes closed tightly as he prayed with great focus. He was one of the Keepers that Klein had previously sensed.

His shift is usually on Friday... Klein didn't approach him and instead sat two pews away from him. After finding a spot to sit down, he handed over his hat and cane to Richardson.

Then, while sitting down, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, silently activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

Suddenly, black illusory threads appeared in front of Klein as they densely extended out of different Spirit Bodies endlessly.

Having just taken his seat, Klein shifted his gaze, casting it onto the Keeper.

He nearly exclaimed from what he saw, but thanks to his self-control as a Clown, and his ability to expect abnormal situations, he managed to relax and maintain his staid attitude.

In his vision, although the yellow-haired elder had Spirit Body Threads extending out, his body was entirely black in color on the inside as the darkness swallowed the origins of the illusory threads in a way that was completely different from ordinary Beyonders!

Indeed, they have already been eroded by the core seal, causing a mutation at the level of the soul... From the looks of it, the problem is closer to my second guess. They are, in a sense, part of the core seal. Once they show signs of losing control, they will immediately trigger the item's instinctive reaction that forcefully quells them... It's no wonder the Keepers need to be a voluntary role and be advanced in their years. They probably understand the outcome... Klein sighed as he prepared to deactivate his Spirit Body Threads senses and retract his gaze.

At this moment, he saw a pair of eyes. They were black without any emotions within.

Beside the eyes, there were pronounced wrinkles that extended bit by bit, as though they were distorted, strange mysterious symbols.

They were the Keeper's eyes!

At some point in time, he had straightened his body, turned around, and looked blankly at Dwayne Dantès!

Klein's scalp instantly went numb as he forced a smile and nodded at him as though it was a normal meeting of eyes.

The Keeper slowly moved his head as a response.

Then, Klein felt as though he was extracted from his surroundings as things turned blurry before turning clear.

At that instant, he knew that he had been pulled into a dream.

Hence, as he maintained his image as Dwayne Dantès, he sized up his surroundings, only to realize that he was still inside Saint Samuel Cathedral. However, all the pews were either damaged or overturned and strewn everywhere. It looked as though it had met with a raid.

The altar up ahead was filled with cracks and weeds. The thick layer of dust made it seem like it had been in such desolate conditions since a long time ago.

The Keeper with yellow, withered hair was in front of the collapsed donation box, coldly staring at Dwayne Dantès who was suited in black.

Upon seeing Klein look over, he widened his mouth to reveal white, sharp, irregular teeth.

And these teeth were embedded with blurry, indistinct, and tiny figures. They had complete facial features and limbs, and their expressions were different but were colored with the same pain as though they were imprisoned there and unable to escape.

“Grunt…” The Keeper’s throat let out a growl that sounded like a beast as his back hunched over.

By his spine and waist, his clothes swelled as four blood-vessel-covered arms without any skin grew out.

Right on the heels of that, they grew fine black hair as the tips of his fingers grew sharp nails with a smacking sound.

In just three short seconds, the Keeper who looked normal had turned into an eight-legged monster that sprawled on the ground. It looked like a spider that had silently woven its web in the night while awaiting its prey, and also like a deformed black wolf that struck intense fear into one's heart.

Meanwhile, two gigantic palms filled with black hair extended out of the desolate altar without any warning. They pressed onto the sides as black gas condensed into slippery tentacles that extended in every direction. Soon, they filled the entire prayer hall.

The aura that left him trembling, the extreme sense of fear, and the huge, illusory figure were penetrating an invisible barrier as they manifested more clearly.

He lost control? That Keeper lost control? Klein stood there, subconsciously wishing to react and use his uniqueness to forcibly escape the dream, but suddenly, he figured out the series of events that had happened. His expression changed as he wore a terrified expression as he ran to the door, trembling. It looked like he was struggling in a dream.

In the time it took to take a breath, a dark chill spread out from the outside world like a tidal wave, inundating the entire dream and quelling everything.

Klein snapped his eyes open and realized that he had fallen asleep at some point in time. As for the yellow-haired Keeper, he

had long turned his head to continue praying.

Dwayne Dantès's eyes darted around as he looked around in horror as though he was still immersed in the dream and unable to escape the horror that had gripped him.

After nearly a minute, he took two deep breaths and looked at the Sacred Emblem again, drawing a sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

Only then did Klein have the time to recall the experience he had and began speculating as to what had happened.

As I had spied on his Spirit Body Threads, it caused him to show signs of losing control; thus, causing an excessive reaction by pulling me into a dream and attempting to deal with me?

Later, the core seal behind Chanis Gate sensed the anomaly and quelled the problem...

Now, the crux of the matter is if the Keeper still remembers the source of his near-mutation... If he's already used to it, he should find the cause of the problem very vague considering his present state... Of course, it might not be my problem. Perhaps he was already on the brink of losing control... Klein looked at the elder once again to observe what he would do next to determine how he should react.

If all else fails, I'll directly use Creeping Hunger and escape with Traveling... Klein rapidly made up his mind as he patiently waited for the possible repercussions.

A few minutes later, he saw Bishop Elektra walk in from the side

door towards him.

Klein's heart tightened as he spread open his left fingers in preparation to activate Creeping Hunger.

At that moment, he suddenly had an idea and stopped his actions.

If the Keeper has already informed the bishops about my problematic situation via a dream, I would be the victim of a collective assault by the Church's Beyonders. After all, pulling me into a dream can avoid harming the other believers. Therefore, they have no need to find a bishop I'm familiar with to come over... It's likely more to extend their regards and to placate me... Klein retracted his gaze and continued a praying pose.

In less than a minute, he finally sensed someone approach as he looked up and saw Bishop Elektra softly say, "You don't look too well?"

"I fell asleep without realizing it and had a nightmare. I still feel a little afraid," Klein said with a self-deprecating smile.

Bishop Elektra sat beside him and said in a staid manner, "Dreams are sometimes the manifestation of the fear within you.

"You will feel better as long as you sincerely pray to the Goddess and consume holy water.

"Of course, the most important thing is to not suppress yourself usually. Learn to confess to the Goddess. At times, wailing in secret can reduce a lot of your stress."

Klein secretly observed the bishop's attitude and read his tone before heaving a sigh of relief.

"I understand."

He cast his gaze forward again, bowed his head, and clasped his hands to begin praying silently.

While doing so, he saw the Keeper in front of him stand up and walk to the side door where a bishop was waiting.

Phew… Klein silently exhaled as he truly became one with the serene environment.

Suddenly, he heard a voice that was his, but it wasn't something that he could control.

"*Did you think what you did was well-hidden?*

"*No! Not at all! Have you forgotten that you've touched the Evernight Goddess's Holy Artifact?*"

Chapter 800: Psychologically Becoming "Better"

Who is it? Who is the one speaking? Klein's muscles tensed up as he nearly opened his eyes.

At that moment, his back oozed with sweat that soaked his shirt.

What he was most alarmed of wasn't the words said, but that it directly sounded in his heart and had modulated the voice to sound exactly like his.

Although I maintained my lucidity in that dream, I still had my Spirit Body tainted by his psyche that was on the verge of losing control? Or is someone using that Keeper to pass me a message? Countless guesses ran through Klein's mind. Finally, combining the contents of what was said and his own situation, he came up with a preliminary judgment.

The number of people who knows about my identity as Klein Moretti is few to begin with. Likewise for those who know that Klein Moretti had once sworn an oath while touching a Holy Artifact. Furthermore, there's almost no intersection between the two.

Mr. Azik had heard me mention the former matter before, but if he wants to give me any reminders, he can directly do it through a messenger. There's no need to use such a frightening method... Will Auceptin might know; after all, he's a Snake of Mercury who represents fate. But by the same logic, "He" can directly contact me... Of course, I can eliminate the possibility that he suddenly had the thought of frightening me. I just thought in the afternoon about having a chance of becoming his godfather...

The Antigonus family's notebook had corrupted the Keeper, just like how it used the Misfortune Cloth Puppet to deliver the symbol? But if it really is the Antigonus family's notebook, why didn't it just give me the potion formula directly? Or try negotiating with me to help in a Notebook Jailbreak… Saint Samuel Cathedral is the headquarters of the Backlund diocese, making it at a higher level than Saint Selena Cathedral. That notebook shouldn't have the ability to do anything further. It should be securely sealed…

Apart from them, there is only one entity who is aware of both matters—the Evernight Goddess. However, with a deity's pride, "She" has no need to pretend to act as a passerby to call me out with a polite and estranged tone… I'm in Saint Samuel Cathedral, so all "She" needs to do is produce a revelation, and dozens of Beyonders will appear to mow me down. And as a diocese headquarters, with sufficient preparation, they can probably disrupt Traveling; therefore, there's no need to go through so much trouble…

Hmm, there's still one more person who's aware of both matters…

That's myself!

Before planning my operation, I've actually considered the corresponding problem. Back then, my conclusion was that I didn't need to worry too much about it because only after advancing to Faceless will some of the gray fog's powers enter the real world, allowing certain demigods to sense my uniqueness. Before this, only Beyonders from the Monster pathway could discover a tiny bit of my uniqueness, and back when I touched the holy sword and made that oath, I had yet to become a Clown…

Just because of the secret connection established from the oath, it made the Goddess slowly sense something about me. It's been so long, and I haven't seen "Her" take any action… That female Angel, hmm… she should be an angel. She had even smiled at me when she wiped away Mr. A… Therefore, the Goddess might be

happy to see me take away the Antigonus family's notebook. Although I'm not sure of "Her" motives, I can only accept it and subsequently think of ways to deal with it at my current level. This is ultimately safer than climbing the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range... Of course, that's built on the premise that the lady which wiped away Mr. A is an angel of the Church...

Hmm... Although I had undergone all kinds of acting during the Faceless stage and got to know myself well, I've consumed additional potions without completely digesting them. And Marionettist requires every marionette to adhere to a specific persona. This also easily causes a personality dissociation... Also, to steal the Antigonus family's notebook and to act as Dwayne Dantès, I'm under immense stress. I am subconsciously wavering and am suspicious... In this state, the Keeper's corrupted psyche of nearly losing control had agitated my Spirit Body, causing me to have a split personality?

Just as Klein thought of this, the familiar yet unfamiliar voice resounded in his mind again.

"Heh, your considerations are too idealized. All of your actions are fundamentally all thanks to luck. If that high-ranking deacon, Crestet Cesimir, with the holy sword was here in Backlund to handle Beyonder cases, can you guarantee that the holy sword wouldn't sense you when you are in the same cathedral? Both of you are linked by an oath!"

If Deacon Cesimir were to come, I'll abandon this plan... Besides, it's also not possible to avoid it ahead of time. I'll find an excuse or reason to be out of town for some time... Klein mumbled inwardly.

Then, he heard the voice belonging to himself sound in his mind:

“This makes it a situation prone to too many accidents and unpredictable developments.

“Before coming to the cathedral, didn’t you also not consider that the mere observation of Spirit Body Threads would result in a mutation?”

My nervousness back then was the anxiety that something happened beyond my expectations. However, as it’s a mere observation without me making any direct contact, I didn’t believe that there would be too great a problem. I should be more cautious in the future… Also, accidents and developments exist for everything… Who exactly are you? Klein closed his eyes as he pretended to focus on praying.

The voice hesitated and said, *“I’m Klein. You are Zhou Mingrui.*

“No, I’m Zhou Mingrui. You are Klein…”

Indeed… Klein felt his hair stand on end once again. He decided to leave Saint Samuel Cathedral immediately, return home, and resolve the problem of his character dissociation.

When the symptoms first appear, the situation is easier to resolve. Once the other personality stabilizes and becomes stronger, it will begin to snatch control of the body. I might even need external help when that happens!

He opened his eyes and looked at Elektra with a tranquil expression.

“I feel like I’ve calmed down.”

Ever since I got a mental illness, my mind is a lot better... As he spoke, Klein inwardly gave a self-deprecating comment.

He enjoyed lampooning, partially because it was in his character to do so, and partially to enforce his personality. It was ultimately to remind himself who he was, so as not to lose himself to his acting.

Bishop Elektra smiled.

"May the Goddess bless you."

As he spoke, he took a cup of water from a priest's hand and passed it to Dwayne Dantès.

Without any explanation needed, Klein knew that it was holy water. He often drank it in the past; hence, hiding his anxiety, he received it in a composed manner and downed it.

A refreshing feeling slushed down his throat, jolting his mind as he became a lot more awake. Even the voice in his mind weakened.

This has the effect of placating the Spirit Body... The Church does view Dwayne Dantès with great importance. Of course, this is created by their Beyonders... As Klein nodded at Bishop Elektra, he drew the sign of the crimson moon and staidly walked to the altar and donated fifty pounds into the donation box.

After doing everything, he led Richardson and left the cathedral, riding the carriage back to Böklund Street.

On his trip back, he didn't feed the pigeons, because an ordinary person who had just encountered something would hardly have the peace of mind to do so.

After returning home, the silent Klein used the excuse of an afternoon nap to dismiss his servants. In his master bedroom's bathroom, he took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

Passing through the roars and ravings, he didn't feel his body be purified. He was increasingly certain that the voice in his mind originated from himself. It was a result of being corrupted and agitated, causing a character dissociation.

Sitting in the high-back chair of The Fool, Klein immediately studied his Spirit Body's situation. He discovered that there were some signs of chaos without it being pure. The corresponding aura colors were somewhat spotted.

After seriously contemplating for two minutes and ignoring the echoing noise in his head, Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him devoutly pray:

"Honorable Mr. Fool... Please inform The Moon that I wish to rent the Mental Terror Candle for half a day. I know he has the means of obtaining it..."

Very early on, his identity as The World had been prepared for Sherlock Moriarty, so Klein wasn't worried about it.

...

South of the Bridge, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White, who was anticipating his obtaining of Lilith's Ring in the evening, suddenly saw the endless gray fog and heard The World.

Alarmed, he muttered in silence, *How does he know that I can get the Mental Terror Candle?*

Chapter 801: Plea

After a brief moment of stupefaction, Emlyn couldn't help but look around. He suspected that The World was lurking around him, as though he was one of the nearby believers.

After all, he had never mentioned the Mental Terror Candle at the Tarot Club. Bishop Utravsky seldom had conflicts with others, so he almost never used any mystical items. If it wasn't because Emlyn had been planted with a psychological cue to frequently head to the Harvest Church and received the heads-up from Sherlock Moriarty, he wouldn't have asked the bishop and learned of the existence of the Mental Terror Candle.

At that instant, everyone looked like The World to Emlyn. Be it the plump middle-aged man, the granny with a gray headscarf, or the fashionable beauty, he felt that all of them looked like they had something similar to The World.

No, I must figure it out. He's actually so aware of my surroundings... I haven't mentioned certain things even while in front of Mr. Fool... Emlyn was left in utter shock as he stood up and walked to the clergymen's break room at the back. In a quiet and empty environment, he replied, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I wish to directly communicate with The World."

In less than ten seconds, Emlyn saw a dark red glow surge forward like a tidal wave and devour him.

Then, he found himself back above the gray fog. He was inside the majestic palace and was seated at his seat.

And at the other end of the mottled table was the blurry-figure of

The World who was waiting for him.

Compared to before, Emlyn had changed tremendously. He wasn't in a rush to speak to The World, and he instead bowed to Mr. Fool, who was leisurely watching at the other end of the table, before looking at his target.

"How did you know that I can get the Mental Terror Candle?"

Under Klein's control, The World said with a hoarse laugh, "We might have met before."

He didn't speak further and only mentioned the key point. As for whether Emlyn could figure out the situation, that wasn't his problem.

Of course, Klein believed that Emlyn lacked the ability to connect The World to Sherlock Moriarty since he lacked the necessary clues.

Emlyn frowned bit by bit as he had a few targets of suspicion, but he wasn't able to determine who was The World.

"Believe me. I have no ill intentions towards the members of the Tarot Club," The World added when he saw Emlyn in a state of prolonged silence.

Heh, there will be a day when I'll find you! Emlyn silently muttered to himself as he asked, "What are you going to do with the Mental Terror Candle? I need to have a substantial reason to borrow such a mystical item."

Klein controlled his urge to rub his temples as he made The World turn solemn and say, “To treat my psychological problems.”

Treat… psychological problems… Emlyn couldn’t help but shrink his body back before straightening it again.

Looking back at The World, his eyes clearly indicated that The World really was a dangerous lunatic.

…The Mental Terror Candle does have such effects, Emlyn thought for a moment and said, “I can only borrow it for half a day. There wouldn’t be any problems, right?”

Klein held back the horror and pleas that were running through his mind as he controlled The World to answer, “No problem.”

If the Mental Terror Candle was effective, Klein could finish the problem in fifteen minutes. If it wasn’t of any use, it would be the same even if he possessed it for days or months. Therefore, the rental duration wasn’t critical. He didn’t mind such restrictions at all.

Emlyn did a count and said, “The rental fee will cost 300 pounds, as well as five pages of Beyonder powers in Leymano’s Travels.”

He decided to outsource half of the debt he had.

Five pages… How many pages did this fellow use… As Klein lampooned, he made The World reply, “That wouldn’t be an issue.”

After closing the deal, Emlyn immediately returned to the real world and walked into the Harvest Church's break room for the clergymen.

Casting his gaze to the side of the altar and waiting for Bishop Utravsky to finish talking to the believers, Emlyn suddenly fell into a dilemma.

Although he sounded confident in front of The World, he had never tried borrowing similar items from the bishop. He had no idea what kind of attitude the bishop would have.

As his gaze darted around, Emlyn subconsciously surveyed the tiny prayer hall.

I've helped Father rescue many commoners who were infected by the plague, and have been teaching those who wish to learn about herbs. I've made the faith of Earth Mother spread quite significantly in this borough. What's wrong with borrowing the Mental Terror Candle for half a day? Emlyn raised his chin and walked to Bishop Utravsky, who he needed to look up at, and cleared his throat.

"I have a friend that has a psychological problem. I wish to borrow the Mental Terror Candle."

He didn't directly mention his contributions, because his pride didn't permit him to do so.

Utravsky looked down at the priest-robed Emlyn and smiled warmly.

"Okay."

…*That's it?* Emlyn was stunned, finding it unbelievable that the bishop would agree so easily.

He didn't immediately accept it as he couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you afraid that I'll lose the candle?"

Utravsky replied with a smile, "Everyone and every item has its end. They will all return to the earth, buried deep within the soil and sprout, grow, and bloom, one incarnation after another.

"That is the fate of all entities. If the Mental Terror Candle is lost, it just means that my connection with it has come to an end. I will need to patiently await the arrangements that fate and Mother have for me."

Whether the Mental Terror Candle is lost depends on fate, but whether I end up being killed by you is also fate? Emlyn lampooned without asking further. He received the strange candle from the half-giant bishop.

Following that, he used the excuse of needing to treat his friend to leave the Harvest Church. He randomly found an inn and set up the sacrificial ritual.

…

Above the gray fog, Klein once again received the Mental Terror Candle.

More than half of the mystical item was burnt, and its surface was covered with what looked like human skin. There were a few warts that protruded out.

The candle's wick was very short and was entirely black in color. It was covered in thin densely packed scale-like patterns.

Klein didn't delay, for he didn't wish to give his alternate personality a chance to grow. He wanted to resolve the problem completely while it was still weak; otherwise, what awaited him was the irreversible fate of losing control. Furthermore, the mysterious space above the gray fog would completely screen the negative effects of the combat between the two personalities.

Phew... Klein slowly exhaled as he extended his hand to summon the Sea God Scepter.

At that moment, he didn't do any divination because he couldn't be sure who "me" referred to. The outcome would naturally be meaningless.

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers and lit the Mental Terror Candle.

Above the pitch-black wick, a flame with light-blue spirituality silently glowed, illuminating the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

Unknowingly, the environment changed as a cupboard, desk, bunk bed, and gas meter appeared in Klein's eyes. The crimson moonlight shone in from outside the windows, covering every item with a crimson veil layer.

This was the apartment where the Morettis had lived in!

This was the place where Klein Moretti had shot himself to death!

At that moment, a figure was sitting at the bottom bunk, looking at the Sea God Scepter-wielding Klein with a warped expression.

He had traits like black hair, brown eyes, thin built, average-looking features, a rather deep outline, and a scholarly air to him. He was another “Klein.”

This “Klein” revealed a furious expression as he said, “You occupied my body, and now you wish for my soul to be obliterated?

“I should be Klein Moretti! You despicable, shameless transmigrator. You parasite!”

He appeared to have just grown in strength, and he wasn’t able to use the objects in the external world.

Klein didn’t reply as he walked over with a heavy expression.

The expression of “Klein” slowly changed as fear occupied his eyes.

His body scrunched up as he pleaded with a slight tremble, “Let me go. Let me go.

“You snatched my brother, my sister, and my life from me. Isn’t that enough?

“I’ll remain quietly in your body, helping you analyze problems and giving you suggestions. I’ll definitely not wrestle control with you over the body.

“Let me go. Let me go…”

Klein remained silent as he raised his Sea God Scepter-wielding right hand.

The “Klein” was already awash with tears as he yelled angrily and fearfully, “I only wanted to remind you!

“If I wasn’t trying to remind you, why would I have exposed myself!?

“Let me go. Let me go… I have no ill intentions!”

Klein silently looked at him and made the blue gems on the tip of the Sea God Scepter light up one after another.

Lightning bolts instantly appeared as they twisted and entangled “Klein,” like a storm.

Amidst shrill cries, the figure rapidly dissipated as a bolt of lightning wiped all traces of it.

As expected of myself… To know the soft spots in my heart and which are the most effective ways to plea… However, I’ve already come to know who I am. I’m Zhou Mingrui who has fused with Klein’s memories and emotions. If I were to let you go, it would be equivalent to splitting the two up, admitting that they are opposing parties. That way, I’ll immediately lose control once I

return to the real world... Klein lowered the scepter and closed his eyes as he sighed silently.

Then, he ultimately maintained his lucidity as he left the mind world.

Chapter 802: Follow-up Solutions

When Klein opened his eyes again, the threats and pleas in his mind had vanished. The light-blue flame before his eyes continued burning on that pitch-black wick.

He seriously inspected the state of his Spirit Body and confirmed that the signs of chaos were gone. His aura's colors had turned pure and were no longer spotted.

It's finally resolved... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and lowered the Sea God Scepter. With a snap of his fingers, he extinguished the Mental Terror Candle.

He didn't immediately return to the real world. He sat quietly above the gray fog as he used the silent palace to calm the remnant negative emotions that his inner heart couldn't vent.

After this matter, Klein gained a deeper understanding that the path of a Beyonder was a path that constantly fought with madness. All Beyonders would be pushed to the brink of losing control, or they would have psychological problems if they weren't careful due to internal reasons or external stimuli. And once the symptoms appeared, not resolving them in time might leave them in a situation that would be abnormally difficult to resolve.

The split personality that was created was a result of internal and external factors... The cause is a result of me being a transmigrator. Yet, I fused with Klein Moretti's memory fragments and received parts of his emotions. I was naturally inclined to having a dissociation. Together with me trying to steal the Antigonus family's notebook recently, it's akin to me walking along the boundary of an abyss to act as Dwayne Dantès. The

stress is immense, so after being agitated and mentally corrupted by the Keeper's near loss of control, the problem erupted... As Klein raised his hand to rub his temples, he vanished from above the gray fog.

Just as he returned to his body, Klein felt his mind and spirit were a lot more relaxed. It felt like a dusty window had been carefully wiped clean, and the additional Faceless potion he had consumed was fully digested.

The alternate personality that appeared is really a result of all the past psychological problems. I was able to resolve the problem with the Mental Terror Candle, which is equivalent to receiving a complete and effective Psychoanalysis. I wouldn't have any latent risks in this aspect in the short term. However, I need to be constantly taking notes and frequently regulating myself. I mustn't be careless... Klein walked out of the washroom, came to the balcony, and looked at the distant mountains and nearby vegetation. He was in quite good condition.

He could clearly sense that his self-recognition and self-acknowledgment had deepened. The constant sense of disidentification had greatly weakened as a result.

I never expected my victory over my split personality would bring such benefits... If it wasn't because the generation of another split personality would result in one that's stronger and harder to deal with, I would've wished to split a few personalities, killing "myself" several times... Klein shook his head with a scoff as he gave a self-deprecating laugh.

To be frank, just one instance of a split personality was rather dangerous and unresolvable for anyone else. Since he was aware of where to acquire the Mental Terror Candle, the essence of the problem, and his experience in resolving it in the past, he was able to eliminate the latent risks and not allow his split personality to strengthen itself. Otherwise, the best outcome

would be the state in which Bishop Utravsky was in, and the worst outcome would be a gradual loss of control until it became an inevitability.

Furthermore, I still have a Psychiatrist as backup… Klein chuckled as he strolled back to his room and sat in a reclining chair.

He recalled what he had encountered during the day, and from there, he obtained the points that he needed to take note of in the future.

If a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Sleepless pathway loses control, they will be able to directly cause mental corruption by pulling others into a dream. I need to be wary of that in the future…

Before becoming a High-Sequence Beyonder, the Rampagers of most pathways aren't capable of doing this. Often, they will mutate into monsters and use the corresponding Beyonder powers to control or attack their targets. It's difficult for them to transmit their corruption.

Apart from the Mid-Sequence Beyonders from the Sleepless pathway, the Spectator pathway should be capable of doing so as well… When faced with similar enemies, not rushing to wipe them out would really result in a situation where you have no way of defending yourself… Also, although I'm aware of the Keepers' conditions and have figured out their relationship with the core seal, the corresponding problems have arisen. If I were to disguise myself and infiltrate inside, how should I create the performance of being eroded by the core seal and not have my disguise be seen through… Klein carefully contemplated for a moment and was completely out of ideas. All he could do was stand up, walk to his desk, and draw a picture comprising of symbols that implied concealment and mystery prying.

He was summoning Arrodes.

The full-body mirror in the master bedroom suddenly undulated with invisible waves as silver light appeared, forming Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service.

"My actions from before had caused a certain damage to your image. I-I'm very appalled and ashamed. Will you accept my apology?"

You actually know to admit your faults… Klein scoffed and said, "Don't make the same mistake again in the future."

"Alright!" The full-body mirror presented new words. "How may I be of service?"

"There's something." Klein deliberated and said, "The Keepers of the Church of Evernight are contaminated by the core seal's power behind Chanis Gate. They are in different conditions from the typical Beyonder. Is there any way to perfect a disguise?"

The silver words changed and outlined new text:

"Great Master, there's only one method—to sacrifice your marionette and allow it to receive the contamination of the core seal. It will gradually change and become identical to the Keepers. Then, you can hold it in your body to fool the core seal."

That actually works… It's an idea… However, a marionette that's

made from a Sequence 5 Wraith can't be bought with money... I really need to pay an extremely high price to obtain the High-Sequence potion formulas and ingredients... Klein thought and said, "Then, how do I get the marionette to receive the core seal's contamination?"

Typically speaking, a Wraith marionette might be detected by the seal before being forcefully purified and dispelled just as it approached Chanis Gate, or even just appear in the prayer hall.

The full-body mirror's waves stirred again as it accentuated a figure.

The figure wore an old-fashioned veiled hat. She was tall with long, chestnut hair. She was none other than Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

"Great Master, you can seek her help," Arrodes explained with a sentence made from silver words.

Her? Queen Mystic isn't from the Evernight pathway. How can she provide any help? Or does she have a Sealed Artifact that corresponds to the High Sequences of the Evernight pathway, making it similar to the core seal behind Chanis Gate? Thankfully, Admiral of Stars needs a drop of blood from a Mythical Creature. When the time comes, apart from providing an item that can satisfy Will Auceptin, there's still a middleman fee for me... This will be the middleman fee! Klein thought as he nodded and said, "Very good, you may return."

"Yes, Exalted Great Master. Your humble servant, Arrodes, awaits your next summoning." As a silver line of text appeared, Arrodes outlined a palm with a handkerchief in hand as it shook it.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he looked at it,

momentarily unsure how to respond.

...

West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White wore a faint smile as he randomly found a single-seater to sit in the activity room.

Diagonally across him, another Sanguine Baron, Rus Báthory, was holding a wine cup filled with blood. He was observing him with narrowed eyes, without concealing his disgust and hatred. Rus Báthory had not only been injured during the hunt for the first Primordial Moon believer, but he also had Emlyn steal away his spoils of war.

Such an act from you will only please me... Emlyn chuckled inwardly as he turned his head to look at Cosmi Odora who had just entered. He waited for the Baron to declare the results and reward him.

Cosmi forced himself to ignore Emlyn's gaze as he walked to the fireplace and said to all the Sanguine present, "I'm gathering all of you today because the final victor has emerged for the hunting competition."

Who is it? The Sanguines looked around as they exchanged looks, guessing at who could've clinched victory.

Most of their gazes landed on Rus Báthory, with no one believing that it could be Emlyn White. Only Rus Báthory had a hunch as he looked in surprise at the darn fellow.

Cosmi secretly sighed and said, “Emlyn White has already hunted three targets, automatically clinching victory.”

“What?” a young Sanguine blurted out in disbelief.

The Sanguine was a race with fewer members than humans. In Backlund, they were all part of a smaller community; therefore, they weren’t unfamiliar with each other.

Everyone knew what kind of Sanguine Emlyn was!

Chapter 803: Name Rectification

Amongst all the Sanguine present, even if Emlyn wasn't the oddest, he was definitely among the top ten.

As a member of a race born with a long lifespan, having one or more hobbies to kill time was common. Emlyn wasn't the only one who liked dolls, but that wasn't the problem. Aside from purchasing new dolls and matching them with new clothes, or obtaining blood from hospitals to drink, he almost never left his home. Nor did he enjoy interacting with his fellow kinsmen. Unless he desired relatively fresh blood, needed to obtain some historical knowledge, or exchange for certain ingredients, he never participated in any of the corresponding gatherings.

Such a lifestyle was nearly identical to the aging, high-ranking Sanguine who had no choice but to lie in specially-made coffins to barely maintain their existence. It looked nothing like that of a fellow who had recently matured. As a result, Emlyn became a topic of idle conversation at many Sanguine gatherings.

In the years before, people only mentioned it in passing, jeering at him in private, just like the normal gossip about different freaks in Backlund. When they heard that Emlyn walked into the Harvest Church because he got lost and ended up being captured and locked up underground by the Earth Mother's bishop, his reputation slid into the irreversible state of being the brunt of the jokes, as well as being a disgrace to the Sanguine.

Yet, this disgraceful fellow had hunted three consecutive Primordial Moon believers!

Those were artificial vampires!

Could it be that he had employed the help of the Church of Earth Mother's clergymen? Or did he hire some especially powerful bounty hunters? Thoughts flashed through the minds of the Sanguine as they speculated over how Emlyn had clinched victory.

At this moment, Cosmi coughed lightly and said, "Emlyn has already found the corresponding characteristic legacy and become a Baron."

Baron… When the members of the Sanguine looked at Emlyn again, there weren't any looks of doubt and puzzlement. Instead, their eyes were filled with shock, astonishment, and surprise.

For the first time in his life, Emlyn was being stared at by his kinsmen in such a manner. He suddenly felt ethereal as his mind was filled with joy. This made him wish to proudly tip his chin and say, "All of you should be addressing me as Lord."

This satisfaction is identical to me buying a doll I've been saving up and craving for… Emlyn sighed silently as he held back his tongue. He wore a faint smile as he slowly surveyed the area. Then, while buttoning his coat, he got up and walked to Cosmi Odora's side.

After the other Sanguine snapped back to their senses as they looked at the two Barons with mixed looks, Cosmi finally said, "The champion of the hunting competition will enter the final list of Viscount candidates and obtain free help for the ritual.

"In addition, he will also receive a ring created by the Ancestor."

As he spoke, Cosmi took out a silver jewelry box engraved with complicated patterns. Snapping it open, he showed it to all the Sanguine present.

It was a translucent ring that seemed to be made of light-red amber. It had a blood-red gem embedded in it. It was the size of a fingernail and it emitted a faint glow.

"It's called Lilith's Ring. It allows the wearer to be even more charming and always be in the optimal state of being under the full moon." Cosmi gave a rough introduction. "It can also make the surroundings be under the effect of a full-moon; hence, the corresponding Beyonder powers will be greatly enhanced. At the same time, it can also project a door that leads deep into the spirit world."

Cosmi paused and added, "This door is the Door of Summoning. It can let creatures deep in the spirit world use it to arrive in the real world. However, it can only be used once in a fixed amount of time.

"When spirit world creatures pass through their door, it's equivalent to signing a corresponding contract with the wearer. They will serve the wearer for a specific amount of time, possibly around five minutes. If the service period needs to be maintained for even longer, the wearer needs to personally communicate with the spirit world creature to re-sign a contract that's of a longer duration.

"Under normal circumstances, the strength of the summoned spirit world creature will be equivalent or slightly stronger than the wearer, but there's the possibility of them being much weaker or much stronger. There was once a Viscount who relied on this ring to summon a demigod-level spirit world creature.

"The stronger a spirit world creature's strength, the more they can resist the agreement in the Door of Summoning contract itself and harm the wearer. If you encounter such a situation, you must decisively dispel the projection and end the summoning.

“Its negative effects is Blood Thirsting Disease. You will need to drink at least one blood vial of human blood every hour to relieve it. Otherwise, your blood will boil and evaporate. In less than fifteen minutes, it can cause the death of a Baron.”

I’m not against that. I do yearn to drink blood more frequently, but the problem is that I’m unable to obtain that much blood… Emlyn held back his joy and agitation as he considered how he could resolve the negative effects.

At this moment, Cosmi turned to glance at him.

“The additional blood will be provided by the race.”

Then the problem turns into the modification of a bottle so as to carry around that much blood… Emlyn scanned the other Sanguine who wore looks of envy and jealousy as he asked, “If I don’t wear it, will I get the Blood Thirsting Disease?”

“No.” Cosmi firmly shook his head.

Emlyn stared at Lilith’s Ring and asked again, “If I were to wear it for 59 minutes and take it off, will I get the Blood Thirsting Disease?”

Cosmi’s facial muscles twitched as he said, “When you wear the ring, you will be inflicted with the Blood Thirsting Disease. You have to drink one vial of human blood to have it subside for an hour. During this process, if you were to take it off and put it on again, the Blood Thirsting Disease will be activated again. Regardless of whether it’s been an hour or not, you’ll have to drink blood again. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Of course, this isn’t a complicated problem,” Emlyn said with a tsk.

Cosmi retracted his gaze and looked at the other Sanguine.

“I’ll be giving this ring to the champion of this hunting competition, Emlyn White.

“Congratulations, Emlyn.” He turned and extended his right hand towards Emlyn to shake his hand.

Then, he handed over the blood-colored Lilith’s Ring to Emlyn.

“Thank you.” Emlyn smiled in a reserved manner.

Cosmi stopped looking at him as he said to the other Sanguine, “There are two targets left. They are your prey, and there will still be a reward for them.”

…

At 10 p.m. above the gray fog.

Klein received Leymano’s Travels which Emlyn had sacrificed, and he learned of the usage of the so-called Lilith’s Ring.

The other aspects aren’t noteworthy, but the thing to pay attention to is the Door of Summoning which leads deep into the spirit world… Perhaps there will come a day when the one passing through that door is an ancient goddess, Lilith… Of course, many conditions need to be met… As Klein made a bold hypothesis, he

flipped open Leymano's Travels and checked the Beyonder powers which Emlyn had used and replenished.

He used up all of the Lightning Strikes. Traveling is gone as well... This fellow really doesn't feel the pinch when using the powers of others...

He added a Wings of Darkness. It can help the user receive an enhancement in speed and the ability of brief flight, as well as it transforming into a colony of illusory blood-sucking bats to attack the enemy...

One is Full Moon. It can make a certain region appear to be in the state of a full moon. One's spirituality would be rejuvenated and the aspect of death would grow stronger... This is recorded from Lilith's Ring...

One is Claw of Corrosion. It can cause one's fingernails to grow another segment with mysterious symbols and patterns. They would be sharp enough to slice through steel. It would also come with potent corrosive abilities, making it the nemesis of defensive methods like scales and skin...

One is Animal Sense. It can communicate with animals and control them while also sharing their senses... If used well, this has wondrous effects... Heh, I've never seen Emlyn use it before. What a waste...

One is Abyss Shackles. It's a spell belonging to the darkness domain. It can make the darkness or shadows condense into a chain that controls or restrains the enemy...

There's no Door of Summoning... That's right. It should be very difficult to record. With Emlyn's personality, he would've given up after a few failures... As Klein flipped through Leymano's Travels,

he used divination and his mysticism knowledge to interpret the new Beyonder powers.

Retracting his gaze, he summoned the Sea God Scepter over, added a few pages of Lightning Strike. This was in line with his fear of lacking firepower.

Then, Klein used the Sun Brooch to record Holy Light Summoning and Holy Water Creation, allowing Leymano's Travels's Beyonder powers to become more varied.

After doing all of this, he closed the notebook and picked up the Mental Terror Candle.

After settling the split personality in the afternoon, he didn't immediately return the mystical item. Instead, he had the idea that since it belonged to the Spectator domain, it was possible that it could help him explore the sea of collective subconscious inside Groselle's Travels. Therefore, he planned on delaying it for half a day before returning it to Emlyn.

To his surprise, he found from his research that the Mental Terror Candle didn't have any effects of placating the mind or eliminating negative emotions. All it could do was let one enter the depths of a target's mind, and from there, one could plant a cue or resolve a problem.

Phew... Klein heaved a sigh of relief. Through the bestowment ritual, he returned the Mental Terror Candle and Leymano's Travels to Emlyn and Fors respectively.

Returning to the real world, he had a comfortable bath, and he read some papers and magazines before heading to bed.

Amidst his reverie, Klein suddenly woke up, aware that someone had entered his dream.

He saw the scene before him change as the sky was dark and deep. They were adorned with resplendent diamonds that left him awed and serene.

A distance away, a singing voice sounded. The ethereal and common voice reached straight into his heart.

Meanwhile, the clouds moved as the crimson moon half-revealed itself, scattering down its mild glow.

All of this made Klein feel as though he had arrived in the Evernight Goddess's divine kingdom. In the dream, he felt relaxed and comfortable.

This is... Klein suddenly realized the situation he was in.

This was the arrival of a Beyonder from the Church of the Evernight. This Beyonder was using the dream to placate the tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, so as to heal the mental scars he suffered in the afternoon.

What you are doing only disturbs my sleep! Klein silently sighed helplessly.

Chapter 804: Archaeological Team

As he sighed, Klein indulged himself by relaxing like an ordinary person enjoying a rare instance of serenity and comfort in his dream.

After about fifteen minutes, he finally waited to the point when the Church's Beyonder that was sent to placate him had left.

Finally... I can sleep in peace... Klein planned on opening his eyes out of habit before falling asleep again, but he realized that once he wasn't on high alert and on guard, the remnant sense of tranquility in his dream would allow him to directly fall into a deep slumber.

That night, the quality of his sleep was extremely good, and he only managed to wake up at daybreak. Outside, the sun had just peeked out over the horizon, while the moon remained shining in the sky, and there was a slight howl from the winds.

Klein lazily dazed in bed for nearly ten minutes before picking up the golden pocket watch by his bedside table and snapping it open.

It's not even half-past six... Should I roll over and continue sleeping, or should I wake up? Klein observed his physical condition and found his mind clear and brimming with energy. He didn't have any hint of feeling lethargic, so he decided to get out of bed to wash up before walking to his balcony to take a look at the orange vista.

In this season, due to the wind, Backlund didn't have thick smog. Together with the environmental measures put into place over

the past few months, the skies were often blue and the air fresh. The gardeners were already busy in the garden, and the parlor maid and handymen were heading to the market. Other than them, the surroundings were calm and peaceful. This invigorated Klein as he temporarily forgot all his troubles. He felt that the world belonged to him at that moment.

With a faint smile, he silently enjoyed the scenery. In the next fifteen minutes, servants would walk out from the surrounding houses in pairs or threes. They were either holding baskets or leading horses. The entire borough seemed to come to life as the sunlight grew brighter.

This is what life should be like... Klein silently sighed as he had the sudden urge to take a stroll. He turned around and left the balcony and walked to the door.

Outside the master bedroom, Richardson was already waiting outside. It was impossible to guess what time he had woken up.

This was the most difficult thing about a valet. He needed to sleep later than his employer but also wake up earlier than him.

“There’s another hour before breakfast. Sir, if you wish for it to be brought forward, the kitchen will be ready within fifteen minutes.” Richardson didn’t ask Dwayne Dantès why he had suddenly woken up so early.

Klein chortled and said, “There’s no need to bring it forward. I plan on taking a stroll first.”

“Very well, sir.” Richardson entered the bedroom, and based on his employer’s suggestion, he chose a coat and helped him wear it.

Finally, Klein wore a silk top hat and held a gold inlaid cane before walking down to the first floor. Leaving the residence, he strolled down the street that was lined with Intis parasol trees and black street lamps until he reached the other end.

Along the way, each residence's garden emanated a faint fragrance as the green leaves of the trees created a sense of tranquility from high above. Pedestrians were in pairs or threes in what seemed like a sparse street. The occasional carriage that drove by would break the silence before quickly leaving.

Klein enjoyed the morning, taking in the pleasantness of waking up early. He felt that the negative emotions from yesterday were evaporating bit by bit and vanishing.

Hmm, Beyonders need to learn how to create conditions for themselves to regulate their moods... By taking this stroll, the bishops at Saint Samuel Cathedral will likely know that Dwayne Dantès has completely recovered. They won't disturb my sleep in the middle of the night... As Klein's thoughts wandered, his gaze swept past 39 Böklund Street.

It was Member of Parliament Macht's residence.

Its external perimeter was in the form of sharp iron rods, allowing passersby to appreciate the beauty of the garden within through the gaps.

While moving his gaze away, Klein saw a familiar figure. It was Hazel with her long black-green hair and dark brown eyes. This beautiful and proud lady was strolling through the garden's trails with her maid, looking around from time to time.

She woke up early as well? Her quality of sleep is excellent because she doesn't need to head down the sewers in the middle of the

night? Klein lampooned and retracted his gaze as he continued proceeding forward.

Glancing at Richardson who was silently following behind him, Klein suddenly thought of the news reports, magazine articles, and novels he had recently read about the Southern Continent.

He consciously kept up with the content of that region because that would flesh out his persona as Dwayne Dantès. After all, a lot of what he knew about the Southern Continent stemmed from the pirates, adventurers, and the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter, Anderson. He had no idea if they were exaggerated or fabricated.

The information I've read recently and in the past were about people who struck it rich in the Southern Continent before returning or had just decided to stay there. Heh, this makes Backlund residents believe that there's gold everywhere in the Southern Continent, and that there are opportunities to strike it rich. Even common wood and sap can be used for many things, allowing one to exchange for plenty of pounds. That's why the kingdom frequently goes to war with countries like Feysac and Intis to vie for the colonial lands... If not for the commoners' inability to save up for the ferry tickets or dare to smuggle themselves there, I'm sure a large number of people would swarm it... As Klein's thoughts whirred, he casually asked his valet, "What's your impression of the Southern Continent?"

He remembered that Richardson was born in a manor over there. He had only been brought to Backlund when he was an adult.

Richardson paused for a few seconds and said, "Sir, I actually do not know much about the Southern Continent because I was spending most of my time in the manor. I had few opportunities to head out."

“Just tell me of your impressions—your true impressions. You don’t have to hold back. I just want to have a general understanding. As you know, they all believe me to be an expert of the Southern Continent, but in fact, my experiences are only limited to a few places and merchants,” Klein said with a chuckle.

Richardson nodded and bowed his head as he looked at his toes that were walking forward.

“My impression of the Southern Continent is:

“Hunger, exhaustion, pain, as well as pining for the world after death…”

Hunger, *exhaustion*, *pain*… Klein repeated those three words as he walked into Böklund Street without making any further inquiry.

…

East Chester County, in a building beside Stoen University.

Audrey was looking at the collections obtained by the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation.

She had originally planned on coming on Tuesday afternoon, but Associate Professor Michele Deuth had participated in an academic conference in Backlund; therefore only returning today. As a result, she had no choice but to change her plans.

“This pair of boots was discovered by a farmer in a mountainous

ruins in Stoen. Its shape and traits match the societal trends of the Fourth Epoch," Michele introduced the item inside the glass cabinet to the beautiful aristocrat.

Audrey looked over with interest and discovered that the ends of the boots were curled like a clown's.

The heights of the curled parts weren't uniform. One was three centimeters, and the other was five centimeters. They didn't look like a pair.

The Fourth Epoch's asymmetrical style... I wonder what level it is for three on the left and five on the right... Audrey retracted her gaze and followed Associate Professor Michele to the next exhibit.

At the end of the tour, Michele pointed at the glass case diagonally ahead of them and said, "This coat of arms was delivered a few days ago. It involves the very ancient worship of dragons."

Dragons... Audrey strode forward in a reserved manner and saw a grayish-white dragon with its wings spread out engraved on the coat of arms.

"Where does it come from?" Audrey asked just as she did before.

Michele answered, "It's from a village named Hartlarkh. This Loenese word doesn't have an archetype in ancient Feysac. Apparently, it was written like how it's read."

Hartlarkh... That's the village which I previously visited that had the folk tradition of worshiping dragons. In the sea of collective

subconscious of the people there, there's a mind dragon in it... The Twenty Year War notebook which I previously obtained from Associate Professor Michele was from a local knight named Lindelira. He was suspected to have something to do with that mind dragon... Audrey nodded in thought as she deliberated over her words, wishing to ask about the person who had found the coat of arms.

At that moment, Associate Professor Michele's expression turned abnormally heavy.

"Accompanying the discovery of this coat of arms was a tragedy."

"A tragedy?" Audrey didn't hide her surprise.

Associate Professor Michele sighed and said, "An archaeological team entered the village to study the folk tradition of worshiping dragons, but that night, one of the members went mad. And this mental illness was apparently contagious. The entire archaeological team later went mad, killing themselves or each other. In the end, none of them survived.

"This coat of arms was found among their remains. It was first taken away by the police, and after confirming that it's without problems, only then did they donate it to us."

An archaeological team entered the village, and the members went mad one after another... Audrey's eyes dilated as she inwardly repeated Associate Professor Michele's words.

Suddenly, an idea came to mind.

Psychology Alchemists!

The members of the archaeological team were members of the Psychology Alchemists!

Chapter 805: Meeting Up

Inside the building of the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation, Audrey, whose thoughts were undergoing an upheaval, blinked. She took note of her body language and expressions as she drew a crimson moon on her chest in a half-genuine manner. She said with a sigh, “What a tragedy. I hope that their spirits can rest in peace.”

The reason she had guessed that the archaeological team had comprised of members of the Psychology Alchemists was that she had previously received a mission to help the organization obtain a notebook related to the Twenty Year War from Associate Professor Michele. And this notebook belonged to the knight from Hartlarkh Village, Lindelira.

Back then, Audrey had made a request to Mr. Fool and relied on magic mirror divination to determine the origins of the notebook. She discovered that it was deeply connected to the village that worshiped dragons. As she knew ahead of time that there was a mind dragon hiding within the sea of collective subconscious, she ultimately chose to hand over the notebook to the Psychology Alchemists in consideration of her lacking Sequence and strength.

That also meant that the Psychology Alchemists had quite a significant chance of locking onto Hartlarkh Village through the notebook before heading over to find their target.

Another factor that Audrey used in her judgment was the strange mental illness that the archaeological team suffered. It had spread like a plague, causing the people to go mad in batches.

In the real world, there was a probability that mental illnesses

were hereditary, but it was almost impossible to be contagious. But in the mysterious world, in the world of the mind and consciousness, chaos and madness could be spread to others through spirit channeling, dreams, and the subconscious!

And hidden in Hartlarkh Village was a mind dragon that had lived for years!

The Psychology Alchemists had found Hartlarkh Village through the notebook, and the threatened mind dragon used this ingenious method to spread mental corruption? "He" might've achieved this through the sea of collective subconscious... The Beyonder world sure is dangerous. This small team must've been formed by a selection of Beyonders, but they ended their lives in such a simple and ridiculous manner... As Audrey thought about it, she was glad that she had made a sufficiently rational decision. She hadn't willfully used the knight's notebook to explore Hartlarkh Village. Otherwise, there would probably have been an addition name to the list of members who went mad.

Thanks to Mr. Fool. Thanks to the other members of the Tarot Club. Thanks to Qilangos who previously infiltrated in disguise. They allowed me to still recognize the hidden dangers despite my lack of actual experience in the domain of mysticism. It made me sufficiently cautious... Audrey silently thought in gratitude.

At that moment, her recalling her performance when she first joined the Tarot Club had made her wish to bury her head in her pillows to roar at herself:

Audrey, you were that naive and immature back then!

Thankfully, you met Mr. Fool. If it were any other secret existence, you would've long gone mad or turned into a monster!

Mr. Fool is such a nice man! No, such a nice orthodox god!

By the side, Associate Professor Michele noticed that Audrey had been silent. He said with a heavy nod, “Yes, it truly is a tragedy that strikes one with fear.

“I only wish that the government has already handled the matter and prevented the contagious mental illness from becoming a plague.”

Don’t worry, unless that mind dragon loses control and plans to challenge the three Churches, there won’t be any more victims of that mental illness… Audrey replied silently.

From her point of view, the official Beyonders had already taken on the case. After all, a contagious mental illness was definitely going to be under the purview of the official Beyonders.

Therefore, the dragon coat of arms in the glass case must’ve been determined to be fine before being donated to the foundation. The police department didn’t have such authority!

While Audrey felt pity for the archaeological team who were suspected to be Psychology Alchemists members, as though she had experienced the tragedy for herself, she was curious if the mind dragon remained in the vicinity of Hartlarkh Village.

To hide in the sea of collective subconscious with one’s actual body would probably make it difficult to be discovered… However, the three Churches have a long history. In the Fourth Epoch or even earlier, they must’ve had bouts with mind dragons, so perhaps they have the corresponding records about it… Besides, the Psychology Alchemists is in control of the Spectator pathway and has the existence of High-Sequence Beyonders. Their comprehension of the sea of collective subconscious can’t be much

weaker than the mind dragon's. After suffering a terrible failure due to the lack of information, they will definitely send a very powerful team… Hmm, although that mind dragon was stronger than what the Psychology Alchemists expected, it probably wouldn't stay there to be discovered. It should've left… Audrey made an inference based on what she knew.

She didn't have any thoughts of visiting Hartlarkh Village to figure out the truth, because she long knew that the present her lacked the strength to deal with the mind dragon.

Her only intentions were to mention the matter at the next Tarot Club, and see if the other members could provide any feedback or any valuable knowledge. For example, it might be that the mind dragon had entered the sea of collective subconscious because of the local worship of dragons, or it could be that the mind dragon's inhabitation of the sea of collective subconscious caused the villagers to dream of it; thus, being subconsciously influenced and having the tradition of worshiping the dragon.

…

On Friday afternoon, Klein received the invitation list for the ball tomorrow. He began to seriously memorize the topics he needed to discuss with different guests.

When meeting Member of Parliament Macht, I need to make remarks about the recent good air in Backlund, and make a few jokes about the Loen Kingdom Imperial Science Institute… As Klein memorized each line, he suddenly heard stacked illusory pleas.

A man… Based on how long it's been, it's most likely Mr. Hanged Man… In thought, Klein put down the piece of paper in his hand and gulped down a mouthful of black tea before leaving the half-open room with the big balcony to head for the master bedroom's bathroom.

He took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog, and he discovered that it was indeed The Hanged Man.

This man had requested the honorable Fool to inform The World that he had arrived at the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. He could head for the primitive island in two days after he replenished his supplies.

He wanted The World to begin preparations so that they could meet in time. He also indicated that if he lacked the means to head for the primitive, he could arrange for The World to secretly board the Blue Avenger.

Board the Blue Avenger and bring a bunch of sailors from the Church of Storms to the vicinity of the primitive island? How long can the Sanguine's anesthetic gas you bought from Emlyn last? Will there be enough time to explore? Klein thought for a moment and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow, making him pray devoutly, "...There's no need to go through that much trouble.

"You should have freedom of movement in Bayam. Meet at the cemetery outside the city at midnight today.

"Before that, replenish your stores."

...

Bayam, in an inn.

Alger frowned slightly after hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's words.

He did have freedom of movement in the City of Generosity. This was because the sailors were eager to head to places like the Red Theater. They were definitely not returning tonight, and after waking up in the day, it was almost certain that they would head to a casino to gamble to let themselves loose. It was to vent the repression and misery that resulted from drifting out at sea for extended periods of time.

That also meant that even if Alger disappeared for a night and a day, no one would discover it.

...Is The World implying that we use this interval? That is indeed better than using the Sanguine's anesthetic gas. I've already used it twice, so who knows if someone is already suspicious about it and is waiting for his theory to be validated... But without a ship, how do we head for the primitive island... Oh, Leymano's Travels? Miss Magician did mention that it has the Beyonder power of Teleportation. However, there's only one page, making it impossible for a return trip... Alger relied on his strong ability to connect matters to vaguely guess at Gehrman Sparrow's intent, but he believed that the necessary conditions were lacking.

With these doubts in mind, he found his contact with the Resistance and replenished his Storm charms that were made with tin.

When it was eleven at night, Alger secretly left his inn and headed out of the city under the shadows.

He wasn't worried that the sailors would discover his disappearance because he too had physical needs. It was possible that he was sleeping in a lady's bed in the Red Theater and was unwilling to return. And there were many such brothels in Bayam, with many prostitutes in existence. It was impossible to say that there was something wrong with him because he wasn't at the Red Theater.

Once he left Bayam, Alger walked on a narrow road where horse carriages couldn't pass as he headed for the mountainside of the mountain range beside the sea.

Suddenly, his gaze froze as he noticed something.

Under the crimson moonlight's illumination, the mountain that originally existed had vanished!

And the area underneath, such as the piled stones, vegetation, and terrain, changed almost completely!

This… Alger had come from the Resistance's private harbor earlier. He hadn't managed to pay close attention to the mountain; hence, he only noticed the abnormality at that moment!

The mountain collapsed? It actually collapsed? Right, it was previously mentioned in the papers that Bayam encountered a shallow earthquake, with its might being focused in the mountain range outside the city… Also, the Church's deacon said that Gehrman Sparrow nearly destroyed Bayam, and that matter had demigods involved… Both of them occurred during the same period… Could it be caused by Gehrman Sparrow? He instigated a demigod-level battle, and he managed to successfully escape while killing Admiral of Blood? Alger's pupils dilated as his footsteps slowed down to a halt.

He suddenly understood why the Church of Storms had placed great importance on Gehrman Sparrow, and why he had a bounty worth as much as fifty thousand pounds!

In the undamaged cemetery up ahead, a cold wind blew across it and towards Alger in the silent night. It made him tremble involuntarily.

At that moment, Alger's heart stirred as he turned his head to look right.

Underneath a giant tree, a figure quickly outlined itself in the shade.

This figure had his hand on his top hat while he slowly looked up, revealing a thin face and cut features. The emotionless dark brown eyes were none other than Gehrman Sparrow's.

Chapter 806: Entering the Island in the Middle of the Night

He did teleport over... How extravagant... Alger tensed up before relaxing; however, he did not let his guard down at all.

Upon meeting Gehrman Sparrow again, he discovered that there wasn't much of a change to him. However, his every action had the indescribable air of a powerhouse, and the profundity he exuded left him apprehensive.

As expected of the crazy adventurer who can instigate a battle of demigod proportions while escaping unscathed... The slight bit of smugness of having become a Sequence 5 vanished from Alger.

He slowly walked over with lantern in hand. When he saw Gehrman Sparrow, he deliberately probed, "The traces you left behind might not vanish for the next few centuries or even millennia."

He was trying to confirm if the mountain's collapse had anything to do with Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein shot a glance at the modified terrain as he released his grip on his top hat and smiled in a gentlemanly manner.

"The one who contributed the most in causing this damage was Sea King."

Man, he actually triggered a demigod battle that could've destroyed Bayam, causing Sea King to directly attack... Yet,

despite such circumstances, he survived and left with Admiral of Blood. It's completely unimaginable and unbelievable! Alger began to suspect if Gehrman Sparrow had a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact on him—an item at the demigod level!

He didn't express his shock and surprise, nor did he dare to probe further. Instead, he asked, "Do you plan on heading to that primitive island now?"

"Of course," Klein answered calmly.

It was late at night, a period when Dwayne Dantès was asleep. No one would disturb him, but he had to show himself once it was daytime.

Of course, to prevent any unexpected circumstances, Klein had summoned Arrodes to monitor the mirror illusion and provide a response.

It's thanks to the Church of Evernight for having ended its dream treatment of Mr. Tycoon; otherwise, I would definitely have to delay the operation... Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Alger observed himself and discovered that he wasn't able to obtain any mystical item in such a short span of time. He then took out an iron-black ring that protruded out like a thorn and wore it on his left thumb.

Bearing with the excruciating headache, he nodded slightly.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

Then, he saw Gehrman Sparrow walk over with a stoic expression, reach out his hand, and grab his shoulder.

At that instant, Alger's first reaction was that Gehrman Sparrow was attacking him. He instinctively wanted to turn to the side to dodge his attack, only to recall his previous guess. Amidst his racing thoughts, he withheld his subconscious reaction and allowed the crazy adventurer to place his palm on his left shoulder.

Right on the heels of that, he noticed Gehrman Sparrow's left hand turn transparent as though it was bearing the shadows of the spirit world. Then, the blacks before his eyes grew darker, and the crimson moon turned brighter. All kinds of colors seemed to layer upon one another.

Countless nearly formless figures receded "backwards" as Alger tore through the spirit world with Gehrman Sparrow's help.

Creeping Hunger... Teleport... So that's how it is... Just as he had such a thought surface in his mind, he saw his body plummet as the saturated colors around him receded. Everything had returned to normal.

Beach... reefs... trees... This is a deserted island... Alger surveyed the area and was just about to speak when the colors around him saturated as the layered phenomenon happened once again.

This time, when he left the spirit world, he was in midair with undulating waves beneath him.

Although Alger had never worked with Gehrman Sparrow in actual combat before, the experienced him immediately created a spiraling wind and allowed them to float. It was a tacit display of teamwork.

Hence, the Teleportation triggered successfully once again as Alger's and Gehrman Sparrow's figures rapidly phased away.

When the surroundings were restored again, the two had arrived at the periphery of a gigantic island. There was a heavy mist in midair that the crimson moonlight was unable to fully penetrate. This not only failed to disperse the darkness in the forest and mountain, but it also added an eerie charm to it.

"We're here," Alger said as he looked around.

Klein wore an indifferent expression, but in fact, he was cautiously observing his surroundings. He found the place extremely quiet. There weren't any birds tweeting, wolves howling, or bugs chirping. It exuded a deathly silence.

As though guessing his feelings, Alger raised the lantern and illuminated the shrubs ahead where there was a natural trail made up of beast-type footprints. He said, "If you come in the day, it will be quite a lively sight. You will even see birds that only exists in myths fly in the forest.

"But at night, the 'power' that rules this place will change. Many Beyonder creatures will hide as they await daybreak."

Mr. Hanged Man has come here more than once. At the very least, he has the experience of a day and night here… Klein silently nodded without speaking further.

Alger thought for two seconds and pointed ahead.

"If we follow this trail and enter the dark forest all the way to the end, we will arrive at that ancient ruins of unknown age.

“On the way, we can hunt the Beyonder creatures that we encounter and are able to deal with. If it’s killed independently, the corresponding ingredients will belong to the killer. Those we jointly killed will be held in your custody. When we leave this place, we can take turns to choose. We will determine the owner based on our contribution, to decide who has the priority to choose, as well as the number of priority choices.”

Instead of being in a rush to take action, he first made clear the route and the plan to split the loot. It was to prevent any conflict that would result from the exploration.

To let me have custody of the loot we receive from a joint kill… Mr. Hanged Man is being very sincere… Klein raised his right hand and pressed down his half top hat and chuckled.

“No problem.”

Alger heaved a sigh of relief and continued, “Our main goal is to explore that ancient ruins. The spoils we obtain along the way are supplementary. Once we finish the exploration, it’s best we leave immediately without heading to the other zones or taking other paths.

“As for anything in the future, it’s up to you to decide when and where you would like to explore.”

Alger emphasized this matter because he was afraid of Gehrman Sparrow’s greed. After all, Beyonders were not perpetual machines. There was bound to be a point when they were exhausted. After a round of explorations, they were bound to be close to their limits. If they were to force themselves to hunt Beyonder creatures in other zones, perhaps the identities of hunter and prey would switch. Even if the crazy adventurer was very powerful and unafraid of such danger, to be in a state of drained spirituality would trigger signs of losing control.

Do you think I'm not sharing the same thoughts as you? I'm the one worried that you'd be the one who's overly greedy, rashly proceeding deeper just to obtain more… Klein smiled and said, "I'm a polite person."

Polite? Alger was a little puzzled by Gehrman Sparrow's choice of words.

The corners of Klein's mouth curled as his expression turned darker in the darkness.

"When visiting someone's place for the first time, overstaying would be impolite."

…This fellow's train of thought and logical behavior is completely different from that of a normal person's… As expected of a crazy adventurer… Alger was first taken aback before he raised the lantern and took a step forward in the dim red shadows.

"Let's set off."

Klein allowed his hands to naturally droop down as he walked beside Alger like he was on a hike.

The two quickly entered the dark forest that had nearly zero moonlight shining in. They saw that the trees were thick and tall with luxuriant leaves. Even the smallest trees were thicker than the span of a person's arm.

And the trait they all had in common was that the bark appeared scaly. They were densely packed together as though they would come to life or squirm at any moment.

It's like a mutated drago tree. A snake-scaled tree? Klein retracted his gaze and noticed the weeds at his feet that didn't seem problematic.

None of them spoke as they maintained a state of abnormal silence. They didn't wish to say anything to eliminate the awkwardness just because it was too quiet.

As they walked, the duo saw the distribution of trees ahead turn sparser thanks to the lantern's light.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

A dull knocking sound echoed through the area. As Alger and Gehrman approached, it became clearer and more obvious.

When the duo entered the sparse area, the lantern's light finally revealed hunched or prostrate figures.

Amongst these figures were humans, baboons, goats, and tigers. They were either holding rocks or using their claws and teeth to constantly burnish the stacked trees and rocks as though they were building a palace.

Without the obstruction from the luxuriant leaves, the crimson moonlight that penetrated the heavy mist cloaked these figures, dyeing them with a faint blood-red layer.

There are humans? Klein's eyes focused as he immediately spread his left fingers. Alger slowed down, preparing his vocal chords to be activated at any moment.

Suddenly, the figures seemed to sense something as they stopped their actions in unison before uniformly turning around to look at the two outsiders.

They either had pale faces, withered skin, or festering bodies. None of them looked alive.

Corpses… A Beyonder creature is driving these corpses to build a palace for it? Klein cast his gaze past them and saw a dark cave that led deep into the ground. The surroundings were covered in weeds as white feathers stained with yellow oil scattered among them.

Feathers… Corpses… These instantly reminded Klein of the products of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project, as well as the infectious aura that made him grow feathers.

This zone's sovereign won't be weak… He calmly made a judgment.

At that moment, Alger, who had carefully observed for a while, hesitated for two seconds before suggesting, "I've never seen such a situation before. I'm not sure of the level of the Beyonder creature. Why don't we circle around it and choose a target which we have more confidence in?"

His instincts told him that something extremely dangerous was hiding in the dark underground cave.

I was waiting for you to say that! Maintaining his persona as Gehrman Sparrow, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he chuckled.

"Will this be impolite?"

Just as he said that, the land quaked as though a creature beneath them was rolling over in its bed!

Chapter 807: Mediocre Luck

Sensing the land quake, Alger's heart tightened as he glanced at Gehrman Sparrow, using his actions to replace his words.

The sound of wind howled beside him, allowing him to run more easily and quickly to the side.

The reason why Alger had done so was because he was worried that Gehrman Sparrow would suddenly go mad and decide to hunt the terrifying creature inside the dark underground cave. If that were to happen, even if they ultimately clinched a victory, it would've been extremely disadvantageous for the subsequent explorations.

As an experienced Sailor, he knew that decisive action spurred companions who remained indecisive into subconsciously following his actions.

Upon seeing this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he gave up the discussion about politeness. He widened his stride and ran behind The Hanged Man.

Following that, he sensed a strong wind blow at his feet, thrusting him forward. This significantly reduced his need to overcome gravity, allowing him to obtain additional mobility that instantly doubled his speed!

Amidst the rustling sounds, Klein and Alger ran out of the sparse woods and circled around the flank of the eerie darkness.

At this moment, their heartbeats suddenly slowed. It was as

though they hadn't been engaging in intense exercise and were instead in a state of reverie that resulted from the tanning of the afternoon sun.

Klein immediately felt his body turn cold as an inexplicable and baffling sense of gloom arose as they tried invading his body.

Meanwhile, he saw the light from Alger's lantern be swallowed inch by inch by a gigantic black shadow. A corresponding scene naturally surfaced in his mind.

In the depths of the dark underground cave, a thick, humongous serpent snaked out. It had dark green scales with exaggerated eyes that seemed to burn with fire.

In between its scales were white feather covered in yellow oily stains. Along its back was a pair of thick wings that could be spread.

While slithering and flying, this giant serpent raised its body high, coiling itself around a thick tree and extending its pitch-black tongue. It stared intently at the two figures that had barged into the surrounding area.

Around it, the trees were rapidly withering along with the weeds. Countless corpses burrowed out of the soil as invisible shadows surged to its side.

Feathered serpent!

It was a feathered serpent!

In the Southern Continent, it was a symbol of holiness. It was the emblem of the descendants of Death, the Eggers family!

Klein and Alger didn't pause as they held back the coldness of their bodies and their slowing heartbeats. Under the intense winds, they charged into the depths of the dark forest, pulling a distance away from the sparse trees.

Badump! Badump! Badump! The duo's heartbeats gradually returned to normal as the coldness of their bodies were dispersed by the heat generated from the intense exercise.

Klein's spiritual intuition told him that the danger had passed. Hence, he slowed down his pace and turned to glance back. He said calmly while facing the depth of the darkness, "A demigod-level feathered serpent."

"Demigod-level..." Alger similarly slowed down as the blood vessel in his forehead pulsed.

He paused for two seconds and exhaled lightly.

"Don't worry about it. The Beyonder creatures here are very territorial. Unless they wish to hunt, they will not enter other zones, especially when it's near the mountain. That feathered serpent wouldn't chase after us."

Klein nodded and said, "The Beyonder creatures here are very strong."

Alger retracted his gaze and replied with a shake of his head.

“No, there are also many weak ones.

“I’ve been here at night before, but I’ve only discovered the traces left behind by Beyonder creatures at the demigod level without encountering them. I actually encountered one this time.

“Such matters are mainly about luck. The chances of this happening again isn’t too high.”

As a Seafarer, being able to calculate was a necessary ability.

Are you looking down on me, the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck? Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he said with a deadpan expression, “Absolute judgments often result in the opposite results.”

When translated into Earth speak, it was: Don’t raise death flags!

In fact, if it wasn’t a feathered serpent at the demigod level, and instead was something at Sequence 5, Klein would be happy to bully it. After all, with Azik’s copper whistle in hand, the Beyonder creatures in the Death domain would lose at least half their combat strength.

As for encountering a Beyonder creature at the demigod level, he wasn’t too alarmed. This was because The Hanged Man had previously mentioned it, and he had made the corresponding preparations. He had the Fate Siphon charm, three pages of demigod-level Beyonder powers in Leymano’s Travels, and the ability to Travel. Although it wasn’t necessarily the case that he could resist a demigod, it was enough to help him create opportunities to escape.

As long as I do not encounter angels… Klein silently added inwardly.

After hearing Gehrman Sparrow, Alger was somewhat puzzled. This was because the crazy adventurer was clearly informing him to be more careful and cautious.

A cold and crazy fellow? That's right. If he's just crazy, he wouldn't have lived to this day… Alger looked up at the sky as he tried hard to look past the mist and distinguish the blurry stars.

After two minutes, he retracted his gaze and pointed in a direction.

"We'll head in that direction."

Klein had long drawn his iron-black Death Knell. He allowed the muzzle to naturally point downward as he silently followed alongside Alger. He wore a cold and composed expression that had no signs of anxiety.

After traversing the extremely dim forest for some time, Alger suddenly stopped. As he looked to his left, he said in a deep voice, "If we head forward more, there will be an Illusory Chime Tree. I hope to handle it by myself."

"The second Beyonder creature we encounter will be handled by you. I won't involve myself in the hunt."

Unless you can't handle it alone… Alger swallowed the second half of his sentence.

He wasn't like the Hunters who were often seen at sea, people who often couldn't hold their tongues as they habitually said things that infuriated others.

The main Beyonder ingredient which Miss Justice needs… Mr. Hanged Man has quite a bit of adventuring experience under his belt. He knows that being frank at times is more useful than concealing matters, and that negotiating is more effective than scheming… Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's persona as he nodded with a hint of gentlemanliness amidst his coldness.

"Okay.

"If you can't deal with it, it's best you shout for help; otherwise, I'll treat it as your persistence."

The style of a crazy adventurer appears to be different from hunters, but in certain aspects, they are surprisingly similar… Alger silently drew a breath as he continued forward with his lantern.

As they walked, they heard weak chiming sounds, and they immediately felt as though they were home, their bodies and mind at ease.

Klein acutely sensed that his wariness was melting away in an irreversible manner. No matter how much he emphasized it to himself, he was unable to tense up.

At that instant, he even had the urge to head for the source of the chimes, believing that there was something extremely dear and familiar to him located over there.

As they were quite a distance away, the chiming was sporadic. Klein was barely able to hold himself back as he turned to look at Mr. Hanged Man.

Alger no longer looked as staid as before. The eyes of his rugged face were slightly red. It was unknown if he had recalled something that caused him to plunge into some emotional state.

I wonder what Mr. Hanged Man looks like when he's crying... It must be quite terrifying... Klein couldn't help but muse.

At this moment, Alger said softly with a hoarse voice, "Leave it to me."

Just as he said that, he put down the lantern and slightly turned the sinister ring on his left thumb. He made the protruded thorn that looked like it was stained with old bloodstains turn brighter.

This was his mystical item, Whip of Mind. Its side effects was to place the wearer in a state of a constant headache, one so bad that the wearer would yearn to slam their head into a wall.

However, at that moment, the excruciating headache made Alger maintain his basic lucidity amidst the chimes without being truly hypnotized.

At times, a side effect might actually provide benefits to the wearer... As Alger remained poignant, he took out a wooden box from his pocket and snapped it open.

Inside it was a gray rat!

Mr. Hanged Man wishes to use the rat as bait, so as to attract the Illusory Chime Tree's attention before taking the opportunity to attack it? Not bad. He made adequate preparations. He already had a detailed plan ahead of time… As an experienced adventurer, Klein instantly guessed The Hanged Man's thought processes.

Alger held up the rat and shook it when his expression suddenly turned odd.

The gray rat was no longer moving. It wasn't breathing and was cold. It wasn't able to take on the responsibility of being bait!

Back when they encountered the demigod-level feathered serpent, although Alger was in the periphery of the entity's focus and had escaped quickly without being overly affected, the gray rat he carried with him was only an ordinary animal. It didn't have a strong constitution and vitality, so it perished from the effects of the feathered serpent.

It's dead… It's dead… Mr. Hanged Man now understands a principle—plans often can't keep up with change… His luck is mediocre… Upon seeing this scene, Klein couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth. He wanted to laugh, but he didn't make a sound, afraid that it would destroy his persona.

Such situations were rare to the experienced and meticulous Hanged Man.

Alger quickly reined in his emotions as he proceeded forward with the dead gray rat. Klein bent down and reached out for the lantern as he unhurriedly followed behind him.

The chimes grew clearer as it made them more and more silent, with the urge to run towards it becoming greater.

After taking another few steps forward, Klein finally saw that strange tree.

Above its brownish-green trunk were thin cracks. Deep inside each crack was a darkness that looked as though different eyes were growing inside them.

The branches that extended outwards had chime-like metal-gray objects hanging from them. They were swaying automatically, letting out melodious sounds. And on the branch closest to the trunk, there was a fist-sized, colorless, translucent fruit.

Alger stared in that direction as he pressed at his throat before saying to Gehrman Sparrow with a heavy voice, “It’s best you cover your ears and converge your spirituality.”

Chapter 808: Awful Singing

Upon hearing The Hanged Man, Klein's heart skipped a beat. He had an ominous premonition as he ignored his persona, put down the lantern, and took out two slips of paper. He then crumpled them into a ball and stuffed them into his ears.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow do it without any questions, Alger heaved a sigh of relief. He reflected on how nice it was to work with an experienced fellow. Even though he was an adventurer known to be crazy, he was someone who followed reasonable instructions. He knew what and what not to do.

Just as he was about to throw the dead rat which still retained some of its warmth at the Illusory Chime Tree to divert its attention, he suddenly saw the shrubs shake as a yellow-skinned, black-striped tiger appeared.

Amidst the melodic chimes, the tiger walked towards the strange tree normally, but its eyes were glazed over. It felt indescribably creepy.

When Alger saw this, he lowered his arm and abandoned his attempt of throwing the dead rat. Resisting the headache, he calmly watched as the tiger walked closer to the tree due to the growing influence of the melody.

It crouched down, raised its right claw, and bared its claws, slicing itself at the neck.

Despite the oozing blood, the tiger seemed to have lost all sense of pain. It continued digging in deeper, engorging the wound before it began to skin itself, revealing a "naked" body covered in

mangled flesh and blood.

The chimes gradually weakened as the branch suddenly came alive. It extended downwards, stabbing into the tiger's sorry, unprotected body.

Alger, who was already prepared, immediately drew his dagger, opened his mouth, and sang hoarsely, "Break, break, break;

"On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

"Break, break, break;

"At the foot of thy crags, O Sea [1]!"

His voice had bold overtones, but it was completely out of tune. It was at complete odds with the comprehension of both humans and creatures. It was a jarring boom that had a metallic sound to it. It was filled with the power that left one frustrated and disgusted.

Meanwhile, the Illusory Chime Tree's branches trembled as they retracted like they were huddling together. Following that a melodious chime lessened the terrifying noise to a small extent.

At Alger's side, although Klein had used paper balls to stuff his ears and had converged his spirituality, he immediately felt his forehead's blood vessels throb. He instantly had the urge to kill the singer and destroy everything before him.

Furthermore, his mind had the feeling of being ripped apart. His muscles and vessels were squirming as a result.

Others charge people money to sing, but Mr. Hanged Man's singing charges you with death! Klein lampooned as he resisted the irascibility in his heart.

"Break! Break! Break!"

Every word Alger said burst out like waves striking reefs. Bolts of silver lightning descended in turns, as though in euphoric praise.

As silver flashes lit up one after another, they smote down at the Illusory Chime Tree's surface, causing it to tremble incessantly. Its branches shook in a numb and random manner, making it difficult for it to produce the melodic hypnotic music.

Alger took this opportunity as he threw the dead rat and thrust the dagger in his hand forward.

With a howling wind, invisible blades swooshed over, slicing at the branch at the top and nearest to the Illusory Chime Tree's trunk.

Kacha!

The colorless, palm-sized, translucent fruit fell as it was swept up by a gust of wind and flew into Alger's palm. The tree bark which was covered with eye-like cracks froze as the remaining branches drooped down, having lost their ability to move.

Indeed, as long as you gather the correct intel ahead of time, Beyonder vegetation at the same level is a lot easier to deal with than animals due to its lacking intelligence... Alger took out a golden container he had prepared, and he put away the Illusory

Chime Tree's fruit.

Then, he turned around to look at Gehrman Sparrow.

"Let's continue…"

He suddenly stopped speaking as the word "forward" vanished from his vocal chords.

At that instant, he saw Gehrman Sparrow's cold expression looking somewhat warped. The whites around his brown irises were slightly red, as though he would unleash an attack upon him at any moment.

Alger felt tense as he slowly drew a gasp and completed his sentence.

"Let's continue forward."

"Let's go," Gehrman Sparrow replied softly. He first circled around the withered Illusory Chime Tree and walked deep into the dark forest.

He didn't get any bark, branches, or materials that were rich in spirituality, because they were bound to encounter many Beyonder creatures later. Furthermore, he didn't have any so-called storage artifacts. Naturally, he left whatever space he had for worthwhile spoils.

Besides, having too many things on him would only weigh him down and prevent him from fully displaying the agility of a Clown.

Unfortunately, those are materials without any vitality or blood, making it impossible to enter Groselle's Travels... I can let my marionette bring them in, but that will be very troublesome and detrimental to the subsequent exploration... As Klein sighed, he calmed his mind, extricating himself from the remnant effects of The Hanged Man's singing.

This was the most jarring and terrible singing that he had heard in both his lives!

If The Hanged Man continued for another one or two minutes, he couldn't guarantee that he could stop himself from beating him up.

Using just paper balls to stuff my ears and converging my spirituality can only weaken the effects. There's no way to really block it out... Even a deaf person can hear it. This includes an "exchange" at the spirituality level... This is probably the most indefensible attack from an Ocean Songster. Furthermore, there's no way of dodging it once it happens. There's only Lightning Strike which can be dodged ahead of time. This is a rather powerful Sequence 5 as well... However, why does Mr. Hanged Man's singing feel completely different from Elven Songster Siatas... As Klein summarized and analyzed his experience, he was somewhat puzzled.

At this moment, the lantern-holding Alger, who was walking beside him, couldn't help but consider a question:

Even Gehrman Sparrow can't stand my singing. How should I act as an Ocean Songster...

In that silent environment, the two quickly proceeded forward amidst thick trees that appeared to be covered in snakeskin as they approached the ancient ruins.

With a Seafarer beside him, Klein saved himself the trouble of using Dowsing Rod Seeking. He focused on watching out for any sudden attacks.

The dark and silent environment resembled a horror story. As the two proceeded forward for an unknown amount of time, they discovered that the trees were beginning to systematically become sparse.

This was completely different from the situation back when they met the demigod-level feathered serpent. The trees there had abruptly become sparse, while what they were encountering now was a progressive change. It made them have the misconception that they were about to leave the dark forest.

“After passing through this zone, we will arrive at the periphery of the ancient ruins.” Alger broke the silence.

He paused and then added seemingly casually, “Based on my experience, it becomes more dangerous as we approach it. The signs of a demigod creature I found last time was around here. However, oddly, the periphery of the ancient ruins doesn’t have any signs of Beyonder creatures. However, I have no idea about deep inside it.”

This is probably because there’s an even more terrifying existence inside the ancient ruins. That zone is its territory, so other creatures do not dare to approach… Klein mumbled inwardly.

He had a sense for the danger level of this expedition. He had previously performed the corresponding divination above the gray fog, and the revelation he received was that it had its ups and downs, as well as its problems. However, leaving safely wasn’t much of a problem.

After The Hanged Man said that, Klein chuckled.

"You likely know what my guess is."

He didn't say anything further as he entered the zone with sparse vegetation.

Alger silently walked beside him, increasingly convinced about his judgment of Gehrman Sparrow: He was calm and crazy!

After proceeding dozens of meters forward, they suddenly saw a pair of ghostly-blue eyes situated at where the lantern's glow could reach.

It was a black baboon crouched on a branch. Its fur was naturally curled, and its head grew black crystals. These crystals grew upwards in a random manner, forming a strange crown.

Upon seeing the black baboon, Klein and Alger simultaneously had the urge to bow their heads to not look directly at it. They felt as though it was the ruler of the nearby region, their sovereign.

Sovereign... Alger relied on the excruciating headache which the Whip of Mind brought him in order to escape its influence as he hurriedly took a step to the left in an attempt to avoid any direct clashes. He left the unknown Beyonder creature to Gehrman Sparrow.

They had agreed to it prior.

However, despite walking to the left, he ended up walking

forward. His legs also hobbled as though he suddenly needed crutches.

Subconsciously, Alger drew his dagger, causing sharp wind blades to swish towards the curly-haired baboon.

At that moment, the baboon grinned.

The wind blades suddenly changed direction in midair, moving in every direction at random to perfectly avoid hitting the target.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein gave up his plans on approaching through ordinary methods. His left glove instantly turned transparent as he turned invisible.

Alger stopped his actions that resulted from his stress when he saw Gehrman Sparrow in his top hat appear behind the black curly-haired baboon. The distance between them was less than five meters.

Right on the heels of that, the black curly-haired baboon's body abruptly stiffened as though it lost control of most of its body. It even tried hard to raise its palm, trying hard to dig at its eyes in an attempt to distort something.

And at this moment, Gehrman Sparrow had already made use of this delay to raise the iron-black revolver in his right hand, aiming the dark barrel at its head.

Then, without any emotion, the crazy adventurer pulled the trigger.

1. Excerpt from Alfred Tennyson's 'Break, Break, Break.'

Chapter 809: The Danger Amidst the Darkness

Bang!

The loud gunshot reverberated in the sparse and open region as they extended outwards. If it was an ordinary island with an ordinary forest at night, it would've alarmed the birds and beasts, sending them scattering away. But here, everything remained quiet, so quiet that it didn't seem like any living creatures existed.

As for that black curly-haired baboon, its head had burst open, splattering blood and brain matter everywhere like it was raining.

The black crystal at its head shattered as well, with not a single piece remaining intact.

Klein bent his arm and slowly retracted Death Knell which was still spewing out smoke. He watched as the mutated curly-haired baboon's stocky body, one more that was muscular than a human's, collapse to the group.

By approaching with Traveling, forcefully controlling with Wraith, and seizing the opportunity to deal a lethal strike with Death Knell, it was an instant kill!

Klein wasn't doing this to flaunt his strength, but via his observations, he believed that the mutated curly-haired baboon had unique powers. If he didn't quickly finish it off while it didn't understand anything about him, there was a very high chance that the situation would be reversed, making the battle rather tricky. Besides, on such a dangerous primitive island, it was

imperative he avoided situations from escalating, for no one knew what things could be lured by an intense battle.

Therefore, after Klein possessed the mutated curly-haired baboon with a Wraith, he gave up on the more reliable and more unnoticeable method of controlling Spirit Body Threads, because it took longer. Instead, he chose to cock the gun and use Death Knell to finish it off while it was stiff and slow as a result of the Wraith's influence.

The effects were identical to his expectations. The possible accidents that could happen midway were as he imagined. With the help of Distortion and Disorder, the mutated curly-haired baboon did possess the ability to extricate itself from the unfavorable situation of the Wraith's possession, and it would allow the bullet's trajectory to violate the laws of physics and avoid its body.

Unfortunately, its efforts had come to an abrupt stop before it could change any effects. Klein had seized that brief moment of sluggishness to decisively deliver the lethal strike.

If he had switched to controlling Spirit Body Threads, the outcome might've been very different.

It's worth it to suffer a weakness for this... Furthermore, there's a higher chance of me being needed to use Death Knell later. Compared to realizing what I'm afraid of in a more dangerous environment, it's better to know the problem ahead of time and avoid similar situations. That's the better option... Klein allowed his revolver to point downward as he walked to the side of the mutated curly-haired baboon.

At this moment, under the Wraith's control, the Beyonder characteristic of the Beyonder creature rapidly appeared.

Alger held up the lantern as he watched this scene from a distance away. It took him nearly a minute to snap back to his senses. Frozen in his mind was ultimately the scene of the flare from Gehrman Sparrow's muzzle and the bursting head of the curly-haired baboon.

The Disorder they encountered in the beginning had made him understand that the Beyonder creature they had encountered was at a Sequence higher than that of the Illusory Chime Tree. It was a relatively difficult creature to deal with, one that required sufficient caution during combat. Furthermore, there wasn't any guarantee of victory. Yet, Gehrman Sparrow had finished the battle in three seconds. The speed at which it happened was as though he was engaging in target practice.

Being a Sequence 5 Beyonder as well, the difference was unbelievable!

Combining a short-distance teleportation ability and a strange power that can control an enemy for a certain amount of time, along with that astoundingly potent revolver, the effects are unimaginable terrifying... If I were to encounter it for the first time, I would definitely be killed instantly. And even if I'm prepared, it wouldn't be easy to resist it. The best solution is to use my singing to affect my surroundings indiscriminately. It will prevent Gehrman Sparrow from successfully completing a Teleport... As expected of a crazy adventurer with a bounty of 50,000 pounds. Even without Mr. Fool's help, just him alone isn't weaker than Admiral Hell. It's possible that he's even stronger... While sighing poignantly, Alger reined in his thoughts as he considered how he could deal with the situation if he were in the curly-haired baboon's shoes.

Compared to the descriptions from others and his own guesses, witnessing it himself was more convincing and shocking!

Inside the corpse of the curly-haired baboon where the shattered

black crystal was, a faint blob of light quickly appeared and converged together, turning into a translucent, pitch-black fist that was tightly clenched.

Indifferently to their thoughts, the fist produced a feeling of strength and sinisterness. The palm's lines, luster, and fingernails seemed to follow ordinary principles, but they were filled with an abnormal charm. It seemed to hide large amounts of madness and disorder.

Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder from the Black Emperor pathway? I wonder what weakness I received. I hope it's not too odd... Hmm, I can use Death Knell as much as I want in the next six hours... As Klein muttered, he bent down to pick up the Beyonder characteristic and stored it in a prepared metal container.

In fact, he could attempt to Graze the curly-haired baboon and see if he could obtain the corresponding Beyonder powers of a Mentor of Disorder so as to swap away his glove's Baron of Corruption. But ultimately, he gave up on that idea since he wasn't sure what the Beyonder creature had done that made it deserve such torture.

His encounter had been an encounter on a battlefield. Ensuring his enemy's death was nothing out of the ordinary, but Grazing was an extremely excruciating pain that left a soul yearning for liberation. Klein had his own principles and stubbornness. He didn't easily violate them, and he often cautiously chose his targets.

Of course, to him, creatures of lower intelligence were not the same as humans. Even if he attempted to Graze it, it wasn't crossing the line. However, many of his past experiences told him that persisting to keep to his principles and not relax the requirements for himself was not only a moral question but was something to prevent himself from losing himself. He couldn't keep pushing the envelope just because he thought it was

nothing. As the trivialities accumulated, it would eventually result in a terrible mistake.

In this crazy and chaotic mysterious world, actions aren't for others to see, but for myself. A person can fool humans and even deities, but they can't fool themselves. Uh, I wonder if High-Sequence Beyonders from the Spectator pathway can fool themselves... As Klein's thoughts raced, he took out Groselle's Travels that he hid near his chest, intending to smear the curly-haired baboon's blood over its cover.

At that moment, his heart tensed up as the hair along his neck stood up.

This was an intense premonition of danger!

And in this premonition, no scene had surfaced in Klein's mind!

Not good! Klein instantly found his heart wrapped in layers of shadows as everything before his eyes seemed to be covered in a layer of dark glass.

Without the luxury of time to consider what was happening, the glove on his left palm turned transparent once again.

His figure turned invisible before he appeared beside Alger, reaching out to grab his shoulder.

At that instant, Alger also sensed the abnormality. His heart contracted and expanded like the source of a storm as his blood surged through his veins and arteries like a tidal wave.

Meanwhile, he saw Gehrman Sparrow's right hand which was grabbing his shoulder. From the finger nails, it was turning gray and turning dull, bit by bit, just like any stone that could be found anywhere in the dark forest. And his feet, knees, and muscles were turning stiff as though they no longer belonged to him.

The two figures quickly turned transparent as they vanished from their location and entered a saturated and clearly overlapped spirit world as they quickly traversed it in the direction of the ancient ruins.

Suddenly, the red, green, black, and other stacked colors before Klein's eyes uniformly darkened as they produced fine patterns that resembled raven black hair.

Raven black hair!

A chill rose up from their soles as Klein didn't hesitate to leave the spirit world with The Hanged Man and return to the real world where they landed in an area mixed with rubble and weed. Not far away was a mostly collapsed building.

Through the corner of his eye, The Hanged Man had already turned grayish-white from the waist down, as though he had turned into a stone sculpture!

Pa!

Klein snapped his fingers, igniting the grass tens of meters away in preparation to leap over.

At that moment, he suddenly felt his heart palpitate as his body

began to tremble involuntarily.

The appearance of the soaring flames was terrifying to him!

The weakness Death Knell gave him this time: fear of fire!

Seeing the dark “glass” thicken before his eyes, Klein felt a howling wind sweep him up from below before he could overcome the fear, causing him and Alger to fly up, passing through the invisible border and entering the vicinity of the ancient ruins.

Bang!

The duo fell to the ground simultaneously, producing the sound of crashing rocks.

The thick shadow over their hearts vanished as the danger that hid in the darkness receded like the tide.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the grayish-white color that had spread to his elbow turn faint and recede. He felt his physical condition was rapidly recovering after he left that zone.

His back was covered in perspiration that soaked his shirt.

And what left him most horrified was that he didn’t know what monster had attacked him or what powers were used!

Did Death Knell’s gunshot alarm some monster in the vicinity, or

is it the existence that rules over this forest at night? Thankfully, it doesn't dare to enter the vicinity of the ancient ruins… This isn't necessarily good. This means that deep in the ancient ruins is something that makes it fearful… I should be prepared to retreat at any moment… Klein stretched his hands and slowly stood up.

At this moment, Alger escaped from that grayish-white layer as he turned his head to glance over.

"That zone was petrifying us."

That zone… Petrification… Klein nodded in thought as he walked towards the mostly collapsed building that was strewn with weeds and covered in vines. He then replied in a deep tone, "The problem now lies ahead."

Alger didn't speak further as he sped up his pace, steadily walking by his side.

After approaching, Klein looked at the building. His gaze swept the spires and stone columns, as well as the damaged walls that remained standing.

He stopped and asked seemingly casually, "What kind of building do you think this ruin was in the past?"

Alger remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "Cathedral.

"A cathedral."

Chapter 810: Whose Cathedral

A cathedral... We came to the same judgment... Klein looked at the ruin ahead of him as he silently muttered to himself.

At that moment, the tiny amount of crimson moonlight that penetrated the mist had scattered onto the collapsed building. Compared to before, it was a lot richer in color, almost approaching the color of blood.

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's trademark cold attitude as he said in an unperturbed manner, "Where did you previously explore?"

As he spoke, Klein glanced at the lantern in The Hanged Man's hand which remained unshattered despite all the ordeals. He subconsciously tensed up his muscles and skin when he saw the glow from the flame.

Although the flame was ultimately contained by thick glass and metal frame, it still left him a little afraid.

Alger didn't notice the minute changes in Gehrman Sparrow as he raised his dagger-wielding right hand and pointed at the grandest building amidst the ruin.

"There."

All that was left of the building was its main structure. It was impossible to know what it originally looked like. The only things that could only be determined were that it had thick walls with narrow windows, and the building's scale and its

magnificence. Furthermore, it once had a spire and clock tower. It had a spartan facade and an ancient architecture.

"This is an architectural style from the early Fourth Epoch. There are records of these in the Church of Storms's canon. It's said that in that period, the various Churches used such styles to build their cathedrals in a widespread fashion." Alger had a deep impression on the ruin. Over the years, he had flipped through many books and had acquired quite a bit of the background. "Its greatest trait is the temple found above and the catacombs found below. Life and death were both unified here. However, I cannot confirm that the ancient cathedral's interior is as I described, as I've never ventured deep into it."

This might be an architectural style left behind from the Third Epoch... Klein made a guess as he walked straight to the opening of the ancient cathedral ruin's abnormally huge door. By keeping the lantern behind him, enjoying only the light emitted from it, he didn't need to suffer from his fear of fire.

The duo quickly moved up the grayish-white stairs that were ridiculously high, and they arrived at the door's opening. Inside, they saw remnants of stone columns and arches that extended upwards towards the center.

Klein wasn't in a rush to enter. He reached his left hand into his pocket and took out a gold coin as he allowed it to weave between his finger while seemingly muttering something.

Suddenly, he flipped the gold coin and opened his palm to await its descent while saying to The Hanged Man, "How did you determine that deep in this cathedral is something of value that is not less than that of the Cards of Blasphemy?"

After he said that, he looked at the gold coin that had fallen into his palm before putting it away.

Alger pointed inside and said, “I’ve said before that my strength was inferior to Qilangos, and I didn’t go as deep as he did. I had no idea what he saw, other than the judgment that there was something extremely precious and important inside from his remarks. Furthermore, it was something that only a true Sequence 5 could obtain.

“However, the murals near the entrance and the marks on the ground might be able to explain something.”

Klein nodded and walked through the dark door’s opening that the crimson moonlight was unable to illuminate. The black trench coat he wore fluttered gently behind him as Alger held up a lantern and clenched his dagger while following behind.

Passing through the opening, Klein used the crimson moonlight that shone in from the opening at the dome to see the hall of considerable depth up ahead. A few of the ancient stone columns supporting it had already snapped.

At the end wasn’t an altar, nor were there any staircases that led upwards. It was completely dark and difficult to tell the details. It appeared as though it led underground.

It isn’t a temple above and a catacomb beneath… The temple is underground in the catacombs? It’s impossible to determine that. We’ll know only by venturing down… Klein subconsciously glanced around and discovered side doors along the two sides, but the regions they led to had already completely collapsed with no usable path.

The murals near the entrance and the marks on the ground… he recalled what The Hanged Man had just said, and he took two diagonal steps before releasing the invisible Wraith Senor. With his night vision, he began observing the remaining murals.

The mural's background was of a towering and magnificent mountain. At its peak was a gigantic cross that was covered in a lustrous glow.

In front of the cross were grand and abnormal figures that were clustered around. They were angels with two wings, four wings, or six wings.

This… Klein did a cursory glance and felt a strong sense of familiarity.

He had seen a similar mural before, back in Blasphemer Amon's mausoleum!

When he focused again, Klein quickly noticed the difference. There weren't the two infants that represented Amon and Adam, nor were there any twelve-winged angels. The grand figure in front of the cross held its arms to its chest as it held an ancient, spartan slate.

The slate was drawn in an extremely indistinct manner; yet, it felt both ancient and young, holy and sinister. It was in extreme contradiction.

Slate… Klein's pupils dilated slightly as a specific term flashed in his mind:

Blasphemy Slate!

This is likely that ancient sun god, the Lord that created everything which the City of Silver worships… Indeed, the Blasphemy Slate is closely related to "Him"… I wonder if this is the first Blasphemy Slate or the second… Klein roughly guessed at the

cathedral's worshiped entity, and he also began to believe that the depths of the ruin hid items that were very valuable and important.

He withdrew Senor's gaze and allowed the marionette to turn to face the ground.

Apart from the slates being covered in cracks and some odd marks remaining, they were dark red in color, smaller than a human's forehead. They overlapped with one another at times as they extended all the way to the ends of the hall.

At that instant, a scene naturally appeared in Klein's mind.

Devout believers were prostrated on the ground as they proceeded forward, slamming their foreheads heavily onto the ground after covering a certain distance, leaving blood oozing out.

Noticing Gehrman Sparrow look around without any scrutiny, Alger probed, "The ancient sun god?"

At that moment, he felt the baffling sensation of a cold wind blowing from Gehrman Sparrow's side. He suspected that hidden around them were shadows or wraiths.

Recalling the strange restraints the mutated curly-haired baboon was under, Alger made a vague theory that he didn't voice out.

Upon hearing The Hanged Man's question, Klein had wanted to chuckle and reply, "you can also call 'Him' the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God," but he felt that such a tone and choice of words was closer to that of The Fool

and not Gehrman Sparrow. Hence, he held himself back and nodded slightly.

“It’s not hard to tell.”

Alger silently heaved a sigh of relief as he held a sense of anticipation for the item buried deep underneath the cathedral.

The two simultaneously decided to walk towards the end of the hall.

When they approached it, Klein finally saw the staircase that led downwards.

“An underground area?” he asked succinctly.

Alger shook his head.

“I can’t be sure. I’ve never gone down.

“Although Qilangos had attempted to venture in, he returned in less than ten minutes with his aura becoming relatively weak.”

Klein nodded thoughtfully and said in passing, “You seem to be very familiar with him.”

If it were said by anyone else, Alger would’ve pretended to have not heard it or answer directly. But deep in his heart, The World Gehrman Sparrow was Mr. Fool’s Blessed. His question could possibly represent the intentions of that existence, so he needed to view them seriously.

After deliberating for a few seconds, Alger said in a deep voice, “We were fellow-townsmen, and we were servants at the same cathedral.

“The priest there was an easily irritated person who enjoyed punishing the servants. Qilangos couldn’t bear it and escaped secretly to become a pirate.”

So there was such a past… Mr. Hanged Man is also a man with a story… Klein didn’t probe deeper as he headed down the staircase in the extremely silent cathedral ruins.

Although his footsteps were extremely light, they still sounded obvious in such an environment as they echoed.

Soon, the two of them came to the end of the staircase and saw the opening of an arched door.

On both sides of the opening were two shadows that stood there silently in an immutable fashion.

Klein and Alger halted at the same time as they looked at the two shadows, only to discover that they were two stone statues.

They were both men with their surface being grayish-white. One of them wore full-body armor that resembled a barrel, and the other work a jacket that looked more contemporary. Their expressions were writhing in pain as their eyes protruded as though they were glaring at something.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein realized something as he recalled the encounter outside.

He and Alger had also shown signs of petrification, and it was thankful that they extricated themselves of the effects, or they might have really become statues!

This… Don't tell me they're humans who met with the same situation… If we had been petrified, would we be "moved" down here, standing guard at this door opening for centuries or even millennia? The source of that petrifying power isn't afraid of these ruins? Klein felt explicable horror as his scalp tingled.

He controlled his emotions and turned his head to look at The Hanged Man. He discovered that the pupils of the boorish man at sea had similarly dilated and was clutching the dagger tightly.

Mr. Hanged Man has come to the same conclusion without me needing to speak further… Klein pointed at the door opening and said, "There might be even more stone statues inside."

Alger nodded as he said worriedly and jokingly, "Let's hope we don't see ourselves."

If we're convinced that we have escaped the effects of petrification, only to see our statues in this underground area, that would be quite the horror story… Klein thought for two seconds and said to The Hanged Man, "Do you have night vision?"

His true meaning was that the light of the lantern was especially eye-catching in the dark catacombs and that it might easily cause unwanted developments. Therefore, it was best to extinguish the flame if he had night vision.

And he believed that Mr. Hanged Man was able to read in between the lines.

Alger replied frankly, “Yes.”

As a Beyonder of the Sailor pathway who could dive, it was a given that he had night vision.

Klein glanced at him without a word, but his meaning was obvious.

Then why are you still using a lantern?

Alger seriously replied, “Firstly, it’s to misdirect the enemy into instinctively believing that I don’t have night vision because of my use of a lantern. When they destroy my lantern and try hard to create a dark environment, I’ll give them a pleasant surprise.”

How sinister… Klein was momentarily at a loss for words.

Alger continued, “Secondly, it’s to avoid situations similar to the City of Silver. There might be extreme danger lurking within complete darkness.”

Makes sense… Klein didn’t insist that Alger extinguish the lantern as he first stepped past the two stone statues. Under their pain-frozen gazes, he stepped into the entrance that led underground.

As he didn’t know what the petrified statues represented, nor did he know if they were completely dead, Klein didn’t attempt to shatter them to obtain their Beyonder characteristics and mystical items.

Chapter 811: The Picture in the Catacombs

After passing through the door opening and going underground, there wasn't a sliver of natural light in front of Klein and Alger. The ceiling was intact, preventing any crimson moonlight from seeping in after penetrating the mist.

Alger raised the lantern in his hand, lighting up the area up ahead with a limited dim yellow glow.

Klein took a glance and discovered at least six stone statues of both sexes. They were entirely grayish-white in color, and even their clothes looked like they were engraved.

These stone statues included elves, giants, and humans that had an ancient dress sense. Apart from their frozen expressions of pain and despair, there wasn't anything similar.

Klein felt a chill down his back when he saw their eyeballs watching him without moving, having made the connection that they were once alive. He felt that darkness ruled the depths of this passageway, as though a terrifying monster had widened its mouth as it lay in wait for the two to walk into its belly.

Reining in their stirring emotions, Klein and Alger remained silent as they passed through the grayish-white statues with warped expression, and they proceeded forward.

After walking for more than ten seconds, Klein didn't need to use Senor's night vision to see the damaged and dark murals thanks to the lantern.

There were a few murals that were relatively intact, allowing them to recognize what was being depicted. They were no doubt focused on the cross that glowed and the grand figure that stood before it.

This blurry and solemn figure either faced cities that had been flooded, stepped upon fractured lands, or looked up at the cosmos where it locked eyes with the pairs of evil and maniacal eyes.

When the apocalypse happens, the ancient sun god will rescue the world? This is somewhat similar to the murals that Little Sun and the others found in the True Creator's temple… Or perhaps it's just plagiarism from both sides, with no one giving up on working towards this goal. After all, it's to emphasize that "They" were once the messiah and a deity worthy of one's faith… Klein quickly swept his gaze across the wall as he slowly entered the depths of the passageway.

Alger was also observing the damaged murals when he suddenly suppressed his voice and said, "I suspect that the True—Fallen Creator's description of 'Himself' has references to some of the content here."

Indeed, everyone has the same views… Klein lowered Death Knell and chuckled.

"I won't be surprised if we see matters related to the True Creator up ahead."

"That might be a particular connection between 'Him' and the Creator that the City of Silver believes in." Alger agreed with Gehrman Sparrow's judgment.

The duo continued ahead as they tried hard to soften their steps.

However, there were still some echoes that reverberated in that extremely silent environment.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He immediately took two steps forward and put himself in front of Alger, blocking out most of the lantern's light.

Less than two seconds later, he heard a dull sound emitting from afar.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The ground shook gently as the sounds became clearer. Then, Klein saw a figure nearly four meters tall walk out.

It was also grayish-white in color, with armor plating patterns engraved on its body. Its head had goat horns and a mouth that resembled a hound's. Its half-opened mouth revealing snarling fangs.

And what attracted attention the most were its pair of eyes which burned red and the six pairs of white-membraned wings.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The monster held an eight-meter-long stone trident as it slowly entered a passageway. It shook the land with every step as its great weight was spread out.

Although Klein hadn't seen it before, he instantly recognized what it was.

It was a six-winged gargoyle!

Its core crystal was one of the main ingredients of a Marionettist, and the Beyonder powers it possessed were extremely special and indefensible!

Based on its external build and from what it's made of, it definitely has extremely potent combat strength while not being afraid of most damage... All it needs to cause terrifying damage is to storm over and perform a downward smash with its stone trident... Klein relaxed his left hand and wasn't in a rush to react.

He and Alger remained on the spot, one using his body, and the other using his clothes to conceal the lantern's light.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The six-winged gargoyle didn't look towards the duo, and it instead passed through the passageway, its footsteps slowly distancing themselves from them.

Indeed, it's not very perceptive... It's no wonder Qilangos was able to venture deep down and return safely... Klein proceeded forward again when the footsteps were undetectable as he went past the crossroads.

In fact, with his current strength and gear, and his understanding of his target, killing a six-winged gargoyle wasn't something too dangerous. Furthermore, The Hanged Man could provide him with help. The reason why he gave up attacking it was because he had no idea how many six-winged gargoyles there were in the catacombs. Once a battle ensued, any large commotion could result in them swarming over. When that happened, they could only escape using Traveling. In addition, if

they were to stir the existence in the ruins that even nearby Beyonder creatures were afraid of, the problem would only worsen.

Curbing one's greed was a premise for a risky exploration.

Alger was also rather pleased at the crazy adventurer's calm and rational actions. His suspicion was that Gehrman Sparrow was under the orders of Mr. Fool; thus, resisting his urge to attack the six-winged gargoyle.

The calmer he appears, the crazier he will be when he encounters his true target… As this thought flashed in Alger's mind, he followed Gehrman Sparrow straight down the crossroads.

The murals on both sides remained damaged, and they were still describing the greatness and holiness of the ancient sun god.

Finally, Klein and Alger arrived at the ends of the passageway. Here, there was an eight-meter-tall stone double door. It depicted various symbols of death, sleep, end, new birth, and beginnings.

"A tomb?" Klein turned to say to Alger.

Alger nodded and said, "It might also be a temple."

Clearly, he was also wondering if it was both a temple and tomb.

The grayish-white stone door before the duo wasn't shut completely. It was cracked open with a tiny gap that allowed a child passage. Alger glanced at the floor and walked over. Putting the lantern down and securing his dagger, he pressed his hands

onto one side of the door.

He slowly drew a breath as he bent his knees, his arm muscles swelling suddenly.

Silently, the gap widened significantly.

Klein pricked up his brows when he saw this scene, feeling somewhat astonished because The Hanged Man's pushing of the door didn't produce any sound at all.

He didn't doubt an Ocean Songster's strength, but he didn't believe that it could prevent the stone door from making contact with the ground.

As he moved his gaze down, Klein saw a pool of slightly sticky liquid gathered under the door.

He quietly produced a lubricant effect… Mr. Hanged Man is very meticulous… Is this the power of a Seafarer or an Ocean Songster? Hmm, he probably also used the powers of a Wind-blessed to control an air cushion; thus, resulting in this door silently opening… Klein roughly figured out the reason.

Although he approached the stone door, he wasn't eager to enter it. Through the widened gap, he observed the scene inside.

Reflected in the eyes of the Wraith was the corner of the room where there was a row of grayish-white stone coffins.

It is indeed a catacomb… As for whether it's also a temple, it's an unknown for now… As Klein thought, he took out Leymano's

Travels with his left hand. On it were Beyonder powers that were suitable to handle matters related to the Death domain.

Meanwhile, he used a silver dagger to quickly create a wall of spirituality and sealed the iron cigar case to prevent Azik's copper whistle from causing the dead to rise from their graves.

Alger also drew his dagger again and placed his left palm over it before sliding his palm outwards.

Amidst light crackling sounds, the dagger swirled with silver bolts of lightning that snaked outwards.

Having made their preparations, Klein, who was acting as the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, was first to pass through the door and into the tomb.

Of course, Wraith Senor had already acted as a scout by circling the tomb before he entered.

To a Marionettist, there was no need to take risks on many matters once they had a marionette!

The tomb's ceiling was soaked with water droplets, a clear indication of the humidity. The room was divided into two regions that each had twelve grayish-white stone coffins. In the middle was a circular region where there appeared to be a beautiful and complicate picture placed on the ground.

Klein didn't approach it as he stopped Alger. Then, he controlled Senor to appear as it quickly floated to a spot above the circular region.

Admiral of Blood... Alger's facial muscles twitched.

Although he had already guessed so, he couldn't stop his subconscious reactions when he saw it with his own eyes.

At this moment, Senor descended and was able to fully take in the scene in the central region.

The picture had dark, dull colors with the background being filled with blurry figures. In the foreground was a long table.

On the table was a figure with a resplendent cross glowing from it, and surrounding the figure were three people shrouded in shadows.

One was handsome and youthful, another solemn and bold, and the last looking wise with his white beard. The three pairs of eyes exuded an indescribable sense of evil, just like the actions of their owners.

One of them had ripped off the figure's arm, stuffing it into their mouths, and gnawing at it as blood was filling his mouth. Another held up a brain and sucked at its juices, while the last had dug out a beating heart, chewing at it in a ravenous manner.

In contrast to them, in the figure's chest was a long and wide crack. Sitting cross-legged in there was a dark and sinister infant who was masticating on the intestines that had fresh blood gushing down.

These four entities seemed to sense someone prying into their act as they looked up in unison, as though they were staring at

any being that placed their eyes on the picture!

Chapter 812: Myth from Another Perspective

Upon clearly seeing the picture through Senor's vision, Klein's heart raced so loudly that even he could hear it.

As a Seer who was good at interpreting revelations and symbolism, he felt his blood gush to his head, leaving his head swelling. It seemed to prevent him from engaging in thinking deeper into it.

Even so, there was an ethereal voice belonging to him that resounded in his mind. It was filled with alarm.

Th-that figure that's dismembered and eaten likely represents the ancient sun god, the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God which the City of Silver believes in!

And I-I've seen the three evil figures surrounding "Him" before!

In the underground ruin in Backlund, the place that sealed that terrifying evil spirit!

They existed in the form of a statue but didn't look as evil as the picture depicts them to be. Th-they each respectively represent:

The Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

Suddenly, Klein recalled the name he had once received, one that he had directly received when looking straight at the Eternal Blazing Sun:

White Angel!

No... no way... Could it be that the Eternal Blazing Sun was once an Angel by the ancient sun god's side? Little Sun once mentioned that they heard an ecclesiastic's penitence and prophesy of a matter in Afternoon Town. One of the sentences was "The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire..." the Eternal Blazing Sun was originally named White Angel, which is also a King of Angels, one that betrayed that Creator?

And "He" and the Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the dark infant who I have no idea what it represents had benefited the most out of consuming the City of Silver's Creator... The bibles of the various Churches mention that the three most ancient deities were born from the Original Creator's spirit... In a sense, it's actually hinting at this dark history?

If my theories are correct, then the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom are likely the Kings of Angels that served the Creator, the ancient sun god, who the City of Silver worships. Perhaps, "They" should be addressed as Wind Angel and Wisdom Angel...

This way, all eight Kings of Angels are accounted for—Dark Angel, White Angel, Wind Angel, Wisdom Angel, Angel of Imagination, Angel of Time, Angel of Fate, and Red Angel... From what Little Sun heard, and from the subsequent developments of these Kings of Angels, it seems that apart from the two sons of god, Amon and Adam, the other Kings of Angels had betrayed the Creator... No way, this ancient sun god ended way too tragi... However, this picture might not be real. It might be sacrilege. It's still suspect...

I wonder who the dark infant sitting in the ancient sun god's abdomen represents... It feels like the True Creator is the greatest suspect... Klein instantly thought of many matters as he felt the urge to leave and pretend that he hadn't seen the picture the

deeper he pondered over the matter.

At that instant, he felt an irrepressible sense of fear, to the point of feeling that the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were casting their gaze down from the astral world in his imagination.

Who left this picture behind? Who could've known so many secrets and clearly be on the ancient sun god's side? One of the other Angels or Saints that have been constantly following the City of Silver Creator with enduring faith? Klein's back oozed with sweat as his body trembled slightly.

Although Alger's observational abilities were inferior to Miss Justice, he was an experienced Beyonder. In this environment that needed a high sense of vigilance and awareness, it wasn't difficult for him to notice that something odd had happened to Gehrman Sparrow.

"What happened?" he asked with a suppressed tone.

Klein suddenly snapped to his senses as he made Senor move his gaze away as he pointed at the circular region in the middle.

"You'll know just by looking at it."

A picture that can make Gehrman tremble? Will it make me lose control immediately? It's probably not a problem since he's not stopping me but suggesting that I take a look. However, I cannot eliminate the possibility that he has already lost his reasoning and is just acting normal... Many thoughts flashed through Alger's mind, but ultimately, he steadily walked towards the central region with his lantern in hand.

After about eight steps, he saw the gloomy picture.

In just three seconds, Alger's hands trembled with the dagger and lantern in his grip. It was as though he was suffering from some kind of mental illness.

Thanks to The World Gehrman, he had once seen the six orthodox deities' anthropomorphic statues in the Tarot Club. He naturally recognized that the arm-eating, heart-ripping, and brain-guzzling figures were respectively the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

In the past, he had committed a disloyal act to the Church whilst under Qilangos's coercion, he joined the Tarot Club and distanced himself from the Chasm of Storm, believed in Mr. Fool and wished to gain more strength and power, and he leaked the Church's intel and was unmotivated in certain matters. Even so, he ultimately believed himself to be a believer of the Lord of Storms, albeit someone who wasn't devout and passionate enough. But at that moment, he felt deep down in his heart that he had committed a grave sin of sacrilege. He nearly dug out his eyes in horror.

To not kill myself directly, it means that I really have become a false believer... Alger didn't dare take another look as he turned around and looked at Gehrman Sparrow. With a trembling voice, he asked, "Those three are Kings of Angels?"

"I can't give you confirmation. All I can say is that the Eternal Blazing Sun is intimately connected to the White Angel," Klein vaguely answered.

As expected... Alger immediately felt that the possibility that the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were once Kings of Angels.

As for Gehrman Sparrow not being able to confirm the situation, he wasn't too surprised. It wasn't odd since he was only a Blessed and not Mr. Fool.

Alger was just about to say something when he heard a sharp screech.

It was as though someone was using their fingernails to scratch the lid of a stone coffin!

No, it wasn't an analogy, and it was exactly what was happening!

Schwing! Rip! Sizzle!

Sharp, jarring sounds of scratching sounded from three stone coffins on both sides. Then, the heavy lids were either flung open or blasted open as three warped figures stood up.

One of them wore an ancient white robe that had nearly turned gray. Its face was riddled with pockmarks, and across its neck, forehead, and the back of its hands were deep eyes. Beside it was a figure with huge palms and thick fingers that looked as though they were made of wood. Slathered around its body was a layer of yellow-green pus as a mist of the same color emanated out of it, seemingly capable of eroding away the stone coffin.

Opposite the two was a figure in a tattered brown jacket with a triangular hat with a skull on it. Many parts of its skin had rotted away, revealing the bone beneath.

Under its clothes and pants, thick and slimy tentacles that had fish scales embedded inside had burrowed out as it released a

domineering, savage, tyrannous, and terrifying aura. This even made Klein feel as though he was facing a High-Sequence Beyonder from the Storm pathway. However, its body didn't appear to reach that level.

The three deceased bodies that crawled out of the coffin cast their eyes in the direction of Gehrman Sparrow and Alger. One produced silver bolts of lightning that crackled. Another reflected the duo's figures in the countless eyes it had. The last one spread its yellow-green mist and created brown vines.

At the same time, they stormed over with loud and hurried footsteps as a six-winged gargoyle was rushing over.

Upon seeing this, Klein didn't panic. His Leymano's Travels-wielding left hand reached into his pocket, tore open the wall of spirituality, and used two fingers to pick out Azik's copper whistle.

Right on the heels of that, he flicked his wrist and threw the copper whistle to the other side of the room. Without any surprises, he saw the three deceased bodies with terrifying auras turn around and rush towards it like trained hounds.

Upon seeing this scene, Alger's gaze froze before he made a decision. He threw his lantern and rushed for the door.

His experience told him that while Gehrman Sparrow could deal with the three terrifying deceased, he needed to hold back the six-winged gargoyle to prevent it from interfering with the crazy adventurer's battle.

Bang!

Just as Alger arrived at the door, he saw the double door crack. A six-winged gargoyle was charging in with an eight-meter-long trident.

He immediately drew a gasp as his eyes burned with rage. His muscles swelled, and under the aid of the wind, he charged forward and brandished the dagger that swirled with silver lightning.

Bang!

He dodged the stone trident that smashed downwards, and he cleaved at the gargoyle's abdomen with a dagger.

Instantly, sparks flew as rubble sprayed everywhere. Alger flew backwards as the gargoyle's charge was disrupted.

Bang! Alger heavily slammed into the ground. As he had created an air cushion in time, he didn't suffer any serious injuries.

And at this moment, the three deceased bodies had gathered together to vie for Azik's copper whistle.

Klein looked at them and calmly flipped Leymano's Travels to a charred-yellow page with complicated patterns and symbols.

This was a demigod-level power that he recently recorded—Lightning Storm!

Then, Klein slid one finger across the notebook page with his Death Knell-wielding hand.

At the same time, he looked at the three mutated deceased bodies who were vying for Azik's copper whistle. With a deep voice, he greeted them:

"Bye bye."

Amidst sizzling sounds, bolts of lightning burst forth, meshing together to form a hurricane, enveloping the region where Azik's copper whistle was, as well as the three deceased bodies.

The entire tomb was instantly lit up like it was daytime. Even Alger nearly failed to open his eyes. His body instinctively trembled as a result of the terrifying aura.

With the aid of the wind, he leaped up with the hurricane taking form in his eyes. He once again charged at the six-winged gargoyle that attempted to attack Gehrman Sparrow.

Chapter 813: Tyrant

Aside from the Sailor pathway's Raging Blow, Alger knew that he didn't have any powers that were adequate against the six-winged gargoyle's strong body due to its immunity to lightning strikes.

Of course, directly creating a resonance with its hearing organs and Body of Heart and Mind through the use of his singing was the most effective method. If this encounter had been anywhere else, Alger definitely would've exploited the gargoyle's great weight and lack of agility to circle around it. Then, as he sang to affect it, he would attack the same spot with sharp wind blades, slowly grinding away at his enemy through the cumulative damage over time.

But now, he was in a catacomb, and due to the environment's limitations, any acts of directly avoiding it would only cause the gargoyle to turn its gaze to Gehrman Sparrow. It would then attack the crazy adventurer with its eight-meter-long trident, preventing him from seizing the opportunity to finish off the three deceased bodies. And most important of all, Alger suspected that his "singing" will have more adverse effects on Gehrman Sparrow than what the gargoyle was capable of.

Bang!

The stone trident crashed heavily into the ground, blasting open an exaggerated crater. It left the catacomb shaking as if an earthquake had happened. As for Alger, he didn't attempt to parry it. With the help of strong winds, he dodged to the right and soared up, agilely dodging the gargoyle's attack as he dashed for the monster's head.

At that moment, he saw the grayish-white eyes which burned with flames.

Alger's mind turned sluggish as his body instantly stiffened. He had the feeling of being petrified again, but his skin didn't show signs of spreading grayish-white colors.

Thanks to the inertia, he continued soaring upwards, but he wasn't able to brandish his dagger. He slammed straight into the gargoyle's head before loudly being repelled backward, his body aching in pain.

The heavy grayish-white trident reflected in his eyes again as his thoughts were sluggish, making it impossible for him to put up any effective resistance.

Suddenly, a hand grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him to the side.

Bang!

Rubble flew as sparks were produced. The gargoyle's heavy trident had blasted open a huge crater again.

Alger's body trembled as his vision regained its clarity while his thoughts were rapidly restored back to normal.

He was like someone who woke up from an irresistible nightmare which he was helpless against as he regained control over his body.

Only then did he realize that Gehrman Sparrow had appeared by

his side. There were still remnant flashes of lighting and sizzling sounds in the corner where the three deceased bodies were.

"Do not lock gazes with it. Attack its chest." As Klein pulled Alger away quickly in a bid to dodge the stone trident, he succinctly advised his companion.

Alger had personally experienced and witnessed many battles, so without further explanation from Gehrman Sparrow, he knew what the latter meant. He stopped receiving aid as he nimbly circled to the gargoyle's flank.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

He ran towards the gargoyle and waited for the stone trident to sweep over him, before soaring high up with the help of the strong gales to dodge the attack.

Whoosh!

Another hurricane pushed Alger towards the gargoyle's chest.

During this process, he closed his eyes, pulled back his right arm, and bulged his muscles.

Then, with his ability to judge distances as a Seafarer, he threw out his dagger-wielding right fist.

Howling wind blades and sizzling lightning were emitted along with his fist.

Bang!

Alger's right fist heavily struck the gargoyle's chest, producing an explosive effect. It caused the gargoyle stone to be covered in fine cracks as silver lightning snaked around. Following that, the cracks widened and depressed into a pit!

With a cracking sound, his dagger exploded, turning into countless fragments that scattered everywhere.

The strong recoil sent Alger flying back. In midair, he saw through the corner of his eye that the hatted Gehrman Sparrow had at some point in time circled to the front and cocked his revolver.

Right on the heels of that, the cold adventurer suddenly raised his hand and aimed the black barrel right at the gargoyle.

Bang!

Amidst a loud echo, a bullet tore through the pit in the gargoyle's chest and pierced it.

Following the explosive boom, the grayish-white stone monster convulsed a few times before the flames in its eyes were extinguished.

After a brief pause, it collapsed like a mountain, producing an exaggerated sound and earthquake-like shaking.

Death Knell had delivered a lethal blow!

And at this moment, Alger had just maintained his balance and found his footing thanks to the wind.

Klein didn't speak to him or search for the spoils of war. He immediately turned around and headed for the charred area where Azik's copper whistle sat silently.

Slippery tentacles covered in fish scales moved as the deceased body with nearly half its body gone had stood up. Bolts of lightning continued snaking around its body.

It was the domineering, savage, tyrannous deceased body that wore a tattered brown jacket with a triangular captain's hat. It was missing its left arm and right leg, as well as having half its head. Its body was covered in traces of charred and melted flesh.

But even so, it didn't sleep in peace. It was still attempting to fuse with the surrounding flesh and blood in order to obtain a stronger state.

One had to know that Klein had used Lightning Storm, which he had recorded from the Sea God Scepter. Even if the act of recording had reduced its might, it was definitely the Beyonder power at the demigod level. Just the fact that the other two deceased went silent without letting out a grunt was a testament of its might!

This awakened deceased body is problematic… Klein's heart stirred as he made Senor leap onto the smooth surface of Azik's copper whistle before attempting to reflect onto the deceased fish scale on its slippery tentacle.

At that moment, through the marionette, Klein sensed a tyrannical and high-level repulsive force. The Wraith was unable to possess it!

Senor was even repelled as it couldn't help but lose its invisibility.

Upon seeing this, Alger didn't question the situation. He raised his hands and created a spiraling wind around the deceased body, hoping to restrain its actions. However, the wind didn't sweep inwardly, as though it was afraid of something. It was forcefully dissipated as it rapidly vanished.

The only thing to be happy about was that the deceased body didn't immediately attack the duo. Instead, it jumped to the left, bent its back, and attempted to pick up Azik's copper whistle.

Klein immediately flicked his wrist and precisely flipped Leymano's Travels to the page with Abyss Shackles.

This was a Beyonder power which Emlyn had recorded, one belonging to a Sequence 7 Vampire.

As Klein swiped his Death Knell-wielding right hand onto the notebook, the shadows around the deceased body suddenly came to life and manifested chains that shackled it firmly to the ground.

Taking advantage of his opponent's brief pause, Klein raised his revolver in a deadpan manner.

Different colors—red, green, and white—immediately appeared in his vision.

Aiming at the white, Klein pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A pale golden beam shot into the head of the deceased body, causing it to rupture immediately into a spray of blood. At the same time, the Purifying Bullet also emitted a sun-like radiance that illuminated the target's body.

The deceased body melted like wax as it bent its waist and lost its balance, collapsing right beside Azik's copper whistle.

Monsters without any intelligence that only move on instinct are much easier to deal with than Beyonders of the same level… However, am I letting the copper whistle down? Ever since it was given to me, it has suffered explosions, the catharsis of lightning, and the purification of sunlight. Life sure isn't easy for it… Klein repented for a second before controlling Senor to pick up the ancient and exquisite copper whistle and stuffing it inside his body.

He didn't directly head over, afraid that a deceased body would awaken. Hence, he continued letting Senor to investigate the fellow who could resist the possession effect.

Klein suspected that the deceased had an item of a rather high level!

Soon, Senor in his non-Wraith form touched something and pulled it out.

It was a card!

On the face of the card was a man wearing a papal tiara with both hands held up. Before him were prostrated believers, and

behind him was lightning, dark clouds, gales, and waves!

Klein was very familiar with the man because he had a portrait of this person in another set of attire.

It was Emperor Roselle!

And to the top left of the pontiff-dressed Roselle, there was a line of text formed from resplendent starlight: Sequence 0: Tyrant!

The Card of Blasphemy from the Storm pathway? The Tyrant card? Klein instantly recalled how the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom addressed the Lord of Storms: Tyrant!

Alger also saw the Card of Blasphemy as his gaze froze instantly. Flames of greed flared up in his eyes.

He took a deep breath and moved his gaze away as he looked to the side and said, “The battle was intense. Perhaps other entities deep inside this cathedral have been awoken by us. So, let’s store away the things as quickly as possible and prepare to leave.”

Mr. Hanged Man, do you think I’m not aware of that? There’s no need for you to nag. What happened to our tacit teamwork from before? Heh, indeed. The Tyrant card has affected you. You can hardly calm down, and you have become talkative… As Klein got Wraith Senor to pick up the Card of Blasphemy and enter one of the deceased bodies to accelerate the production of the Beyonder characteristic, he coldly said, “You’ve already wasted five seconds.”

Alger was taken aback. Without saying another word, he walked to the remains of the six-winged gargoyle and dug out the

eyeball that glowed red. Then, he patiently waited for a moment and reached into its shattered back to extract a gargoyle translucent crystal.

Elsewhere, with the Wraith's help, the deceased body that was covered with yellow-green pus produced a blob of brown "soil." It had roots to it with hidden "blood vessels." It appeared rather strange.

Without wasting time to guess at the Sequence or pathway it belonged to, Klein got Senor to store it away before heading for the deceased body whose slippery tentacles were still twitching slightly, to accelerate the production of the Beyonder characteristic.

Seeing what looked like a jellyfish with azure-blue seawater in it take form, Klein and Alger suddenly heard a dragged out sound.

"Sigh..."

This sighing came from deep within the cathedral, bringing along with it an indescribable sense of ancientness.

Chapter 814: Disappeared

The long sigh that sounded from deep within the cathedral had left the back muscles of Klein and Alger tense as they were pumped with adrenaline.

Without any hesitation, Klein's left glove turned transparent as he vanished, appearing beside The Hanged Man.

As he reached out to grab his shoulder, Senor also picked up the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic and, with the help of mirror leap, returned back to the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Right on the heels of that, Klein's and Alger's bodies turned incorporeal and invisible, leaving the catacombs silent again.

The two of them were directly teleported into midair a distance away. Their figures came into existence amidst the shadows of the clouds and the crimson moonlight.

Subconsciously, Klein and Alger turned their heads in unison to look at the primitive island, wishing to know if any changes would happen to it.

When they heard that sigh, they had relied on their instincts and experience to immediately escape despite not sensing any actual danger. Now, they couldn't help but feel curious and puzzled.

In their vision, the thick mist that cloaked the primitive island had quickly dispersed. The moonlight shone straight down

without anything obstructing it.

Amidst howling winds, Klein and Alger floated in midair as they saw the primitive island's present state through the sparse mist.

It had vanished.

This primitive island that had a demigod feathered serpent and all kinds of Beyonder creatures had vanished!

The region it was in had dark-blue seawater which was almost black was ebbing slightly. Nothing appeared out of the ordinary!

Alger couldn't help but reach his hand into his pocket where he touched the six-winged gargoyle's core crystal that had left his mind sluggish.

If not for his battle spoils still being in existence, he would've suspected if it was all a dream. He wondered if he and Gehrman Sparrow had somewhat gotten lost, that they hadn't found the real primitive island, and ended up completing the exploration in their dreams.

Klein had similar thoughts as well. He even felt as though he was hallucinating. After all, a giant island with so many powerful creatures that hid secrets from mythical times couldn't just vanish without a word. Even the seawater didn't show any corresponding signs of its existence.

Thankfully, I didn't hesitate at all and chose to immediately escape. Otherwise, Mr. Hanged Man and I might really vanish, never to be found again... Klein suddenly felt a deep sense of joy. He didn't dare stay any longer as he activated Traveling once

again and vanished with Alger as they traversed the spirit world.

And the final scene of this body of water that froze in their eyes was of mist spreading once again with increasing density.

After another Teleportation, Klein and Alger returned to the deserted island. They stood on a reef and watched the waves strike the shore loudly.

Alger looked around and heaved a silent sigh of relief. He took out the core crystal of the six-winged gargoyle and said, “This is a shared spoil of war. You get to choose first.”

After weighing the matter, he considered the six-winged gargoyle to be a monster that the duo had killed together. As for the three deceased bodies, they were solely Gehrman Sparrow’s.

Klein didn’t directly respond. He made Senor float beside him as he took out the Tyrant card, the brown soil Beyonder characteristic, and the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic. The latter was suspected to be that of an Ocean Songster’s.

After doing all of this, he said, “One battle. I’ll choose first. Thrice.”

He meant that in the battle the duo faced, they had fought three deceased bodies and a six-winged gargoyle. He had contributed greatly in the entire battle, so the spoils of war received in the tomb belonged to the pool.

Of course, based on the contributions, Gehrman Sparrow had the right to choose first and choose three consecutive times.

Alger was taken aback as he gained a new understanding of the crazy adventurer. He then nodded.

"Okay."

Klein immediately reached his hand towards his marionette and calmly took the Tyrant card with Roselle's face on it.

"This counts as twice."

With the Card of Blasphemy, along with the Sea God Scepter, he could barely be considered a fake demigod when taking action in his Spirit Body state.

This was also very useful when acting as Sea God.

Of course, the greatest value the Tyrant card provided was the High-Sequence potion formulas of the Storm pathway, as well as the subtle ability to sense the ingredients needed after reaching Sequence 4.

And it was precisely because of this that Klein didn't wait till they returned to the City of Generosity, Bayam, to split the spoils of war. He was afraid that the Tyrant card would directly attract Sea King Jahn Kottman.

It's up to you to say how many times it counts... Alger didn't retort, nor did he plan on objecting to Gehrman Sparrow's claim. He watched as Gehrman reached for the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic which likely corresponded to Ocean Songster.

To Klein, it could be used to create a mystical item in the Storm

domain; thus, replacing the Murloc Cufflink that had been taken away by Admiral Hell. It could also be bestowed to the Rorsted Archipelago's Resistance in the future to raise their survivability at sea. Of course, the condition was that they had greatly pleased Sea God.

Putting away the Tyrant card and the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic, Klein glanced at The Hanged Man, indicating that it was his turn to choose.

Alger deliberated and said, "Can I choose the Sequence 4 potion formula from that Card of Blasphemy?"

"No problem." Klein nodded without much of an expression. "I'll give it to you in the future."

Although the Tyrant card had been activated, using it was bound to cause quite a stir. Therefore, to be safe, Klein planned on heading above the gray fog to study it after he returned to Backlund.

"Alright." Even with Alger's stateliness, he couldn't help but smile.

After this adventure, once his digestion of the Ocean Songster was almost done, he could showcase his strength and take the path of being advanced by the Church. When the time came, drinking an additional potion wasn't a big problem. Even if he didn't give birth to a child, just time alone could allow him to resolve the matter completely. The key obstacle was that going from Sequence 5 to Sequence 4 was a qualitative transformation. It was a sublimation of life's natural order. Countless Ocean Songsters in the Church of Storms had worked hard for decades, but they had failed to obtain an opportunity. Alger didn't believe that he, as a mixed-blood, one who had promoted himself from a servant, would receive any special treatment. He felt that not

being ostracized was already something to be happy about, a result of his ability to build social ties.

Furthermore, in the Church, the potion was directly given for the advancement to Sequence 4. There was no advanced understanding of the formula or its preparation. For Alger to gain an advantage in this intense competition, he had to have other ideas apart from being ranked within the top three in terms of contributions.

His present line of thought was to kill a famous pirate. From him, he could "obtain" the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula. Then, he could let the clues point towards the mutated deceased body in the primitive island. It was likely a powerful pirate who had once been active at sea before suddenly vanishing.

This way, the upper echelons of the Church of Storms would definitely suspect that this powerful missing pirate had obtained the Card of Blasphemy, and this undeniable reality could be verified via many different means.

Alger could use the advantage of already knowing the Cataclysmic Interrer's potion formula to obtain a chance to become a Sequence 4.

Of course, that's working on the premise that the Church doesn't have a Sealed Artifact that can directly wipe out any corresponding memories... If this method doesn't work, and there's no real way to advance, I can only secretly gather the corresponding ingredients and prepare the required ritual for advancement. Once I become a Sequence 4, I'll immediately leave the Church and become a Pirate King... Alger reined in his thoughts and watched as Gehrman Sparrow took away the brown soil-like Beyonder characteristic.

Glancing at the remaining items, he put away the grayish-white

translucent crystal and handed the six-winged gargoyle's eyeball to Gehrman Sparrow.

With him not lacking any powerful offensive means, and him being well-rounded when it came to the sea and land, it was rather useful for him if the Beyonder ingredient could be made into a mystical item.

Back in the tomb, if it wasn't because he was uncertain if Psychic Piercing could affect the gargoyle, and the battle situation didn't allow for any mistakes, he would've chosen to first use the Whip of Mind.

After splitting the spoils of war, putting them in different boxes, and sealing them with walls of spirituality, Klein stored away Senor. Reaching out his hand to grab The Hanged Man, their figures turned faint as they entered the spirit world.

After the Traveling was completed, the two appeared on a mountain beside the sea in the Bayam city outskirts. It was still close to the cemetery, and it was as though they had never left.

Alger didn't harp on the topic as he nodded at Gehrman Sparrow.

"If you need any mystical items created, I shall bear the corresponding costs.

"It's a pleasure working with you."

Wearing the transparent glove, Klein tersely answered before vanishing.

He left The Hanged Man behind, and he directly teleported himself to a secluded corner in Bayam City.

Next, I need to select a lucky pirate... Klein surveyed his area as he muttered silently and stretched his fingers before walking out into the street.

Of course, he didn't forget to change his appearance. He also smeared blood over Leymano's Travels. After all, there were bounty notices everywhere for Gehrman Sparrow, and Sea King Jahn Kottman remained in this city. If he were recognized or got lost, things would be nasty.

...

On the mountainside outside the city, Alger looked up at the dark night where there were the crimson moon and the countless stars. He slowly inhaled and exhaled, allowing the refreshing and saltiness of the seaside to cleanse his body.

The exploration he had just completed was the most dangerous adventure he had ever had. If not for the Teleportation from Gehrman Sparrow's Creeping Hunger, he doubted that they could escape alive.

However, as Mr. Fool's Blessed, The World should have other trump cards. For example, those demigod-level Beyonder powers in Leymano's Travels...

But in that case, we might not have successfully reached the tomb, with us encountering more trouble along the way...

Yes, that Card of Blasphemy of the Storm pathway is the target

that made him restrain his madness… Was this was an instruction from Mr. Fool? "He" had already foreseen it! Perhaps, "He" even knows the existence that produced that sigh from deep within the cathedral!

Back then Qilangos might've seen the Tyrant card but had lacked the ability to obtain it. That must be why he said that… Alger's mind churned as he slowly walked to the foot of the mountain.

Chapter 815: After-action review

Backlund, 160 Böklund Street.

Gehrman Sparrow's figure suddenly appeared inside his bedroom as his black trench coat fluttered while his half top hat remained straight.

The Dwayne Dantès lying in bed immediately turned incorporeal, receding into a palm-sized mirror.

Probably no one came tonight. Arrodes didn't cause any trouble... Upon seeing the peace and quiet, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as his body grew a lot taller and his sideburns turned gray. His blue eyes deepened as he transformed into Dwayne Dantès.

Meanwhile, watery waves stirred in the mirror as silver light gathered to outline words:

"Great Master, I didn't do anything today! No, I seriously acted as the sleeping Dwayne Dantès.

"In addition, I encountered something. Do you wish to know what it was?"

Ignoring Arrodes's desire to be praised in its first sentence, Klein felt his heart skip a beat. As he took off his hat and threw it on the reclining chair beside him, he said in a deep voice, "Tell me."

The words on the mirror disintegrated and squirmed into new text.

“A lady peeped into this house when she was walking past this street.”

How does that matter? There are plenty of people who admire the surroundings when passing by every day… Klein was just about to say something when the aqueous light stirred on the mirror’s surface, outlining a figure.

The person was dressed quite oddly in the eyes of normal people. She wore a spirit medium’s black robe. Her eyeshadow and blush were blue. She looked beautiful, but she also had an uncanny appearance. She was none other than Daly Simone.

This lady had turned her head to look out as she passed by Unit 160 while on a carriage moving down Böklund Street. She had stared out for more than three seconds.

Man, she not only had an impression of Dwayne Dantès because of his eyes, but she has also grasped something about the situation? Klein frowned slightly and asked, “Anything else?”

“No!” As Arrodes presented the word, it sketched what symbolized a sworn oath.

Klein nodded and ignored the mirror’s passion. He then sent it away.

After doing all of this, Klein took out a candle and set up a ritual. He summoned and responded to himself, bringing all the spoils of war and his clothes above the gray fog. He planned on separating Gehrman Sparrow’s and Dwayne Dantès’s clothes. He didn’t wish to miss out on any details in the future.

Pa!

He snapped a finger and made the candlewick burn with a scarlet flame.

Flame.

Flame…

Klein's gaze froze as he quickly closed his eyes and turned around, his back facing the candle.

Then, he controlled Senor to approach the desk.

During this process, Senor's body trembled violently, but he ultimately reached out his right hand to extinguish the fire.

I'll sleep for the night and think about it tomorrow… No, I have the Tyrant card on me, and it has already been activated. Although there's the wall of spirituality to seal it, it might not be able to fully screen out the attraction force from those of the same pathway. It might only weaken its influence and take more time… Back when I was in Bayam, I came and went quickly, without daring to stay too long… Just as Klein calmed down, he thought of certain problems.

A few seconds later, he slowly took a deep breath, raised his hand, and snapped his fingers to light the candle.

Following that, he held back the horror in him as he controlled Senor to take another two candles to set up the sacrificial ritual. This way, it skipped the step of him responding to the

summoning for the entrance to the real world via the flame.

After everything was done, Klein turned around with great difficulty as he "piously" lowered his head. Without looking into the candlelight, he seriously chanted the honorific name of The Fool.

Via sheer willpower, to the point of him bursting out in tears, he finally completed the ritual and sacrificed all the items, sending them above the gray fog.

Phew… Klein exhaled, taking four steps counterclockwise, he arrived at the silent mysterious space. Sitting in The Fool's seat, he first picked up the Tyrant card, and he triggered the content hidden within.

The Card of Blasphemy immediately became three-dimensional, like a palm-sized book.

As he flipped through the pages, each page had a Roselle Gustav. He was either playing the role of a sailor, or he was wearing a captain's hat and holding a sextant; otherwise, he was singing loudly with the sea as his background.

Klein was rendered speechless by this sight. He felt increasingly convinced that his fellow Earthling was way too narcissistic.

I'll be really impressed if the Demoness card also uses his image… As Klein lampooned, he read through the corresponding contents, analyzing the Sequence names, ingredients, and rituals of the Storm pathway.

"Sequence 9: Sailor… Sequence 8: Folk of Rage… Sequence 7:

Seafarer... Sequence 6: Wind-blessed... Sequence 5: Ocean Songster... Sequence 4: Cataclysmic Interrer... Sequence 3: Sea King... Sequence 2: Calamity... Sequence 1: Thunder God... Sequence 0: Tyrant...

The ritual to become Tyrant, or in other words, the Lord of Storms, is very different from that of the Black Emperor. Firstly, it needs hundreds of thousands of followers to submit and believe in said person out of fear. Secondly, it is to challenge a true deity, in other words, another Sequence 0, and survive. Finally, in this atmosphere of fear and submission, consume the potion to complete the advancement.

This sucks. A Sequence 1 who hasn't experienced a qualitative change is to challenge a Sequence 0 true deity, doesn't that spell almost certain death?... Besides, what if there's no Sequence 0 during that era? Then, wouldn't one need to think of a way to nurture one, or to switch to a neighboring pathway... Of course, the ritual might not be necessary. With enough luck, there's still a chance of succeeding by directly drinking the potion. Sea God Kalvetua was such an example. It didn't even consume a potion but instead an unconcocted Beyonder characteristic...

The core of this ritual is the courage to challenge a deity, with massive feelings of fear and submission?

Hmm, Tyrant doesn't seem to come equipped with the Black Emperor's uniqueness of distorting rules, preventing "Him" from resurrecting from the dead and returning from the void. However, it seems to be able to transform into lightning or light for a short period of time, perhaps capable of creating a planet-level disaster... Emperor Roselle's focus is on the formula and ritual. His description of the Beyonder powers and deity authorities are very vague...

Klein casually summoned a piece of paper that wasn't conjured. Using a fountain pen, he recorded the Cataclysmic Interrer's

potion formula and wrote a note in The World Gehrman Sparrow's style of speech.

"Avoid recalling the contents of that picture usually."

This was a warning for The Hanged Man. In the mysterious domain, matters that involved Sequence 0 required caution and carefulness. Care needed to be taken even if it violated common sense.

It didn't mean that seeing and discussing that picture on the primitive island meant that they were safe in the outside world. If they often recalled the matter, there might be a day when they were "lucky" enough to have lightning smite down at them, them suffering from an unresolvable conundrum that killed them with an aneurysm, or them dying from heatstroke from the sun's radiance.

The ritual of the Cataclysmic Interrer is extremely dangerous. It will trigger earthquakes and tsunamis, and the advancer needs to consume the potion in such an environment, holding out until it ends... Klein folded the piece of paper and placed it to the side while putting away the Tyrant card.

After using divination to confirm that the three Beyonder characteristics he obtained were separately the Black Emperor pathway's Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder, Storm pathway's Sequence 5 Ocean Songster, and Planter pathway's Sequence 5 Druid, Klein finally had the time to recall what had happened during his exploration as he considered the information it hid.

Eternal Blazing Sun is clearly of the Sun pathway, and that City of Silver Creator is also known as the ancient sun god. This can be determined from some of the Fourth Epoch history and the murals of the elves... According to the law of Sequence Beyonder Characteristics Conservation of having no Sequence 1 when there's

a Sequence 0, the White Angel back then likely wasn't a King of Angels. But if "He" wasn't a King of Angels, "He" had no right to partake in the feast of the City of Silver Creator. This not only has external elements in play, but it also includes the problem of jumping directly from Sequence 2 to Sequence 0 which has a high chance of losing control!

Either Eternal Blazing Sun had switched pathways to become a god, or the City of Silver Creator's main authority wasn't the Sun. After he defeated the ancient gods, "He" had already allocated parts of his authority to the angels beside him, making "Them" become Kings of Angels. Therefore, the elves' murals and the name that eventually spread had only indicated that "He" once wielded authority over the Sun, and that it wasn't an authority he held the entire time.

There's also another possibility. The Creator, who took over the ancient gods' authorities, had the ability to allow a Sequence 2 of the same pathway to advance to Sequence 1...

Klein's train of thought quickly turned to who had built the cathedral and left behind the mural. Due to the messiness of the various situations, he conjured a piece of goatskin, and he summarized all the points by writing them down to seek out the connection.

"That primitive island was discovered by Qilangos and Mr. Hanged Man...

"Qilangos received a mission from the Twilight Hermit Order. To obtain a priceless item, he headed to Backlund to assassinate Duke Negan, and he ended up dying at Mr. Azik's hands...

"Qilangos told Mr. Hanged Man that deep inside the ruin was a precious item that was in no way worse than Roselle's tarot card, but it was something that could only be obtained at Sequence 5...

“He later obtained Creeping Hunger and became a pirate admiral, with a strength already equivalent to a Sequence 5…

“That Tyrant card remains deep inside the cathedral’s catacombs…

“Qilangos didn’t make any subsequent attempts? Or did his attempts fail?

“That cathedral was built by an existence who worships the ancient sun god. The mural depicts the dark history of the true deities before the Cataclysm, and is clearly on the ancient sun god’s side…

“The Twilight Hermit Order is suspected to be established by the son of God, Adam, with the goal of resurrecting the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator…

“That primitive island suddenly disappeared as though it never existed…

“Adam is an Angel of Imagination… Amongst the Twilight Hermit Order’s core members, there’s at least one angel of the Spectator pathway, Hermes…

“The Twilight Hermit Order tends to select members of the Sailor, Reader, or Sun pathways. It has a high chance of possessing High-Sequence ingredients and items from the Storm domain… There might be angels from the Storm domain in it…”

Klein lowered his pen and looked at the content listed out as he slowly made a guess.

Chapter 816: Completing the Transaction

After listing down all the important points, Klein rapped the edge of the long mottled table and silently muttered, *The one who sighed in the depths of the cathedral is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order?*

Qilangos had caught the eye of the Twilight Hermit Order after he managed to venture deep inside? Later, he obtained an advancement and received Creeping Hunger, allowing him to become a Pirate Admiral?

If that's the case, it can be understood why he didn't go to the primitive island again to take away the Tyrant card after possessing the strength of a Sequence 5... It's yours only if it's given. You can't touch it if it's not given?

Of course, Qilangos might've established contact with that member of the Twilight Hermit Order during his second visit of the cathedral after possessing enough combat strength...

Regardless, that primitive island must have quite a connection with the Twilight Hermit Order.

The reason why we arrived at the tomb rather smoothly in the other zones and saw the picture of the Kings of Angels feasting on the Creator was because that Twilight Hermit Order member had the intention of letting us do so? They are happy to let that lost piece of history spread given the chance... However, their depiction of something from their own standpoints might not be the truth as well...

Later, that Twilight Hermit Order member probably sighed

because he or she didn't expect us to quickly finish off the awakened deceased bodies and the six-winged gargoyle to obtain the Tyrant card?

With how things normally go, we should've been in danger, and "He" quells everything, talking to us from a distance, making us outer circle members of the Twilight Hermit Order?

Klein carefully used "He" to refer to the existence in the depths of the abandoned cathedral.

He even suspected that the person might be the former King of Angels, son of God, Adam!

Of course, he wasn't certain if the primitive island belonged to the Twilight Hermit Order. He believed that even divination wouldn't give him a certain answer, as there were too many possibilities. It also involved other hidden existences, and any information related to the spirit world would definitely be wiped away or hidden.

If it's really as I guessed, does that mean that I missed the chance of joining the Twilight Hermit Order? If I pass their test, then I might be able to take a glance at the second Blasphemy Slate and obtain the High-Sequence potion formulas of the Seer pathway... What a pity... However, Gehrman Sparrow has a mysterious origin with a secret existence backing him. This is known by the various factions at sea, and as the most ancient and secret organization, the Twilight Hermit Order will definitely be aware of the corresponding situation. The outcome for Gehrman Sparrow would probably be immediate execution and then having answers obtained via spirit channeling... Klein first found it a pity before feeling afraid.

As his thoughts whirred, he even thought of sending The Hanged Man to the primitive island again and seek out an opportunity to

make him an outer circle member of the Twilight Hermit Order, so that he could slowly reach its core.

Sigh, but the problem is that the primitive island has vanished… Otherwise, Mr. Hanged Man really has a chance of being a triple, no—a quadruple spy… Klein snapped his fingers and made the paper in front of him disappear, throwing the night's exploration to the back of his mind.

However, he warned himself that he needed to pay attention to the appearances of any abnormalities in his daily life.

He was afraid that it wasn't that the hidden existence deep in the cathedral wasn't able to stop himself and The Hanged Man from escaping, but that "He" had a deeper motive.

If not for the gray fog and him having been "sterilized," Klein even suspected if there were any hidden marks left on him.

Glancing at the items on the table, Klein first flipped the Tyrant card over and placed it beside the Black Emperor card. Following that, he began considering how he would deal with the remaining spoils of war.

He already had plans for the Sequence 5 Druid Beyonder characteristic of the Planter pathway—sell it to Frank Lee via The Hermit Cattleya.

But the problem is whether I want to accelerate the destruction of this world… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he fell into a dilemma.

Allowing a dangerous fellow like Frank Lee to advance to

Sequence 5 meant that cows, fish, the sea, and Rose Bishops would be fearful. No one knew what this fellow, who was no better than a lunatic, would achieve in his experiments after obtaining greater powers. It was an unknown what sort of strange species he could create.

What if he plants himself and obtains a bunch of Franks. The world would truly be in danger if that happens… Klein silently exhaled and planned on letting Admiral of Stars vex over this problem.

After all, I'll just be selling the Druid Beyonder characteristic normally. Whether Ma'am Hermit wishes to buy it is up to her… Besides, it's only a Sequence 5. I believe Queen Mystic and the Moses Ascetic Order will support her and be able to ensure nothing goes wrong. Besides, the Church of Earth Mother has a bunch of Saints, Angels, and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, as well as a true deity. There's nothing they can't handle… As Klein consoled himself, he placed his attention onto the Mentor of Disorder and Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristics.

His initial plan for the latter was to create a mystical item, but he wasn't sure if the Artisan that The Hanged Man knew had the ability to do so. As for the former, he planned on selling it.

Although it could also be made into an item, it overlapped with the Baron of Corruption inside the glove. Besides, Klein also began to realize that having too many mystical items wasn't necessarily a good thing. Particular negative effects were a pain when stacked. With Creeping Hunger and the rentable Leymano's Travels, he believed that it was best if he traveled light most of the time.

Under normal circumstances, Creeping Hunger matched with Death Knell, along with a few Purifying Bullets, it was enough to deal with most matters!

When in a sea or air battle, he could have an additional mystical item made from an Ocean Songster. In complicated situations, he could rent Leymano's Travels when given the opportunity. If there wasn't an opportunity, he could use Groselle's Travels for defense, and throw out the Fate Siphon charm.

And this wasn't considering his own Beyonder powers, Wraith marionette, or the hard-to-use Sea God Scepter!

In terms of fixed assets, I'm considered a true tycoon... Klein sighed as he made the Beyonder characteristics fly to the junk pile.

As for the eyeball of the six-winged gargoyle, this was a material rich in spirituality and had some hint of strangeness. It could be used in a ritual to create charms. Klein temporarily had no better use or requirements for it, so he had already thrown it into the junk pile.

After doing all of this, he disappeared from above the gray fog, and he returned to the real world.

...

On Saturday morning, Fors had originally planned on waking up naturally, but she ended up being awoken by The World's transmission via Mr. Fool.

He was returning Leymano's Travels to her!

Fors rubbed her eyes and planned on directly preparing the ritual, but when she saw her messy hair and puffy eyes, she decided to wash up first to make herself look human.

She had finally sold the two properties yesterday, selling them at a higher price than she had expected. Even after deducting the corresponding taxes, she had received 6,550 pounds.

To her chagrin, gold coins which were used in daily life may appear common, but when she attempted to collect them en masse, she failed to obtain much. After plenty of work, all she got was 600 gold coins.

Phew, I can finally repay the debt and complete the transaction. Fors combed her hair and began setting up the ritual.

Last night, to celebrate her first time accumulating such immense wealth, she secretly drank half a bottle of Lanti and a barrel of Southville beer. This resulted in her waking up in a terrible state.

During the ritual, and after some communication, Fors paid 5,200 pounds and 600 gold coins, closing the assassination commission and receiving an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic.

This way, she still had 2,530 pounds in cash. As for the royalties from her two books, although they weren't much, they were relatively stable.

After a brief wait, Fors saw the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment light up as two items flew out.

One of them was Leymano's Travels, and the other was a light-blue, translucent hexagonal prism. In it were streaking bolts of lightning.

Mr. World sure has many Beyonder characteristics on hand... Fors sighed silently and first thanked Mr. Fool before ending the ritual to accept the Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic.

Finally, she picked up Leymano's Travels and flipped through it to see what additional Beyonder powers there were.

As the pages flipped over, her gaze suddenly froze. This was because two of the charred yellow pages weren't empty. They were filled with mysterious and strange patterns and symbols.

These represented Beyonder powers at the demigod level!

A total of two pages!

"How extravagant..." Fors couldn't help herself as she muttered.

This was the first time she was seeing a demigod Beyonder power which she could freely use!

As a best-selling author who mainly wrote romance, her first reaction was that The World Gehrman Sparrow was chasing after her.

But thinking back to how they hadn't met before, and how the gentleman was a cold and powerful assassin, she quickly rejected such a guess. She believed that The World Gehrman Sparrow was probably able to receive help from a demigod at any time, so he didn't mind such matters.

Phew, I should try not to use it. I'll let Mr. World use it when he rents it again... Fors exhaled with some fear, completely lacking

the guts to take advantage of the terrifying assassin.

After composing herself, she used her crystal ball and identified all the new Beyonder powers. She felt that they were all relatively useful apart from Full Moon.

If I wish to commit suicide, this is quite a useful one... she muttered and closed Leymano's Travels. She planned on giving Xio the Interrogator's Beyonder characteristic when she returned in the evening.

...

At seven in the evening, Klein wore starched clothes as he waited at the foyer with Butler Walter and Valet Richardson to welcome the guests at his ball.

Soon, he saw a familiar face walk over.

Aaron Ceres!

This famous surgeon walked to the main door while helping his pregnant wife.

Pregnant lady... Klein's heart stirred as he walked over with a beaming smile.

Chapter 817: Guests

As a polite gentleman, Klein obviously wouldn't stare at Aaron's wife. He looked at the famous surgeon and said, "Good evening, Aaron. How may I address your lovely companion?"

Aaron's cold demeanor hadn't changed, but it didn't stop him from handing over an intricately packed bottle of red wine and say with a polite smile, "My wife, Wilma Gladys, a middle school teacher."

"It appears you are about to become a father again. When's it due?" Klein received the present and asked.

The topic he had planned to cover when talking to Dr. Aaron had been about a few new surgery techniques in the papers, but he never expected him to bring his pregnant wife.

This was a pleasant surprise for him. This was because Ma'am Wilma Gladys was expecting the unborn Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

Aaron subconsciously glanced at his wife's tummy and said with a smile, "Early July. If you don't mind, I wish to invite you to his birth party."

Just as he said that, the gentle and beautiful black-haired lady, Wilma, suddenly held her tummy and exclaimed in pain.

"What happened?" Aaron asked in concern.

“He kicked me, but he’s calmed down,” Wilma said with an eased expression.

She then looked at Dwayne Dantès and smiled.

“Because of my pregnancy, I’ve been home all the time and haven’t been to such balls in a while. Feeling pent up at home, I got Aaron to bring me along. Although I can’t dance, I’ll be able to chat with the other ladies, and I’ll even find some time to play some cards.”

“Your presence honors me,” Klein sincerely replied. “I will come for his birth party in early July.”

He wasn’t affected by the tiny accident, as he still remembered Dr. Aaron’s invitation.

After exchanging a few words of pleasantries, Klein handed over the gift to his valet, Richardson, and got him to lead his two, no —three guests into the hall.

Without needing to wait too long, he received his second guest. It was Bishop Elektra, who was still wearing his black clergyman robe, and his female partner.

His partner was a lady in her early twenties who still had a little bit of baby fat to her cheeks. She looked at everything with a sense of wonder, and she was filled with energy. However, she had an additional hint of maturity to her due to her already having a child.

“Good evening, Your Excellency. My sleep has recently been excellent,” Klein said, feigning ignorance of the Church of

Evernight's secret efforts.

Elektra immediately tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"This is a blessing of the Goddess."

He then introduced his female partner.

"She's my wife, Shona Johnson."

As he often visited Dwayne Dantès and had been to his residence several times, he didn't need to prepare any gifts for the ball. It would appear overly polite and too distant.

"Nice to meet you. You are a lot younger than I imagined," Klein greeted Shona half-politely and half-jokingly with a nod.

Meanwhile, he silently did the math.

It's said that the bishop got married two years ago. That means that his wife was only eighteen or nineteen... This age difference is quite huge... In a few years, I might have to introduce a particular chubby Apothecary to him...

Upon hearing Dwayne Dantès's joke, and recalling the conversation back when he visited him while the former was sick, Elektra immediately felt uneasy. He coughed gently and replied, "She's someone who likes a bustle. If she's free, she has no wish to miss any ball."

Klein didn't speak further because he saw Ma'am Mary alight from her carriage and was walking over.

After letting Bishop Elektra and his wife enter the hall, Klein smiled at Mary and said, "Ma'am, perhaps we will be fellow workers next week."

The lawyer and accounting team he hired had completed their investigations and had cleared the Coim Company's audit and said that it was very suitable for investing into. Furthermore, he had already reached a preliminary agreement with the gentleman who was selling the shares. Final confirmation of the sale of 3% shares for 12,800 pounds was to be made next week.

When Mary heard that, she chuckled and said, "I already treat you as a partner."

This seems to have a deeper meaning to it… Don't tell me that Dwayne Dantès has caught your fancy… Klein's heart stirred as he feigned ignorance and reached his hand out.

"I hope for a pleasant partnership."

After a shake of hands, he got Butler Walter to lead the lady in.

At this moment, more and more guests were arriving. Klein recalled the corresponding topics and warmly and humorously received them, receiving plenty of gifts as a result.

If not for my instinctive ability as a Faceless to remember a person's looks and characteristics, I wouldn't be able to tell who is who, much less find the correct topic to raise… It's no wonder that a butler's help is often needed at such times… As Klein was

stirring in poignancy, he saw Member of Parliament Macht and his family arrive.

He smiled again and took a step forward.

“Good evening. Today’s starry sky is especially beautiful.”

Member of Parliament Macht smiled as he handed a bottle of black Rand from some unknown vineyard to him and said, “I’ve been in Backlund for nearly twenty years, but the number of starry skies I’ve seen combined cannot even compare to the number I’ve seen this year.”

“I hope there will be more with time.” Klein then said to Ma’am Riana, “I heard that the both of you have gotten a boarding school for Miss Hazel?”

Riana looked at her daughter who wore a cold expression despite maintaining a polite smile.

“Boarding school education is becoming increasingly popular. It’s the same for females. And most importantly, perhaps Hazel will get to know more friends. Unfortunately, she doesn’t seem too happy about this arrangement, as she can’t bear to leave us.”

In Backlund, boarding schools that targeted females of high society had already grown in popularity. The education they provided might not be better than home tutors, but it created a social circle.

The school fees for such a boarding school like that was about 500 pounds a year.

She probably can't bear to part with the sewers here... Klein lampooned. After a short chat, he let Member of Parliament Macht and family into the hall.

When it was almost time, he didn't wait by the door and instead walked to the second floor. Standing behind the railing that faced the main door, he gestured for the musicians to pause the music.

Holding a cup of champagne, Klein surveyed the surroundings. With all the guests looking at him, he loudly said, "I'm very happy that all of you can grace this ball with your presence. First, I'd like to thank the Goddess, as well as you...

"I've prepared for everyone local music and food from Desi, and I hope you will like it..."

After a simple speech, Klein walked down the stairs to the first floor, in preparation to invite a lady to dance the opening dance.

Typically, a married host would definitely invite his own partner for the opening dance, while unmarried men or women would dance with a relative of the opposite sex, or invite someone they had their eye on, in an alternate form of a blind date. But Dwayne Dantès didn't have any family or any suitable target, so this matter appeared somewhat embarrassing.

However, he had an experienced butler. His butler had hired a socialite of high society, and although dancing the opening dance would result in some rumors, it wouldn't make others believe that they were dating.

Therefore, Klein looked at the lady named Oria without any guilt as he walked towards her.

This lady was a widow who had good relationships with several people in Backlund's high society. She enjoyed quite a status in this circle, but of course, she wasn't well-liked by the ladies. Anyone with a bit of standing looked down on her.

Regardless, Oria's female charms and her bearing was excellent. It was especially so with her figure that had alluring curves. If it wasn't because her looks were only above average, Klein would have suspected that she was a Demoness.

"Ma'am, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" Klein followed the teachings of his etiquette teacher, Wahana, and posed flawlessly.

Oria with her blonde hair bun smiled and reached out her hand.

"You are a gentleman that cannot be rejected."

...That sounds ambiguous... Her identity and the role she plays in social settings ensures that she can't act as demure as most ladies and madams... Klein held her hand, entered the dance floor, and began dancing under the tune of a village folk song.

The aristocrats all had land, manors, and castles in the villages, and they spent several months a year there; therefore, folk songs were one of the mainstream songs in high society social events.

"You dance really well. If Wahana hadn't mentioned it before, I wouldn't believe that you weren't able to dance before." Oria deliberately leaned in close. As they moved in step, her breathing could be heard.

As she was a stranger, Klein was a little uneasy by the close

distance, but he couldn't push her away while under everyone's gaze, so all he could do was smile.

"I just didn't know how to dance such dances.

"In fact, I'm good at the kind of dances from Desi Bay and the Southern Continent where there's greater freedom."

"I also like those kinds of dances. They are full of strength and passion. It's danced for yourself and not for others." Oria found a topic as she gyrated her body, appearing extremely intimate with Dwayne Dantès.

Towards the end of the opening dance, she said with a suppressed chuckle, "If it wasn't for the rumors, I would even suspect that you don't fancy women because you're a little stiff.

"However, I no longer have any doubts."

As she spoke, she glanced down.

Klein was actually rather embarrassed. She was really good at using her body and words to create a suggestive atmosphere; however, Dwayne Dantès was an experienced man and couldn't admit defeat.

He smiled with a natural expression.

"Stiffness is a result of not being used to Backlund's social scene."

"I can teach you," Oria said with a chuckle.

At that moment, the tune came to an end as she took a step back and winked with a smile.

“You’re really passionate.”

The words were a double-entendre that left Klein nearly blushing. He even began to suspect if she was related to Demonesses.

He continued wearing a stoic expression as he bent his back into a bow, and he sent Oria back to her spot. Through the corner of his eye, he caught Wilma Gladys, who was pregnant with the Snake of Mercury, walking towards the long table to the side. Her target was apparently the first batch of ice-cream.

Chapter 818: Warning

Klein's gaze moved away from Wilma Gladys and looked to the pastries like carrot cake and cream puffs to the side, as well as the roasted poussin, stewed lamb, seared rib-eye, Desi roasted fish, and the other food nearby.

He gulped his saliva slightly and forced himself to retract his gaze as he prepared to invite Ma'am Mary for the second dance.

As the host, he couldn't skip any of the first three dances; therefore, all he could do was temporarily forget his hunger and the delicacies.

And at this moment, Wilma Gladys, whose pregnant state showed, walked to the spot where there was ice-cream. She reached out her hand before retracting it.

"You want some?" Dr. Aaron hadn't joined the first dance as he stayed by his pregnant wife's side.

Wilma Gladys sternly shook her head.

"No, I don't. I'm pregnant. It's not good to have ice-cream.

"However, the little fella in my tummy seems to want a little, just a little."

Dr. Aaron nodded indiscernibly and said, "Then have some. Leave the rest to me."

Wilma immediately revealed an irresistible smile.

"You spoil him too much!"

She didn't object to it as she watched her husband pick up a scoop of ice-cream that had been circled with ice.

After taking two bites, Wilma closed her eyes and suddenly shifted her gaze. She looked at a few ladies who hadn't participated in the first dance. They were chatting about something in hushed tones. They had smiles across their suggestive faces, often covering their mouths and laughing covertly.

What interesting matters are they talking about? Wilma's curiosity was instantly piqued, and after informing her husband, Aaron, she walked over.

However, the few ladies quickly dispersed as though they were awaiting the second dance.

Wilma was disappointed as she asked the young beautiful lady who remained standing there, "Do you know what they were discussing about?"

"I'm not interested in their topics," Hazel said as she glanced at the pregnant lady beside her.

She didn't fault her for being a little impolite because pregnant ladies often had some privileges.

Only then did Wilma notice that Hazel, with her long black-

green hair, was holding a cup of champagne. She looked like she had no wish to be invited to a dance.

She has a sense of pride that stems from the bottom of her heart. Even when looking at baronet madams, she will only maintain the most basic courtesy... This is a delightful character, but the problem is that she's like that to everyone. She's overly cold and aloof... Perhaps, she's in the rebellious stage that Emperor Roselle had mentioned before? As a middle-school teacher, Wilma couldn't help but make comment inwardly. Then, knowing better, she opened up a distance from Hazel and began looking for the ladies she was familiar with.

After completing three dances, Klein finally had a brief reprieve to stuff himself with more food and drink some thirst-quenching sweet ice tea. This was a Deis specialty that he specially got the kitchen to prepare.

Due to the influence of Death Knell, he had drank a little too much. After having a short conversation with Bishop Elektra, he had to apologize and take his leave to the washroom.

In fact, he could hold back for another three more dances. However, he felt that Snake of Fate Will Auceptin might have wanted to communicate with him, judging from his sudden appearance; therefore, he found a suitable place without anyone around.

Although "He" is an unborn fetus and came here passively, if "He" doesn't wish to meet me, "He" has a hundred ways to stop "His" mother from heading out... In short, it's worth giving it a try... Klein mumbled as he entered the washroom and locked the door.

Just as he was in a dilemma to deal with his burgeoning bladder or patiently wait another two minutes, his spiritual perception

triggered as he looked at the mirror.

At some point in time, the mirror had produced a black pram that was covered in shadows that prevented him from seeing any details. The only thing he could discern was that there was a child wrapped in silver silk inside.

The child used a clear voice and said, “Your fate deviated a little.”

“What happened?” Klein tensed up immediately.

Will Auceptin in his infant form scoffed and said, “You should ask yourself!

“All I know is that you likely met an angel.”

Klein immediately recalled his experiences on the primitive island and had a guess. After contemplating for a few seconds, he asked with a frown, “Can angels see my uniqueness?

“I’ve met Orange Light, and he said that only a few high-level creatures of the spirit world, as well as deities with certain unique authorities or Beyonder who represent fate can discover this point to a certain extent. Of course, close contact has to be made.”

In the pram, Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and laughed.

“Probably not, because you aren’t dangerous.

“Besides, apart from you being unique, some items on you or

your companion might have a similar uniqueness that can garner the interest of that person."

Items on me, my companions… Klein's mind raced as he discovered that he might have been psychologically cued in the past, and along with the fact that he hadn't thought of it, he had missed out something.

When exploring the primitive island, he had brought Groselle's Travels along!

This was a book created by an ancient god, the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt!

If that primitive island is related to the Twilight Hermit Order, be it the Angel of the Spectator pathway deep inside the cathedral with a High-Sequence ingredient of the Storm pathway, or the opposite, "He" will likely be interested in the notebook. After all, the leader of the organization is the Angel of Imagination, the son of God, Adam! And it's because of this notebook that I was allowed to take away the Tyrant card while also preventing me and Mr. Hanged Man from continuing the exploration? Klein had a hunch as he asked, "How should I resolve this?"

"There's no need. In the long term, this should be something good, but there might be some trouble midway," Will Auceptin replied with a clear voice. "Furthermore, you are already burdened with so many matters. An additional matter wouldn't matter. I warned you so that you can take note so as to not be struck by trouble."

…Makes sense. One stops worrying when there are too many debts. Perhaps it might create opportunities and let my debtors end up fighting… On careful thought, Klein echoed inwardly.

He asked instead, “My friend who wishes to obtain a drop of a Mythical Creature’s blood wishes to know exactly what you need.”

“What do I need?” Will Auceptin scoffed once again. “There’s plenty I need. For example, the means to accommodate the Die of Probability, or how to finish off Ouroboros. If it’s possible, you can take as many vials of blood as you want! But, can it be done?”

If it’s possible, why take the risk to finish off Ouroboros? Wouldn’t it be easier to just deal with a weak Snake of Fate like you? As Klein lampooned, he shook his head without a doubt.

“No.”

“Then think of something else. I’m not in a rush.” Will Auceptin paused and said, “There’s a very arrogant lady at the ball tonight. There’s something wrong with her. If you have the chance to chat with her, you can lead the topic of conversation towards dreams.”

Hazel? Dreams? Klein nodded in thought.

“Okay.”

Seeing that Will Auceptin had the intention to leave, he hurriedly said, “That paper crane is about to tear. How should I contact you in the future when I encounter an emergency?”

Will Auceptin fell silent for a moment before saying, “Are you hoping that I can fold a paper crane for you in my mother’s tummy? Even if I can, you won’t be able to get it!

“If I have any desire to find you, and as long as you live here, I can do so at any time during dreams.

“If you have any emergency matters, just visit my father directly! After all, don’t you have to wait when using the paper crane?

“Alright, as a fetus who hasn’t been born, I need to have more sleep. Let’s leave anything else to the future.”

All Klein could do was nod and say, “If there’s nothing else from you.”

Just as Will Auceptin was about to dissipate his body, he suddenly paused for two seconds and said, “Another thing.”

“What is it?” Klein tensed up once again.

Will Auceptin dragged out his tone and said, “The ice-cream your cook made is too sweet…”

Ah? Klein temporarily didn’t react to what he was saying until the black pram vanished from the mirror. He then snapped out of his daze and couldn’t help but twitch the corners of his lips.

After settling the problem with his burgeoning bladder, he washed his hands and came out. He found Richardson and instructed, “Go to the kitchen and get them to lower the sweetness of the ice-cream that is subsequently being made.”

Richardson didn’t ask why, and he immediately did as he was told. Only when he was about to enter the kitchen did he recall the problem.

Mr. Dwayne Dantès hasn't touched the ice-cream yet, so how did he know that it's a little too sweet?

Towards this problem, Richardson quickly had an answer. He believed that a guest had informed his employer after sampling the ice-cream.

Although it was a little impolite, it wasn't something rare, especially among familiar friends. They would proactively and kindly inform him so as to prevent the host of the ball from suffering unpleasant critique.

At this moment, as the previous dance was still happening, Klein wasn't in a hurry to consider a dance partner. He walked to the long table by the side and seized the opportunity to have some of the delicacies.

Just as he selected a piece of Desi roasted fish without many bones, he suddenly saw Wilma Gladys lean over and pick up a cup of sweet ice tea.

The lady nodded at the host and smiled.

"This beverage is nice. I've never had it before."

"It's sweet ice tea from the south," Klein explained with a smile as he casually glanced at her tummy. "He seems to be very obedient. Oh, perhaps, it's a she."

Wilma smiled.

"Most of the time, but there might be some stirrings in the

middle of the night at times."

Middle of the night… At times… Don't tell me it's when he's replying to my questions… Klein suddenly broke out into a sweat as he feigned ignorance and cast his attention back onto his plate. As Wilma drank a sip of sweet ice tea, she headed back to her previous conversation.

When the new dance began, Klein handed his plate and cup to an attendant beside him and glanced at Hazel. He slowly walked over and bowed with a smile.

"Lady, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

Hazel fell silent for a few seconds and placed the cup of champagne onto an attendant's tray and replied politely, "It will be my pleasure."

Chapter 819: Gift

Amidst a soothing melody, Klein and Hazel began dancing with their backs straight. One was tall and slim, and apart from the clear difference in age, their movements, demeanor, and looks were highly compatible. It was a beautiful sight to behold, one that could almost be used as a prime example for dancing.

Klein took the initiative to break the silence. As they twirled, he casually said, “I often had nightmares some time ago, but thankfully I had the Goddess’s blessings. I prayed a few times at the cathedral and drank a few cups of holy water, and after that, I stopped jolting awake.”

Hazel silently looked up and, after two seconds, asked, “What kind of nightmare?”

To think you will be interested in such a topic… Will Auceptin was right after all… Klein replied with a smile, “I was being pursued by all kinds of monsters inside an abandoned, dilapidated cathedral.

“But you probably know, it’s almost impossible to remember the details in a dream. I find it difficult to describe those monsters.”

Hazel didn’t say a word, but her bright, brown eyes were colored with dissent.

That also meant that she believed that dreams weren’t necessarily impossible to recall.

Klein took a step diagonally with her in his arms as he said with

a smile, “Indeed, I’ve had a very clear dream in the past.

“Back then, I was still in the Southern Continent. I dreamed of an inverted mausoleum. It was constructed from pitch-black stone columns that extended underground. There were zombies covered in white feathers that appeared from them in a bid to pull me in.

“I had such dreams for several days, and it’s really quite embarrassing. I was very afraid back then, so I frantically went to a nearby city and found a divination club. I got them to interpret my dream, and I received the conclusion that during one of my purchases of local goods, I had offended the faith of a tribe that believed in Death.

“Strangely, when I went to the tribe to apologize, gave them gifts, and participated in their celebrations, I never had that dream again.”

He had fabricated the story from his experience as a Seer. His goal was to pique Hazel’s interest to see if she would unknowingly reveal something. At the same time, this was a suggestion with a deeper meaning, one that wouldn’t garner suspicion. The deeper meaning was that Hazel could find a divination club member or a cathedral’s priest to interpret her dream if she was troubled by it. It was best not to make rash choices while blindly believing the contents of the dream.

When Will Auceptin mentioned that there was something wrong with Hazel and suggested chatting about dreams, Klein suspected that her dilemma stemmed from a dream that kept happening. Otherwise, it was hard to explain how, despite being at least a Sequence 8, she had a severe lack of knowledge towards the mysterious world with her blind arrogance. Furthermore, she was a lady from high society who had been educated at home. Thus, it made it difficult for her to make contact with unaffiliated Beyonders or those without clear

intentions. After all, her father was a Member of Parliament who was definitely protected. She likely had no lack of Beyonders around her.

Therefore, Klein believed that Hazel might have made contact with something or had caught the fancy of some powerful Beyonder due to her personality. Through dreams, she was slowly guided to become a Beyonder, without giving her the necessary knowledge. At the same time, the entity enticed her to dig in the sewers to search for something.

There were two reasons that solidified his theory. Firstly, it was because of Will Auceptin's words. Secondly, Sequence 5 of the Marauder pathway was Dream Stealer. It was impossible that it only had the one Beyonder power of stealing the intent behind an action!

Hazel quietly listened to Dwayne Dantès's description as her mouth subconsciously gaped before closing again. After nearly ten seconds, she asked, "Why didn't you head to the Goddess's cathedral?"

As expected, she's reacting to topics about dreams. However, she's quite careful and doesn't divulge anything... Klein smiled wryly and said, "There weren't any cathedrals of the Goddess around. It was a region that held faith in the God of Steam and Machinery."

Hazel didn't continue the topic as she focused her attention back onto the dance, as though she was fully immersed in the music.

Klein also quietened down as he swirled around in the beautiful melody with the girl.

After the dance, he sent Hazel back to where she was standing, and then he headed for the long table due to his thirst, hoping to

get a cup of sweet ice tea.

At this moment, he saw Bishop Elektra enjoying some red wine over there.

Unlike the Church of Storms and the Church of the God of Combat, clergymen of the Evernight Goddess were prohibited from excessive drinking. They needed to reject distilled spirits, and they could only drink champagne, beer, and red and white grape wine in moderation.

“How is it? This should be your first time holding such a grand ball, right?” Elektra smiled as he raised his cup.

Klein smiled and replied, “Very troublesome, and it’s also, hmm… The biggest problem is that having so many dances in a row is exhausting. I kept sweating and wanted to drink more water.”

Bishop Elektra chuckled and said, “When you’re here in Backlund, don’t slack on any physical exercise. At times, the social scene is more tiring than you can imagine.”

With that said, he said with a jibing smile, “Ma’am Oria has endorsed you, believing that your character matches your appearance.”

…I’d like to thank her for her endorsement… Klein was momentarily unable to find the words to reply with as he replied in a jokingly manner, “A person’s character cannot be identified from a single dance.”

Without waiting for Elektra to reveal a smile that all men

understood, he switched to saying, “Your Excellency, I’ve recently involved myself in some business, and I’m afraid that I might offend a gentlemen in power. I’m a little worried.”

He was referring to the Coim Company and Baron Syndras.

Elektra took a sip of red wine and said, “Don’t worry. Backlund follows the rule of law. Besides, the Goddess will bless you.”

“That’s relieving. Praise the Lady!” Klein seriously drew the crimson moon on his chest.

After Elektra headed for the dance floor, his gaze darkened as he sighed silently.

He wasn’t feeling fearful or hatred. He just felt a slight guilty conscious. Up to this point in time, the Church of Evernight had been good to him. Although money was the reason, they had provided him plenty of help to the point of providing him some protection. Yet, he was planning to deal with the Keepers, as well as contemplating how to steal something from the core seal behind Chanis Gate.

Sigh, if this plan takes too long to complete, I’d really need periodic psychological treatment. Otherwise, I’ll have some mental problems… Klein monitored his emotions as he shook his head indiscernibly.

…

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Xio came home with Feynapotter pies and Desi Bay sweet ice tea. As she put it on the dining table, she said to Fors, “Don’t eat too much of such food. It’s unhealthy.”

“Why do you say that?” Fors picked up a pie stuffed with fruits and ham before taking a bite.

“I read about it in a magazine. As a bounty hunter, maintaining one’s figure is a necessity.” Xio hesitated for a moment before pulling a pie to her mouth.

Fors scoffed.

“You’re a Beyonder geared for combat, an extraordinary bounty hunter. There’s no need to bother about maintaining your figure.

“Perhaps, you might’ve missed out on your final opportunity to grow taller as a result. Oh right, I heard that the Warrior pathway has an effective way of raising a person’s height. It’s obvious just from looking at those barbarians from Feysac.”

Xio was taken aback as she suddenly sighed.

“But I was born as a half-Arbiter. I have no way of becoming a Warrior.”

Clearly, she had seriously considered it in the past.

Realizing that she had triggered her friend’s memories, she acted as though she hadn’t said a word as she focused on having her late dinner.

After they were done eating and clearing up, Fors pulled Xio into her bedroom and cleared her throat.

"You've helped me tremendously, so I plan on giving you a present."

"What troublesome matter do you need help with this time?" Xio touched her short, blonde hair warily.

"..." Fors blinked as she suddenly reflected on her recent behavior.

She chuckled dryly and said, "This is for the past—the past."

Without waiting for Xio to reply, she took out a metal box under Xio's doubtful gaze, one that was used to store cigars.

"I don't smoke," Xio said with a shake of her head.

Fors tersely answered as she opened the box, revealing a translucent hexagonal pillar that was light-blue in color.

Xio's gaze froze as she looked at the luster that streaked inside the crystal-like lightning as she instinctively asked, "Interrogator?"

"Yes, a participant at a Beyonder gathering was selling it cheaply. I was afraid of missing the opportunity and hurriedly bought it," Fors said the complete truth. "As you know, I've recently been rewarded by my teacher because of something just a while ago. I'm not lacking in cash."

Xio knew that her friend had been out recently, claiming that she was doing something for her teacher. However, she found it unbelievable that she could so easily buy her an Interrogator Beyonder characteristic as a gift. This was completely unlike her original lifestyle!

Is she still gambling, having earned large sums of money after becoming an Astrologer? Or did she finally cast her sights onto a bank vault and used her Door Opening powers to rob the cash inside? Many guesses flashed through Xio's mind, but she wasn't able to find the corresponding proof.

About two to three seconds later, she made a decision. She was to randomly pretend to head out two days a week, and she would secretly observe what Fors was doing.

If it wasn't for her trust in her friend's character and bottom line, she would have suspected that she had become the mistress of a powerful Beyonder or tycoon.

"I-it's too valuable." Xio waved her hand, in an attempt to reject the gift.

Fors had already thought of the excuse as she said with a smile, "I'll have matters to trouble you with in the future. Just treat it as an advanced payment."

"We are good friends. There's no need to talk about payment," Xio hesitated for a second as she said with a shake of her head.

I was waiting for you to say that! Fors immediately smiled and said, "Then treat it as an early birthday present. Don't you reject it!"

“But my birthday is more than half a year away…” As Xio muttered, she eventually reached out and took the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic.

…

Sunday afternoon. Xio repressed her excitement and anticipation as she headed out as per normal. She planned on heading to a specific spot to leave a corresponding mark to schedule a meeting with the masked man from MI9 at some secluded alley.

After obtaining the Interrogator’s Beyonder characteristic and having digested her Sheriff potion, all she needed was the correct formula to advance to Sequence 7. It would be a crucial step for her investigation of the truth and restoring her family’s honor. Therefore, she was eager to receive a few more missions from the military to accumulate the amount of contributions she needed.

After doing all of this, she planned on circling East Borough first to see if there was any important news. Then, she planned on returning home to tail Fors, so that she could figure out what her good friend was up to, or if she was in any danger.

However, the moment she entered East Borough, she had a hunch that someone was staring at her.

Chapter 820: Two Dazed Instances

Who is it? As a Sheriff, Xio had a sharp intuition for monitoring others and for being monitored by others. Her heart tensed up as her mind raced to consider what had just happened.

In the past two to three weeks, she hadn't encountered anything particularly noteworthy. The few criminals she apprehended weren't Beyonders, and they were, at best, related to certain gangs. No one would offend a famous bounty hunter in East Borough for them. Therefore, she quickly narrowed down the list of suspects, and she vaguely guessed at the spy's faction.

A member from the Aurora Order? I didn't attend Mr. X's gathering, and an accident happened. Apparently, it was quite a stunning scene... The person from MI9 said that Mr. X was assassinated on the spot, and had his corpse taken away. Furthermore, the assassin had used powers at the demigod level... Is the Aurora Order investigating the possible culprits? Every invitee is in their sights? Although Xio was careless and short-tempered at times, her thought process was relatively direct. But in similar fields, she had a strong intuition that allowed her to figure out the crux of the matter.

And on the matter regarding Mr. X's assassination, she had once been thankful that Fors had stopped her from attending; thus, avoiding the accident. On the other hand, she felt that there wasn't anything wrong about her, allowing her to stand up to the scrutiny of any investigation. Therefore, when she met the masked man from MI9 last week, she had been frank and confident, and she had accepted the mission to investigate the truth behind the matter. Unfortunately, she wasn't sure which other Beyonders had participated back then, and she had no clues to kick her off.

Hmm, that man from MI9 said that the members of Aurora Order

are either lunatics or potential lunatics. You can't use common sense to guess at their actions. Even if they believe that there's nothing wrong with me, they can kill me in passing to vent their anger as a warning to the real murderer... The stressed Xio walked forward as she revised her path in East Borough.

This new route allowed her to obtain the help of friends at any time. If she suffered an ambush, there was a considerable chance that she could escape or kill the assailant.

As she walked, Xio's mind suddenly went into a daze, as she realized that she had unknowingly arrived back at her residence in Cherwood Borough at some point in time.

Xio entered blankly and drank a cup of water when she was patted on the shoulder by Fors.

"Accompany me to East Borough."

Xio was taken aback as she found herself saying something very familiar.

"You want to head out to gather material?"

Fors immediately said that it wasn't the case, indicating that she had previously accepted a mission to find the dust left behind after a ghost faded away. As the deceased had been given a send-off by the priests at the cemetery to their respective deity's kingdom, there wasn't any ghosts. Thus, they could only head over to East Borough to find targets.

Xio hesitated and said, "Can't you push it back a day? I'm planning to participate in Mr. X's gathering."

Fors immediately wore a bitter look and said that she had delayed it by too much, and the mission's deadline was looming.

Xio sighed and agreed to accompany her friend to East Borough to find a deceased person that had just died or one that hadn't been discovered after a period of time since their death.

Just as the two were about to exit, Xio felt the wind strike her in the face as she trembled and snapped awake. She saw a wandering poet sitting in a corner, playing a seven-string guitar as he sang a folk song that was famous in the southern villages.

Xio frowned slightly as she rubbed her temples. She had a nagging feeling that her mind had gone adrift, but she couldn't remember what she was thinking about.

She continued maintaining her vigilance as she followed her originally set route, entering a bar that sold lunch. On the way, she met an East Borough resident who would occasionally provide her with intelligence.

He was a man who was either twenty-three or twenty-four years old. He had thinned his brows, and his brown hair reached his shoulders. His facial features were rather soft, and he had put on cheap makeup. He gave off quite an odd vibe.

"Sherman, did anything happen in the past few days?" Xio greeted.

According to what she knew, this young man named Sherman had always thought of himself as a woman. However, fate had played a terrible joke on him, making him a man. This made him suffer serious levels of ostracization for many years.

Sherman grinned and said, “It’s been peaceful. No man offered to buy me any drinks.”

“Drinking is bad,” Xio advised him seriously, walked past him, and walked to the bar counter.

Sherman spat as he walked to the entrance, swaying his hips until he arrived at the condominium he rented.

He paused at the door for nearly a minute before walking two steps to the side and knocking on the door next door.

The wooden door creaked open as a low, female voice sounded with an undeniable sweetness to it.

“Have you made your decision?”

Sherman walked in and closed the door behind him. Looking towards the bed, he said to the black-dressed lady, “I’m still doubtful. I don’t believe that there’s something as magical as that.”

To him, the lady had a round face and a gentle and refined temperament. Not only was she sweet-looking, but she also had a different air to her. She was extremely charming and alluring.

Of course, to Sherman, he was more envious instead of smitten.

The black-dressed lady replied with a deadpan expression, “Haven’t you seen the picture of my former appearance?”

Her gaze moved as she couldn't help but feel a sense of melancholy.

"But that might've been your twin brother. I find it difficult to believe that there really is a substance to change me into a woman..." Sherman said in a wavering tone.

The black-dressed lady chuckled without any humor in it.

"Then, you can pretend that it's fake. You may leave."

Sherman's hands tightened as he fell silent for a long while.

"I-I'm willing to give it a try. Although I know that you might be bluffing me, I still wish to give it a try.

"Then, what should be the price I need to pay?"

"Listen to my instructions, and help me do certain tasks. Don't worry. They will definitely be things you are capable of," the black-dressed lady said. "To truly change your sex, you need to drink three potions and complete certain rituals. I'll guide you."

Upon saying this, she said in a self-deprecating manner, "You can consider your female name."

...

At night, in the Backlund Bridge area, in a small alley at Iron Gate Street.

Xio stood under a street lamp that had been shattered by someone. She was recounting what had happened in the morning.

After confirming that she wasn't being tailed, she returned to Cherwood Borough and secretly observed Fors. She discovered that her friend didn't head out at all, staying at home like she usually did. She spent most of her time reading novels, newspapers, and magazines. She also drew the curtains in her room for nearly an hour, as though she was familiarizing herself with her Beyonder powers. Until she had nothing to do, she got a piece of paper and spent fifteen minutes writing the opening to her new book. Finally, she tore it apart, crumbled it into a ball, and threw it into the trash can.

She smokes and drinks excessively... Xio silently clenched her teeth when she saw a figure in a black suit walking out of the shadows from the other end of the alley.

The man was tall and wore a golden mask that revealed his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and cheeks. He was none other than the MI9 member who was in contact with Xio.

"Is there anything urgent?" he asked directly.

Although Xio was short, she said in a similarly domineering manner, "I was tailed in East Borough. I suspect that it's someone from the Aurora Order. They seem to be investigating what happened during the gathering."

The topic Xio had prepared to talk about was about someone she was asked to look for. She planned on using a clue that couldn't be confirmed, to make a request for the emergency meeting to appear normal. However, she now had a more suitable excuse thanks to the Aurora Order.

“The lunatics from the Aurora Order are like that. Although they know that we’re also investigating the matter and are finding them, they don’t shrink back. If it’s not because of that, they wouldn’t always be suffering setbacks,” the golden-masked man said with a laugh. “To be frank, I’m very surprised that they didn’t directly surround you and bring you to a secluded place to interrogate and channel your spirit.”

Xio was about to answer him that the Aurora Order member didn’t tail her for long when she suddenly recalled the dazed feeling she found inexplicable. Hence, she deliberated and mentioned, “I’m not sure what I encountered. For a very brief period of time, I seemed to be in a daze and can’t remember what I recalled.”

The golden-masked man fell silent. After nearly twenty seconds, he said, “The investigation pertaining to you should have ended… The importance the Aurora Order has placed on this matter has exceeded my imagination. I will report this matter.

“Hmm… You mentioned that many Beyonders received the invitation but didn’t attend?”

Xio nodded and said, “The participants of each gathering doesn’t exceed a third of the number of people invited.

“This is mostly normal for a gathering. It’s not an exception for Mr. X’s gathering either.”

The golden-masked man considered for a moment before asking, “Are there any clues about the person I got you to search for?”

“The person whose original name was Trissy?” Xio shook her head after seeing him nod. “Not yet. She’s likely experienced.”

The golden-masked man immediately chuckled.

“The number of people she has killed is more than the number of bounty missions you have completed. If you have any clues, make sure not to approach her. She’s highly dangerous.”

Xio tersely answered and focused on the main topic at hand.

“Is there a new commission?”

“Why have you suddenly become so proactive?” the golden-masked man asked in surprise.

Xio frankly replied, “I’m almost about to save up enough points to exchange for the Interrogator potion formula. I wish to obtain it early.”

“Actually, there’s no need for that. You can directly exchange it for the potion, as it will save quite a bit of points,” the golden-masked man suggested in Xio’s behalf.

I already have the Beyonder characteristic! Xio shook her head and said, “That would still take a very long time. I might be able to buy the ingredients at other Beyonder gatherings.”

The golden-masked man didn’t insist as he said with a laughing sigh, “I wish you luck.

“This time, it’s a rather complicated commission. If you can complete it, you should have enough points.”

Xio held back her delight and asked, “What’s the mission?”

The masked man said with a slightly odd tone, “Take note of the people Viscount Stratford interacts with, and list them down in a report before submitting it to me.

“There’s no need for you to frequently monitor him. Whenever you are free or walk past, take note of it in passing. Trust me, you aren’t the only one working on this mission. As long as you hand over a report of certain value a week, it’ll be considered as you contributing a certain amount. This can be repeated every week.”

Viscount Stratford… Xio suddenly fell into a daze again, but this time, she knew why.

This viscount was the captain of the royal guards; he was once her father’s deputy!

Chapter 821: Soul Imprint

Xio was dazed for about ten seconds before remembering the need to reply. She looked at the golden-masked man and nodded.

"Alright, I'll take note of the people Viscount Stratford interacts with."

The golden-masked man seemed to sense her dazed state as he said, "There's another mission. The Church of Evernight's Red Gloves are investigating something related to the Numinous Episcopate. If you have any relevant information on that, immediately inform me."

Xio tersely responded, unable to extricate herself from her emotions.

The golden-masked man fell silent for a few seconds and asked after some deliberation, "Are you interested in directly joining MI9?

"You can continue maintaining your present identity, being active in East Borough."

Xio was taken aback for two seconds as her mouth turned agape. She was momentarily unable to make a decision.

The golden-masked man didn't require an immediate answer as he said with a smile, "There's no rush. Tell me your answer after you become an Interrogator."

After saying that, he walked back, step after step, slinking away into the shadows at the other end of the alley.

...

That same evening, Klein snapped awake from a dream.

The soul imprint he had set up in Böklund Street's sewers had been touched!

Who is it that isn't sleeping in the middle of the night... Is Hazel not afraid of being possessed by a Wraith? Klein sighed helplessly as he took out the iron cigar case which was wrapped in a wall of spirituality from under his pillow. He then walked to the balcony where the curtains were tightly drawn.

Wraith Senor rapidly leaped onto the surface of a street lamp before passing the manhole and sinking deep into the sewers.

After advancing a short distance, with the eyes of his marionette, Klein saw Hazel in commoner clothes.

This lady was warily walking forward as she raised her left hand without realizing it to touch the necklace with seven emeralds. In her right hand was a charm made from gold.

Although the charm hadn't been activated, it exuded the feeling of sunlight and warmth, as well as the refreshing sense of morning dew.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly recalled his encounter when strolling in the morning.

Hazel had woken up early to stroll in her garden!

She was gathering materials to create the Sun domain charm? Morning dew? Klein guessed with uncertainty as he felt a little puzzled. This was because Hazel wasn't only half-illiterate in the mysterious domain, but she also lacked quite a bit of knowledge. Furthermore, she was a believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Such a Beyonder wouldn't receive any response if she prayed to the Eternal Blazing Sun. Even if something special happened, the smallest probability event would be that of receiving punishment!

As she hasn't been digging and searching in the sewers for too long, that Beyonder that has been guiding her with a dream has turned anxious. That's why she was taught how to make Sun domain charms via a dream? Hmm, from the Marauder pathway, the corresponding High-Sequence representative, Amon, is also known as a Blasphemer. Does this mean that at a certain Sequence of this pathway, they have the ability to pretend to be believers of other deities and circle around any defenses to obtain a response and create various kinds of charms? This does match their modus operandi... With Senor's vision, Klein watched Hazel walk deep into the sewers.

Based on his spiritual intuition, although the Sun domain charm was targeted at a Wraith, it was far from sufficient to truly threaten a Sequence 5, with it dealing a certain amount of damage at best. After all, Hazel had no way of obtaining high-level materials. However, Klein didn't let his Wraith possess her again, afraid that it would alarm that Beyonder who was influencing Hazel. After tomorrow's Tarot Gathering, he believed he would obtain a low-level item from the Marauder pathway, allowing him to make the corresponding investigations. Before that, maintaining the status quo was the best choice.

Of course, the premise was that he was certain that Hazel wasn't

able to dig up anything within a day or two. He had plenty of time to prepare.

As a Seer, he had many ways to make a confirmation. The simplest way was to head above the gray fog.

After retracting his marionette, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and arrived inside the ancient palace which had stone columns propping it up. He conjured a pen and paper, and he wrote down the corresponding divination statement:

“Something major will happen in Böklund Street over the next three days.”

With the topaz pendulum, Klein obtained a negative revelation. This also meant that in three days, no major incident would happen in Böklund Street.

As for the possibility of what Hazel would really dig out, it would only affect him while being trivial to Böklund Street, he wasn’t fazed. This was because something trivial wouldn’t affect his subsequent plans. He didn’t have any strong intentions of stopping her.

He had previously given a hint to her at the ball. If Hazel didn’t understand or didn’t take it to heart, it was her problem. Klein didn’t have any psychological burden on such matters.

After returning to the real world, he waited for forty-five minutes before Hazel came out. After confirming that no significant changes happened underground, Klein laid back in bed, and with Cogitation, he quickly fell asleep.

...

Monday afternoon at three.

Dark red beams of light that soared up from both sides of the long bronze table appeared before The Fool Klein's, The Sun Derrick's, and The World Gehrman Sparrow's eyes.

Justice Audrey remained in a good mood as she bowed at the figure shrouded in gray fog.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Klein nodded with a smile as a response to this lady who often delighted him.

Meanwhile, Audrey swept her gaze and discovered an additional card beside Mr. Fool's hand!

A new Card of Blasphemy? I wonder which pathway it's from... I really wish that it's from the Spectator pathway... Audrey's heart stirred as she turned to greet the other members.

Once everything was done, she looked to the end of the mottled table ahead of The Hermit Cattleya and said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I've found three new pages of Roselle's diary."

This was actually obtained from the Loen Relic Search and Preservation Foundation, but as its founder and main sponsor, she easily received the opportunity to make a copy.

Audrey was rather proud in regards to this. She was increasingly convinced that establishing such a foundation was a wise decision of hers. Unfortunately, to not expose her identity, she didn't share this matter with the other members of the Tarot Club.

"Very good." Klein smiled with a nod, indicating that Miss Justice could conjure the diary.

And at this moment, The Hermit Cattleya didn't interject, as though she hadn't obtained any new Roselle diary pages.

There's temporarily no response from Queen Mystic? Or has she focused her attention on something else? Klein looked at the three diary pages which Miss Justice had conjured as he allowed them to jump into his palm.

When he scanned them, the corners of Klein's lips nearly twitched. This was because he had encountered a familiar page of one of Roselle's sexual escapades.

Compared to the pages specially chosen by Queen Mystic Bernadette that had plenty of information, the other members often obtained parts that weren't too important. The content tended to be about Roselle's daily life. The three pages that Miss Justice had provided was such an example. Klein casually flipped through them and discovered a diary entry that was worth a detailed read. As for the rest, it was either about him having a rendezvous with some lady or madam, or him belittling people who survived due to their status instead of intellect. He even expressed his desire for a Demoness from all the rumors he heard.

Soon, Klein placed his attention on the most valuable diary entry.

"...Based on the information obtained from the Church, there really are monsters in existence that are stitched at the soul level.

"After High-Sequence Beyonders die, the Beyonder characteristics they produce will have remnants of the imprint of their soul. It can be very powerful and resilient. It might not even fully dissipate after centuries or even a millennium.

"But when Beyonder characteristics form a mystical item with their surrounding objects, there's a need to have a sufficiently similar soul in order to use them; otherwise, the negative effects will be extraordinary. And when such Beyonder characteristics are preserved and made into the main ingredient of a potion, the consumer similarly must have a powerful Soul Body to withstand it; otherwise, there's a high chance of failure.

"In mysticism, an advancement's failure will often lead to a loss of control or death. Only very few lucky ones can be calmed down and maintain an intricate balance. However, it's rumored that certain special Sealed Artifacts can draw out unfused Beyonder characteristics and recondense them. It would be akin to not having consumed the potion, so the failures will only suffer a storm-like assault on their soul. But according to my conjectures, there's likely some level of mutation at the gene level. This is because, based on the information provided, those who failed their advancement and survived by this method had mostly died from terminal illnesses within five years.

"Therefore, consuming a potion similar to one's Soul Body can effectively decrease the difficulty of advancements, but it will leave behind remnant soul imprints. Unknowingly, one will suffer an identity dissociation, and they would slowly transform into a monster stitched at the soul level. It's just like that High-Sequence Beyonder who resurrected on his body. Resurrected...

"On careful thought, it's really quite terrifying... However, the

Church told me that there are roughly three methods to rid the High-Sequence Beyonder soul imprints in a Beyonder characteristic. As for what they are, they didn't tell me. They don't seem simple. It's no wonder the Sauron family enjoys calling descendants who look similar to their ancestors as having talent. Heh, talent. I have to say that I do pity Floren quite a bit."

Monster's stitched at the soul level… High-Sequence Beyonder soul imprints… Sounds a little alarming… So High-Sequence Beyonder potions have such a problem. Hmm, the Churches probably have a way to resolve them. They have no lack of Angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. They can shatter a Beyonder characteristic and recondense them; thus obtaining a purified one… Those ancient families probably aren't that lucky. They might not have any more Angels protecting them. They might only have one or two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, but they aren't that easily used. Furthermore, different Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts have different uses. They might not be adequate for such matters… Klein's mind raced as he made the diary pages in his hand vanish. Then, he looked at Miss Justice and asked with a chuckle, "What do you wish to exchange them for?"

Audrey was waiting for her potion ingredients, and she temporarily had nothing she lacked. Therefore, without any hesitation, she chose to satisfy her curiosity.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, is that an additional card by your hand a Card of Blasphemy? Which one is it?"

Chapter 822: Another

I knew it. Miss Justice wouldn't not ask when she sees an additional card... I got through another question so easily... Klein secretly smiled as he casually flipped over the new Card of Blasphemy, showing it to Justice.

"Tyrant."

As expected, Gehrman Sparrow has handed it over... That was Mr. Fool's goal? Alger eagerly glanced at Emperor Roselle in a papal tiara as he thought poignantly.

He had already obtained the Cataclysmic Interrer potion formula, and he knew what ritual was needed. He was in a great mood and felt that, although there were obstacles ahead of him, he was filled with radiance and hope.

Audrey quickly took in the details of the Card of Blasphemy.

Tyrant card... It looks like it's the Sailor pathway. How I envy Mr. Hanged Man... Eh, Mr. Hanged Man doesn't seem alarmed or surprised... From a psychological point of view, his reaction should have been greater than mine! Hmm, he was already aware that it was the Sailor pathway's Card of Blasphemy?

Eliminating all other impossibilities, this is the only explanation... But how did Mr. Hanged Man know of it ahead of time?

Sequence 0: Tyrant... The potion name corresponding to the Lord of Storms is Tyrant?

This Tyrant card was likely in the form of The Hierophant; however, the actual meaning has certain discrepancies with some similarities. Some of it is inversed, and some are just an extension... In short, the interpretation of the card is that of a conservative view, an emphasis on submission at the level of the soul. By relying on dominance and strength, fear is created to bring about faith...

Audrey, who had liked mysticism from a young age, interpreted it as she felt a strong sense of satisfaction. She felt that the payment of three Roselle diary pages was especially worth it!

Card of Blasphemy... Hmm... Being equally good at interpretation and being knowledgeable, Cattleya also quickly figured out the pathway in which the card represented. She also managed to add Sequence 0: Tyrant to the gaps in her knowledge.

Apart from these facts, she also made a connection.

The World Gehrman Sparrow plotted the death of Sea God Kalvetua; thus, allowing Mr. Fool to obtain that scepter representing Sea God's authority and begin answering believers in the name of Sea God...

This time, "He" obtained the Tyrant card of the Storm pathway...

It's definitely no coincidence...

As she thought about the matter, Cattleya was suddenly alarmed, suspecting that Mr. Fool was secretly attempting to erode away the Lord of Storms's authority!

A battle between gods! It's a massive plan that has a far-reaching

influence! This is one of the true goals of Mr. Fool? As thoughts flashed through Cattleya's mind, she retracted her gaze and stopped looking at the Tyrant card.

Fors and Emlyn didn't understand much about Sequence 0. They had only heard Mr. Fool mention it once at a previous Tarot Gathering; therefore, they were only surprised that it was a Card of Blasphemy. They also began to link the name Tyrant and the Sequence 0's potion name to the Lord of Storms. The former began trembling a little, feeling as though she was being sacrilegious. As for the latter, he began imagining and guessing what was the name of the artificial vampire pathway's Sequence 0.

It must be Moon! Or Crimson Moon! Emlyn's mind raced as he came to an answer. As for whether it was correct, he didn't mind it at all. He just felt that it was definitely close to the truth.

Having grown up in the City of Silver, Derrick had received quite a solid education in mysticism. He wasn't unfamiliar with the concept of Sequence 0, and he had even aimed his sights to becoming one at that level. Only by doing so could he bring the City of Silver out into the light and warmth, so as to bring hope and a future.

This likely represents Elf King Soniathrym… So it's called Tyrant… However, "His" authority seems to be a little more than what the card represents… Derrick thought as he participated in the ongoings of the Tarot Gathering in a rare instance.

After showing it for two seconds, The Fool Klein covered the Tyrant card again before casually glancing at Ma'am Hermit.

Cattleya hurriedly said, "Honorable Mr. Fool, there aren't any new Roselle diary pages this time."

As expected... Klein nodded gently and said with a smile, "That's all from me."

Just as he said that, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at The Hanged Man.

"After this gathering, I'll send you that Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic. Can you find an Artisan to create an easily portable mystical item?"

A-another Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic? The same thought surfaced in the minds of Audrey, Emlyn, and company.

Powerful Sequence 5 Beyonders weren't carrots that you could easily buy on the street!

And Mr. World had killed several in the past two months!

Which quasi high-ranking member of the Church of Storms met harm this time? Cattleya started off with her conjecture that Mr. Fool was attempting to erode away the Lord of Storms's authority as she came to such a thought.

Fors became increasingly fearful of Gehrman Sparrow as she kept warning herself not to use the two pages with demigod-level Beyonder powers!

Derrick couldn't help but think back to how City of Silver teams would clear a region of monsters. In that dark environment of despair, the number of Sequence 5 main ingredients and Beyonder characteristics were few and far between. There were even instances where there weren't any at times!

“Alright,” Alger, who had already made the promise, calmly replied without mentioning the Artisan’s fees.

This made people like Audrey and Cattleya notice something. They suspected that Mr. World and Mr. Hanged Man had secretly cooperated and negotiated on certain matters. This coincided with Audrey’s belief that The Hanged Man had the knowledge that the Card of Blasphemy was the Tyrant card, making her guess that the Tyrant card might have been one of the spoils of war that they had obtained in a private partnership!

Without waiting for them to ask about anything they needed, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area whilst under Klein’s control.

“I have here another Beyonder characteristic of a Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder from the Black Emperor Sequence pathway. It can be made into a mystical item, and it should possess the power to use the loopholes found in order so as to distort the words, will, and actions of a target. It can also raise one’s physical state and create a certain degree of chaos and confusion to the surroundings.”

He described it in such detail because his target clients were Miss Justice and Ma’am Hermit. It was impossible for the two of them to switch to the Black Emperor pathway, so their requirements for Beyonder characteristics were naturally for a mystical item. Of course, the latter had subordinates, so it was possible to purchase Beyonder characteristics for her organization’s members.

Another one… And it’s Sequence 5… What major event did Mr. World do last week? Audrey instantly forgot to generate interest in the Beyonder characteristic.

Cattleya, Emlyn, and company exchanged looks, puzzled as to

which Sequence 5 Beyonder met harm again.

Again!

What Alger cared about was that this belonged to the Black Emperor pathway, a Sequence 5 Mentor of Disorder.

The latter was something he wasn't previously aware of.

After nearly twenty seconds of silence, Audrey began to ruminate over Mr. World's words.

Use loopholes found in order… Create chaos and confusion, raise one's physical state, and distort a target's speech, will, and actions… It seems to be very compatible with my dear Earl Hall… Besides, I also want to have such powers. I still have too many shortcomings just by relying on myself and Lie…

Hmm, I should figure out the price first and find a chance to ask Father. Let's see if he's interested in buying such a mystical item for himself or his adorable daughter…

Audrey thought for a few seconds before raising her hand slightly.

"Mr. World, what do you plan on exchanging it for? Or how much do you plan on selling it for?"

A reasonable price for a ready-made mystical item like Death Knell costs 10,000 to 12,000 pounds… Just the Beyonder characteristic alone will be cheaper. It will be about 7,000 to 8,000 pounds… Klein had already done the math. Now, after some

thought, he made The World Gehrman Sparrow reply, “8,000 pounds.”

He knew that if Miss Justice was really interested, she wouldn’t haggle.

“Okay.” Audrey nodded and turned to look across the table. “Mr. Hanged Man, roughly how much would it cost to pay the Artisan to turn such a Beyonder characteristic into a mystical item?”

Alger quickly did the math and said, “1,500 pounds at the very least. It might be higher.”

“Alright.” Audrey shifted her gaze and said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, “I’ll consider it for a few days and give you an answer by the end of the week. You can continue asking if anyone else wants it.”

The World nodded in silence as he looked at the other members. He noticed that Ma’am Hermit hesitated for two seconds but ultimately kept silent. As for the rest, they were only watching with interest.

Just as Audrey was about to ask about the fruit of the Illusory Chime Tree, all the members heard The World Gehrman Sparrow hoarsely say, “There’s another Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic from the Planter pathway, Druid.”

Suddenly, the palace that looked like a giant’s residence turned extremely quiet. Apart from Mr. Fool who continued observing everyone in a leisurely manner, The Hanged Man Alger didn’t show any additional thoughts.

A-another… When did Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics become so common? What did he do? Cattleya suddenly felt baffled. She felt that the risk and hard work she had put in over the years was, in essence, no different to the commercial goods The World Gehrman Sparrow was selling.

I-it's terrifying… Fors had already begun imagining a series of stories.

Impressive! Derrick idolized Mr. World even more.

Audrey and Emlyn remained silent for a long time, momentarily finding themselves suffering from a lack of vocabulary.

After nearly ten seconds, Cattleya realized the hidden meaning behind The World Gehrman Sparrow's words.

He didn't mention the effects of what the Druid Beyonder characteristic can have after being made into a mystical item… He's asking me if I'll buy it for Frank?

At that instant, Cattleya felt an unprecedented dilemma.

Chapter 823: The Maturing Tarot Club

As the captain of the Future, Cattleya knew of the latent dangers that Frank Lee had better than anyone else. She knew that this first mate's strange ideas would at times be about truly terrifying and crazy developments. If it wasn't because those "creations" had yet to be proliferated and lacked the necessary elements, Cattleya believed that the world would be different.

Of course, if there came such a day, she would finish off Frank Lee ahead of everyone else by feeding him to the fishes!

With him lacking godhood, many things will be limited in scope even if they're considered a success. It's impossible to distribute out and bring about a greater disaster... Just advancing to Sequence 5 wouldn't result in any qualitative changes, and Frank has been holding back greatly in recent times. He's been focused on researching plants that can survive and grow through the absorption of monster corpses in the darkness... As her thoughts swirled and changed in her mind, Cattleya finally made a decision.

"How much do you wish to get for it?"

She had a vague feeling that The World Gehrman Sparrow was recently in need of money.

"8000 pounds. If you can replace it with large sums of gold coins, you'll receive a discount." Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as he answered using The World.

At the thought of how Frank Lee could be able to afford this sum, and how he wouldn't reject a Druid's Beyonder characteristic,

Cattleya pondered for two seconds and said, “Deal. Give me a week to gather the amount.”

“No problem.” Klein got The World Gehrman Sparrow to retract his gaze.

After the trip to the primitive island, if not for having garnered the attention of the existence hidden in the depths of the cathedral, he would’ve given himself a perfect score. In less than half a night, he had obtained an invaluable Card of Blasphemy, a mystical item with not less than 10,000 pounds, as well as a possible total of 16,000 pounds. Furthermore, no taxes needed to be paid. It was faster than robbing a bank!

Unfortunately, that primitive island has vanished. Otherwise, I can always pay a visit when I’m lacking money… Klein’s thoughts wandered as he watched Miss Justice look at Mr. Hanged Man and ask with a tone of anticipation, “Do you have the fruits of the Illusory Chime Tree?”

Audrey actually had some inkling to the answer. This was because Mr. World had obtained so many Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics recently, and Mr. Hanged Man was suspected to have had a private partnership with him in the past week. It was unlikely that he had obtained nothing.

I can figure out certain clues from Mr. Hanged Man’s satisfied and confident state… Audrey felt increasingly confident in her ability to observe others.

Alger chuckled and said, “I was just about to tell you that I’ve already obtained the fruit.”

Excellent! Audrey held back and didn’t act overly agitated.

This meant that she had gathered all the ingredients for Hypnotist. All she needed to do was wait for her Psychiatrist potion to completely digest before she attempted the advancement.

And it wouldn't take too long! Having already become an "Aunt Agony" in the aristocrat circles in East Chester County, Audrey thought with great certainty.

To be frank, if she hadn't deliberately guided the topic of conversation, Audrey wouldn't have imagined that the aristocrats that all looked beaming with decent demeanors suffered immense stress. They had pains that others would find impossible to imagine. The changes of the times and the trends of society made them worried about the futures of their families and self. Of course, this was also related to them not being powerful aristocrats, as well as the limited resources they held on hand.

These matters made Audrey truly understand the concept of a facade. She understood that faced with different targets, everyone wore a different facade.

After concluding such situations, she had instantly digested a significant amount of her Psychiatrist potion as her progress clearly sped up.

Perhaps, in two weeks, more or less. In short, before I return to Backlund, I should be able to become a Hypnotist... Audrey looked at Alger with bright eyes and asked, "What do you want in exchange?"

Having advanced to Sequence 5 recently, and having obtained the "key" to the door of demigods, as well as being about to possess a potent mystical item, Alger was lacking in money the most at the moment. Therefore, he said without any hesitation,

“2,000 pounds.”

“Deal.” Audrey agreed with relatively great ease.

This amount of money didn’t need a reimbursement for she could easily afford it herself.

After completing the transaction, Audrey couldn’t help but heave a sigh of relief. She finally didn’t feel like she was falling behind in the Tarot Club.

During this period of time, she had watched Fors become a Sequence 7, and watched Mr. Hanged Man approach the level of a High-Sequence Beyonder. She also saw Mr. World finish off one Sequence 5 Beyonder after another, producing their corresponding Beyonder characteristics again and again. Yet, she remained as a Psychiatrist, a Sequence 7 Beyonder. She couldn’t help but feel stressed as she became a little anxious. She relied solely on Placating herself, and Susie’s counseling, to prevent any emotional problems from happening. Now, she had finally taken a step forward towards becoming Sequence 6!

As the delighted Audrey increasingly enjoyed the gathering, she heard Ma’am Hermit say to Mr. World, “I can provide an answer to that drop of blood from the Mythical Creature.”

“Do you wish for a private communication?” The Fool Klein controlled The World Gehrman Sparrow with piqued interest as he asked.

If it’s solely an exchange of information, I’ll make a killing out of nothing! he thought with anticipation.

Cattleya looked around, and after a few seconds of thought, she shook her head and said, “There’s no need.

“I can only provide two forms of payment. One, a single glance at the Wheel of Fortune card. I believe you know what this Card of Blasphemy that was created by Emperor Roselle means. Two, it’s to provide the means to regain a certain amount of strength during one’s weak stages.

“Please pass this message to that Angel, and ask if ‘He’ is satisfied with such a payment.”

Provide the means to regain a certain amount of strength during one’s weak stages? Queen Mystic has guessed that it’s related to the Snake of Fate? That doesn’t make sense. An Angel includes a Sequence 2 Soothsayer… Can’t The Fool have an Angel from the Fate pathway serving “Him”?

I’ve no idea if Will Auceptin knows the way to become the corresponding pathway’s Sequence 0. If “He” is unaware, then taking one look at the Wheel of Fortune card would be an irresistible temptation. However, it’s unlikely. “He” has lived for so long, and he’s a Sequence 1 at that. It wouldn’t be so terrible to the point of only now grasping the ritual to becoming a god…

Heh heh, I wonder what Roselle looks like on the Wheel of Fortune card… It has a snake with the emperor’s face and other animals? Klein casually thought as he deliberated and made the fake person, The World, say, “Okay.

“If a transaction is ultimately made, you will need to pay an additional amount.”

“What do you want?” Cattleya asked cautiously.

The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a hoarse laugh, “I want to meet Queen Mystic. Don’t worry. The matter is very simple. There’s just something that needs her help.”

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, “I can only try my best to facilitate it, but I can’t give any guarantees.”

Upon hearing their conversation, Audrey suddenly found it surreal.

Has the Tarot Club already matured to such a level?

Aside from Mr. Fool, from us only being able to exchange basic knowledge in mysticism and Sequence 9 potion formulas, it has developed into transactions involving Cards of Blasphemy and the blood of Mythical Creatures…

It hadn’t even been a year!

It’s like a dream… I’ve also matured significantly… As Audrey sighed, The Hermit Cattleya continued looking at The World Gehrman Sparrow and said, “There’s some news regarding the Marauder pathway mystical item you want.”

As she spoke, she requested Mr. Fool’s help to conjure an item that resembled a tweezer.

This tweezer was grayish-white in color, as though they were formed from two finger bones. Apart from that, it was relatively ordinary.

Cattleya introduced, “It’s called Broken Finger. It can enhance the

stability and agility of your wrist and fingers. It allows you to easily steal items in the pockets of your target without being discovered. The negative effect is kleptomania when worn. It costs 500 pounds."

It corresponds to Sequence 9 Marauder? Hmm, there's a slight premium involved... Klein considered for a moment and said, "Alright. Let's close the transaction as soon as possible."

This way, he could investigate the region dug up by Hazel in the sewers, so as to eliminate any hidden risks.

After the conversation between the duo ended, Fors asked with the intention to express interest in a purchase so that she could use it when the need arose.

"I need a cursed item from an ancient wraith, as well as its remnant spirituality. Please help me take note."

After she obtained a positive reply from the members, The Moon Emlyn sized up his surroundings and leaned back into his chair, and he said to The Sun Derrick, "Does your City of Silver have the Beyonder characteristic that corresponds to Sequence 5 of the artificial vampires?"

He didn't wish to call the fellows covered in puss as described by The Sun as Sanguine; therefore, he changed the way he phrased his question.

From his point of view, since there were often mutated vampires appearing around the City of Silver, then obtaining one or two Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristics wasn't too difficult.

Furthermore, they clearly lack the potion formula of this pathway as well as an Artisan. Their retention of these Beyonder characteristics depends only on luck. Time needs to pass to determine if they would corrupt the items surrounding them, transforming into Sealed Artifacts... Emlyn convinced himself that he was helping the City of Silver instead of asking for The Sun's help.

Derrick was stunned as he answered in complete honesty, "Yes.

"But Mr. Moon, do you wish to be covered in pus?"

Ah... Emlyn's expression froze as he was momentarily unsure if The Sun was mocking him or warning him.

Upon seeing this, Derrick hurriedly added, "Many of them have serious levels of mental corruption, and without the potion formula, our City of Silver wouldn't waste the effort to cleanse such problems."

Is that so... This will be troublesome... Emlyn nodded slightly and said, "Got it."

He didn't involve himself in possible transactions, preparing to seek advice from the upper echelons of the Sanguine to figure out the matter regarding the mental corruption of Beyonder characteristics.

With the transaction segment coming to an end, the Tarot Club's members began their free exchange segment.

Audrey looked straight at Gehrman Sparrow and said with some hesitation.

“I would like to know where the Mentor of Disorder characteristic came from? If it involves certain secrets, you can choose not to answer.”

She was making the preparations to convince her father, Earl Hall. It was also to avoid any unnecessary troubles. After all, Beyonders from the Black Emperor pathway might have certain connections with the military and royal family.

Klein secretly laughed as he made The World answer, “It comes from a curly-haired baboon.”

Chapter 824: Conflict

It comes from a curly-haired baboon… Audrey was momentarily unsure if Mr. World was referring to a real curly-haired baboon or someone who couldn't be considered human.

In the Loen Kingdom, curly-haired baboons were a common term used to mock others, often used as a joke for low intelligence.

From the looks of it, Mr. World doesn't wish to provide any further explanation. Alright then, I'll just treat its origins as that of a real curly-haired baboon… Audrey didn't ask further as she said, "Didn't I visit a place that had the tradition of worshiping dragons while seeking out the traces of a mind dragon?"

"But didn't you discover that the mind dragon lived in the sea of collective subconscious in the local residents? And to ensure your safety, you chose to leave?" Cattleya replied.

"You went back?" Fors asked with a guess.

Audrey shook her head.

"No, I've long left the area. I've only heard of a rumor recently.

"An archaeological team entered one of the villages in that area. A member suddenly went mad at night, and the mental illness seemed contagious. The other members went mad in turn as they killed each other or themselves. Eventually, not a single member survived."

Alger was just about to say something when Cattleya said, “This matches the traits of a mind dragon.”

“I have no doubts about that. I’m just curious if the mind dragon will remain in that region,” Audrey expressed her thoughts.

“No,” Alger and Cattleya replied in unison.

Sitting at the long mottled table, The Fool Klein made a connection to something else.

The “anchor” of the deities!

He suspected that the region’s tradition of dragon worship was an “anchor” to stabilize the mind dragon’s state!

Before such traditions ceased its practice, that mind dragon likely doesn’t need to worry about the problem of an “anchor.” Therefore, after it leaves, it can hide in a new region’s sea of collective subconscious. It doesn’t need to take risks to enter the different dreams to create faith. This way, the three Churches will lack clues to finding it. After all, they aren’t experts in this domain. Even with the corresponding Sealed Artifacts, they will, at best, only be capable of entering the sea of collective subconscious or force the mind dragon out… Instead, the Psychology Alchemists might be able to figure something out… As Klein thought casually, he made The World say, “The tradition of dragon worship is very beneficial in stabilizing the mind dragon’s condition. You can get people to take note of such matters. If large-scale changes occur, then it means that the mind dragon is creating similar traditions in other places.”

He originally wanted to mention that he suspected the mind dragon to be an angel, one at Sequence 2, but on careful thought, he found it impossible to determine that.

Indeed, when humans reach Sequence 2 and reach the level of an angel, they will need the "anchor of faith" to secure themselves to prevent themselves from going mad. But that is a dragon in the true sense of the word, an ancient Beyonder creature. It has the madness inherited from its ancestors, and even if it's cleansed and weakened every generation, it's definitely easier for it to lose itself compared to humans. Therefore, it might be a Sequence 3, or even a Sequence 4 that needs an "anchor" to resist its inclination of losing control.

"That folk tradition is beneficial in stabilizing the dragon's condition?" Audrey asked in doubt and puzzlement.

"Yes." The World didn't give an explanation aside from providing an affirmative response.

Audrey subconsciously turned her head to look at the other end of the long bronze table. She began considering if she needed to consult Mr. Fool and pay the corresponding price.

Upon seeing this, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a chuckle, "Why do you think the various deities want to spread their faith?"

This… Isn't it because God loves the world so much… This standard and orthodox answer surfaced in Audrey's mind.

Following that, she, Alger, Cattleya, and the other members thought of the second answer.

"Stabilization of one's condition!"

No way… At that moment, Fors found her brain lacking. No

matter how good she was at coming up with stories, there was no way she could come up with something like that!

To think that's the case. No, I can't eliminate the possibility that Mr. Fool is only mentioning one of the possible reasons. "He" is secretly eroding away the Lord of Storms's authority... This is related to godhood? I should consult Her Majesty about this in the future... Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge as she made a guess.

Alger had previously seen the picture, and when he heard such matters, he no longer had that trembling sense of paralyzing fear. Instead, he began seriously considering why faith could stabilize the conditions of a demigod creature.

The other members, including Derrick, felt a little horrified. They felt that what they had heard was sacrilegious. They didn't dare think too deeply about it or say a word.

This wasn't something that only involved the evil gods like the True Creator. It had an intimate connection to the seven orthodox deities and the existence of the City of Silver Creator!

The Fool Klein didn't say anything further as he allowed them to maintain their silence while he appeared extremely relaxed.

After about ten seconds, Audrey forced a smile and said, "That's all I've encountered recently."

What she meant was that that was all from her, and it was the others' turn!

Fors and Emlyn had nothing they encountered that was worth

informing to the others. They shook their heads, indicating that they had nothing to say.

Of course, the latter actually wished to flaunt his victory of the hunting competition that won him the ring made by the Ancestor.

Alger thought for a moment and looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

“Can that picture be shared with everyone?”

He believed that the picture was directly connected with certain matters that happened in Afternoon Town and the Giant King’s Court. It gave The Sun some prior knowledge of what would be discovered or encountered if the City of Silver were to continue exploring. From that, he would be prepared ahead of time, allowing him to avoid danger. And it was because of this that sharing was a better choice than keeping it to himself.

“I don’t mind.” Klein had similar considerations as he made The World reply.

What picture… It seems to be very important… This is a picture Mr. Hanged Man and Mr. World saw during their partnership in finding the Tyrant card? Audrey waited in curiosity.

Gazes were cast over as Alger obtained Mr. Fool’s approval as he conjured the picture of the City of Silver Creator being eaten by the Kings of Angels.

The bloody, sinister, terrifying, and dark picture instantly left the Tarot Club members stunned. Even the knowledgeable Cattleya momentarily lost her ability to think.

Who are they? What are they doing? This is way too brutal a meal, right? Us Sanguine no longer do such things ever since the Fourth Epoch... We respect life and only drink blood... Emlyn was quite stunned by what he saw. As he had never seen the six statues in the Tudor ruin, he was unable to recognize the three figures.

Back when The World shared the images of the six statues, he had yet to join the Tarot Club.

However, he recognized the victim from the resplendent cross. "He" was likely, perhaps, probably the Creator of the City of Silver, the legendary ancient sun god. In a previous free exchange segment, The Sun had shared with them the corresponding symbols and Sacred Emblem of the Lord that created everything.

I-isn't this the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom who Mr. World once presented? Why are "They" eating a human. No, "They" are feasting on the ancient sun god, the Creator of the City of Silver! Audrey was dumbstruck as she instinctively suspected if someone had distorted or blasphemed the images of the orthodox deities.

As Fors trembled in fear, she found the picture that was filled with darkness and evilness to have a form of aesthetics and was of high artistic value.

In her mind, she had already come up with a title, a title for the picture: "The Last Supper!"

Cattleya had never seen the six deities' statues before, and she only knew the ancient sun god. She subconsciously frowned and blurted out, "Kings of Angels?"

“Yes, at least the three present were,” Alger said without any doubts. However, he wasn’t sure who the dark infant inside the City of Silver Creator was.

As he spoke, Alger glanced at Derrick and noticed that the youth’s eyes were glazed over; his thoughts a mystery.

At this moment, Derrick’s mind was filled with misery and despair.

He believed that the one being eaten was the Creator which the City of Silver believed in. He had also recognized the surrounding three to be the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom!

This made him suspect the term “Forsaken Land of God.”

In the various tomes in the City of Silver, they emphasized that God had forsaken the land due to certain reasons. It made them turn into the People of the Dark; therefore, as long as everyone repented from the bottom of their hearts and pleaded for forgiveness, the day would come when God would truly return to illuminate the entire world with sunlight.

That’s not right, no amount of repentance or seeking forgiveness can redeem the City of Silver… Derrick muttered inwardly. *That’s because God is dead. Eaten and never to return…*

This meant that the City of Silver’s miserable pursuits and hope were only a mirage, one that would never be fulfilled.

After a long silence, Audrey said, trying to convince herself, “This is a distortion of the legend of how those three gods were born

from the soul of the Creator?"

Three gods? Cattleya's and Emlyn's eyes constricted at the same time, having figured out the general meaning of the picture. They knew what alarming matter it represented.

"Perhaps, but there's no way to explain that infant," Alger replied.

He silently glanced at Mr. Fool, and he realized that this impressive existence had no intention of speaking. All "He" did was watch silently.

With Audrey silent, the remaining members of the Tarot Club didn't say a word either.

This silence continued until Alger dispersed the picture and turned to ask Derrick, "Have you investigated the matter regarding your former Chief's mausoleum?"

Chapter 825: Reservation

Upon hearing Mr. Hanged Man's question, Derrick replied in shame, "No. I've been constantly assigned to patrol missions recently, and I didn't have the time to investigate."

Alger wasn't too surprised, but he was puzzled over one thing.

"Why don't you get the help of a few friends?

"You don't have to tell them your true motives. Split the task into very minor missions that wouldn't garner much attention. Let them search for information in different areas. This way, even if anything gets exposed, it wouldn't implicate them in a fatal way."

Derrick fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I do not have friends."

Before his parents died, he had a certain number of friends from general education classes and those at the combat training field. After all, there weren't many people that are roughly the same age in the City of Silver. They often got to meet each other, and they would even become teammates. However, after his parents death, Derrick had become introverted for a very long period of time. Burdened by the secret of the Tarot Club, he unknowingly distanced himself from his friends and stopped interacting with them. The last time someone visited him at home was Darc Regence who had been corrupted by the True Creator.

Alger choked on The Sun's reply. After taking a breath, he reorganized his words.

“That’s not a good thing.

“You won’t be able to rescue the City of Silver just by relying on yourself. You have to unite a group of people, friends who can provide you with help during critical moments.”

“But, this will make them be suspected…” The Sun said hesitantly.

Alger immediately said sternly, “Being suspected is better than being dead.

“The City of Silver is now at a dangerous crossroad. You have to carefully consider what needs to be done.

“It’s impossible for there to be no sacrifices in such matters. There will even be a large number of sacrifices. Do you wish for their sacrifices to be worthless, or to be of value?”

He didn’t provide any further persuading words as he allowed Derrick to inwardly struggle over what he had just said.

Mr. Hanged Man is always able to find a reason to convince someone… Klein sighed and made The World Gehrman Sparrow turn his head to look at Justice Audrey.

“Are you currently able to treat relatively serious mental illnesses?”

His only understanding of a Psychiatrist was Frenzy and Dragon Might. He knew little about the rest, having only heard Miss Justice occasionally mention Placate and Psychological Cue.

Therefore, he wasn't sure how capable she was at treating mental illnesses.

Audrey's attention was caught as she eagerly replied, "Yes I can. There's no problem.

"Mr. World, do you have a friend that requires treatment?"

I happen to lack patients! she thought in excitement.

At this moment, Emlyn raised his right hand and held it to his mouth and nose, as though he already knew the answer.

Klein silently sighed and made The World said with a low chuckle.

"No, I'm the one who needs treatment."

The entire magnificent palace suddenly turned extremely silent.

Alger, Cattleya, and Fors all knew that Mr. World was a crazy adventurer, but they never expected him to have a relatively serious mental illness that brought him to the brink of complete insanity!

This is the price for strength? Fors trembled as she felt increasingly afraid of Gehrman Sparrow.

Communication and reasoning were still possible with a crazy adventurer, but it was impossible with a lunatic!

The Mental Terror Candle wasn't able to fully treat his mental illness? It has already reached such a severe state? Emlyn, who had expected this, felt that The World could go mad at any moment.

Derrick didn't think too much about it, solely feeling concerned for Mr. World. He had wanted to say that the City of Silver had a Psyche Analyst that could provide treatment, but realized that it would expose too many problems. All he could do was shut his mouth as he looked at Miss Justice with an expectant look.

Audrey was alarmed, lost, and puzzled. She said with some deliberation, "Mr. World, based on my observation, you shouldn't have any relatively serious mental illnesses.

"If it's just anxiety and immense pressure, you can condition yourself and properly relax yourself to recover. There's no need for direct treatment."

The World Gehrman Sparrow chuckled and said, "The reason you didn't discover it is because the mental illness from before has been treated.

"I'm only making a reservation. If similar signs appear again in the future, I wish to receive timely treatment."

I see... Audrey nodded in enlightenment.

She suddenly felt a little pity for Mr. World. She felt that this cold Reaper who had killed several Sequence 5s a week was a cold and profound Blessed of Mr. Fool. He was a powerful and fear-inducing Beyonder, but he was also someone whose inner feelings resembled an ordinary person. He was currently suffering from immense stress and was being eaten away by various kinds of negative emotions, slowly walking into an

abyss of pain.

After a few seconds of consideration, Audrey sincerely said, “If you are within my reach, it wouldn’t be a problem.”

After her coming of age ceremony, she had obtained a certain level of autonomy. She could spend her holidays at her parents’ family castle, or stay in East Chester County’s Stoen City on her own. However, this freedom was still limited. She couldn’t head anywhere she wanted. Even in Stoen City, there were many areas she couldn’t visit. This could only be circumvented if she joined certain charitable organizations of the Church of the Evernight Goddess.

“Alright.” Having Grazed a Traveler, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He made The World reply, “You can confirm the location when the time comes and prepare the means to not expose your identity.”

Audrey tersely answered as a scene naturally surfaced in her mind.

She and Mr. World would be in two separate compartments somewhere, with a wall or wooden board in between them as she conversed with him and administered treatment.

In such a situation, Mr. World wouldn’t be able to determine that it’s me. To him, it doesn’t matter as long as he’s treated… This also means that if I can’t make myself available, I can get Susie to do it! Mr. World definitely wouldn’t believe that the one treating him is a dog~! Oh, Susie doesn’t know the existence of the Tarot Club. Unless it’s necessary, I shouldn’t get her to help Mr. World… As Audrey thought, she suddenly felt the joy from thinking up a prank as she went through a great deal of effort in order to stop the corners of her lips from curling up.

After confirming this matter, Klein thought of another problem and got The World to look at Cattleya.

"Can you provide a crate of explosives?"

He believed that as a pirate admiral, she definitely didn't lack the resources in obtaining them!

"Yes. When do you need it?" Cattleya didn't ask why.

With Gehrman Sparrow killing so many Sequence 5s, a crate of explosives was nothing.

"Send it together with Broken Finger." Klein controlled The World to say, "How much will it cost?"

Cattleya replied without minding it, "Just treat it as a freebie for purchasing Broken Finger."

A crate of explosives wasn't expensive at sea. They were even rather cheap.

I like that... The Fool Klein secretly said as he made The World nod and then remind everyone:

"That picture from before—try your best not to recall it or even try to draw it when out in the real world."

Audrey and the other members subconsciously glanced at the other end of the long bronze table and realized that Mr. Fool didn't say anything against it. They immediately turned serious

and didn't dare to be careless.

This also made Cattleya's thoughts of writing to Queen Mystic Bernadette about this matter be placed on hold. She had to consider a suitable method that could avoid influencing factors.

Following that, the free exchange segment slowly came to an end as the area above the gray fog fell silent.

...

Returning back to the Future, Cattleya stood behind the window of the captain's cabin. She was clearly in a dilemma.

Finally, she took a deep breath and exhaled. As she nudged her glasses, she left the captain's cabin and walked to Frank Lee's room.

This first mate had been "chased" to the bottom cabin after the crew's unanimous vote. It was to prevent his experimental products from suddenly spreading.

Frank Lee was rather pleased with this because his new residence was much more spacious. Furthermore, it also suited the condition of a dark environment.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Cattleya came to the bottom cabin and rapped at the door.

"Wait a moment!" Frank Lee shouted a reply. It was unknown what he was busy on.

After a minute, he opened the wooden door with his sleeves rolled up. He asked in puzzlement, “Captain, is there something?”

Cattleya didn’t directly answer him as she used her night vision to peep into the pitch-black interior. She saw blue fish laid on the table with their eyes wide open. From the gap between the scales, green sprouts grew out. Some were already mature with a ear of wheat.

“You succeeded?” Cattleya held back her instinct to take a step back as she asked.

Frank nodded in glee before shaking his head.

“Not yet. But I’ve already made significant progress!

“I’ve crossbred wheat, mushrooms, and a bit of a Rose Bishop’s cells, and I achieved a first-stage product. Placing them in the stomachs of fish, they will be able to absorb the flesh and blood to grow to maturity even without any light.

“But the current issue is that the target is supposed to be monster corpses. There’s a need to prevent the poison and madness accumulated inside to not spread to the food after their flesh and blood is absorbed…

“Also, producing them is a problem. There’s definitely not that many Rose Bishops who are willing to be material. Therefore, there’s a need for them to have the ability to split and absorb flesh and blood themselves…”

After hearing Frank Lee’s description, Cattleya silently nudged

her glasses.

"Will such food begin to absorb flesh and blood and multiply while inside a human's stomach after consumption?"

Frank Lee fell into deep thought. After a few seconds, he said, "In theory, no. Because no one will eat them raw.

"Hmm, I will have to test its activity under high temperatures. No, they still lack the ability to split themselves. It doesn't matter if they have any activity..."

Seeing Frank Lee in his confused state, Cattleya fell into a dilemma again.

After a while, she slowly asked, "I have a channel that allows me to obtain a Druid's Beyonder characteristic. Do you need it?"

"Ah? Of course!" Frank became thrilled. "Many a time, my abilities are what limit my ideas!"

This... I kind of regret it... Cattleya suddenly had such a thought.

Chapter 826: The Thought of Being Forgotten

Monday evening. 160 Böklund Street.

Klein set up a ritual and summoned himself. He planned on investigating the secret hidden in the sewers.

While responding above the gray fog, he was in a dilemma about the card to use—the Black Emperor or the Tyrant card. It was like the selection of clothes before heading out.

In consideration of how Backlund was a place where the Church of Storms was a very powerful faction, and being afraid that he would end up attracting High-Sequence irascible bros, Klein ultimately chose to use the Black Emperor card. He wore a crown and black armor with a cape behind him.

Aside from this Card of Blasphemy, he also brought Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, Senor's gold coin, and Broken Finger, the Marauder pathway's mystical item which Cattleya had given him three hours ago, as well as some ordinary explosives.

Of course, Klein didn't bring the entire crate of explosives. For a Spirit Body, it was just too heavy. He only took out five sticks and left Senor to hold them in his body.

As for Death Knell, he had left it in his room. This was to prevent himself from having the urge to participate in a battle. He had very clear goals, so once he discovered any problems, to avoid danger, he would immediately leave and not stay behind. On the contrary, a powerful weapon would end up making him act bold, making him wish to probe deeper and resolve the matter by

himself.

This is Backlund. It's best that I don't create too great a commotion... As for what's hidden in the sewers, I have no way of being clairvoyant about it. I can only divine whether it will be dangerous... Klein looked at the wall clock in his room, and he confirmed that there was another hour and a half before Hazel took action like she usually did.

His figure suddenly vanished as he passed through the balcony's glass and flew into the streets before entering the sewers.

In the dirty and humid environment, Klein took out a Loen gold coin and made Wraith Senor appear in front of him with his dark red coat and old triangular hat.

Following that, he handed over the tweezers that resembled two ground bone fingers to his marionette.

Just holding it on him for a short period of time had nearly made him steal the sewer's manhole cover.

Senor held Broken Finger and walked ahead. Dressed as the Black Emperor, Klein turned invisible and walked behind, allowing his marionette to open up a gap of at least fifty meters from him.

With this distance between them, he was no longer affected by kleptomania, and as a dead person, Senor also lacked the thoughts of stealing.

He didn't even have any thoughts!

Turning in at the corresponding fork and passing through the hidden door, Wraith Senor held the grayish-white tweezer and appeared inside the half-natural, half-artificial cave.

Unlike before, the oilskin-wrapped tools like shovels had changed positions. The hidden passage on the right had deepened a little.

That was clearly Hazel's main focus.

Right on the heels of that, Klein, who didn't enter the fork, stayed close to the wall of the sewers without touching it, his back facing the target region. He controlled his marionette as he walked deeper into the right passage.

Soon, Senor came to the end.

At this moment, Klein suddenly felt the grayish-white tweezer in his marionette's hand tremble subtly, as though it had been attracted by some unknown object not far away.

The unknown item was deep and profound like a calm ocean. It made it difficult to pry into its exact state.

A characteristic that's alive, much closer to that of a spirit... Klein was only able to determine this as he immediately let Senor use Mirror Leap to return to the half-natural, half artificial cave, onto a shovel that hadn't rusted. He didn't attempt to head deeper underground via the passage.

Then, Senor appeared again, took out the five ordinary sticks of explosives from inside its body, and placed them in different spots.

Every Wraith was a demolition expert!

After doing all of this, Senor's figure phased away, appearing on the surface of the gold coin in Klein's hand.

As he stuffed the gold coin into his body, Klein raised his right hand, in preparation to snap his fingers and trigger the five sticks of explosives!

His idea was very simple. It was to deliver an explosion of a suitable scale in order to destroy Hazel's hard work and traces. It would attract the Nighthawks and resolve everything.

This way, regardless of what was hidden deep in the passage, it wouldn't bring him danger!

In Backlund, knowing how to ingeniously "sound the alarm" was more effective and safer than rashly attacking by himself. This was especially so when Klein wasn't capable of determining that the matter involved a demigod!

I'm such a good citizen! As Klein gave a self-deprecating remark, he prepared to snap his fingers to ignite the explosives.

Suddenly, his head swayed a little as he lowered his arm, as though nothing had happened.

The cautious Klein immediately ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog. Then, he returned to the real world and entered his physical body.

Just as he was about to busy himself to bring back Creeping

Hunger, Senor's gold coin, and the other items from the mysterious space above the gray fog, he frowned slightly.

He seriously recalled the entire process of his late-night exploration when he was alarmed to realize that he had apparently lost a small portion of his "memories."

He didn't remember if he had triggered the five sticks of ordinary explosives!

As he turned his head to sense his surroundings and confirmed that the entire street was very silent, Klein began to believe that he hadn't snapped his fingers.

This is a Beyonder power of a Dream Stealer? It seems to be much stronger than Mobet... If not for the gray fog and my habit of doing an after-action review, I might not have discovered that my thoughts of triggering the explosives were stolen away... The other party might have also snapped his fingers, but without the Flame Controlling powers to work in concert, nothing happened... Klein's expression turned grave as he thought, prepared to make another attempt.

Similarly, to prevent himself from being tracked, he still summoned himself and responded to himself.

With the Black Emperor card, Klein left 160 Böklund Street from another side, deliberately circling two streets away before arriving at the sewer's manhole.

This time, he didn't approach the fork. Staying not far from the manhole, he used his enhanced Flame Controlling to sense the explosive and lifted his right hand.

He raised it and lowered it as Klein rapidly ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog to prevent himself from being attacked by an unknown existence.

Not in a hurry to return to the real world, he sat at the chair of The World, doing a debrief of the entire process.

I forgot to trigger the explosives again… If I didn't force myself to recall this, I wouldn't have even considered such a problem… Truly quite impressive. The one that steered Hazel to the sewers to dig is probably a demigod… Why didn't he directly parasitize Hazel? Could it be due to particular reasons that he's sealed somewhere in the sewers and can only release some of his powers to drive Hazel to help him via a dream? The one that caused Broken Fingers to react abnormally via the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence is also him? He is unable to control the signs in regards to this? Klein thought as he rapped the corner of the long mottled table.

After having a rough guess, he discovered that there was apparently no way of truly carrying out his original plans.

This was because his thoughts would be stolen once he entered the distance in which he could use Flame Controlling to ignite the explosives. Even if he recalled it later, there was no way to make up for it.

Considering how Hazel would be affected by her dream, Klein suspected that the limits to the person's powers didn't stop at the manhole. If he discovered that Hero Bandit Black Emperor was related to Dwayne Dantès, then he would lose his corresponding thoughts and memories even while sleeping in his bedroom.

However, he has no way of locking onto me by passing over the gray fog… Heh, does he think it's so easy to stop me from "sounding the alarm"? Klein thought as he cautiously

summoned a paper figurine and used a tiny amount of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. With the ritual that had yet been terminated, he conjured an angel and forcefully created an interference effect.

After doing this, he carried the Black Emperor card and entered his bedroom with his Door of Summoning.

Klein's new plan was to head to another street, find a random house, and borrow some pen and paper to write: "At the end of the sixth left fork in the Böklund Street sewers, there's a secret passage that's suspected to hide a demigod from the Marauder pathway" or something similar. Then, with the image of Böklund Street, he would plaster the piece of paper on Saint Samuel Cathedral's entrance as a public notice!

Of course, he would politely knock on the door to let the bishops inside sense it to prevent ordinary people from first seeing it.

At times, the most primitive methods are the most effective ones! Just as Klein was about to leave 160 Böklund Street from another area, he suddenly felt a tremor as a deep rumble sounded from afar.

It was ignited? The explosives were ignited? Who did it? Klein paused in surprise.

It was definitely not done by him, as it couldn't have been delayed for so long. And previously, there wasn't anyone in the sewers. Even if there was someone, the thought of igniting the explosives would be stolen away.

Unless a demigod happened to come. But how could it be this coincidental...

There's another possibility. It was done by the demigod from the Marauder pathway... He had repeatedly stolen my thoughts before, preventing me from using Flame Controlling. It was to buy time to leave. Now that it's finally done, he triggered the explosives to destroy all the evidence?

That adheres to logic, as he should know very well that a powerful being whose origins can't be traced cannot be stopped if he insists on "sounding the alarm." The best solution is to drop its tail in order to survive, just like a gecko...

However, if he can leave, why did he steer Hazel into digging the secret passage? Doing so will deal tremendous harm to him? Klein thought of certain possibilities, but he was unable to verify any of them. Furthermore, he was certain that the underground explosion was bound to have already attracted attention. Hence, he immediately left Creeping Hunger and other items behind, terminated the summoning, and returned above the gray fog.

After returning to the real world, he stopped the ritual, cleared the altar, and cleaned all traces before getting into bed.

...

39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel, who didn't sleep at all, was alarmed by the tremors and deep humming sound. She walked to the balcony and drew the curtains to look towards the sewer manhole. However, she didn't notice any anomalies.

After observing for a while, the uncertain her had decided to cancel her operation for the night and sleep in peace.

At this moment, she suddenly heard squeaking as she turned to look at the corner of her balcony.

At some point in time, there was a gray rat sitting there covered in sewage water.

Chapter 827: Plenty of People Coming and Going

Despite getting in bed, Klein didn't manage to sleep until daybreak. This was because he believed that, with most people stirred awake from the commotion underground, him sleeping too soundly without noticing anything would make him suspicious.

Indeed, just as he got out of bed, walked to the balcony, and drew the curtains to pretend to search for the source of the commotion, Walter came knocking at his door. Two servants with double-barreled hunting rifles were assigned to protect their employer to prevent any accidents from happening.

Before long, the police arrived. Based on the descriptions of the residents in the area, they identified the sewers as the target.

As for what they discovered or whether they sought backup from the Nighthawks, the ordinary citizen, Mr. Dwayne Dantès, had no idea.

After confirming that there wouldn't be any more accidents, he sent his butler and servants away and quickly got some sleep.

By the time he woke up again, Böklund Street had been restored to normal. Pedestrians were on the streets, and the carriages were coming and going. The Intis parasol trees that lined the side of the street continued making the area seem tranquil.

"Are the results of the investigation out?" Klein looked at himself in the mirror as he asked Richardson who was helping him smooth his clothes.

Richardson had already inquired about the matter and was waiting for his employer to ask. He immediately replied, “Apparently some gang members were trading firearms in the nearby sewers and accidentally triggered an explosion.”

What a reasonable explanation… Klein didn’t probe deeper, nor did he consider where the demigod of the Marauder pathway who stole away his thoughts went to or if the Nighthawks found him.

Firstly, this was because he believed that the demigod’s action of igniting the explosives would definitely implicate him in a serious manner. If the demigod had the ability or suitable environment to do so, he would have long parasitized Hazel without going through the convoluted and troublesome hassle. This also meant that in the next two to three weeks, or even two to three months, Klein didn’t need to worry about the demigod.

Secondly, if he continued pursuing the matter and pushed the demigod into a corner, Klein had no doubts that he would be harmed as a result. Once the demigod lost all inhibitions and began affecting the surroundings on a large scale. Then, even if he didn’t expose himself, he would suffer the demigod’s attack, as well as implicate the innocent residents along the street.

Apart from the first two reasons, Klein was apprehensive over the matter. If anomalies kept happening in the originally “normal” Böklund Street, it was bound to attract a deeper level of suspicion from the official Beyonders. And all of this happened after Dwayne Dantès moved in. Even if Klein’s body was covered in mouths, there was no way he could explain himself. When the time came, he would have to give up on his plans and reconsider new ones.

I shouldn’t head into the sewers for the time being. There’s probably a trap laid by the official Beyonders… There’s one thing to do… Hmm, take note of Hazel without leaving any clues. I’ll

observe to see if there are any abnormalities about her, and once I discover any dangerous signs, I'll immediately turn into Hero Bandit and put up "advertisements" at Saint Samuel Cathedral... Klein went downstairs to have breakfast with a composed look. After doing so, he returned to his master bedroom and got Richardson to wait by the door. As for himself, he took out the almost torn paper crane from his wallet.

He planned on using it one last time and inform Snake of Fate Will Auceptin of the choices that Admiral of Stars was offering "Him" and if "He" was agreeable or not.

Typically, he could complete such matters by visiting his parents. However, without Dr. Aaron's invitation, and him lacking a sufficient reason to pay a visit, that wasn't the best choice, as it easily made others question his motives. He obviously couldn't tell Dr. Aaron that he wasn't there for him, but for the fetus in his wife's womb.

After carefully unfolding the paper crane, Klein glanced at the pencil marks left on it. His intuition told him that, as long as he used an eraser, the paper would definitely tear.

However, this didn't stump him. He got a black fountain pen and directly wrote on it:

"The other party has made their offer."

The black ink was a lot more obvious than the pencil marks; therefore, although the text overlapped, it didn't affect anyone from recognizing the words written on it.

There are always more solutions than problems... Klein nodded in satisfaction as he folded the unfolded piece of paper according to its crease marks.

This time, he suspected that unfolding it again would result in it tearing.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Ever since the Tarot Gathering ended, Derrick was like a petrified statue who sat by his bed, motionless.

After an unknown period of time, he was “awakened” by the noise on the streets outside. However, the feeling that he was still in a nightmare continued enveloping him. It made his footsteps towards the window appear especially heavy.

God might already be dead... God might not return again... Such thoughts kept resounding inside Derrick’s mind as he felt an irresistible sense of despair and pain.

Back when he had to kill his parents with his own hands, he had already suspected if God would return or show “His” blessings to his forsaken People of the Dark. He later thought of relying on Mr. Fool, allowing himself to become the true Sun and help the people of the City of Silver to escape their cursed fates. However, having been educated from a young age and the environment constantly affecting him, he still looked forward to the return of the Creator. He held expectations that sacrifices and the repentance of the City of Silver would earn them a response.

And now, all his hopes had been dashed. The tiny sliver of hope that was left had now been engulfed by the darkness.

The City of Silver will continue in this state until it disappears into

the darkness. There will be no one remembering that we once existed and struggled... Derrick cast his gaze out the window and saw many of his neighbors gathered together. They were praying and seeking forgiveness from the Lord that created everything.

This wasn't a ritual organized by the six-member council, but a tradition that took form in the City of Silver after two to three thousand years. They would pray for almost anything—good developments, unstable emotions, an injury in the family, and the birth of new life.

Lightning streaked across the sky and illuminated the streets. Derrick stood motionless in the darkness of his room, staring outside in a daze. Unknowingly, he clenched his fists.

By the time his neighbors dispersed, he finally retracted his gaze, his expressions somewhat warped.

He reached out to touch Thunder God's Roar as his gaze gradually focused. He planned on following Mr. Hanged Man's advice to befriend others to help him.

Soon, he felt a little stumped because he had no idea how to make friends. Nor did he know how to warmly greet others or find a topic of conversation.

This was in violation of his own character.

After some thought, Derrick decided to head to the training field and use combat to reestablish ties with people he was familiar with in the past. That was a gathering ground for the residents of the City of Silver where he often met people he found familiar.

...

It was late at night once again. Klein once again saw the pitch-black steeple and desolate plains in his dream as he had desired.

Passing through one obstacle after another, he arrived at the region with the scattered tarot cards. A black pram was already waiting there.

Will Auceptin, who was wrapped in silver silk, asked with a bright voice, “What are the choices?”

You are being very proactive this time... What happened to your reservation as a Sequence 1? However, kids are like that. It’s good that you maintain such a state of mind... Klein silently chuckled as he said, “Two choices. Choose either one.

“One, it’s to take one look at the Wheel of Fortune card. Two, it’s the method to regain a certain amount of strength during your weak stages.”

Will Auceptin fell silent for a second and chuckled.

“So it’s Bernadette on the other side.

“My intuition was right after all. I’ll be able to obtain something good this time.”

Following that, he asked, “Which choice do you think I’ll choose?”

Klein's subconscious idea was: *I have a chance of posing a question once.* Then, he said with a self-deprecating laugh, "Two."

Will Auceptin tsked and said, "Do I look like a Mythical Creature that doesn't have such methods?

"I've already restarted so many times. I definitely have the right state of mind to make preparations!"

Reasonable… Klein nodded and said, "You wish to take a look at the Wheel of Fortune card? Or do you want them to switch the choices?"

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, "I choose two."

"…"

Klein's expression froze.

Will Auceptin smiled and said, "Knowing one more method means one more trump card. Isn't that the right thing to do?"

Yes, whatever you say is right… Klein replied in exasperation, "Alright. When can you complete the transaction?"

Will Auceptin waved his short arms and said, "Of course it's when I'm born and have the placenta blood!

"This will probably be in early July, but it might be brought forward."

Having said that, he relaxed his limbs as he chuckled.

"I wouldn't mind it either if they wish to hand me the method ahead of time."

"They?" Klein subconsciously asked, unsure how the Snake of Mercury knew that it was "they" and not "her"—Queen Mystic, Bernadette.

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said indiscernibly, "Bernadette has already passed that stage. The stage... that needs a drop of Mythical Creature blood... is likely being prepared... for her subordinate."

Is that the case... Ma'am Hermit needs it? Klein asked thoughtfully, "What is that drop of Mythical Creature blood for? The main ingredient of some potion?"

He connected it to the fact that a drop of divine blood from the Eternal Blazing Sun could be used for the Unshadowed potion's main ingredient.

"No, isn't it suicidal for other pathways to consume the blood of a Fate pathway Mythical Creature?" Will Auceptin said with a scoff. "I heard that to advance from Sequence 5 to Sequence 4 for the Mystery Pryer pathway, there's a need to completely analyze a drop of a Mythical Creature's blood and, from there, obtain complicated and massive amounts of knowledge. This is part of the ritual. As the Mythical Creature blood used is different, what they will be proficient at during the Mysticologist stage will also differ."

To think that's possible... The rituals of the different pathways and different Sequences all have their unique traits... Klein bowed in enlightenment and said, "Thank you for your answer."

Will Auceptin waved his hand and said, “Stop disturbing me. Letting me be born in peace is the greatest form of gratitude!”

Without waiting for Klein to answer, “He” added, “Giving me that method doesn’t count!”

With that said, the black pram retreated and entered the shadows before vanishing.

Klein watched the surrounding walls collapse as he silently heaved a sigh of relief. He planned on escaping to sleep again.

At this moment, he froze because he discovered a new power infiltrating his dream.

Another one is coming just after one left. This is more lively than in the day! As Klein changed the dream according to his wishes, he pretended to look around in a daze.

Chapter 828: Movement of the Night

Klein had set the dream to be that of 160 Böklund Street. He produced many beauties that circled around Dwayne Dantès. He did this to perfectly create the image of a knowledgeable and experienced tycoon who could only let go in his dreams while holding back in the real world to uphold his reputation.

Sitting on a sofa and receiving a cup of red wine from a young lady, Klein found his surroundings suddenly change before he could even taste it. It turned from his brightly-lit villa filled with elegant beauties to a dark, humid, and dirty sewer.

Following that, he saw five familiar explosives in his hands.

Aren't these the ones I placed earlier? Klein was first taken aback as he pretended to jump in fright, throwing away the explosives as he looked around warily.

Noticing that there weren't any other abnormalities, he retreated one step at a time until he felt his way to an upright metallic ladder. He decisively climbed up, moved the manhole cover away, and left the sewer.

As he returned to Böklund Street, his dream shattered as he woke up.

Klein opened his eyes and found himself in a dark room. As he looked at the ceiling adorned in gold, he recalled his encounter.

This was done by that Marauder pathway's demigod?

He escaped the pursuit of the Nighthawks and is still hiding nearby. As he's afraid that the Black Emperor who exposed his whereabouts would appear again, he began steering dreams to seek out his target?

Very possible! If it wasn't because I can maintain my reason and lucidity when others infiltrate my dreams, I might have been driven by my subconscious to place the explosives again. After all, this is something I've done before, and the memory is still fresh in my mind…

Thankfully, I concluded the principle that a Marionettist should try to hide behind the scenes. Be it my exploration of the sewers, or meeting with Trissy, I had relied on my marionette. Even if it's because of the distance, I didn't choose to do it personally and had instead used my Spirit Body with the gray fog as a proxy while carrying items that can interfere with the prying of secrets and divination, making it impossible to determine who is the true mastermind. I would have long been discovered and targeted. Even if I didn't die, I would have to flee Backlund in a pathetic manner.

Upon thinking of this, Klein felt relieved. In the beginning, he wasn't certain of the secret hidden in the sewers. He had never expected it to be a demigod, but he had abided by the Marionettist's principles and followed his strict requirements. Hence, he avoided the tragic outcome of having his "act" exposed.

Backlund really is a dangerous place. Any mistake can result in trouble… As Klein reflected over the matter, he felt that his Marionettist potion had unknowingly digested a little.

After he composed himself, he chuckled inwardly.

It appears that demigod is still in Böklund Street. He's probably hiding in Hazel, or maybe even by her side.

Heh heh, if that demigod had infiltrated my dream a minute or two earlier, he would've met Snake of Fate Will Auceptin. Although this Sequence 1 angel is still in a weak phase, that's only relative to other angels like Ouroboros. Faced with a sneaky demigod who can't even parasitize Hazel, there likely won't be any trouble. Ignoring the other powers, just revealing a full Mythical Creature state would be enough to deal tremendous damage to a demigod who's equally weak.

I dare to bet that Will Auceptin must have sensed it ahead of time to choose that time window to come out; thus, successfully avoiding an encounter with any other demigods.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to make that Marauder demigod understand how dangerous it is to randomly infiltrate dreams in Backlund… Leonard definitely knows this very well…

Klein reined in his thoughts and pretended as though nothing had happened. With Cogitation, he fell asleep again.

It was only when the sun rose high in the sky that he woke up naturally. He sat up, transformed into Gehrman Sparrow, and prayed, "…Please inform Ma'am Hermit that the angel has accepted the method to regain a certain amount of strength during one's weak stages. 'He' has agreed to complete the transaction in late June or early July.

"You can also ask Bernadette about when I can meet her."

After completing the prayer, Klein transformed back into Dwayne Dantès, got out of bed, and entered the bathroom to wash up.

After brushing his teeth and washing his face; thus, becoming abnormally alert, he took four steps counterclockwise and

headed above the gray fog. He then threw the scene of the prayer into the crimson star representing The Hermit.

...

On the docked Future, Cattleya watched Frank Lee step on the dock while filled with anticipation. He planned on finding some place to sell his items and save up 8,000 pounds to purchase the Druid Beyonder characteristic. She couldn't help but raise her hand to her forehead, feeling an inexplicable lack of confidence.

Although she believed that she could suppress Frank Lee, even if he was a Druid, thanks to her strength, mysticism knowledge, and mystical items, just the thought of his strange ideas, as well his terrifying ability to put them into action, made her feel that the problem wasn't that simple. She didn't wish for a watermelon to grow on her head or participate in the Tarot Gathering above the gray fog while covered with ears of wheat.

Thankfully, he still doesn't have the Druid potion formula. For now, I don't have to worry about him advancing to Sequence 5... Cattleya nudged her glasses as she comforted herself.

At this moment, an illusory fog emanated in front of her as Gehrman Sparrow's voice sounded in her ears.

That angel agreed? Cattleya's expression softened as she couldn't help smiling.

Once she obtained that drop of Mythical Creature blood, it meant that she was very close to the realm of a demigod!

She already had the Mysticologist potion formula. She has also

completed the necessary conditions to exchange for a main ingredient from the Moses Ascetic Order. She also knew of the channel to obtain the other main ingredient, as well as the method to obtain it.

I just need to wait until July. July… Cattleya pursed her lips as her gaze penetrated the thick glasses while she surveyed her captain's cabin.

…

Thursday afternoon. Just as Klein finished a class on ancient literature, he heard the illusory, stacked pleas.

After heading above the gray fog, he discovered that the supplicant was The Hermit Cattleya.

Admiral of Stars had requested Mr. Fool to inform The World that Queen Mystic had agreed to his request. If he was in Backlund, they could meet near the entrance of the bridge on the south bank of the Tussock River at eleven in the evening.

Bernadette is still in Backlund… Klein conjured Gehrman Sparrow and gave a confirmatory answer.

At 10:58 p.m., he entered his bathroom and took out a paper figurine from his pocket.

Pa!

Klein shook it and made the paper figurine turn into a Dwayne Dantès who sat on the toilet with a book in hand as though he

was daydreaming.

Then, he shortened himself by about four centimeters. His face turned thin as his facial contours became more pronounced. He had transformed into Gehrman Sparrow.

Right on the heels of that, the glove on his left hand turned transparent as countless illusory figures appeared within.

Following that, Klein saw the surrounding colors saturate before turning well-separated and stacked. His body then phased away from the real world.

He quickly traversed the spirit world, and, based on his location, kept adjusting his trajectory. In just a few seconds, he appeared at the south bank of the Tussock River where the Backlund Bridge entrance was.

At that moment, it was already late at night. There was no one on the bridge, and it was extremely silent. The only thing that could be seen was a platoon of soldiers guarding the bridge a short distance away.

Klein was just about to find Queen Mystic Bernadette's traces when he suddenly saw green pea vines droop down from the sky, interweaving to form a lush forest.

This "forest" didn't have a peak as the veins formed different paths that either intersected or spiraled before extending high into the sky.

Klein was taken aback for a second as he casually found a pea vine and hung over a tiny trail in midair before taking steps

forward.

After an unknown period of time, he saw that the green plants were connected to a seat that resembled a hammock. It was gently shaking above him.

Queen Mystic was sitting there, wearing a white Intis-styled shirt and a dark-black jacket. By her waist was a thin rapier. Other than not wearing a triangular hat, she was dressed like a standard pirate captain.

She didn't only reveal her black leather boots like she did back when she interacted with Sherlock Moriarty in Backlund. At that moment, her chestnut hair cascaded down as her blue and deep eyes looked over. She gently said without any emotion, "Thank that existence behind you on my behalf."

So you are still quite respectful towards The Fool. Hmm, the few answers I previously gave her had likely resolved some of her confusion… With the "mask" of Gehrman Sparrow on, Klein politely replied, "Alright."

Bernadette's eyes didn't shift as she continued looking at him.

"Is there something this time?"

Klein paused for a second as he said the words he had already prepared, "I wish to receive your help in reproducing the prolonged state of being contaminated by the core seal's power behind Chanis Gate of the Church of Evernight."

As he spoke, Klein made Wraith Senor appear beside him.

Bernadette looked deeply at the upright Admiral of Blood. Without asking Gehrman Sparrow how he knew that she had the means, she calmly said, “The core seals in the different cathedrals of the Church of Evernight are different. The state of contamination will also be different.

“Is it the Evernight pathway, the Death pathway, or something else?

“Is it a main diocese cathedral, or a typical central cathedral in a city?”

She had directly eliminated the option of the Church of Evernight’s headquarters, the Cathedral of Serenity. This was because even a King of Angels wouldn’t cast “Their” sights on it.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “Diocese cathedral. Evernight pathway.”

Bernadette nodded gently and said, “Then, I can allow him to suffer the corresponding contamination, but doing so will basically destroy this marionette of yours. It can still be used normally in the beginning, but with the passage of time, the contamination will worsen. He will slowly fall asleep, never to awaken.”

“Can the time it takes for the complete contamination be pushed back?” Klein asked, holding back the pain of potentially losing a marionette.

Senor was one of the most valuable assets he had!

Bernadette said with a calm expression, “Two months is the

limit."

Klein struggled inwardly for two seconds before replying in a deadpan manner, "Alright."

He then pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

"Thank you for your help."

Bernadette didn't say a word as she retracted her gaze. She extended her right hand as words that were written in Jotun, Dragonese, Elvish, and ancient Hermes appeared in midair.

These words interwove into strange symbols with a star-like radiance, as though they were opening a secret door that led deep into the spirit world.

With the secret door opened, a gust of wind blew, conjuring the upper body of a man that was covered in white cloth.

"Sleep Bugle," Bernadette said gently but sternly.

The man who had a torso and wind for his bottom replied reverently, pulling out a human skull from the white cloth.

The skull's eye sockets were deeply recessed and dark; It was impossible to see the bottom. The rest of the skull was covered with holes of different shapes and cracks. It was white like a piece of jade.

Bernadette took the Sleep Bugle and glanced at Gehrman

Sparrow.

“Go back at least fifty meters.”

Klein didn’t ask why as he left Senor in his original spot, and he quickly distanced himself along the pea vine path.

After exceeding fifty meters, he suddenly heard a distant and serene melody that was filled with sorrow and gloom.

Subconsciously, Klein looked up at the area covered by the pea vines. Bernadette was sitting with her back slightly hunched. Her chestnut hair was fluttering as her head was bowed. She had placed the human skull to her mouth, letting the orifices produce an air stream that appeared like the orchestrated movement of the night.

The movement brought with it the power of calmness and faint melancholy. Bit by bit, it spread out without alarming the soldiers guarding the bridge beyond the pea vine forest.

Klein stood there and listened seriously when he suddenly had a pining for home.

That was home, something that a traveler who had been drifting for a long period of time yearned for the most but was unable to touch.

Chapter 829: Arrival of June

In the dark night, and within the green vine forest, Klein closed his eyes as he listened to that musical movement that was emitted from the sky.

He felt calm in both body and mind, but he felt a faint sense of depression and sadness grow, emanate, and resonate.

After an unknown period of time, the soothing melody finally disappeared as the hanging pea vines gently swayed in the night wind.

Klein sighed silently as he opened his eyes and looked up. He saw that Queen Mystic Bernadette had handed over the orifice-filled human skull back to the "servant" that was half-man, half-wind.

"It's done." Bernadette's gentle and calm voice sounded.

"Thank you for your help." Klein bowed once again as he controlled Wraith Senor to return to his side.

At this moment, the pea vines retracted upwards and slowly turned faint. Soon, the green forest vanished.

Klein and Senor simultaneously landed at the entrance to the bridge. There was no one around this silent area, apart from a platoon of soldiers whose backs were facing him. There was nothing different from before.

The fairytale-like scene from before was like an illusion.

Only then did Klein have the time to observe his marionette. He discovered that his marionette appeared more like a dead man than before. His face was pale and his aura cold. He gave off an obvious sense of gloom.

This is likely the result of a single high-dosage of contamination… If it's just guarding Chanis Gate for one to two times a week, with each duty happening during the day, it wouldn't be this serious. It's impossible that two months is the limit… If that's the case, even if it's the church of an orthodox deity, it won't be able to afford such losses… I expect a normal Keeper to live for several years, or even more than ten years. However, it's easy to mutate midway and lose control… Sigh, they likely already know of the outcome when they chose to become Keepers… Klein felt poignant as he made Senor project himself onto the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Following that, he used Traveling to head out to sea. After selecting food for Creeping Hunger, he returned to his master bedroom's bathroom in 160 Böklund Street.

…

5th June. Sunday. Inside the Hall family castle.

Audrey was sitting in front of a study desk as she admired the sight of the mystical item she had just acquired.

Its outer appearance was that of a black fishnet glove that reached the elbow. It appeared to be a product of the royal family that came with a sense of magnificence and elegance.

This was the item the Artisan had made after some time, using the Mentor of Disorder Beyonder characteristic she had obtained from The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Audrey had previously asked her father, Earl Hall, and obtained the answer: “You can buy it and use it for yourself. Having such filial thoughts is already good enough.” Hence, she specially instructed Mr. Hanged Man to get the Artisan to make it into an item that could be carried around by a lady.

This also made her suspect if her father had better mystical items, or if the Church of the Goddess provided him rather high-level protection.

Based on The Hanged Man’s description, this fishnet glove gave the wearer several Beyonder powers.

One of them was the enhancement of one’s dignity and body, making surrounding beings lower their own standing to submit themselves without realizing it.

Another was Distort, the ability to distort a target’s words, actions, and intent. It allowed one to formulate a certain order that provided them with an advantage.

The third was Bribe, which bribed them via a symbolic gesture. It allowed the target to feel a great sense of fondness, making it difficult to have any thoughts of animosity or even wish to fight the wearer. If the conditions were suitable, the person who received the “Bribe” had an extremely small chance of attacking their companions. Audrey heard from Mr. World that this was one type of “Bribe” Beyonder powers that was known as Bribe—Charm.”

The last was to produce a “Disorder” effect on a target or

surrounding area, making it difficult for attacks to land on the wearer, and making the enemy easily "choose" to make the wrong judgment.

Audrey was very satisfied with these effects. However, what vexed her was that the Artisan's level was lacking. The Sequence 5 mystical item he created had relatively serious negative side effects.

First, it would make the wearer's psyche slowly grow dark, making them often wish to take shortcuts, use schemes, or dishonorable methods to complete matters. Second, the wearer would enter a state of Disorder after wearing it for more than three minutes. Audrey had tried it previously, and she had made a mistake without realizing it when she was bathing.

The normal procedure was to let her maidservant fill the bathtub with water and adjust the temperature before she took off her clothes, enter the bathtub, and then finish washing up. However, Audrey had first entered the bathtub, filled it with cold water, and waited until her clothes were wet before she remembered to take them off.

The only thing she was thankful about was that she had eventually controlled herself and hadn't called her lady's maid in to witness such an embarrassing matter.

This makes me feel like a curly-haired baboon! Audrey thought in embarrassment and anger.

She found the first negative effect acceptable because she was a Psychiatrist. She could often check on herself and eliminate her dark thoughts. Furthermore, she had Susie to provide her with help as an onlooker. However, the second negative effect was completely unacceptable.

The second negative effect is just too problematic. All I can do is bring it with me. I'll wear it at critical moments. Ah, right, I still have Lie. It will amplify my emotions, so combined with the glove, it will only worsen the darkness in my heart. The current me might not be able to withstand it… Audrey's green eyes darted around as she tried thinking of a solution.

At this moment, she heard knocking at the door.

Her maidservant, Annie, said from the outside, "Miss Audrey, the Lord wishes to talk to you about something."

Audrey left the black fishnet glove on the door as she stood up and came to the door to open it.

Earl Hall, who didn't wear a coat at home except for a shirt and matching vest, touched his beautiful beard and said with a chuckle, "Are you not ready? We'll be returning to Backlund in a while.

"Tomorrow night will be your 18th birthday party."

As he spoke, Earl Hall looked at Annie and company, indicating that they should retreat.

"Sigh, it's the annual socializing season again." Audrey nodded, feigning her maturity.

Earl Hall glanced at his daughter and asked with a laugh, "Have you thought of how you can make use of that item yet?"

Audrey pursed her lips into a smile.

“Of course.

“I plan on folding it up and putting it into a bag. Susie will carry it.”

This way, as she didn’t wear it or use it, Susie wouldn’t find herself in any situation of disorder and confusion, and its dark psychological problems could be treated by Audrey with Placate. More importantly, without Lie’s amplification, Susie, who was also a Psychiatrist, could also check on herself inwardly and regulate her mental state from time to time.

Earl Hall was taken aback as he praised with a surprised smile, “That’s a smart solution.”

Audrey felt smug, but she said in a reserved manner, “I plan on calling it the Hand of Horror.”

“Dear Earl, thank you for the birthday present~”

In a few more days, I can concoct the potion and attempt an advancement! Audrey added inwardly in joy.

…

Sunday night. 160 Böklund Street.

Klein stood on his balcony as he peeped at the street through the gap in the curtains. He couldn’t help but feel somewhat nervous.

If nothing unexpected happened, he planned on beginning his

plan of stealing the Antigonus family's notebook in a while.

With Queen Mystic Bernadette's help, he had made his marionette enter a contaminated state. From his frequent visits to the cathedral for praying, bible studies, and donations, he had figured out the Keepers' duty roster. There was only one thing left that was necessary for the preparations of Klein's theft.

That was to secretly replace his target without anyone noticing it!

Based on Klein's understanding of the situation, the Keepers would head underground at daybreak. And it was during such times when the cathedral remained close. To directly infiltrate inside ran the risk of being discovered by a demigod like the diocese's archbishop. It could be said that there was no chance of success.

Therefore, Klein's plan was to infiltrate the cathedral one day earlier and patiently wait for an opportunity.

This undoubtedly needed a sufficient disguise, but this didn't stump a Faceless.

After a observing for some time, Klein discovered that the Church held a major Mass on Sunday night. This was because Sunday and the night were symbols for the Goddess.

And after the Mass ended, the servants would be busy clearing the trash and throwing them outside.

Klein's plan was to seize this opportunity to knock a servant unconscious and enter the cathedral while disguised as the

servant before sleeping in the servants' quarters.

For this, he had even purchased a dosage that was able to let a person fall into a deep sleep for ten hours without causing any physical harm. He bought it from Emlyn for five pounds.

Phew… After a few minutes, Klein slowly exhaled as he drew the curtains. He walked back to his bedroom, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's chair, he thought in silence for a minute before conjuring a pen and paper. He wrote the divination statement: "This theft of the Antigonus family's notebook will be dangerous."

After putting down the dark red fountain pen, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist. Using his left hand to hold the chain, he let the topaz hang down over the paper in close proximity with it.

He entered Cogitation, closed his eyes, and silently chanted the divination statement. After repeating it seven times, he slowly opened his eyes and saw the spirit pendulum spinning clockwise with an ordinary amplitude and frequency.

There's danger, but it's within an acceptable range… Klein quickly made an interpretation.

In fact, he was a little worried if his divination was being interfered with, just like how the Mother Tree of Desire had done so. However, he had no way of verifying it, much less falsify the possibility.

Therefore, when the divination outcome, plans, and preparations satisfied the required conditions, Klein had made up his mind.

He looked at the hanging topaz that slowly came to a halt. In Chinese, he said in a heavy voice, “A strung bow is poised to strike.”

Before he finished his sentence, Klein let his spirituality envelop himself as he simulated the feeling of falling, and he returned to the real world.

This time, he planned on only bringing three items with him—Creeping Hunger, Senor’s gold coin, and Azik’s copper whistle. The characteristic they had in common was that they could be stored inside an iron cigar case. He could use Paper Angel and a wall of spirituality to provide a double layer of screening.

As for the other items, there was a high chance that they couldn’t pass through Chanis Gate, as they could easily trigger an anomaly at the core seal. Therefore, Klein had left the rest of his items, as well as his money, above the gray fog, prepared to immediately flee if anything went wrong.

It’s just that the 3% Coim Company shares worth 12,800 pounds is tied to Dwayne Dantès’s identity… Klein quickly reined in his thoughts, picked up a mirror, and placed it on the pillow.

Following that, he drew the mysterious symbol used for summoning Arrodes.

Chapter 830: Infiltration

The mirror on Klein's pillow glowed with an aqueous luster as silver points of light gathered to form Loenese words:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service!"

Klein stood beside the bed and looked at the mirror before calmly asking, "Where is the Antigonus family's notebook located behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate?"

He wanted to confirm the location so that he could directly head for his target and complete his plan in the shortest time possible. Through this, he could avoid all kinds of accidents.

Silver text distorted and changed on the mirror's surface, forming a new line of text:

"It's a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It will be on the right in basement two. I can't see anything more specific."

Klein tersely acknowledged as he said, "It's your turn to ask."

Arrodes immediately dispersed the silver words and presented a new question:

"What other instructions do you have?"

If this were any other time, Klein definitely would've secretly tsked, but his high-strung mind made him nod.

"Just watch over my illusion like before to deal with any accidents."

"Alright, Master!" Arrodes didn't hesitate to give an answer as it hurriedly added, "I-I will hold back my instincts. I swear to you, the great ruler above the spirit world!"

Klein nodded gently, took two steps forward, and made the mirror look like Dwayne Dantès.

The image became clearer and bigger until it looked real.

After some slight adjustments, Klein made it lie in bed as though it was already sleeping.

At this moment, he saw Dwayne Dantès turned his head over and smile at him with a toady look. At the same time, he reached out his hands and pulled the blanket towards his head.

"..."

Without a word, Klein transformed into the cold and crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, as Creeping Hunger on his left hand turned transparent.

His body rapidly phased away as he Traveled to the other end of Phelps Street where Saint Samuel Cathedral was. Following that, he walked to the square filled with pigeons in the day, and he hid himself in a corner under the guise of the shadows.

A short while later, a batch of believers who had attended Mass came out of the cathedral. Before long, servants began leaving the cathedral with all sorts of miscellaneous items, walking to the trash bins in an alley. A number of people were dealing with the feces that was found at the spot where the carriages parked at.

At this moment, a servant's body suddenly trembled before he bowed his head. He seriously began cleaning the area, and he even proactively walked towards the square as though he wanted to clean the trash there. He slowly opened up a distance from the others until he came to a shadowy area.

When the other servants stopped placing their attention on him, a hand suddenly outlined itself and reached out of the void, grabbing him by the shoulder and causing his body to phase away into nothingness.

Klein had directly Traveled to a cheap two-bedroom condominium in East Borough. He had Teleported over a few days ago with another identity to rent it.

A Traveler's ability is really convenient. The only problem is that I need to have a pirate sacrifice his life every time... Klein lampooned to relieve his anxiety as he made the servant lie in bed. Then, he took out a long metal vial and threw it at him.

The servant caught it and pulled out the stopper before gulping down the soporific medicine in it. In a few seconds, he fell into a deep slumber as Senor surfaced to the side.

Klein observed the servant on the bed as his body suddenly softened like he had transformed into a slime monster.

However, he didn't collapse into a pool. After some swaying, he

instantly shortened his height by fifteen centimeters as his skin darkened in color. His facial features moved, and soon, he had transformed into the servant.

And at this moment, Senor had already taken off the servant's clothes.

Without wasting any time, Klein quickly changed into those clothes and moved the items from the iron cigar case over.

Picking up the broom and surveying the area before confirming that there weren't any problems, he made Senor return to the gold coin before Klein lowered his left arm and spread his fingers. He watched as Creeping Hunger produced an indescribable transparency effect.

After teleporting back to the shadowy corner, Klein bent his back and began cleaning the area seriously. Step by step, he approached the busy servants but maintained a distance from them to prevent anyone from chatting with him which would increase his chances of being exposed.

After about thirty minutes, the servants gathered together and entered Saint Samuel Cathedral and turned into a side door.

At a distance away from the priests, a servant stretched his arms and said, "How tiring."

Klein pretended to look uninterested in the conversation due to his fatigue as he tersely nodded without participating in the conversation.

Soon, they returned to the servants' quarters. It comprised of two

rather big rooms, with many bunk beds inside. Beside each bed was a wardrobe and chest.

Klein was immediately at a loss. He didn't know whether to head left or right.

Thankfully, he was a Seer. He could solely rely on his spiritual intuition on matters that didn't involve Beyonders or mysterious domains. Furthermore, he was still holding onto a broom. Hence, he pretended to have his hand slip and secretly did a Dowsing Rod Seeking. He received a revelation that he should head right.

When he entered the room on the right, Klein deliberately slowed down a little, observing the actions of the other servants. Then, he mimicked them by placing the broom in the region behind the door. Then, he went outside to the common bathroom to wash his face, rinse his mouth, and wash his feet.

After he completed all of this in a slow manner, the bed that belonged to him revealed itself—the bed that wasn't occupied.

Lying in bed, Klein finally felt relieved as he secretly sighed in relief.

The servants were all exhausted and before long, they fell asleep, producing a symphony of snores.

Klein maintained his consciousness and very slowly removed Creeping Hunger. Folding it up into a tiny shape, he stuffed it inside the iron cigar case, putting it together with Azik's copper whistle and Senor's gold coin.

Seconds turned to minutes as he found it impossible to sleep due to anxiety. All he could do was rely on Cogitation to force himself to sleep for a few hours.

He woke up at a specific time and released Senor.

This marionette's cold aura rapidly melded with the surroundings as the Spirit Body Threads collapsed inwardly, gradually turning black without any origins.

It can still be controlled... Klein nodded indiscernibly and made the Wraith use the stained glass windows high above and the bright stone floor tiles to arrive at the staircase that led to the Keepers above.

He believed that if Senor hadn't been contaminated ahead of time, making Chanis Gate's core seal think of it as one of its own, it definitely would've reacted and cleansed it.

How could a Wraith have the ability to move freely in an orthodox Church's cathedral!

And due to the "tacit approval" from the core seal and the disruption from the Paper Angel, the demigod-level archbishop that lived somewhere in the cathedral wasn't alerted!

Under Klein's control, and using the sensations from the contamination, the invisible Senor slowly walked to the second floor before turning left and finding the residence of the Keepers.

It's Monday tomorrow... This week's Monday shift is likely done by the Keeper I met first... Klein had long figured out the roster, so he made the dark-red coated Wraith stealthily pass through

the wooden door and float into different rooms to identify the target.

As there were only a few people inside, he quickly found the pale elder with loose facial skin, sparse hair, and a big nose

Senor immediately took out a sedative vial and placed it to the side. Then, before the Keeper sensed anything, it possessed him!

The Keeper, who was in deep sleep, lost control over his body before he could even wake up to resist. All he could do was open his grayish-blue eyes and watch himself slowly pick up the vial and pull off the stopper. Then, he downed the liquid inside.

His body convulsed abnormally as his organs seemed to be engaged in a violent struggle. After a full minute, he slowly went limp and closed his eyes again, entering a dreamless sleep.

After doing all of this, Senor left the body of the Keeper and used all kinds of mirror surfaces to leap back to the servants' quarters before entering Klein's body.

Klein immediately emitted a cold, dead, and distant aura. Even showing an expression appeared to be difficult.

He slowly got out of bed and silently left the servants' quarters. In the shadows and murals that weren't illuminated by the moonlight, he walked to the second floor and entered the target's room.

Standing by the bedside, Klein, whilst in the appearance of a servant, slowly grew taller as his hair turned gray and sparse while his nose enlarged significantly.

In just a few seconds, he looked identical to the Keeper who just drank the sedative. Even his aura was identical.

Changing into the black clergyman's coat that was placed to the side, Klein moved the Keeper's and servant's clothes underneath the bed and laid down as he kept note of the time.

At half-past five, he woke up ahead of time, finishing the white bread he had prepared the night before and drank a cup of water. He then looked quietly out the window.

Just as day broke, Klein maintained his deadpan state and walked out the door. He went to the first floor, and following the path he had previously verified, he took a left turn.

After walking for a moment, he wasn't surprised to see a priest.

This was his experience as a former Nighthawk; therefore, Klein wasn't too worried that he couldn't find the path.

The priest stood outside a secret door that led underground. As he raised his right hand, he tapped four times clockwise on his chest and said, "May the Goddess bless you."

"Praise the Lady," Klein replied hoarsely and similarly drew a crimson moon.

He didn't stay any longer and walked past the priest. Under the lamps that lined the walls, he walked down the staircase and arrived at the crossroads.

Based on his understanding of his environment, Klein believed

that turning right would leave the cathedral, and it would likely lead to the disguised security company or other organization belonging to the Nighthawks. Therefore, he didn't hesitate to turn left.

At that moment, he saw a man wearing a Red Glove walk over.

The casually dressed man had black hair and green eyes with handsome looks. He was none other than Leonard Mitchell.

Chapter 831: Just Inches Away

Upon seeing Leonard, Klein's back muscles instantly stiffened. His nerves tensed up like a fully-drawn bow that could snap at any moment.

He remembered very clearly that Leonard had a Marauder pathway angel, Pallez Zoroast, parasitizing him. "He" could sense the uniqueness about his body and, from that, see through his disguise.

If that Grandpa were to inform Leonard of the problem with the Keeper in front of him, that would be troublesome. I'll just have to hope that my dear poet is afraid that his secret will be exposed and that he would feign ignorance... Back in Tingen, although he often said that everyone has their secrets and that there's no need to worry about it, that's all regarding matters pertaining to the Church. Who knows if he suddenly feels the need to uphold justice and decides to be loyal and take the risk to expose me. After all, this matter is very similar with Ince Zangwill's... At that moment, Klein's forehead nearly broke out into a sweat.

To be frank, he never expected to encounter Leonard while heading to Chanis Gate because he was a Red Glove and not an ordinary Nighthawk. There was no need for him to be on duty, so there wasn't a need for him to be here at that moment in time.

However, Klein immediately thought of a crucial point.

The one who could detect his uniqueness was Pallez Zoroast and not Leonard Mitchell. The former's attitude was more important!

The Grandpa knows that I know of "His" existence. Once "He" exposes my disguise and pushes me into a corner, "He" has to be prepared to be exposed by me. When the time comes, we will definitely be trading blows with each other, benefiting no one. And for an angel from the Marauder pathway who doesn't believe in the Goddess, there's no need for that... If I were "Him," I would pretend that nothing had happened. I wouldn't even remind Leonard Mitchell, leaving my safety to be decided by my host... As he quickly cleared his train of thought, Klein composed himself and walked over towards the red-gloved Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard indifferently looked at the Keeper with grizzled sparse hair. He couldn't help but raise his right hand to cover his mouth and yawn.

He has nothing better to do because he doesn't sleep at night, so he'd gone to the duty room to play cards with the person on duty? What a perfect Sleepless... Klein roughly understood the reason for the Red Glove poet appearing.

He recalled the reactions of the Keepers when they met Nighthawks in Tingen. He silently nodded his head at Leonard and drew a moon with his right index and middle finger, tapping his chest four times in a clockwise manner.

Leonard used the same action in response as he passed by the Keeper without noticing anything.

Klein silently exhaled as he maintained his usual pace and gait until he reached his destination.

The iron-black double door was heavy and cold. Engraved on it were seven Sacred Emblems appearing as though nothing could stir it.

Klein turned his body to the side and took two steps to the side. He knocked on the Keeper's door, and under the gaze of the Nighthawk on duty, he opened Chanis Gate.

The darkness deep inside immediately surged out. Even though there were silver candles with engraved patterns burning silently inside, they were unable to disperse such a feeling. And the ghostly-blue flame accentuated the deathly silence.

Meanwhile, Klein felt that something invisible in the darkness was grazing past his skin and entering deep into his body. It passed through the boundary of reality and illusions, connecting to Wraith Senor.

Suddenly, without even activating his Spirit Vision, he saw black threads covering the area behind Chanis Gate. They were gently swaying, either bundled or extended out as though a lady was spreading out her hair, or some monster was flailing its tentacles.

Klein walked forward with a deadpan expression. After entering the sealed land, he turned around and closed Chanis Gate.

At that moment, all the sounds outside were completely cut off. The silence inside was like a kingdom of the dead. It made him imagine and feel fear. Klein was reminded of himself occasionally watching the darkness in bed with his eyes open. He didn't dare to sleep even though he hadn't heard any ghost stories.

It's no wonder the Goddess has the title of Empress of Horror... Klein cast his gaze to the side and raised the lantern in the corner, lighting it with great familiarity.

Dim yellow light immediately poured out before being tainted

with a ghostly blue.

Klein, who was wearing a black clergyman's robe, wasn't in a rush to head for basement two to search for the Antigonus family's notebook. Instead, he stayed behind the gate and patiently waited.

He was doing so in the event that the Nighthawks were in urgent need of something but could only wait until daybreak since they were unable to retrieve them at night.

Based on his experience, Keepers were most easily disturbed in the first five minutes of them entering Chanis Gate. As long as he survived that period, and as long as there weren't any additional accidents, the normal retrieval process of materials would happen after eight. That was the standard working hours of the Nighthawks and civilian staff.

In other words, once Klein lasted the first five minutes, he wouldn't be disturbed by the Nighthawks for the next two hours. Of course, he didn't have that much time for his operation. The Church of Evernight opened at eight, and the servants would wake up an hour or an hour and a half ahead of time to get down to work. After half-past six, the other servants could realize that one of them was missing!

Time ticked by as Klein's heartbeat couldn't help but speed up. He found the five minutes excruciating.

Finally, his countdown finally ended as he cast his gaze towards the stone stairs in the darkness. it was the passage that led to the second floor.

At that moment in time, there was no one in here that could restrict him!

At this stage, Klein believed that he had overcome 70% of the difficulties. The remaining 30% consisted of how he would leave after obtaining the notebook.

Of course, there was always a certain chance for all kinds of accidents to happen. Klein didn't wish to be careless as he raised a lantern and walked to the stone staircase.

To other Beyonders, the first level behind Chanis Gate was actually a lot more attractive than the Sealed Artifacts. There were all kinds of Beyonder ingredients, potion formulas, and secret knowledge here. There were even captured heretics that had been apprehended, as well as unaffiliated Beyonders. Be it trying to be rich, to advance, or to rescue their companions, an infiltrator just needed to search around this level.

However, Klein needed to head deeper inside where the dangerous items were sealed.

Passing through a few tightly locked stone chambers, he clearly sensed people inside. However, they weren't making a fuss or roaring, nor were they pleading for mercy or shouting for help. They were silently lying there or sitting there. Their auras had already turned cold.

The lantern's light flickered as it illuminated the staircase that led down. Klein focused again and steadily walked deeper underground.

He didn't run, afraid that he would trigger a negative reaction from the core seal.

As it became darker, the ghostly-blue flames from the elegant candle stands on the two ends had weakened; they appeared as though they were about to be extinguished at any moment. And

at that moment, the pure darkness might bring about unimaginable horrific changes. Klein repressed his instinctive fear as he finally walked down the stairs and came to basement two.

With a Wraith's night vision, Klein discovered that there were strange walls made of steel, bricks, mud, and silver. They were sectioned off into different regions, with certain spots open and other rooms tightly shut. All of them had a Sealed Artifact.

With the lantern in hand, he turned left as the scene before Klein's eyes lit up. He saw a burning flame and a glowing-red and black anthracite and charcoal.

The region was in a half-open state. Inside was a bathtub-like object made of steel. The area beneath it was dug open and was stuffed with anthracite, charcoal, and other flammable objects.

They kept burning, making the steel bathtub produce bubbling sounds, letting the steam emanate out, condensing on the ceiling and dripping down like rain.

An artifact that needs to be soaked in hot water for the seal... And the Keepers need to periodically add anthracite and charcoal to prevent the fire from extinguishing... Hmm, if there's a Sealed Artifact that can constantly emit high temperatures, they can be placed together, making the seal easy... Klein glanced at the steel bathtub. Hoping that no accident spoiled his plans, he approached it and used a tool to add some anthracite into the fire pit.

When he looked up, he noticed something through the corner of his eye. Immersed under the hot water in the bathtub was a silver metallic object.

Together, they seemed to form a heavy full-body armor. And a part of it had unremovable dark red blood stains and splattered red spots.

1-42... An ancient god's blood... So now it's permanently stored in the Backlund diocese... Klein had seen this Sealed Artifact before as the corresponding information surfaced in his mind.

Just as he was about to retract his gaze, he saw the spartan silver helmet.

The helmet's visor had been pulled down, making its interior appear dark. At that instant, Klein felt that a gaze was penetrating it and casting itself on him.

He trembled as he hurriedly took two steps back, his heartbeat racing erratically.

Not daring to observe it any further, Klein composed himself and cast his gaze forward as he steadily walked forward and left the area.

After passing through a few sealed areas, his spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that something on the right was summoning him. Furthermore, it was producing the beating sounds of an expanding and contracting heart!

Indeed, the Antigonus family's notebook has been waiting for me all this time... Klein silently confirmed his earlier theory, and following the illusory summoning, he changed direction and approached it.

In just two or three minutes, he saw a room with an ajar stone

door. It was dark inside without any source of light.

With the lantern's illumination, an empty bookshelf formed from white bone appeared in Klein's eyes. On it was an ancient notebook in a black hardcover.

It was the Antigonus family's notebook!

"Hornacis… Flegrea… Hornacis… Flegrea…" Illusory voices drilled into Klein's ears as he confirmed his target!

Things happened very smoothly, but Klein didn't dare to be careless or rash. He carefully entered the room as he slowly approached, afraid that the mechanism that sealed the Antigonus family's notebook would inflict harm to him.

Hence, when he closed in, a hand in a dark red sleeve suddenly reached out from his abdomen!

It was Wraith Senor's hand.

One of the principles of a Marionettist: Use as a marionette as much as possible in situations that a marionette could be used. If anything were to happen, the marionette would bear the brunt!

At this moment, there was a slam from the direction of the door as though someone had walked in.

Klein's pupils dilated as he lunged for the bone shelf without any thought, making the marionette's hand by his abdomen grab the Antigonus family's notebook. At the same time, his right hand

reached into his clothes and opened the iron cigar case and wore Creeping Hunger. He was attempting to teleport directly outside before the core seal reacted!

During this process, a scene of the door naturally appeared in his mind.

A figure wearing a hooded classical robe was standing there. The figure had a pretty face that wore a lifeless expression. The deep black eyes lacked any spirituality!

That high-ranking member of the Church that directly wiped Mr. A out of existence and ended the Great Smog of Backlund? Why would she be hiding underground? That's not logical! Just as a sense of horror emerged in Klein's heart, he instinctively lowered his head to look at his body.

His body was rapidly being wiped away like an eraser erasing a pencil drawing. Before he could touch the Antigonus family's notebook, he had completely vanished.

Chapter 832: Town

Before his brain "short-circuited," Klein only had time for two thoughts:

How powerful. There's no way to resist...

I wonder if I can be revived from such a death...

As his thoughts resonated, Klein's vision turned pitch-black. He lost all his senses as he entered a dreamless slumber.

After an unknown period of time, the silent darkness suddenly stirred. He vaguely felt a sense of grogginess as he felt a cold wind blow at him.

As his thoughts thawed bit by bit, Klein slowly opened his eyes and saw fog everywhere above him. The crimson moon was hidden in it, occasionally showing itself.

Did I just resurrect again? Or have I entered the Underworld? Even if it's the latter, that's not too problematic. I might even be able to get the skeleton messenger to contact Mr. Azik. However, I'll have to become an undead creature or spirit world creature... Klein's mind was still a little heavy, as though someone had injected glue into his brain, preventing him from expanding on his thoughts.

Slowly, he sensed his body and heard his heart beating.

His mind quickly turned lucid as he believed that the possibility

of him resurrecting was higher. Perhaps, he had been thrown out into the wilderness.

Pa!

Klein's joints produced a crack as he jumped to his feet. Without checking his physical condition, he first observed his surroundings and confirmed the type of environment he was in.

The first thing he saw was a fog that permeated the area and the dark and stillness of the night. And closeby was a tiny town.

The most striking building in the town was an extremely ancient spired cathedral. It was completely black in color. There wasn't a bell tower, and at the top of it were pitch-black ravens spiraling around it.

Around the cathedral were many buildings. They were normal two-story residences and simple wooden huts. There were bread shops with hanging signboards and grayish-white mills using water wheels for power. However, there wasn't a single pedestrian. They seemed to be asleep in the quietness of the night.

As a Seer, Klein instantly found the town very familiar, as though he had seen it somewhere in the past!

After a brief recall, he remembered what it represented.

This was the source of danger of the night time in the ruins of the battle of gods!

After entering the easternmost region of the Sonia Sea, if one didn't sleep and enter a dream world when night fell, it would be discovered that the person would have gone missing once it was daytime. Klein had once been jolted awake in a dream with the Saint of Darkness, and he saw in the distance a place which was enshrouded in the tranquility of the night. There was a mysterious and bizarre foggy town!

He even suspected that all the living beings that vanished at night in the ruins had entered the town.

Now, he was there himself. He was less than a hundred meters from the foggy town!

It's related to the night… The target vanishes like it was erased… The power of that high-ranking member of the Church doesn't directly kill her enemies, and she instead sends them here? Do the living beings that vanish at night in the ruins also encounter such situations? But it's said that there's no way to obtain their whereabouts via divination. The only interpretation they can conclude is that they might still be alive… of course, it's also possible that I can be resurrected; thus, appearing here… Amidst his thoughts, Klein retracted his gaze and used his ability as a Clown to observe his physical condition.

He had already changed back into Klein Moretti, but he was still wearing the Keeper's black clergyman robe. He didn't have any signs of an injury on him.

Filled with experience, Klein quickly calmed down. His right hand reached into his pocket and opened the iron cigar case. He took out the folded human-skinned glove and wore it on his left hand.

After confirming that Creeping Hunger could still be used, Klein lifted Azik's copper whistle and blew into it.

However, the skeleton messenger didn't appear in the Spirit Vision he quickly activated.

Klein wasn't too surprised with such an outcome. Instead, he found it normal. After all, the people who had vanished on the eastern front of the Sonia Sea had yet to be found. After all, over the years, there was likely no lack of Beyonders here who could summon messengers, such as the members of the Numinous Episcopate.

This place is directly isolated from the spirit world? From the looks of it, Traveling can't be used… As expected of a high-ranking member the Church sent to deal with the Great Smog of Backlund. She "sends" her targets here as a form of eternal exile or imprisonment. It's impossible to use ordinary or simple means to contact the outside world. To escape from this place, even saints will find it difficult… Klein didn't lose himself to anxiety as he still felt confident.

He placed Azik's copper whistle back into the iron cigar case and prepared to take four steps counterclockwise.

He wanted to head above the gray fog to escape the "imprisonment" of the fog town!

"The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Exalted Thearch of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…"

With one sentence per step, Klein rapidly completed the ritual.

However, he didn't hear the familiar, frenzied ravings. Nor did he see the endless emanating grayish-white fog.

This… Klein's pupils constricted as he fell into a momentarily daze.

This place was isolated from the mysterious space above the gray fog!

This made his greatest trump card unusable!

Klein had relied on the area above the gray fog to escape danger many times in the past. But this time, this solution was ineffective.

This was the first time he was encountering such a situation.

Man, it feels as though my cheat has been blocked… Klein lampooned to relax his tense emotions.

Based on his knowledge of mysticism, he suspected that the foggy town was likely related to a true deity because this was the only explanation as to why he couldn't head above the gray fog.

This place has close ties to the night. I was "sent" here after encountering a high-ranking member… Could it be a "prison" that the Goddess created herself? But, "She" is the Mother of Concealment. Perhaps she can directly make people or items enter a "concealed" state, making people in the real world never able to find them again… Klein seriously contemplated and decisively

decided to explore the foggy town. This was because the method to leave this place was most likely to be there.

At this point, he was no longer worried about not being able to convene the Tarot Club.

Of course, there was no need for him to worry about it for now. He had canceled the coming Tarot Gathering ahead of time because the operation of stealing the Antigonus family's notebook was fraught with danger and variables. Klein suspected that he might end up dead and be unable able to resurrect in time. Therefore, he used a reasonable excuse to get everyone to make additional preparations for a week.

After making up his mind, Klein immediately got the Wraith inside him to float beside him.

The marionette's condition was already in a terrible state. The dead and cold aura was something substantial, making his control of the Spirit Body Threads somewhat rough.

Thankfully, I can still use him for a few more days... Also, Mr. A was erased by that high-ranking Church member. He might be living nearby. I have to be careful about this person who's equivalent to a lunatic... Klein transformed into Gehrman Sparrow as he made Senor walk ahead and enter the foggy town.

Following the Marionettist principle he had concluded, he stood in the back with a distance of at least 110 meters between them.

Over time, his digestion had increased his control over his marionette to 120 meters. There was also a reduction in the time needed to gain initial control of Spirit Body Threads and completely change someone into a marionette. Faced with an enemy whose Spirit Body was equally strong, the former took 16

seconds, and the latter took four minutes.

In the silent foggy world, Senor, in his dark red coat and old triangular hat, didn't take long to enter the bizarre and mysterious town.

Many of the building doors were still open as though they were welcoming guests from afar. With his marionette's vision, Klein saw that there was a half-chewed loaf of white bread on the table. There were wine glasses for red wine and messy silver cutlery...

It looked like someone had been enjoying dinner, but there was no one present. The owners of these different houses seemed to have suddenly vanished into thin air.

Vanished... This term suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind as he hurriedly made Senor cast his gaze towards the grayish-white mill.

Inside the mill, the wind-powered mill was rotating silently, but other than the floor that was scattered with flour, no flour came out again.

This scene feels familiar. I seem to have heard of it before... Klein frowned bit by bit. As he relied on his marionette, he continued surveying his environment while carefully recalling the similar situation.

Just as he was considering using dream divination to question his spirituality, he found the corresponding answer.

A similar scene had appeared in the ancient ruins that appeared

at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

Based on the literature, the buildings there had every arrangement and decoration well-preserved. Even the wall murals didn't have any signs of damage. The table was arranged with cutlery, and there were dried stains of rot on the dining plates… In some rooms, there were half-filled bottles of alcohol that had almost turned into plain water…

The discoverer mentioned that when he first discovered the remains, he even had the belief that the people residing there had just vanished all of a sudden!

There's some relation between this foggy town and the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? No way, after trying to avoid it, I ended up coming to it? Klein's facial features twitched involuntarily. For a moment, he couldn't believe what was on his mind.

Of course, the scene was just similar and wasn't enough to make him come up with such a conclusion.

After taking a deep breath and slowly exhaling, Klein forced himself to calm down. He controlled Wraith Senor and made him venture deeper into the foggy town.

At that moment, he heard light footsteps.

Klein's heart tensed up as he hurriedly hid inside the mill and made his marionette stop.

In just a few seconds, Wraith Senor saw a woman walk out from a nearby alley.

She wore a pure white robe, and her hair was pulled back, revealing her long, white neck. She looked extremely beautiful.

Chapter 833: Things to Take Note Of

Inside the dark, foggy town, the woman who walked out of the alley seemed to be out of place with her surroundings. She was pure, stately, and untainted. She was so gorgeous that it lit up the eyes of anyone whose gaze landed on her.

As for her pure, simple robe and her loosely pulled back hair, they added to her bearing and languidness.

That gorgeous woman also noticed Senor. Her expression froze for a moment before she smiled. using a sweet voice, she said, "Senor...

"When did you become a marionette? If not for the powers of Evernight contaminating you this badly, I wouldn't have recognized you."

Although she looked like she was talking to Senor, she was actually conversing with the controller through the marionette.

Sigh, this kind of dead and cold aura can't be hidden at all. I can't fool Beyonders of higher Sequences... I was still hoping that I could hide somewhere inconspicuous and use Admiral of Blood Senor to make contact with her so as to maximize my own safety... This place screens away the power of the gray fog, so if I were to die, I likely won't be able to resurrect... Klein hid inside the grayish-white mill and made his marionette speak hoarsely, "If you could leave, you'd easily find out that I've been serving my master more than a month ago."

He used Admiral of Blood's tone and experiences to answer as though he was still alive.

This was the acting principle of a Marionettist, to let each marionette have their unique identity and setting!

Meanwhile, Klein also buried a keyword “leave,” in preparation to broach the topic of leaving.

In this bizarre and mysterious town, he didn’t have thoughts of instantly killing any Demoness that he saw. Ignoring the question of there being any good Demonesses and whether he was equipped with the strength to do so, just the fact that they were trapped in here had made it imperative that he communicated with her for intelligence to seek a way to get out. This was enough to make him choose peaceful coexistence for the time being.

The woman in a simple white robe chuckled and said, “Not forgetting to constantly act. From the looks of it, you will quickly digest the Marionettist potion.

“A member of the Secret Order?”

She’s very familiar with the Seer pathway… Hmm, the Demoness Sect was a secret organization that was active in the Fourth Epoch. Even if they didn’t have close ties with the Zaratul or Antigonus families, they should be quite familiar with each other. It’s very normal to understand the Seer pathway. Of course, the premise to that is that this lady is a Demoness… Klein’s heart stirred as he deliberately asked, “Aren’t there other possibilities?”

He tried to sound her out to see if other organizations might wield control over the Seer pathway.

The beautiful and pure lady walked forward and leaned towards Admiral of Blood Senor as she said with a smile, “It doesn’t matter which organization you belong to. We have been exiled

here, and it's practically eternal imprisonment. The past no longer matters; what matters is the future—whether we can cooperate to find a way of leaving."

I failed to sound her out… Klein made the Wraith reply, "That's exactly what I was thinking.

"How may I address you?"

As the lady approached Senor, Klein caught a whiff of a refreshing fragrance with his marionette's sense of smell. Due to her words, he suddenly had a baffling thought to help each other in such a perilous situation while abandoning all morals, to help warm up each other's souls with their bodies.

She's like a Demoness… Hmm, her voice sounds more familiar the more I listen to her. But why can't I put my thumb on it. What a pity, there's no way to use dream divination in such a situation. She will be able to seize the opportunity while I'm unconscious, and it's hard to predict what will happen… Klein frowned slightly.

This beautiful woman with a tinge of languidness raised her hand to stroke her hair, accentuating her petite ear.

"Panatiya.

"What about you?"

Klein had originally planned on randomly choosing a disguise, such as the Aurora Order's Mr. X or Death Announcer's second mate, Kircheis. After all, he could use Creeping Hunger to simulate their powers, but he ultimately gave up the disguise and directly said, "Gehrman Sparrow."

He didn't know when this suspected Demoness had entered the foggy town, so he was unable to eliminate the possibility that she knew about Admiral of Blood's disappearance.

Panatiya nodded and asked, "How did you get in?"

Klein didn't keep the truth from her as he said with the marionette's mouth, "I encountered an unknown lady.

"She wore a hood, and her eyes were like the night, but it lacked any spirituality."

Panatiya fell silent for two seconds before saying, "So it's her. Heh…"

She didn't continue in detail as she said with a smile, "What did you actually do? You actually managed to get the Church of Evernight to send 'Her' to deal with you?"

Panatiya had changed the pronoun she used.

"Her"? That lady is an angel? An ascetic from the Church? Panatiya seems to know much about "Her"… Klein's thoughts whirred as he said vaguely, "I infiltrated Saint Samuel Cathedral and attempted to steal a Sealed Artifact, but in the end…"

He didn't go into the details, because he had no idea how he encountered the lady.

Klein believed that as an angel, it was impossible for the lady to keep living behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate. There was nothing in there that required an important figure like "Her"

to keep watch on the entire time!

"Is that so... So 'She' is indeed in the basement of Samuel Cathedral." Panatiya seemed to confirm something.

In secret organizations, the word "saint" is not used when talking about Saint Samuel Cathedral... I should take note of this detail in the future... Klein ruminated over her choice of words.

Panatiya didn't continue on the topic as she said with a smile, "Alright, let's not bother with the past. Just as I said, what's important is the future and how we can escape."

Klein used this opportunity to make Senor ask, "What do you know about this place?"

Panatiya glanced at the spired cathedral in the middle of the town and said, "This place isn't the real or spirit world, nor is it the astral world. It's in some kind of secret, hidden state.

"I've explored most of this area, including the area outside the town. I didn't manage to find any clues. All that's left is that cathedral. Perhaps all the secrets are hidden inside.

"Why don't you explore the cathedral?" Klein asked with his marionette's mouth.

Panatiya yanked her pure white robe. On it were signs of wear and tear.

"My intuition tells me that there's extreme danger inside."

Upon saying that, she switched topics.

"And now, there's a solution. Your marionette can help us scout. Even if it's lost, it wouldn't deal you any harm.

"Don't worry. As long as we gain an understanding of the situation inside, I'll find a chance to give you a better marionette. After all, it doesn't look like it can last long."

There's nothing unreasonable about that, but I don't trust you. After all, you are most likely a Demoness... Klein didn't agree or object to it as he took the opportunity to get Senor to ask, "Are there any things to take note of while in here?"

Panatiya pursed her lips and said, "Due to various reasons, a sizable number of people end up here, but they have all vanished."

All vanished? Klein's heart palpitated as he asked, "What happened?"

Panatiya sighed and said, "There are things I'm not sure about. Some entered those buildings and ate some of the food inside. Then, they vanished—instantly.

"And this time, the results of divination indicate that they've lost their lives and are undergoing eternal sleep."

There will be erasure and vanishing events in this foggy town? Furthermore, they will no longer exist... Klein was horrified before he thought of another matter. He nearly blurted it out.

Won't you feel hungry?

Afraid that it would result in an anomaly, he forcefully held his tongue and made Senor ask her indirectly, "How long have you been in here?"

As though sighing and laughing, Panatiya said, "Perhaps it's been half a year.

"I've witnessed many people cannibalize others for sustenance. Thankfully, I don't need much and can live very long with a bit of food. And on a human's body, there is food that won't damage the body too significantly."

As she spoke, she raised her hand and pointed at the crimson moon hanging behind the fog.

"Another thing to take note of is that once the crimson moon turns clear, there will be changes here. It will become extremely dangerous.

"I've been severely injured as a result."

As she said that, she turned to point at a tear in her pure white robe.

Klein subconsciously made Senor cast his gaze over, and he saw that at her collarbone underneath the tear, there was a deep wound that exposed her bone amidst fair, supple skin.

At this moment, the skin transformed, producing dense patterns of mystery and colors of darkness and evil!

Klein's mind seemed to explode as ravings and cries resounded in it.

Meanwhile, his breathing became difficult as his body rapidly weakened. He couldn't help but collapse backward as he broke into a coughing fit.

Then, he saw the pure white robe and the two long female legs—Panatiya.

This lady had already entered the grayish-white mill, and as she watched the struggling Gehrman Sparrow, she cracked the corners of her lips and revealed blood-colored tendrils in the gaps between her neat, white teeth. She softly said, "Got you…"

Chapter 834: Good Luck

“Got you…”

Invisible threads emanated over as Panatiya said that. They quickly wrapped around Gehrman Sparrow as though she was binding him into a cocoon.

At this moment, the figure in a black clergyman robe suddenly turned thin, transforming into a paper figurine covered in metal rust.

Klein’s figure appeared outside the grayish-white mill as he ran frantically towards the depths of the town.

He was a person who had seen the Eternal Blazing Sun’s true body and lived. He had a certain level of resistance towards a Spirit Body impact and the inclination of a loss of control brought about by a Mythical Creature form; furthermore, Panatiya wasn’t a complete Mythical Creature. Therefore, even without the gray fog’s help, Klein was able to recover from the racking headache. As he suppressed his body’s mutation, he sensed that he had been inflicted with ailments. While collapsing, he used his violent coughing as a cover for him to use Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Paper figurines weren’t mystical items, nor did they have any spirituality. Hence, Klein wasn’t afraid that it would trigger a reaction from the core seal behind Chanis Gate. Hence, he had brought quite a number with him.

As Klein ran forward, his rubbed his right thumb and middle finger and lit up the flour piled inside the mill!

Boom!

The flour burst into flames as the mill was sent flying. The windmill outside collapsed to the ground as Panatiya's figure crumbled bit by bit in the intense blast and scarlet flames as though she was a mirror.

Almost at the same moment, her white-robed figure appeared behind Klein. Her loose, pulled back hair instantly flared up and wildly extended in Klein's direction.

Pa!

As Klein snapped his fingers to ignite a tree leaf beside him, he controlled Senor to use Mirror Leap to appear in a window on a two-storied residence beside Panatiya. Then, he attempted to make the terrifying woman's eyes reflect Senor's figure to complete the Wraith possession.

Scarlet flames suddenly leaped up and enveloped Klein's body, making him vanish from where he was as he appeared in a flame tens of meters away. As for Panatiya's gemlike eyes, they seemed to hide mirrors that reflected figures wearing an old triangular hat and dark red coat. They overlapped one another and descended into chaos.

Klein didn't hesitate to let Senor leave the window, transforming into a Werewolf state to charge the Demoness.

Yes, Klein had already determined that Panatiya was a Demoness, and she was a Demoness at the demigod level!

The strands of black hair, as well as the invisible transparent

threads, flared up, forming a ludicrous spiderweb that enveloped Senor whose body was covered with thick, short hair.

However, just as they made contact, Admiral of Blood's figure instantly phased away, causing the black hair and illusory Demoness threads to pass through it. Without being able to touch him, it was obviously unable to bind him.

He had taken his Wraith form!

"Humph! Panatiya's expression didn't change at all. All she did was produce a harrumph.

Suddenly, the thick hair strands and illusory threads that made contact with Senor burst into dark and silent black flames. They used spirituality as fuel, turning the Wraith into a torch!

Pa! Pa! Pa! Senor turned back into a Werewolf from the burning as his limbs fell to the ground from the flame injuries.

With that, a Sequence 5 Wraith perished completely.

And at this moment, Klein had repeatedly snapped his fingers, jumping into different columns of fire and using his marionette's sacrifice to escape deeper into the town.

With a few flashes, he had pulled open a gap of hundreds of meters from Panatiya.

Suddenly, Klein felt his forehead burning hot. His lungs began to heave as he panted loudly and emitted heated air.

As he had been hit by the impact of seeing an incomplete Mythical Creature's form, he had been a little too slow at using Paper Figurine Substitutes. He had failed to swap out his ailment, and he had suffered some of the damage. Klein had originally imagined that he just needed to persist until he escaped Panatiya's range of influence, but to his surprise, his condition was worsening faster than he expected!

Furthermore, despite having opened up a gap of hundreds of meters, he didn't escape the signs of being infected.

Thud! Just as he was about to continue using Flaming Jump, Klein's knees buckled as he collapsed to the ground without successfully snapping his fingers.

Immediately, he heard Panatiya's pleasant laughter in his ears.

"Even if you were to escape to the other side of town, there's no way to escape my ailments.

"You ought to know that back in Backlund, the entirety of East Borough was immersed in the plague fog I created. Apart from the most distant Empress Borough and West Borough, all the other areas were significantly affected as well."

This… She's that Lady Despair who cooperated with Mr. A… She's one of the true murderers behind the Great Smog of Backlund… Klein felt his mind go adrift as he found himself become very sick while reeling in pain and despair. Although it still wasn't lethal, the irresistible coughs prevented him from using most of his Beyonder powers.

Panatiya walked over as her beautiful eyes were stained with an indescribable color of bloodthirst. It was like a tramp finally seeing a sizzling steak after starving for days.

In her hands were what was left of Senor's torso and two broken limbs.

This was apparently meant to be her stockpile of food.

"Your finger snap sounded good. I believe the taste of those two fingers should be pretty good." Panatiya looked at Gehrman Sparrow as he coughed in the distance, speaking with the tone of a raving lunatic.

Just as she finished her sentence, she raised her hand and stuffed Senor's index finger into her mouth. She bit down on each segment, producing crushing sounds.

Klein watched this scene with a blurred vision. In his grogginess, he felt his fingers also suffering such excruciating pain.

At this moment, he knew that Lady Despair Panatiya was already partially mad because she had eaten too much flesh from other Beyonders.

Although with her knowledge of mysticism, she would have definitely waited for the Beyonder characteristics to seep out before partaking in her meal, the deceased had been trapped in here without any food, making them each other's targets. It was inevitable that they slowly lost their minds as they approached insanity. How could she remain fine eating such meat?

Just as Klein was reeling in despair and wondering what method he could use to save himself, he saw the crimson moonlight suddenly turn bright.

He saw Panatiya's face colored with a look of horror. Without

hesitation, she turned around and charged into a nearby building and slammed the door.

As Klein felt his illness alleviate significantly, he hurriedly looked up into the sky. He saw that the crimson moonlight was already penetrating the fog, appearing clear as it illuminated the town.

His heart stirred as he recalled what Panatiya had previously said. He immediately struggled and hobbled into another building beside him without forgetting to lock the door.

“Once the crimson moon turns clear, there will be changes here. It will become extremely dangerous.”

Chapter 835: The Figures Coming and Going

After rushing into the building and closing the door, Klein realized that the curtains behind the windows were constantly in a drawn state. Only some faint crimson moonlight seeped in, lighting up the room slightly.

He didn't bother making any additional observations as he found a wooden chair and sat down. He attempted to enter Cogitation to calm his inclinations towards mutating.

Since he had witnessed a saint-leveled Beyonder's incomplete Mythical Creature form, how could he survive it that easily? This wasn't the mysterious space above the gray fog that came with recovery effects!

As Klein was able to withstand mental blows relatively well, he was able to straighten his thoughts out early and prevent himself from losing control; thus, allowing him to successfully escape. However, this didn't mean that the problem had been resolved.

He sat there, relying on Cogitation and his control over his emotions to resist the waves of insane thoughts. During this process, he heard his cheekbones produce crunching sounds. He saw his black hair turn long and thick in an uncontrollable manner as his chest bulged through his clothes while his skin produced granules in the form of meat tendrils.

After nearly thirty seconds, Klein finally exhaled and relaxed significantly.

He had completely recovered from the effects that Panatiya's

incomplete Mythical Creature form brought. He even gained some new knowledge—the level she was at had “despair” at its core, making her good at creating and spreading plagues.

The insanity and mutation from witnessing a Mythical Creature not only produce the symptoms of losing control of one’s pathway, but it also comes with the traits of the other party’s Sequence… Back then, I was nearly baked by the Eternal Blazing Sun, and this time, I nearly became a Demoness… Klein looked down at himself, restoring his skin, chest, and hair to normal.

If he wasn’t a Faceless, aside from letting those meat tendrils sink into his body, he would have to rely on external forces to resolve the problem.

Without the time to poignantly sigh or analyze the situation, Klein slowly stood up and cast his gaze towards the tightly-drawn, dark-colored curtains as he attempted to figure out his current situation.

His expression suddenly changed because he heard rowdy murmurs outside the street!

At that instant, he felt that, apart from him and Lady Despair Panatiya, the uninhabited town suddenly had many residents. They were loitering across the streets and alleys, greeting one another as they discussed whether to only buy bread or be extravagant and buy a pound of beef.

The foggy town suddenly seemed to come to life!

However, none of the figures entered the buildings that lined the streets. They seemed to keep coming and going across the street, producing voices that one would find difficult to believe to be conversations, as they sounded more like the deep growling of

savage beasts.

Klein couldn't imagine the scene outside. All he knew was that even a demigod-leveled Demoness had to hide from the danger.

He retracted his gaze and thought deeply for a few seconds, silently muttering, *I can't head out…*

But I can't stay in here either…

Who knows when that crimson moon will be covered by fog again, allowing Panatiya to regain her freedom of movement. When the time comes, with us being so close, there's no way for me to escape!

But, how do I move without heading out?

In his silence, Klein slowly turned his body and faced the pitch-black spired cathedral.

According to Lady Despair Panatiya, that cathedral was the only place she didn't dare explore. It was as though entering the cathedral was the only way to escape her "hunt."

Of course, a Demoness like Panatiya wasn't necessarily speaking the truth, but Klein believed that she wasn't likely to lie regarding such matters. After all, to her, he was her prey, her delicacy.

Besides, Panatiya back then was using her speech and charm to entice him bit by bit, designing a trap for him so as to capture her prey. With a demigod's confidence, it was unlikely she would

reveal information as a bluff. In addition, at such times, speaking the truth was the safest and most reassuring option. There was no need to worry about the prey escaping ahead of time due to the detection of a lie.

Unless her half-mad state causes her to habitually lie; otherwise, it shouldn't be a problem... Klein, who was out of options, quickly made up his mind.

He lowered his left hand and made Creeping Hunger turn transparent.

Although he knew that Traveling was useless, he still held out hope because this was the point when the crimson moon was at its clearest. There was no obstruction, and it was round like a silver plate. During such times, Mr. Door could transmit "His" shouts into the ears of "His" descendants from where "He" was lost. Traveling was enhanced, and anomalies happened, so it wasn't something impossible.

Klein's figure rapidly phased away, but seconds later, his body outline appeared again where he stood.

I can't enter the spirit world, to the point of not even sensing it... As a Beyonder power, Traveling only has a third of its uses. It can barely be used as invisibility... Klein muttered silently as he concluded his experiences and lessons. However, he was puzzled about one point. Traveling's phasing away and turning transparent is due to the unique traits of the spirit world, so why would it be effective?

Klein pondered for about ten seconds before he came to a rough idea.

Every person must be connected to the spirit world because one's

Astral Projection is located there. It can obtain all kinds of abstract information, which is the reason why revelations can be obtained from divination.

Therefore, when we are converted into a hidden and secret state, our connection with the spirit world becomes part of it?

This can explain why I can still use the unique traits of the spirit world, but am unable to enter it. This is because the former had a portion of it hidden away! Hmm, I didn't have the time to consider it before and had attempted Flaming Jump. I was met with success, and this also requires the unique traits of the spirit world.

After confirming this point, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers, attempting to ignite a half-melted candle in the neighboring building.

He wanted to use Flaming Jump to pass through the neighboring buildings and slowly approach the spired cathedral. Once the crimson moon was hidden by the fog, he would reassess the situation to decide if he would take the risk and hide inside.

A scarlet flame was set ablaze in the neighboring building as it slowly expanded and illuminated the surroundings.

At that moment, the streets outside suddenly turned abnormally silent.

All of the beast-like growls disappeared!

The figures that loitered on the streets seemed to turn to face the building, using their gazes in an attempt to penetrate the windows!

Klein instantly broke out into a cold sweat. He didn't dare to "leap" over as he instinctively snapped his fingers and extinguished the flame.

After a brief silence, the rowdy murmurings sounded again. The indistinct figures continued walking here and there.

Only then did Klein heave a sigh of relief. He raised his hand to wipe the cold sweat from his forehead.

He discovered that he had unknowingly made several mistakes after entering the foggy town. In such a dangerous and bizarre environment, he hadn't divined if he should light the candle in the neighboring building!

My spiritual intuition should have warned me, but it didn't... From the looks of it, after the gray fog was screened away, my spiritual intuition and sense for danger are no longer enhanced. Now, I'm just a little stronger than a Marionettist of the same level. I'm far from being crazy powerful... It's because of this that I was incited by Panatiya's Instigator powers to look at her wound. I didn't receive any premonition for danger and subconsciously believed that it wouldn't be a problem with a marionette in between us... Klein temporarily didn't have time to have an after-action review of his previous battle. He placed his attention back onto approaching the cathedral without heading out.

He began scrutinizing himself and his mystical items' Beyonder powers. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as he found a solution.

This solution stemmed from a Traveler's Door Opening which he thought was useless!

This Beyonder power was completely overshadowed by Teleportation under normal circumstances, but in this

mysterious and bizarre foggy town, just its usage of the unique traits of the spirit world became more useful!

Klein wasn't in a rush to take action as he took out the gold coin which Senor used to reside in. Using divination to question his spirituality, he obtained the answer that he should "penetrate" the wall.

And without any way to obtain a revelation from the spirit world, he could only choose to trust himself. He then walked to the wall that was shared with the neighboring building and pressed his hands on it.

Silently, Klein passed through the stone wall and entered the next building.

He followed the terrace houses until he arrived at the final one. According to his initial impressions of the town, he was already very close to the spired cathedral. He didn't need more than two Flaming Jumps to reach it.

At that moment, the crimson moonlight that penetrated the dark-colored curtains didn't weaken. He could vaguely see figures coming and going like they were leading a normal life.

Without being capable of moving further away, all Klein could do was sit down on a wooden chair that was a distance away from the windows. It was almost completely dark here with deep, dark shadows.

Only at this point did he had the time to recall the details of his encounter with Demoness Panatiya.

She's actually the murderer that caused the Great Smog of Backlund. Tens of thousands of people died because of her. Even more people suffered the pain of losing their loved ones.

Old Kohler who worked hard to live, Ma'am Liz who worked hard to raise her two daughters… Klein closed his eyes as he lifted his head and took deep breaths.

He forced himself to extricate himself from the anger and hatred that suddenly surged in him as he calmly observed the turn of events.

Unfortunately, I didn't let Senor wear that Flower of Blood; otherwise, he should still be able to put up a struggle. However, there wasn't a choice. While possessing me, wearing a ring corresponding to a Rose Bishop while entering Chanis Gate would be equivalent to blasting myself apart…

Now, the only mystical item I can use is Creeping Hunger. There's Zombie, Baron of Corruption, Desire Apostle, and Traveler inside…

Yes, I should try to see if I can contact the gray fog by praying while the crimson moon is clear…

It doesn't work…

I can now confirm that even with a marionette between us, I'll still be affected by a Demoness's charm and incitement…

Since Panatiya can release a plague on a large scale, why didn't she attack me in secret in such a concealed manner? Instead, she waited until I nearly lost control from witnessing her incomplete Mythical Creature form and exposed my location before spreading

the ailments?

Hmm, she can definitely do it. The Great Smog of Backlund is the best proof... There are two explanations. First, it's because I was personally "sent" here by the angel. This made her place a great deal of attention on me, worried that spreading the plague in advance would be detected by my spirituality. Second, she's afraid of something, so she doesn't dare to blanket the area with her plague... If it's the latter, there are other dangers here...

As Klein thought over the matter, he felt his spiritual perception trigger as a chill ran down his back.

Almost at the same time, he saw that a deep shadow that blanketed him and the surroundings suddenly shrank, drilling towards his nostrils, mouth, and ears!

Chapter 836: "Tossing Food"

At that moment, the shadow seemed to turn corporeal. It was ice-cold and moist, and it instantly bound Klein within it like he was a mosquito in amber.

Klein's figure was squashed and compressed as he regressed into a piece of paper, rapidly turning into mush.

Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Having sensed the danger ahead of time, he had made timely use of Paper Figurine Substitutes!

His black-robed figure appeared on the other end of the dining table as he opened his mouth, producing a bang sound.

At this moment, Klein's mind suddenly turned adrift as he found his surroundings blurry and unclear.

He instantly understood what was happening. He had been forcefully pulled into a dream!

And with this, he determined one point—his abnormal ability of maintaining his lucidity and rationality in dreams had already solidified and become one with him. There was no need to use the gray fog to do so!

After a brief struggle, Klein suddenly snapped awake and saw the shadows in the building slowly surging at him like a tidal wave.

Bang!

He opened his mouth and produced an extremely mighty Air Bullet.

This bullet struck the shadow, producing a huge swath of white.

The shadows around the whiteness immediately receded and filled it to the brim, returning everything to normal once again. Klein took this opportunity to roll to the side and turned his left glove pale with a tinge of dark green.

With a clap, the spot he stood at was smashed by a lump of flesh and blood that flew out from the shadow, covering the dark red carpet that was covered with strange mold.

In an unobvious manner, Klein had a feeling that he was being weakened. Without any time to think deeper into the matter, he immediately made his feet produce an icy layer that emanated cold air.

White frost crept up and rapidly froze the shadow. Underneath the crystalline frost was a squirming and warping pitch-blackness, like oil that had its own life.

Zombie's Ice Stun!

Klein did another flip and changed his position while making his glove produce black granules that were profound and dark.

Right on the heels of that, he straightened his body, and facing the shadow beneath the layer of ice, he said a word filled with

foulness, a word that came from the Devil language:

Slow!

Suddenly, Klein saw the shadow's squirming slow down. Clearly, it was in an extremely sluggish state; however, his thoughts had also turned sluggish, preventing him from dealing any follow up attacks.

His Language of Foulness had been distorted, and although it was clearly directed at the shadow, it had been distorted to target the entire living room; hence, affecting himself.

In just seconds, Klein extricated himself from the slowed state, and without any thought, he lunged for the dining table, picking up a plate with half a piece of steak and throwing it at the shadow.

During this process, his left glove remained dark black, but it had a sinister and noble vibe.

Bribe!

He had used the steak to Bribe the enemy, weakening the other party's offensive, defensive, and controlling abilities!

At this moment, the figure suddenly shrank back into the corner of the wall, allowing the dining plate to smash and shatter into the melting ice.

Then, the figure surged upwards, taking the form of a pitch-black figure with a hooded robe.

In the palm of the figure, a transparent and blurry book appeared in front of him. It was accompanied by a distant and indistinct chant: “I came, I saw, I record.”

Just as the chanting sounded, the book rapidly flipped through the pages and produced a burning-white spear.

Mr. A? Has he gone completely mad? He dares to use fire-related Beyonder powers in such an environment? Klein’s heart tightened as his thoughts raced. He hurriedly rushed towards his opponent and held his left hand behind him.

Creeping Hunger was quickly tainted with the dark colors of corruption before condensing a ridiculous great sword that seemed to be combined from scarlet magma and blue-hot flames.

Thump!

Klein’s footsteps were heavy as he bent his back, pulling his shoulder back as he forcefully delivered a strike with his left arm.

The muscles on his arm bulged as he swung the Sword of Lava!

Pfft! The resplendent great sword cleaved down on the fiery spear, sending sparks of white, blue, and red scattering in every direction as they ignited the chairs and curtains.

The murmurs outside the street had long vanished. All the indistinct figures had turned over and there was extreme silence.

After shattering the fiery spear with a cleave, Klein bent his knee and genuflected, snapping his fingers with his right hand.

Pa!

The flames in the entire room were extinguished.

Klein didn't move any further. He had a nagging feeling that a dense array of gazes were trying to see through the curtains to seek out any abnormalities.

The hooded man formed of shadows didn't take any action as well. Although he was acting crazy just moments ago, he seemed to have sensed the inexplicable horror that was slowly approaching.

In the dark room with tiny hints of crimson moonlight, Klein was genuflecting while the other was standing close to the wall, it was as though the two of them had turned into stone statues.

In the unbearable silence, time passed by abnormally slowly. All Klein did was count ten seconds, and it felt like an hour had passed.

Finally, the beast-like growls sounded once again in a staccato, disjointed manner, and the indistinct figures outside began walking again, returning back to the streets.

Almost at the same time, Klein obtained initial control of his target's Spirit Body Threads. The hooded man's actions of pouncing forward instantly turned sluggish!

Without any hesitation, Klein bent his body and circled the area, preparing to take advantage of his opponent's delay to disrupt any of his subsequent counterattacks and slowly turn him into a marionette.

At this moment, his nose suddenly felt an itch as he couldn't help but open his mouth.

Achoo!

Klein sneezed and lost his control over the Spirit Body Threads. Furthermore, his throat began to hurt as mucus began to take form.

He had caught a cold!

He actually caught a cold in the intense battle!

After suspecting that his opponent was Mr. A, Klein had actually been wary against a Demoness's ailment based on his past experience when fighting Mr. A. He had been placed at a significant disadvantage back then, but in a battle that didn't give him time to think, he had made a mistake. His constitution had long weakened due to the plague from the actual Demoness, Panatiya. He had no way to wait until the marionette conversion completed. He didn't even have a chance of obtaining a deeper level of initial control and use Air Bullets to deal a lethal strike!

Achoo!

As Klein sneezed, he rolled away. Meanwhile, he switched Creeping Hunger to the Baron of Corruption state and attempted to use his Distortion powers to reduce the effects of his cold.

Of course, thanks to his Bribe from before, his condition wasn't too serious. All it did was affect his control over the Spirit Body Threads, and not make him incapable of fighting.

While rolling away, Klein noticed from the corner of his eye that his opponent was leaving his shadowy state. The hood slipped backward, revealing a face that looked beautiful like a female. It was none other than Mr. A.

This Aurora Order Oracle had actually managed to survive this long despite the harsh environment!

However, his eyes were already bloodshot. He looked at Klein as though he was looking at a delightful delicacy. The hunger that was innate and instinctive wasn't concealed at all.

At that moment, Klein's mood didn't wane because he still had sufficient strength to do battle.

What he was most worried about wasn't Mr. A, but that their escalating battle would produce flames and attract the danger outside. When that happens, there was no way the two of them could escape death!

Hunger... The immense hunger has made Mr. A lose his rationality and no longer care about the loitering figures... If I can slightly alleviate his hunger, he should stop attacking and patiently wait until the crimson moon is once again hidden by the fog... Give him some "food?" As his thoughts raced, Klein nearly sliced off a piece of his flesh to throw at Mr. A.

Thankfully, he thought of something in the nick of time.

He had food on him!

They were the dried mushrooms that Frank Lee had produced. It was said to be a crossbreed between beef and the flesh of a Rose Bishop. As long as there was fish and water, it could keep reproducing.

As this was a new species in a subtle sense, making it not directly related to a Rose Bishop, Klein had placed it with herbal powders he often used like slumber flower, without removing them. He wasn't afraid that it would trigger any anomalies within the core seal behind Chanis Gate.

Achoo! With another sneeze and another roll, Klein had taken out the dried mushroom and thrown it at Mr. A.

Perhaps the smell of beef had attracted him, or perhaps it was the mutual sense shared between Rose Bishops, Mr. A immediately stopped attempting to flip through his illusory book. As he caught the mushroom, he stuffed it into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed it.

The hunger pangs that were written in his eyes gradually lessened, but the way he looked at Klein remained the same.

Klein threw the remaining dried mushrooms at Mr. A who caught them. Without any hesitation, he cleanly ate them.

His vision finally turned for the better. Glancing at the indistinct figures loitering outside the windows, he stepped back into a corner, fusing into the shadows.

Phew... Klein heaved a sigh of relief and retreated to another

corner of the wall.

Mr. A actually isn't dead… I have to say that in such an environment, a Rose Bishop's abilities can provide immense help. Just using the stored flesh and eating himself can make him last quite long… Of course, the fact that Mr. A hasn't been killed by Lady Despair Panatiya implies his strength. However, the demigod-level powers he recorded must have been used up… As Klein thought, he deliberated over his words, wishing to sound out Mr. A for more information.

"Have you found any clues on how to leave?"

There was silence as Mr. A didn't give an answer.

His insanity has made it impossible to talk to him? Klein pondered for two seconds and said a name, "Leomaster."

This was the name of the Aurora Order's Saint of Darkness who had dissociated personalities.

After a brief silence, Mr. A's slightly hoarse voice sounded again.

"He has been 'sent' in here as well?"

Indeed, only matters regarding the Aurora Order elicits a response… Klein frankly said, "No, he is trapped inside the ruins of the battle of gods."

Without waiting for Mr. A to say a word, he continued, "Why don't you enter the cathedral?"

Mr. A said in a muddled manner, “It’s very dangerous, very, very dangerous…

“It’s also dangerous outside. All the dangers stem from there. All the people who vanished would reappear during the crimson moon…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the tiny bit of crimson moonlight that passed through the curtains suddenly turned extremely dim.

Chapter 837: The Hangers

As the crimson moonlight dimmed, a thought surfaced in Klein's mind:

The crimson moon is about to be covered by fog again!

Just as this thought appeared, the indistinct, loitering figures outside vanished as though they had evaporated into thin air. The beast-like growls also came to a halt.

The environment has been restored to its previous state... Demoness of Despair Panatiya can move about freely again... Mr. A will no longer have any qualms about the danger outside. He can unleash a barrage of attacks to capture his prey... Klein instantly came to a conclusion as he raised his right index finger and snapped, igniting the leaves of a tree tens of meters away.

He wanted to open up a gap with Mr. A to prevent himself from getting sicker. At the same time, he wanted to determine if he should take the risk of entering the ancient cathedral.

With respect to his present situation, Klein already had a plan in mind. It was to use Mr. A's potent and multifarious abilities to draw Panatiya's attention. After all, to her, a Shepherd and a Marionettist weren't any different when it came to meat quality. They could both fill her stomach, so her priority was definitely on who was easier to deal with.

When the time comes, both parties would definitely engage in a battle, and Klein needed to find an opportunity to strike down Panatiya!

Just as the scarlet flame soared and engulfed Klein, he saw Mr. A turn into a shadow and meld into the surroundings once again. It was unknown where he hid himself.

He ran… ran… Aren't you the crazy Mr. A? Shouldn't you continue pursuing your prey? Why did you run… Klein's gaze froze as he couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth.

His figure vanished amidst the flames before appearing in flames tens of meters away.

Just as Klein leaped out of the fire, he felt his forehead burning once again. His lungs felt heavy as his breathing became rapid and difficult.

Plague!

Demoness of Despair Panatiya had spread her plague once again!

To Klein, this beautiful lady in a pure white robe had already floated somewhere in midair at some point in time, walking towards him.

Beneath her feet were countless transparent and thin lines that formed a spider's web. They were connected to the surrounding buildings and trees, fully covering half the street.

In the eyes of this demigod-level Demoness, the intense hunger pangs were gone. The obvious bloodshot look in her eyes wasn't there, and the way she looked at Gehrman Sparrow was one of insanity and teasing. It was as though she wanted to drain his ability to resist, bit by bit, making him feel the deepest, most heavy, and most painful despair.

Klein held back his urge to cough as he snapped his fingers again, causing the tree beside the cathedral to burst into flames.

His figure was immediately engulfed by the fire as he rapidly faded away and appeared above the tree. He had appeared amidst the gorgeous flames.

Right on the heels of that, Klein hurriedly jumped to the ground, somersaulting to the side of the ancient cathedral.

At this moment, his body suddenly turned cold as he found that his feet, thighs, and waist were covered in thick layers of ice. And surrounding him was an accumulation of frost as the temperature declined rapidly.

Klein clenched his teeth, holding back the horror within him. He followed his plan, and he reached out his arms in an abnormally rigid fashion, pressing it straight onto the wall.

The Creeping Hunger on his left hand turned transparent.

In silence, Klein passed through the thick, pitch-black wall and entered the spired cathedral.

The spot where he was standing had a black fireball smash into the wall, just a little too slow. It splashed out like water, burning away the nearby frost and weeds.

At this moment, at the top of the ancient cathedral's spire, swirling ravens opened their beaks.

"Waaa!"

“Waaa!”

“Waaa!”

Panatiya halted as she looked at the dark cathedral. Bit by bit, her face was dyed with a look of fear.

…

Inside the cathedral, Klein found himself unable to see anything, as it was darker than the outside. As the frost melted, and with him getting accustomed to the dim lights, he finally saw the scene before him.

As far as he could see, there were figures being hung up in midair.

They were all humans!

Some of them were dressed in black classical robes, others in brown jackets. Some were wearing very fluffy skirts, while others had tattered clothes, making them resemble beggars.

Some of them had boorish looks, others handsome with cut facial features. Some of them were beautiful, others tender, adorable, and looking youthful. None of them looked the same.

No, there was something that they had in common. They were like meat that was undergoing a curing process. They hung from above, swaying gently as their heads were bowed and their eyes rolled back.

Klein felt his scalp tingle as he no longer doubted that this place was extremely dangerous as described by Panatiya and Mr. A.

He held his back to the wall, planning on using Door Opening to leave to avoid danger the moment anything happened. He would then pass through the wall if he was discovered by the Demoness of Despair to avoid her attacks. By repeatedly doing so, he could ensure his safety.

Whoosh!

A cold air blew through the cathedral as the figures and corpses turned around, facing Klein.

Their collars were like ropes that left their heads drooping.

Klein nearly drew a gasp as he pressed his left palm onto the wall.

At this moment, the figures began to sway like wind chimes. They opened their eyes and produced raving-like voices:

“Hornacis… Flegrea…

“Hornacis… Flegrea…

“Hornacis… Flegrea…”

The voices resounded into one, drilling into Klein’s ears as he found it abnormally familiar!

This was the raving that he had heard during his advancements in the past!

It actually originated from here, from the foggy town. It came from the corpses that hung high in this ancient cathedral!

At that instant, not only was Klein's scalp tingling, he even felt his body trembling.

Could it be that this foggy town actually originates from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range... That Nation of the Evernight which vanished? Don't tell me that I really am on the mountain? However, why would it be inside this cathedral? These same ravings don't bring about a headache or push me towards losing control... Klein hissed as he spread his hands and clenched it again repeatedly, resisting the urge to pass through the wall.

Since he was already inside and had seen the source of the ravings, he believed that escaping probably didn't resolve any problems.

Regardless, it's necessary to do a simple search. Otherwise, I wouldn't even know the reason when something abnormal happens to me!

After using a gold coin to quickly do a divination, Klein tapped his molars gently and activated his Spirit Vision. He looked up at the hanging figures and found their spirituality converged. The aura colors looked normal, but they exuded a stiff appearance.

There are aura colors... They aren't dead yet? Klein frowned slightly and deactivated his Spirit Vision.

Right on the heels of that, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger, planning to observe the Spirit Body Threads.

Upon sweeping his gaze across, Klein's pupils dilated because the Spirit Body Threads of the swaying figures looked extremely special.

The illusory black threads that corresponded to their bodies were extended in the same direction—the peak of the ancient cathedral. There wasn't a single exception!

In Klein's vision, they were like corpses being hung up by their Spirit Body Threads!

Before Klein could figure out what all of this meant, he caught a scene from the corner of his eye.

His Spirit Body Threads were automatically reaching upwards to the peak of the cathedral, to the source that hung up those figures!

This was the first time Klein saw Spirit Body Threads moving autonomously!

It was as though they were metals that had come into contact with magnets. They floated upwards uncontrollably, and the fastest thread had already reached its destination!

Klein didn't dare imagine the outcome if all his Spirit Body Threads gathered up above. He suspected that he too would become a piece of "cured meat" that would be hung up to be dehydrated, producing the ravings of "Hornacis... Flegrea" along

with the wind.

For most Beyonders, they could only consider leaving the cathedral in a bid to sever the process of having their Spirit Body Threads attracted, but Klein was different—he was a Marionettist. Quickly, he controlled his Spirit Body Threads and pulled them thread by thread.

After nearly thirty seconds, Klein finally completed this task. However, his Spirit Body Threads continued floating upwards. He had to constantly pay attention and resist this upward drift.

This is one of the dangers lurking inside the cathedral? Klein slowly drew a breath as he no longer leaned close to the walls. Step by step, he ventured deep into the cathedral.

Above him, the figures swayed as though they were watching him.

After proceeding nearly thirty meters, Klein finally saw something different. It was the pitch-black altar of the cathedral.

On the altar was a stone statue.

Klein identified the statue when he took a few more steps.

It was in the shape of a female human. However, her hips and ribs had two beast legs growing out from each one of them. These limbs were covered in short, thick, and firm black fur.

In addition, the statue was surrounded with black bands that seemed to reach out like tentacles.

At the statue's feet, there were souls sleeping as though they were holding her up on a pedestal.

Klein shifted his gaze and looked at the statue's head and saw a beautiful face.

This… Klein's gaze froze.

That face wasn't unfamiliar to him, because he had been "sent" in here by that entity!

This stone statue's appearance was identical to the "Eraser" angel under Saint Samuel Cathedral!

"She" is actually related to this place… That's right. The people "She" erased are sent here, so it would be odd if she's not connected to this place… What's the connection between "Her" and the Fourth Epoch's Nation of the Evernight on the Hornacis mountain range? That Mother of the Sky? But if that's the case, why would "She" be working for the Church? Furthermore, such an image does have its resemblance to the demonic wolf that Little Sun mentioned… Many thoughts instantly surfaced in Klein's mind.

During this process, he slowly shifted his gaze away in another direction, in the hopes of finding any possible clues.

A few seconds later, Klein discovered a figure. It wasn't hung in midair but was seated diagonally behind the statue.

Chapter 838: Scene from the Historical Void

The figure sitting diagonally behind the statue was an elder in a black robe. He wore a hood and his head was bowed with his eyes closed. By his mouth was a thick, long, and white beard. It was as though he hadn't had it trimmed for years, preventing anyone from telling what he originally looked like.

And in Klein's eyes, this hoary elder was even more bizarre than the figures hanging in midair.

After his Spirit Body Threads extended out from his body, it didn't drift up to the spot which seemed to hide "magnets." Instead, they coiled around his body and back on themselves, making the source and destination one and the same!

Ordinary Spirit Body Threads stemmed from inside a Spirit Body, extended outwards in different directions into infinity. As for the figures that hung from above, the sources of their Spirit Body Threads was no different. The destination which they extended out to was gathered at the top of the cathedral; thus, it was obvious that there was something wrong about it.

This is the reason why he hasn't been hung up? Or should I say, this is how he avoids the danger inside the cathedral? As Klein controlled his Spirit Body Threads to resist the continuous upward drift, he silently muttered and guessed at the reason.

Suddenly, he saw a pair of eyes—a pair of pitch-black eyes that looked like an unlit water surface.

The elder sitting behind the statue opened his eyes.

He was still alive!

Klein subconsciously took a step back as he bent his back slightly, holding out his left palm in front of him.

Amidst indescribable silence and anxiety, he saw the hoary elder's eyes move slightly, open his mouth slightly, and speak in a muffled manner:

"Finally, another Seer has come here..."

Another? Beyonders from the Seer pathway have entered this cathedral? That's right, apart from Eraser angel's erasing of people, sending them to this foggy town, and those who vanished in the night at the battle of god ruins would also appear here, amongst them, there might be a few Seer pathway Beyonders who attempted to seek out mermaids in those waters, or had successfully advanced and were looking to leave... Seeing that the other party had no intention of immediately attacking him and had the intention to converse with him, he forcefully composed himself and said after some thought, "Why do you say that?"

The hooded elder with black eyes and white beard didn't immediately reply as he asked with a muffled voice, "Do you wish to escape?

"I can tell you how."

Klein wasn't moved as he immediately asked, "Then why are you still here?"

Since the method to escaping this foggy town was known, why would one stay inside such a dangerous cathedral?

The elder drooped his head and chuckled in a throaty manner.

“It’s because I’ve died long ago.”

“…”

The hair on Klein’s back stood on end as he broke out into a cold sweat. He was speechless.

He could tell that the elder wasn’t an existence in the form of a soul!

Seeing no response, the elder slowly lifted his head and swept his glance at Klein in his Gehrman Sparrow appearance.

“I’ve used special Beyonder powers to seek out the void in this world’s history and fate. I sliced off a portion of my projection and left it here. It has been maintained to this day. As for my body and my spirit, they have long died and dissipated.

This is such a fascinating power… Klein was unable to verify the claim, so all he could do was ask, “Then why are you giving guidance on how to escape to Seers who enter?”

The elder’s voice remained muffled.

“After you open the door, the history and fate in here will experience a change. The projection I sliced will also vanish, and when the time comes, you will see an urn of ashes.

“I only wish that they could be scattered in the Srenzo River near

Intis's capital, Trier. That is my hometown, the place where I was born."

"Do you know the place I'm referring to? I've no idea how much time has passed in the real world."

He's been imprisoned for at least a century? Klein frankly replied, "They still exist."

"Excellent," the elder said with a nod, his throat apparently filled with phlegm.

Although Klein didn't fully trust the person before him. He believed that knowing more made it beneficial for him to make a judgment. Hence, he decided not to waste any time, for fear of being interrupted again.

"Then, how should I escape?"

The elder remained sitting in his spot and said without any obvious movement, "See that wall behind the statue?

"Do you see an inset?"

Klein actually didn't wish to follow his instructions. After all, he had been led by Panatiya to do so, resulting in him seeing her incomplete Mythical Creature form and, hence, suffered from shock and damage. However, he had previously planned on surveying the surroundings in search of clues. Therefore, he ultimately carefully shifted his gaze to look at the wall behind the statue.

Engraved on it were short and ancient symbols, but there was an empty spot in the middle, preventing it from being connected as one.

The blank area was the size of two palms and was obviously indented. It was as though someone had dug away a brick on its surface.

"As long as you find the corresponding obsidian rock and insert it, this wall will tentatively be released from a concealed and secret state. It will showcase illusory colors. When the time comes, I'll tell you of a complicated special symbol. It will be the key to opening the door on the wall, allowing you to escape." The elder didn't turn his head as he looked straight ahead and spoke in detail.

A complicated special symbol... A key to opening the door... Klein listened to the ravings of "Hornacis... Flegrea..." resound with the wind behind him as a symbol suddenly came to mind.

It was the vertical eye formed from many secret symbols!

It was the information that the Antigonus family's notebook had passed to him by corrupting the Misfortune Cloth Puppet!

And the Antigonus family appeared to have a deep connection with the Nation of the Evernight on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range!

Could this be the so-called key? Klein retracted his gaze in a calm manner as he asked, "Why did all the Seers from before fail?"

The elder chuckled and said, "Some of them are as naggy as you

are, failing to leave this cathedral before the crimson moon turned clear. They ended up being hung up. It's the case for that fellow who gave himself a handsome face. Likewise for the lady with flawless features."

"..." Klein was nearly rendered speechless by the elder's jibe.

However, he also learned something. The danger inside the cathedral would greatly increase once the crimson moon turned clear. Even Marionettists were unable to control their Spirit Body Threads!

I'll have to constantly take note of the changes in light. Once the crimson moon turns clear, I'll pass through the wall... Klein looked around him and confirmed that the wall closest to the pitch-black altar was six to seven meters away. Then, he quickly came up with an emergency plan.

The hooded elder didn't look at him as he continued, "The rest weren't very lucky. They encountered enemies that had lost their reasoning and only wanted them for food. They were then devoured.

"You have to know that there aren't many Beyonders from the Seer pathway to begin with. The ones that can become Marionettists are even fewer. The number that can come in here due to various reasons are only a handful.

"Of course, there are a lot more that were attracted and enticed in here, but it was difficult for them to come all the way here as they..."

He didn't finish his sentence as he slowly looked up and glanced at the top of the ancient cathedral. He then said with a muffled voice, "Their outcomes were equally tragic."

What do you mean… If I didn't attempt to steal the notebook, I would have to rely on the ravings from these hanging corpses inside this cathedral and climb up the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to seek out the Antigonus family's treasure. Will I be considered as one of those that got attracted or enticed? It's difficult to come in here, and the outcome would be equally tragic? Klein's mind stirred as he began suspecting that the so-called treasure of the Antigonus family was nothing but a trap based on the dilapidated palace and translucent worms he had previously seen from his divinations.

He didn't bother asking in more detail as he tried to sound out more important information.

"Do you know where that obsidian rock is?"

The elder chuckled.

"It's in the hands of that Demoness of Despair."

Demoness of Despair. So Panatiya really is a Demoness of Despair… Klein had previously addressed Panatiya inwardly as such, but that was because he knew that she was called Lady Despair, as well as him being certain that she was a Demoness. Hence, he had simplified the two tidbits of information and given her such a nickname. He never expected that the Sequence 4 of the Demoness pathway was Demoness of Despair.

"That will be very difficult for me to obtain that obsidian rock. She's a true demigod." Klein didn't conceal the difficult position he was placed in as he waited to see if the elder had any suggestions.

The elder shook his head and said, "I'm a person who is long dead. There's very little help I can provide.

“Hmm… Didn’t you have a marionette when you came in?”

“Yes, but it has already been eaten by the Demoness of Despair,” Klein replied in a seemingly calm manner.

The elder sighed and chuckled.

“I can help you summon him from the history of this world.”

Just as he said that, Klein saw lines quickly outline themselves beside him, drawing out Admiral of Blood Senor in his triangular hat and dark red coat. Furthermore, the Spirit Body Threads were still under his control!

Klein’s pupils immediately constricted as he heard the hooded elder add, “It can only be maintained for thirty minutes. Make good use of the time.

“I’ll help you strengthen some of the connections, enhancing your control of the marionette. This way, you can let the marionette use your Beyonder powers, and also allow you to swap locations with him instantaneously. Heh heh, the controllable distance and traits of him looking alive will also be boosted.”

Allow my marionette to use my Beyonder powers? Doesn’t this mean that I can use the powers of a Faceless to make my marionette turn into another me? A perfect body double? This is a demigod of the Seer pathway? This is one of the powers of a Bizarro Sorcerer? The enemy never knows if the one killed is the real Bizarro Sorcerer? Also, summoning a marionette from history. This is completely inconceivable… Thoughts surfaced in Klein’s mind as he could hardly compose himself.

The elder looked up and glanced at him before continuing, “Give me a paper figurine.”

Klein frowned slightly and hesitated for a few seconds before taking out a paper figurine and handing it over.

The elder reached out his wrinkled hand and took the paper figurine before swiping across it casually.

Klein’s headache, fever, and enlarged tonsils suddenly disappeared!

The paper figurine was tainted with spots of red rust as it quickly cracked after becoming brittle.

Using my paper figurine to transfer my ailment? Klein thought and finally asked, “Sorry for my breach of etiquette. How may I address you?”

The elder didn’t immediately reply as he said with a sigh, “I can only provide you a little help.”

He paused as he gave a muffled laugh.

“You can call me, hmm…

“Zaratul.”

Chapter 839: Descendant of An Ancient God

*F*ck*... At that instant, Klein, who heard the elder's reply, had vulgarities resound in his mind. Apart from that, no other thoughts appeared.

Zaratul—the leader of the Secret Order, a descendant of the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire aristocracy, the former owner of the Antigonus family's notebook, and the Beyonder guide for Emperor Roselle. "He" was a true High-Sequence Beyonder of the Seer pathway, a Miracle Invoker who was a secret existence about two centuries ago. "He" was believed by Arrodes to have lost control, turning from an angel into a monster during "His" attempt to advance to Sequence 1, Attendant of Mysteries!

No matter which description was used, "He" was a heavyweight that the present Klein was unable to resist. He had the feeling of shock that a figure from history textbooks had jumped out of it and walked in front of him, alive. He also felt the air around him appear to congeal as they piled on top of him, crushing his body and stifling his breathing.

Klein had once imagined that perhaps all his encounters, including his transmigration, had stemmed from Zaratul's setup, and he suspected that "He" would be akin to the final boss he would encounter in games. And now, he had met him—ahead of time.

I'm only a Sequence 5! Klein couldn't help but shout out inwardly as he suspected if the person opposite him was the real Zaratul.

Zaratul is a last name. It represents an aristocratic family in the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire. In theory, there should be many Zaratuls over two thousand years of history... Perhaps the one in

Roselle's diary is the grandfather, father, brother, or son of that Secret Order's leader... Also, he mentioned that he has been dead for years, while Arrodes and Will Auceptin have testified that the Secret Order's leader, Zaratul, is still alive. He has just lost control and turned into a monster, turning extremely crazy... Klein tried to convince himself that the situation might not be as terrible as he imagined. This quickly calmed him down as he began to carefully contemplate.

The Beyonder powers that this Zaratul showcased doesn't seem like much, but all of them exceed the realm of normalcy. It's even more so for those that's related to history and fate... He's definitely not only a Bizarro Sorcerer. He might even be a Sequence 3 or Sequence 2. And this pathway's angels are few to begin with...

This place is intricately tied with the Nation of the Evernight which disappeared from the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, and it produces the ravings that reach the ears of Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway... Back then, the Secret Order's leader, Zaratul, had fewer appearances after he obtained the Antigonus family's notebook via Emperor Roselle. It's unknown what "He" was plotting. Does this mean that I can believe "He" had come to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to seek out the treasure left behind by the Antigonus family based on the notebook and obtained the corresponding potion formula and ingredients of Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries?

In the world of mysticism, repeated coincidences usually imply problems and a confirmation...

If it is that Zaratul, could it be that splitting "himself" to store "Himself" inside the foggy town is the reason that caused "His" ultimate loss of control?

As for being "long dead," there's an even more reasonable explanation. The Secret Order leader, Zaratul, had said so "Himself": What is a miracle? A miracle is to be resurrected from

the dead!

And "He" was already a Miracle Invoker!

As Klein's mind churned, the hoary elder who claimed to be Zaratul chuckled.

"From your reaction, you seem to know me?"

Klein quickly probed, "I've heard of this last name.

"I once met Queen Mystic and learned of the Secret Order from her, and also know of its leader."

The elder nodded gently without giving any confirmation or denial. He smiled and vaguely asked, "What other help do you need?"

Help... Klein recalled the Beyonder powers he had showcased and said after some hesitation, "Are you able to summon a fish from the outside world from this concealed world's history? It's okay if it has already been turned into food."

From his point of view, it wasn't an impossibility. After all, most people that entered the town had come from Sonia Sea's easternmost front, the ruins of the battle of gods. Perhaps some fish that had been reared there had been brought in. They could be used to be stored as food and also used to observe the changes in the environment. There could also be explorers who vanished from not being able to sleep in time when night came after eating their fill of fish. It wasn't unreasonable that fish meat could be found in the history of the foggy town.

Zaratul raised his head and looked at Klein. He didn't immediately give him an answer.

After a few seconds, he leveled his gaze and said indistinctly, "Yes."

Just as he said that, a blob made up of ground-fish meat appeared in Admiral of Blood Senor's hands.

"It can only be maintained for forty-five minutes. Once it's over, it's as though one has never eaten it before," Zaratul added.

That actually worked... Klein increasingly found the High-Sequence Beyonder powers of the Seer pathway to really be bizarre and terrifying.

He had planned on saying that he didn't need any help, but considering how Zaratul was well-known to be deceitful, with everything he said and did being questionable, he felt that he needed to make some preparations.

Amidst his thoughts, Klein decided to appear a little greedy to lower Zaratul's appraisal of him and believe that he could easily lead him to do his bidding.

After letting his marionette put away the fish meat, his eyes rolled a little as he indiscernibly drew a breath and said, "I still need the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula."

Zaratul didn't change his posture as he fell silent for a few seconds. He then said with a chuckle, "No problem. As long as you trust that I'll give you a real formula.

“After you return with the obsidian rock, I’ll hand over both the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula and the symbol needed for opening the door to you.

“Sigh, that isn’t something that I need to care about. All that matters is that you scatter my ashes back into the river in my hometown.”

After Klein listened in silence, he couldn’t help but ask, “You have a very high level. The ashes you leave behind will contaminate the river and create countless monsters.”

Zaratul laughed upon hearing that.

“Very meticulous.

“However, there’s nothing special about my ashes. I’ve lost them long ago.”

As he spoke, he looked up again and glanced at the peak of the ancient cathedral.

He’s hinting that his Beyonder characteristics and body’s specialness had been absorbed by the “magnet” above? Klein pondered over Zaratul’s meaning as he pressed on matters regarding his Beyonder pathway.

“What’s the Sequence 3 potion name after Bizarro Sorcerer?”

Zaratul’s beard moved slightly as he said, “Scholar of Yore.”

Scholar of Yore… Although it sounds like a relic that's already dead and dug out from a tome, Zaratul has repeatedly mentioned history. The corresponding Beyonder powers are fascinating… Klein thought in glee as he asked again, "Then what's the corresponding Sequence 0?"

Zaratul lifted his head again and glanced at him. Finally, he chuckled and said, "You will likely know when you 'open the door' to escape."

I hate people like you, saying things midway, often just smiling without giving an answer… Klein immediately understood the feeling Emperor Roselle once had as he turned his gaze to the statue beside him and asked, "Who is this?"

Zaratul's head didn't turn as he said in a muffled manner, "'She' is a descendant of an ancient god."

A descendant of an ancient god. A descendant of Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea? This ancient god seems to wield the authority of Evernight… "His" descendant established the Nation of the Evernight? Before Klein could ask a question, he heard Zaratul chuckle and say, "'She' also has a brother that you wouldn't be unfamiliar with."

"Who is it?" Klein tried hard to recall who, but he couldn't find an answer.

Zaratul chuckled.

"'He' gave 'Himself' a new last name.

"Antigonus."

Antigonus... Nation of the Evernight... Hornacis... Flegrea... Klein's eyes lit up slightly as he pieced together the fragmented pieces of information.

It's very easy to understand the Church of Evernight destroying the Nation of the Evernight, as it's a battle of authorities. However, to completely eradicate the Antigonus family for having inherited the Seer Beyonder paths of the divine doesn't make sense. There's no need to go that far. After all, the pathways that can be interchanged with the Sleepless pathway are the Death and Giant pathways.

Furthermore, Klein was still puzzled to this day. *Why would the Antigonus family place their treasure on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range? Why did they trust the people of the Nation of the Evernight that much?*

Now, he finally understood something.

Just as Klein was about to ask more questions, he suddenly saw the crimson moonlight shining in from the cathedral's windows brighten. It drew out shadows of the corpses hanging in midair.

The crimson moon has turned clear! Klein's heart tightened. Without any additional thoughts, he followed his emergency plans by raising his right hand. Snapping his fingers, he lit a candle by the wall that was a distance away from him.

At the same time, he got Senor to possess him as he leaped out, somersaulting in the process before arriving at the wall closest to the outside.

And this time, the entire cathedral had turned abnormally silent. There were no longer any resounding ravings.

Klein's spiritual intuition didn't give him any indication of danger, but he could tell from the shadows on the ground that the corpses hanging in midair had turned towards the flame!

Without any hesitation, Klein pressed his left palm down, passing through a wall and arriving outside the cathedral. Then, without even daring to even raise his head, he borrowed the driving force of a Wraith to tumble and run towards the nearest building. The distance from wall to wall was only about ten meters.

During this process, he didn't hear the beast-like growls nor detect the loitering figures. However, his back felt like it was being pierced by a sea of glares!

In just a second, Klein had appeared outside the building. Pressing down with his palms, he passed through the wall.

Then, he snapped his fingers and remotely used Flame Controlling to extinguish a candle inside the cathedral.

After a brief moment of silence and anxiety, the feeling of being stared at vanished. Beyond the tightly-drawn curtains, figures began to appear as they began loitering.

Chapter 840: Using His Advantage

With all the abnormalities vanishing, Klein heaved a slight sigh of relief. He began to observe his surroundings. Then, he selected a shadowy spot that wasn't too dark due to the faint moonlight. This was to prevent himself from suffering any sudden attacks.

And the few seconds from before had made him come up with a theory about the faint figures and beast-like growls.

They were previously corpses that were hung inside the cathedral, producing the ravings of "Hornacis... Flegrea..."!

When Klein passed through the wall and left the cathedral, the corpses that hung from above had turned to face the lit candle, and there weren't any figures on the street until Klein remotely used Flame Controlling and extinguished the flame. Everything was the same as before!

When the crimson moon is clear and one's spirituality is enhanced, the "magnet" at the top of the cathedral will have a stronger influence on the foggy town. It will be able to control those corpses to loiter around and pretend that everything is normal? If that really is the case, the light might actually be attracting the controller's attention. Under such circumstances, if the flame isn't extinguished and the source is locked on, it might result in an extremely terrifying outcome. Hmm, I can't rely on Flame Controlling to repeatedly divert the "attention" of those figures... Klein reminded himself. Then, he turned to use his Spirit Body Threads vision that he didn't deactivate, to size up the bread, stewed beef potatoes, and red wine on the dining table.

He suspected that the food here was part of the "magnet" at the top of the cathedral. If it was consumed, one's Spirit Body

Threads would be corrupted, and it would cause them to be unable to resist floating towards the cathedral. This also explained why eating the food caused them to vanish. They ended up being hung up to dry in the cathedral and be let out to "walk" when the crimson moon turned clear. This matched Mr. A's description of the vanished people's reappearance under the bright moonlight.

At a glance, Klein discovered that the food was like living beings. They had Spirit Body Threads extending out, reaching towards the ancient cathedral.

The most special point about them was that they had only one Spirit Body Thread, obviously being different from the dense, countless Spirit Body Threads of a normal living creature.

Indeed, it's close to my theory... After obtaining some validation regarding his theory, Klein retracted his gaze and considered how to deal with Demoness of Despair Panatiya.

Beside him, Wraith Senor in his ancient triangular hat and dark red robe appeared. This marionette's bones cracked as his face squirmed. Soon, he turned into Gehrman Sparrow.

This was a marionette using the powers of a Faceless!

Klein observed his double for a moment and realized that there were some flaws. The clothes couldn't be changed, and if he concealed them with an illusion, it wasn't possible for him to fool a demigod-level Demoness of Despair. Even Mr. A might not fall for it.

After some thought, he made Wraith Senor take off his clothes. As for himself, he took off the black clergyman robe, and they switched clothes with one another!

While wearing the clothes and hat, Klein's expression turned odd. Over the past two months, the marionette had been wearing the same outfit. It had been down the sewers and experienced an explosion, so there were all sorts of smells mixed into the clothes. It wasn't a pleasant smell.

Sigh, my present suffering is all a result of my laziness prior to this... Klein sighed silently as he completed changing his appearance. He had turned into Gehrman Sparrow dressed as a pirate captain.

At this moment, Senor had also changed into the black clergyman robe. His aura was spirited and no longer cold. He looked no different from a living person.

Klein deliberated for a moment and took off Creeping Hunger, allowing Admiral of Blood to wear it on his left hand.

This way, the marionette was the perfect copy of Gehrman Sparrow!

One must go all the way when putting on an act... Besides, if Creeping Hunger were to revolt at this moment, then it will be eating the marionette. Heh heh, once the marionette lapses, will it feel cheated? It's like it ate a placebo... As Klein got Senor to get used to his state and take away the fish meat, he seriously began formulating plans.

Relying on a marionette that can use my Beyonder powers wouldn't be able to defeat a Demoness of Despair, even stealing the obsidian rock from her is nearly impossible. She's a genuine demigod after all...

Even though this extremely convincing marionette gives me a chance of achieving success in battle, such as letting it draw her

attention while I complete a sudden sneak attack and constantly swap positions; thus, confusing Panatiya so that she can't make an accurate judgment, I can't make up for the disadvantage that stems from the difference in our levels and strength to achieve my goals...

I can consider using the marionette to engage in close combat and attempt to control Panatiya's Spirit Body Threads. He's already a corpse, so he wouldn't be affected by the plague. I can catch her by surprise using this method... But there are too many problems. First, the mysticism "viruses" and "germs" that a Demoness of Despair creates will grow in strength. At its peak, will it be able to affect a zombie? Second, does she still have other Beyonder powers I'm not aware of... There's a high chance that it's the case!

Hmm, I'll first make a list and write down my advantages or things that are on par with the Demoness of Despair. Let's see if I can get any ideas...

I can disguise myself. A marionette using its Beyonder powers can be considered at the level of a demigod. Instantaneous swapping is also one. Apart from them, there isn't anything else... Yes, considering Demoness of Despair's current state, I seem to have something that I'm better at than her...

She's in a half-crazed state. Her reason comes and goes at random, and she does extreme things. She's easily led around by her instincts. Hmm, although she's still good at incitement and allurement, that's an innate quality for catching prey. As for me, I'm in a normal state, and I haven't had any problems with my rationality yet. I'm still able to think and analyze...

Don't tell me I need to come out on top using my wit?

An idea came to Klein as he gradually formulated a new train of thought and plans.

Why must I fight Demoness of Despair Panatiya to the death at this moment?

She definitely yearns to escape this foggy town. Deep down in her heart, this will be something that beats her instinctive need to eat! Furthermore, she's still full at the moment!

I can try to cooperate with her. She can provide that obsidian rock, and I'll draw the special and secret symbol, putting together the conditions for opening the door...

Besides, I'm not too sure about Zaratul. Who knows what schemes "He" might be up to. "He" might be secretly plotting something. By pulling a Demoness of Despair into this, it can effectively make the situation chaotic and restrain "Him" in some way!

Cooperation is a diplomatic choice, not a militaristic choice. The effects of an intact stand-in at the demigod level has will definitely be better than directly engaging in battle. This is equivalent to me obtaining benefits from both sides!

Klein rapidly made a decision. As he pondered on the details of him negotiating to cooperate, he patiently waited for the crimson moon to return behind the fog.

After a while, the crimson moonlight that seeped through the dark-colored curtains dimmed. Klein immediately made his marionette pass through the wall and leave where he was hiding.

Then, Senor walked onto the streets with the appearance of Gehrman Sparrow, walking straight towards the pitch-black cathedral.

In about ten seconds, Klein discovered that Senor was being affected by an ailment.

To the dead, this was completely ineffective, but Klein could foresee that, with the passage of time, the ailment would worsen and turn stranger. It might even affect one's nerves and spirituality. This would make the zombie's actions turn stiff. In the end, even its knees would be unable to bend, making movement only being possible by hopping.

Thankfully, I didn't choose to use the plan of letting my marionette control the Spirit Body Threads. Klein immediately made Senor say out loud, "I was inside the cathedral for a while, and I'm not dead.

"I found a way to escape from this place!"

After saying that, "Gehrman Sparrow" sniffed as though his resistance to the ailment had weakened due to the declining state of his body.

And at this moment, the white-robed Panatiya suddenly appeared at the door of the cathedral. Her hair had been tied up once again, looking neat and tidy.

Her slightly crazy-looking but beautiful eyes looked at Gehrman Sparrow as she took out a strangely profound obsidian rock.

The contours of the obsidian rock was identical to the inset on the wall behind the cathedral's statue!

"You need it?" Panatiya asked calmly.

Klein discovered that the Demoness of Despair had dispelled her plague and ailment as he hurriedly made Senor nod.

"Yes. As long as you place it in the correct location in the cathedral, and match it with a special symbol, we will be able to open a 'door' that allows us to escape.

"I know that the cathedral's interior is very dangerous to you, but this is mainly a result of Spirit Body Threads. And as a Marionettist, I can control Spirit Body Threads to prevent you from suffering the fate of being hung up."

Panatiya fell silent for a few seconds as she curled her lips. With a bright smile, she returned with a question, "Then, I'll become your marionette?

"Or you can stop helping me at the critical moment, making me turn into a loitering figure under the moon?"

Klein was long prepared. He immediately made his marionette reply earnestly, "What should I do to make you feel at ease?"

Panatiya didn't immediately reply. After some careful thought, she said, "Give me your hair and flesh."

Curses that Demonesses are good at? Using Senor's hair and flesh to curse Gehrman Sparrow? Count me as the loser if that works! As Klein felt grounded, he made the marionette appear in a difficult position.

"Then wouldn't you be able to kill me at any moment?"

Panatiya replied with a smile, “You can hand me the hair and flesh only when entering the cathedral.

“When inside, if there are any signs of me cursing you, you can give up controlling my Spirit Body Threads. It will be the same the other way round too. If anything abnormal happens to me, I’ll immediately curse you.

“Once the door is opened, I’ll leave first. And at the same time, I’ll return the flesh and hair to you.”

“Gehrman Sparrow” hesitated for a long time as he discussed the details with the Demoness of Despair. Finally, he nodded and said, “Alright, let’s do it.”

Just as Panatiya wanted to say something, her eyes suddenly narrowed as she slowly said, “For some reason, I’m still a little worried.”

Chapter 841: Keeping Each Other in Check

What terrifying intuition. Despite not realizing that the "Gehrman Sparrow" in front of you is a double, you still feel that something is amiss... Hidden in a faraway building, Klein inwardly drew a gasp. His mind raced as he quickly came up with a corresponding strategy.

He controlled Senor and made the marionette reply in a deep voice, "I'm also a little worried.

"After opening the 'door,' if you leave first, you can ambush me from the outside once I'm out. You don't even need to ambush me. You can just wait outside.

"I believe that I should be the first to leave. And before that, you need to return to me my flesh and hair. When the time comes, you can be closer to the 'door.' This way, you will have enough time to pass through the 'door' before your Spirit Body Threads drift to the top of the cathedral."

Panatiya listened in silence and returned with a question, "Then how do I prevent you from destroying the 'door' after you leave?"

"This is also a problem for me," the marionette answered without giving any signs of weakness. "When I obtain that special symbol, I'll show it to you. That way, even if I close the 'door,' you will still be able to open it again."

Panatiya closed her mouth as though she was thinking through the details, but she appeared somewhat irascible and could hardly compose herself. It was as though her inclination for insanity had filled her mind.

After about ten seconds, she said again, “I think a pure curse might not be able to harm you. Seers do not lack the means to avoid harm, just like the Paper Figurine Substitutes you used before.”

She really isn’t leaving behind any loopholes. Thankfully, the person in front of you is a fake from top to bottom… As Klein lampooned, he made Senor take out one paper figurine after another. Then, he burned them all in front of the Demoness of Despair.

“I can’t be sure that you haven’t hidden one,” Panatiya said in suspicion, still somewhat neurotic.

“Gehrman Sparrow” twitched the corners of his mouth in a deadpan manner and said, “You can try divination. Aren’t Witches good at that?”

Panatiya smiled impatiently and said, “The spirit world cannot be communicated with in here, and my spirituality…”

She didn’t finish her sentence as the look in her eyes turned somewhat dangerous.

Klein knew what the Demoness of Despair was getting at. Her spirituality had been corrupted due to half a year of “eating.” It was somewhat chaotic and crazy, making it give unreliable “answers,” especially against a Beyonder that was best at divination.

The two reached a stalemate, momentarily unable to resolve the problem of trusting one another.

At this moment, on the roof to the left, a hoarse and muffled voice sounded.

"I can be your 'witness.'"

"Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya turned their heads at the same time and looked over. Mr. A's figure grew out from the shadows as he wore a blood-red hooded robe.

"How will you bear 'witness'?" Klein made Senor ask.

Mr. A pulled down his hood and said with a deep chuckle, "I'll use flesh and blood magic to drill into your body and control your condition. Once you stop controlling the Spirit Body Threads, or if you try to use Paper Figurine Substitutes, I'll immediately give a warning or attempt to stop you.

"Once that 'door' you speak of opens, I'll leave your body and pass through the door before my Spirit Body Threads are affected."

Do you think "Gehrman Sparrow" is an idiot? Klein made his marionette curl his lips.

"Based on what I know, Rose Bishops can hide in the bodies of others, but the host will immediately die once they leave."

"No, using that method is to evade investigations; therefore, there's a need to fuse with the host's flesh and blood. But there's no need to do so in this situation. I'll silently wait inside your stomach," Mr. A explained in detail.

No, it's not my stomach. It's Senor's stomach... Klein made

Gehrman Sparrow take out a gold coin and pretend to attempt a divination.

This crazy adventurer muttered under his breath as the gold coin in between his fingers was flipped.

With a ping, the gold coin flew into the air and landed in his palm.

“Gehrman Sparrow” carefully glanced at it.

“From the looks of it, you aren’t lying.

“However, you will have to leave my body before I show the special symbol to Lady Despair.”

If this wasn’t done, “Gehrman Sparrow” might end up being murdered by their collusion. After all, if Panatiya obtained the door-opening symbol while wielding the obsidian rock, given enough time, she didn’t need to worry about any anomalies with her Spirit Body Threads. Then, she wouldn’t need help from “Gehrman Sparrow” at all. Mr. A’s existence was only to prevent the use of Paper Figurine Substitutes.

However, “Gehrman Sparrow” didn’t need to be too worried if Mr. A came out ahead of time. He wasn’t even afraid that Panatiya would lose decorum after knowing the door-opening symbol, because if that happened, he could rely on Paper Figurine Substitutes to avoid certain death. On the other hand, Panatiya wouldn’t carry out a pursuit in the cathedral. This was because she would end up being hung up with the passage of time; hence, she needed to seize the opportunity to escape immediately!

Besides, there was no way to take the obsidian rock. “Gehrman Sparrow” would then have no chance of any subsequent escape attempts.

Although the details of this plan were still flawed, it fully considered the situation of all three parties. Panatiya raised her hand and grabbed at the hair that was sliding down her sideburns when she suddenly asked, “If I were to escape first, aren’t you afraid that I’ll ambush you?”

This was also a problem that Gehrman Sparrow was previously worried about.

Klein immediately made his marionette curl his lips and say,

“I’m afraid.

“But I still have other means of escape. I’ll take the risk.”

Panatiya took two steps in an irritated manner before finally saying, “We shall do it as agreed then.”

After making up her mind, her smile became extremely relaxed.

“You really are a special man, a man that made me see hope. After we leave, I don’t mind letting you experience what extreme pleasure is if you aren’t afraid.”

“Gehrman Sparrow” shifted his gaze away with great effort before looking at Mr. A.

“I have no more questions.”

With the sound of howling wind, Mr. A flew down and landed not far from “Gehrman Sparrow.”

His figure, along with his “clothes,” rapidly melted away, turning into a sticky glob of flesh and blood.

Right on the heels of that, the flesh and blood piled onto one another and kept compressing into a “tiny stream” that had the thickness of an arm. Then, it flowed towards “Gehrman Sparrow.”

Far away in a building, Klein felt somewhat disgusted as he retched. Then, he made “Gehrman Sparrow” open his mouth.

The “flesh and blood” stream climbed up the marionette’s body and drilled into its mouth. The slightly warm but slippery feeling passed through the gullet and entered the stomach.

It’s heavy… However, Mr. A’s flesh and blood is helping to hold up the stomach, preventing it from sagging too much… Klein inspected the marionette and made him look up at the shrouded crimson moon and say to Panatiya, “Let’s begin.”

“Alright.” Panatiya, who could hardly withstand her urges, impatiently walked towards the cathedral’s entrance.

Klein made “Gehrman Sparrow” follow by her side and first plucked off his hair before making two meat tendrils grow out from his arm before ripping it out. It made blood gush out.

If someone very familiar with me were here, they would definitely notice a problem because I can't deal harm to my own body so decisively... Hmm, perhaps in the eyes of others, the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, can probably do such a deed easily... As Klein noticed a problem and gained experience from his conclusion, he made the marionette pass through the ajar main door of the ancient cathedral. He then handed the hair and flesh to Panatiya.

Panatiya slowed down her pace as she took out an ugly, palm-sized puppet and wiped the flesh over it and tied the hair around its thin neck.

She held the cursed puppet in one hand and finally stepped through the cathedral's door. Klein immediately got "Gehrman Sparrow" to control their Spirit Body Threads. As for Mr. A, as he had overlapped with the marionette, it wasn't too much of a hassle.

Hmm, even I can do it. With the powers showcased by Zaratul, "He" totally has the capability to help Beyonders that are not from the Seer pathway to resolve the loss of control over Spirit Body Threads in the cathedral. This way, as long as "He" wants the Demoness of Despair to enter, "He" could've opened the door a long time ago... Why didn't "He" do it? "He" is unable to communicate with others beyond the cathedral? That's why Seer pathway Beyonders who aren't Marionettists or higher can't walk to "Him"? Klein used his marionette's senses to analyze the situation remotely.

And inside the cathedral, the corpses remained dangling in midair. Their heads were bowed and their eyes were rolled back. From time to time, they would sway with the wind, producing the ravings "Hornacis... Flegrea..."

When Panatiya saw this scene, her body instantly stiffened, but she quickly composed herself. Together with "Gehrman

Sparrow," they walked under the "gazes" of the hanged.

Before long, they saw the pitch-black altar and the statue of the ancient god's descendant.

Zaratul remained sitting diagonally behind the statue, wearing a hood and sporting a white beard.

When "Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya approached, "He" slowly lifted his head and chuckled.

"Very good. Beyonders from the Seer pathway need to know how to use their brain and not always think of fighting."

"He" seemed to have foreseen that all of the paper figurines of "Gehrman Sparrow" would be destroyed. "He" directly reached out "His" wrinkled palm and grasped at something. "His" grab pulled out a yellowish-brown goatskin and a quill filled with ink and a bottle of ink.

This made Panatiya involuntarily twitch her brows.

Zaratul picked up the quill and scribbled words and symbols before rolling it up and handing it to "Gehrman Sparrow."

"That's the door-opening symbol, as well as the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula you want.

"They can only last for forty-five minutes and cannot be taken out."

Klein avoided the Demoness of Despair and unfolded the goatskin, allowing the potion formula and the door-opening symbol to appear before his eyes.

Suddenly, his pupils constricted and nearly froze.

The door-opening symbol and the symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook via the Misfortune Cloth Puppet were mostly the same. It was a vertical eye made up of many mysterious patterns and labels representing concealment!

However, there were tiny differences in the details. A crescent pattern had switched spots with a dotted-line label!

Chapter 842: Behind the Door

At that instant, the first thought that surfaced in Klein's mind was: *As expected, Zaratul has a ploy!*

Right on the heels of that, he was thankful that he had obtained the correct door-opening symbol from the Antigonus family's notebook ahead of time. With this newfound confidence, he didn't panic and become at a loss.

Zaratul returned the quill and ink bottle to the past, and he lifted his head. Scanning "Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya, he said with a sigh, "All the conditions are in place. You can now open the door."

Upon saying that, he fixed his gaze on "Gehrman Sparrow" and chuckled.

"Don't forget to take my urn with you."

Just as he said that, his entire body suddenly crumbled into countless points of light and scattered into the surroundings, fusing into the void. It was as though he had long rotted and turned to dust.

Left in the spot where he was sitting, there was a tin urn. Its surface had ancient patterns that didn't look anything special.

Klein made "Gehrman Sparrow" take two steps forward, bend down, and pick up the tin urn. He found it heavy, nothing like something that was fake.

He used the hand holding the goatskin to open the lid and saw that it was filled with grayish-white powder and particles. It didn't have a lustrous glow.

It really is just ordinary ashes? Then who helped cremate Zaratul? He cremated himself? After "Gehrman Sparrow" closed the lid, he casually used this goatskin-wielding hand to take out a piece of flesh from a pocket and swallowed it.

Panatiya noticed this action as she squinted her eyes at him as though she was asking what he was doing.

Klein stuffed the fish into the marionette's mouth as he deliberately adjusted his breathing and said, "I'm a little nervous.

"I'm not sure if this door-opening symbol works."

Panatiya had already confirmed that he was eating ordinary fish meat. Although it looked somewhat disgusting, the half-crazy her had lacked the patience to make a further distinction. She moved her gaze away and looked at the urn and smiled.

"If it's useless, we can share it.

"I'll have one scoop a day, and it will last a very long time."

This Demoness's mental state is really abnormal... Klein silently sighed. Passing by the Eraser angel statue suspected to be the Mother of the Sky, "Gehrman Sparrow" came in front of the wall.

Then, he turned his body to the side and pointed to the inset and said to Panatiya, "Place that obsidian rock inside."

Panatiya smiled gorgeously as she said with dull eyes, “Let me see the door-opening symbol first.”

There’s no need to be so wary of me. If I really wanted to harm you, I can immediately give up my marionette, and you wouldn’t have the time to escape this cathedral. You’ll definitely be hung up. When the time comes, I’ll saunter in, pick up the obsidian rock, and open the door to leave… However, the symbol given by Zaratul is really problematic. It’s best I find a person to bear the brunt of it… Klein’s mind whirred as he made “Gehrman Sparrow” lift his palm and pat his abdomen while opening his mouth.

A blob of indistinct flesh and blood surged out, piling up ahead and turning into the beautiful feminine Mr. A.

Upon seeing this scene, “Gehrman Sparrow” flicked the goatskin and unrolled it.

The special symbol was with the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula as they were reflected in the eyes of Panatiya and Mr. A.

Panatiya’s eyes darted about before she smiled coquettishly and said, “Open the door. You leave first.”

She had confirmed that “Gehrman Sparrow” was still helping her control her Spirit Body Threads, so there was plenty of time for her to wait.

As she spoke, she threw the ugly puppet stained with blood and tied up hair at him.

She’s also afraid of an accident… As Klein got “Gehrman Sparrow”

to catch the puppet, he watched the Demoness of Despair take a few steps forward and insert the obsidian rock into the recess.

The two fused together perfectly, not leaving any protrusions.

The wall rapidly emitted light and gradually turned transparent. It could be seen that the outside was paved in stone slabs. There were walls with holes and clouds floating in midair.

As Panatiya took a step to the side, “Gehrman Sparrow” held the puppet, goatskin, and urn in his left hand and reached out his right palm. He then used his finger as a pen and drew the vertical line made up of several concealment symbols on the transparent wall.

During this process, Klein was in a dilemma. He wasn’t sure if he should draw Zaratul’s symbol or the Antigonus family’s one.

Although he believed that Zaratul was problematic and had a scheme, he felt that he had belittled this powerful figure after calming down. If Zaratul’s sole purpose was to harm him and everyone else with him, there was no need for him to mention the opening of the door. All he needed to do was wait patiently to achieve his goals.

Furthermore, with the gray fog’s aura completely severed and screened from Klein by the foggy town, he couldn’t figure out why Zaratul would target him.

Therefore, his final judgment was that Zaratul’s goal was to coax someone into opening the door to allow “Him” to obtain something or escape something. As for whether there was danger after the door opening, that wasn’t within “His” considerations. If scattering the ashes was genuine and rather important, it was likely to be relatively safe after heading out. In

short, danger was at every turn.

That also meant that Zaratul's door-opening symbol was real, and the probability that it didn't carry any danger was 50%.

And on the other hand, the Antigonus family's notebook wasn't necessarily "kind-hearted." The scene that Klein had seen from the divinations he did above the gray fog, and the information he obtained from Zaratul, and the fact that Zaratul had lost control and gone mad, he could basically determine that the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range's Antigonus family's treasure might very well be an enticing trap. Then, whether there was any latent risks in the complex picture provided by the notebook, that was something that needed consideration.

On the one hand it's a tiger, and on the other hand it's a wolf. It's the ultimate choice of the lesser evil... Also, the Antigonus family's symbol is for entering the treasure trove. It doesn't mean that it can be used to leave... As Klein contemplated, he didn't stop drawing while he quickly approached the part which was different.

At this moment, he stole a glance at Panatiya and discovered that her eyes had a glint in them as she wore a smile. It felt like she had the urge to try.

She... If she's normal, as a senior Instigator, she should be able to control her expressions... Besides, she just saw the door-opening symbol as well... Klein's heart stirred as he let the marionette draw the symbol provided by Zaratul.

Soon, the complicated vertical eye was drawn.

Pure light enveloped the area as they traversed the patterns and finally gathered together.

Amidst a spectacular blast of light, an illusory, double door filled with secrecy appeared on the wall. Due to the push from “Gehrman Sparrow,” it slowly opened.

Behind the door was the ancient stone tiles and hole-ridden walls they had previously seen. Everything was very silent and there were zero abnormalities.

At this moment, Panatiya’s figure suddenly shattered, turning into mirror fragments.

At the same time, the lady in a pure white robe appeared in front of “Gehrman Sparrow” and passed through the door.

And in her hand, there was an additional ugly puppet stained with blood, its neck coiled with a strand of hair.

As for the one in “Gehrman Sparrow”’s hand, it had degenerated into a piece of glass.

In terms of magical illusions, a Demoness of Despair was several times superior to Klein.

After Panatiya passed through the door first, she half-turned around and faced “Gehrman Sparrow,” revealing a crazy and teasing smile. Black flames soared from her palm as she ignited the puppet.

At that moment, it was as though she was saying, “Despair! Plunge into the deepest pit of despair just as hope arrives!”

Only then did Klein realize that the curse couldn’t be diverted or

weathered by Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Panatiya immediately turned around, preparing to depart from the foggy town and the ancient cathedral, afraid that an accident would happen.

At that moment, her eyes suddenly froze.

Her body crumbled, transforming into one mirror after another. However, she wasn't able to put a distance further than ten meters between her and the door.

In just a second or two, Panatiya let out a sharp cry as invisible threads and thick, black hair curled around her, binding her within. Her exterior was covered in black flames as she froze into layers of ice.

Suddenly, all of this disintegrated. Demoness of Despair Panatiya's eyes effused clear, deep despair and regret.

Her expression rapidly turned stiff as her neck seemed to be held up by an invisible hand. Her entire body rose into the air and hung there, her eyes rolling back bit by bit, but her looks remained immaculate.

On the side of the door, "Gehrman Sparrow"'s body had been enveloped in black flames and began melting like wax. As for Mr. A who had planned on flying through the door, he began retching, vomiting one fresh mushroom after another. His body began to sprout mushrooms as if a drizzle had just passed.

Before "Gehrman Sparrow" lost his vision, the scene behind the door pulled close, presenting an empty foyer.

No, it wasn't empty. Hanging in midair were even more corpses. They were of all ages and sexes. Some were dressed exquisitely, others gorgeously, ancient, or casually.

These corpses were like the ones hanging in the cathedral. They all floated up as they came and went as though they were acting in a grand musical, accurately reflecting a musical of the daily lives and details a town should have!

Klein saw that, behind these hanged corpses, there was a transparent and slimy tentacle. It was covered in complex patterns with secrecy hidden within. It was as though it could drive anyone crazy.

Countless tentacles extended deep into the foyer, and there sat an ancient, huge stone chair. Its surface was inlaid with dull gold and gems.

This… Klein tensed up as he didn't hesitate to close his eyes and cut his connection with the marionette!

In his mind, the scene that he had seen from his previous divination surfaced.

Seated on the huge chair were countless translucent maggots that clustered together. They squirmed slowly as they grew freely, extending out nearly invisible tentacles.

And the final scene that was embedded in the marionette's vision was at the bottom of the ancient chair. A tarot card sat there silently.

Its surface was also that of Roselle. The emperor was wearing a

gorgeous head accessory and colorful clothes. It held a stick with luggage hanging from it as though he was on a long trip.

He had a visionary look, and beside him was a puppy. At the corner were shiny words: “Sequence 0: The Fool!”

Chapter 843: Magical Mushroom

"Sequence 0: The Fool!"

After discerning the words on the tarot card, Klein once again felt the same feeling he had when he heard Zaratul say his name.

At that moment, he felt the strong call of destiny. He felt that everything had been arranged from the beginning, just like 0-08.

He began to suspect that his original judgment, believing that the female beast tamer from the traveling circus that had visited Tingen and performed a tarot divination for him wasn't an ordinary person.

As his thoughts raced, Klein viewed it from another angle and came up with a new idea. Gradually, he stopped being that horrified, fearful, and depressed.

Perhaps it wasn't a machination but the changes that I brought about myself.

This is because of the ritual that resulted in my transmigration. I had a connection with the mysterious space above the gray fog. Fate would naturally be affected as a result. More precisely, as a visitor from another world, I never had my "fate" here. The current trajectory I've taken is a result of my character, the encounters of the original Klein, the influence of the gray fog, and the surrounding environment.

The mysterious space above the gray fog is clearly strongly tied to

the Seer pathway. And this pathway's Sequence 0 is The Fool. When projected into reality, and in front of a divination, I'll definitely get The Fool as my card!

Similarly, this resulted in me later using The Fool as my name.

Klein's mood calmed down bit by bit, believing that this was the most plausible explanation.

Using Occam's Razor to eliminate all presently unknown factors, I can still obtain a reasonable explanation. That means that it's quite likely to be the case... Klein forced himself to stop thinking about questions he couldn't provide certain answers to. He then turned his attention to what had just happened.

That huge chair and that cluster of translucent maggots were what I saw when I made a divination above the gray fog.

From carefully considering and inferring things from this harrowing scene, it might very well be an angel from the Seer pathway, an angel that had lost control and turned into a monster!

Zaratul "Himself"?

Or the powerful entity from the Antigonus family from the Fourth Epoch?

If it's the former, that corroborates with Arrodes and Will Auceptin. Zaratul is already Sequence 1 and has lost control and gone made. "He" broke down into a monster. This matches... This can also explain why Zaratul only wishes for the door to be opened. It's because once the door of secrets is opened, the two

sides will have a connection, allowing "Him" to recover from "His" present state bit by bit. "His" repeated emphasis on "His" ashes was just a pretense.

But herein lies the problem. The environment Zaratul is located in, as presented by Arrodes, doesn't resemble the ancient palace at the mountain peak. Otherwise, I would've recognized it back then.

What if that's the angel from the Antigonus family who's living as an abject existence, one that made Zaratul suffer after "He" came to the Hornacis mountain range after obtaining the notebook from Roselle? "He" had a part of him separated from "Him" without realizing it; thus, causing "Him" to go mad during the advancement. Regardless, "He" is a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. After all, Zaratul was already a Miracle Invoker back then...

From this angle, Zaratul's goal might very well be the opening of the door, allowing the foggy town's history and fate to become mixed with the outside world, preventing "Him" from being dissociated again.

Regardless, that cluster of translucent maggots is probably a Sequence 1 that lost control. No wonder the Demoness of Despair faced a breakdown the moment she saw "Him." She only managed to struggle a little before being hung up, turning into a marionette that's being hung up to dry. Thankfully, I was lacking in clues back then, and the scenes I saw through divination wasn't clear enough. Otherwise, I would've suffered a terrible blow from witnessing a complete and crazy Mythical Creature. I would've lost control and mutated...

Wait, no matter how strong "He" is, can "He" be stronger than the Eternal Blazing Sun and the True Creator? Even if a Seer pathway Beyonder has a certain resistance against the mysterious space above the gray fog, it would at best make "Them" be at the same level. In other words, as long as I endured the pain, with the

prerequisites met, I have one chance of prying on its secrets, and a complete Mythical Creature's state is mixed in with the relevant knowledge.

Who knows, I might be able to get one or two High-Sequence formulas, just like how I obtained the Unshadowed from the Eternal Blazing Sun back then.

At this thought, Klein couldn't help but have a scene surface in his mind.

The Fool above the gray fog was silently reaching out his thieving hands once again.

While reeling in joy, Klein also found it a great pity because, with his present level, strength, and items, he had no way to head to the ancient chair with the translucent maggots and pick up The Fool card.

To see an item that one desired the most but not being able to obtain it was often painful.

Phew... At least I've already obtained the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula. In the future, I still have once chance of prying on its secrets. The risk I took this time wasn't in vain. All the gold pounds I spent and the marionette I lost wasn't in vain either... Hmm, Zaratul likely wouldn't give a fake formula. To "Him," there's no need for him to lie to a Sequence 5 Beyonder who might not walk out alive. Besides, if "He" was lying, he had to be wary of me already knowing the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula. The reason why I asked might only be to determine if "He" was worth trusting... I'll divine this later when I'm back above the gray fog... Klein heaved a sigh of relief, and seeing that there hadn't been any anomalies outside for quite a while, he decided to immediately approach the pitch-black cathedral and observe the changes inside.

To him, all the problems that he thought about weren't pressing issues. The pressing issue was to leave the secret world, to leave this foggy town!

When he came out of the building he was in, Klein, who was wearing an ancient triangular hat and dark red coat, carefully came to the entrance of the ancient cathedral. He carefully passed through the ajar door and walked in.

The corpses that looked and dressed differently were no different from before. They remained hanging in midair, swaying with the wind and producing the ravings of "Hornacis... Flegrea..."

Klein walked under them as his eyes got accustomed to the dim environment, allowing him to see more.

The half demonic wolf-and half-human statue was still standing there without any signs of damage. The obsidian rock and the tin urn were behind the statue without any signs of cracking.

Klein first heaved a sigh of relief as he began to observe his surroundings when his gaze froze.

In a dark corner stood a gigantic mushroom taller than he was.

The mushroom's cap had scarlet-red like blood with interspersed white patterns. Its body was formed out of similar tiny mushrooms. Their patterns drew out a face—Mr. A's face.

However, Mr. A's "eyes" were blank. It didn't have the glint that one would call human. There were mushrooms growing from both sides of the stem, forming into long arms. And on the left palm was a thin human-skinned glove. Both parties had seemed

to fuse as one.

...What kind of abomination is that... Klein involuntarily took a step back. He found his knowledge in mysticism completely lacking at that moment in time.

He began taking actions to protect himself. While doing so, having not deactivated his corresponding visions, he discovered that the terrifying mushroom didn't have any Spirit Body Threads. It appeared to have long been dead, and its only movements were the results of spasming nerves.

Suddenly, Klein had a theory.

Mr. A, who had been infested with mushrooms, didn't manage to escape in time and had seen the cluster of translucent maggots. He had seen a complete Mythical Creature, causing his mind to instantly die as his body collapsed completely. This also resulted in a terrifying mutation. It then merged with Senor who had disintegrated from the curse, becoming a never-seen-before mushroom monster!

Also, Creeping Hunger has been swallowed... This "mushroom" is really disgusting. I'll throw Frank into the sea if he ever mentions mushrooms again... Klein's eyes darted around slightly as he subconsciously headed for the obsidian rock. He planned on ignoring the "mushroom" and first escape.

At this moment, he found his mind turning adrift. Everything around him seemed to turn into a blur.

Suddenly, Klein realized that he was being forcefully pulled into a dream!

He immediately escaped the dream and saw the nearly two-meter-tall “mushroom” sliding over slowly. In its hand was a great sword that was a combination of scarlet magma and blue-hot flames.

It can use Sword of Lava… Klein didn’t hesitate as he opened his mouth and let out a sound: “Bang!”

The extremely penetrative Air Bullet hit the “mushroom” who had slowed down due to it being engaged in controlling dreams. The bullet drilled through its cap, tearing open a huge wound.

Underneath the wound was human flesh and tiny spores. They quickly squirmed and restored the “body.”

To think that’s possible… Klein felt a strong sense of danger as he hurriedly lunged to the side, rolling several times in the process.

The “mushroom” sped up suddenly as the Sword of Lava in its hand dragged scarlet and blue flames, cleaving down at the spot Klein had been standing at. It caused the floor tiles to rupture as flames scattered.

At this moment, Klein snapped his fingers, igniting the tiny mushrooms that formed the monster.

Then, he ran towards the back of the statue in an attempt to obtain the obsidian rock.

But finding his thoughts go adrift for a moment, Klein realized that he was going in the wrong direction.

He was rushing towards the entrance.

It can distort my will? Klein's heart tightened as he noticed through the corner of his eye that the surface of the gigantic "mushroom" was covered in a layer of frost. The frost had extinguished the soaring scarlet flames.

As his thoughts raced, Klein ran towards the door and snapped his fingers, igniting the tree leaves outside.

In situations with zero understanding about his enemy, and him having not made any preparations, he believed that a Magician had to choose to retreat and avoid dangers for the time being.

More importantly, his strongest Marionettist powers were useless because the gigantic "mushroom" didn't have any Spirit Body Threads!

Scarlet flames soared up like water, enveloping Klein's body. He quickly appeared in the flames outside as he jumped towards the ground.

He was just about to distance himself when he heard a howling wind.

The red-capped "mushroom" had come out of the cathedral with the auspices of a strong gust of wind!

It can even fly! Klein snapped his fingers, using Flaming Jump to open up a gap.

Meanwhile, he discovered his nose was itching as he wanted to

sneeze.

I'm also sick... How am I supposed to fight? I don't have any mystical items, and I haven't been able to fully express my strengths as a Marionettist... It really is a magical mushroom! Klein was at a loss on whether to laugh or cry when he hid inside a building.

Suddenly, he felt his body become somewhat cold as his mind naturally reflected his present appearance.

His ancient triangular hat, dark red coat, white pants, and black boots had vanished. All he had on him was a pair of briefs to uphold his last bit of dignity.

This... Thirty minutes are up. The spell for summoning Senor from the past has ended... Klein instantly understood the reason as he began thinking.

That "mushroom" which fused with parts of Admiral of Blood has likely disappeared as well...

Also, in another fifteen minutes, the effects of the "fish" will disappear. It will lack the main element that forms it...

Klein couldn't help but curl his lips. He immediately used flames and leaped out. Indeed, as he expected, the gigantic "mushroom" had a ridiculous hole in part of its stem. Furthermore, it couldn't fix it, causing its speed to slow and become impeded.

Come on, let's play hide-and-seek... Klein silently said as he began circling the town's streets, using the flames and buildings to engage in a merry chase with the gigantic "mushroom."

During this process, the crimson moon didn't turn clear at all.

After more than ten minutes, the terrifying "mushroom" finally lost its ability to move as it collapsed on the street.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he slowly and carefully approached. He saw that the flesh and blood of the "mushroom" was gathering together as points of light converged. Soon, all that was left was a thin human-skinned glove.

This... because of the mutation brought about by the Sequence 1 angel, Creeping Hunger fused with Mr. A? It's an upgraded version of Creeping Hunger? Klein bent his back as he carefully picked up the human-skinned glove.

Chapter 844: Which Symbol

The thin human-skinned glove didn't look any different from the past, but Klein didn't dare to be too careless. He used divination to make a crude inspection.

Apart from the five fingers, the palm and the back of the palm can each Graze one more soul...

Currently, all seven spots are filled. It has signs of similar Beyonder characteristics fusing together...

It also seems to have the powers of flesh and blood magic...

The speed of switching souls has sped up significantly...

It has to eat a person a day, or else it will eat its owner. Heh, Creeping Hunger, you are swelling in self-importance again. You need to reflect on yourself above the gray fog later.

I'm temporarily unable to obtain any revelations for the rest. After I leave this place, I'll head above the gray fog to make a more accurate divination.

Yes, I'm still not sure if there are any other side effects. All I know is that it wouldn't cause me any harm for the time being.

Also, Mr. X who was Grazed wasn't affected. Traveler's Traveling and Door Opening still work.

Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he wore the upgraded Creeping Hunger. Then, he rushed for the cathedral, hoping to leave as soon as possible.

During his merry chase with the gigantic "mushroom," he hadn't forgotten to cast an illusion on himself to make him wear a trench coat and a top hat.

As for the Beyonder characteristic that Senor left behind, Klein suspected that it was likely in the hands of Demoness of Despair Panatiya. And this demigod was being hung inside the ancient palace, under the watch of the cluster of maggots.

Sigh, flesh can be slowly eaten to be stored for the future, but Beyonder characteristics will definitely have appeared and taken form after this much time. Even if Demoness of Despair didn't care too much about it and threw it somewhere, in this place that isn't connected to the spirit world and highly restricts divination, I'm unable to quickly locate it. And in this sort of environment, who knows what sorts of anomalies will happen next. Who knows if that obsidian rock will automatically teleport and disappear. Thus, I need to make every second count and escape as quickly as possible... Klein returned to the cathedral with a clear line of thought.

Although he had promised Miss Sharron to sell Senor's Beyonder characteristic to Maric, the ingredient itself was corrupted to begin with, making it difficult to use for the concocting of a potion. Secondly, his safety was a lot more important.

It's not like it cannot be resolved. I can just hunt another Wraith or find Will Auceptin's help to shatter the Beyonder characteristic in Maric's hands and allow it to be purified. Hmm, this will have to wait until a particular infant is born... Klein mumbled silently as he passed through the swaying corpses and came to the side of the stone statue.

Along the way, he found the iron cigar case which he had used to put the marionette in. It hadn't been devoured by the "mushroom." Azik's copper whistle and the Loen gold coin inside weren't damaged either.

Putting these items away, Klein controlled his Spirit Body Threads to prevent himself from floating to the top of the cathedral as he bent down to pick up the obsidian rock.

After confirming that the important item wasn't damaged, he felt a lot calmer. He then inspected Zaratul's tin urn.

When he opened the lid and took a careful look, Klein's pupils constricted as his gaze instantly froze.

All the ashes inside were gone!

There wasn't any left inside!

Zaratul achieved "His" goal? Should I say as expected... Klein threw away the thin urn while feeling doubtful. He stood up straight and inserted the obsidian rock into the wall at the back.

The wall emitted light again as it turned transparent, allowing people to see the ancient stone slabs outside, the holed walls, and the floating clouds.

At the thought of the cluster of terrifying maggots, Klein wasn't in a rush to draw the symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook. He first raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

He had ignited a tree outside the cathedral, in preparation to

escape with Flaming Jump the moment something wasn't right.

After making his preparations, Klein used his finger and quickly outlined the vertical eye formed of many concealment symbols. Compared to the previous one, a crescent and dotted line had swapped places.

With his final stroke, the pure beams of light bloomed as they followed the vertical eye's patterns before blasting into a radiant light!

The entire cathedral turned ethereal as it shook.

Klein felt as though he had instantly arrived at the top where the corpses were being hung. In front of him was a pair of illusory double doors. Behind the door was a familiar ancient palace. It was where Panatiya and the other corpses were gently swaying.

Translucent tentacles with strange and mysterious patterns swarmed over and slammed on the door but were unable to open it. All it could do was use some of its strength to "grab" Klein's Spirit Body Threads!

Klein didn't hesitate to snap his fingers. While pulling at his Spirit Body Threads, he leaped to the flames outside the cathedral.

Right on the heels of that, he snapped his fingers repeatedly and flashed away, escaping to the farthest point of the foggy town.

After the ethereal feeling of the pitch-black cathedral vanished, Klein paused and frowned.

That also leads to the palace with the rampaging angel…

The symbol provided by the Antigonus family's notebook is as much of a trap as Zaratul's was!

However, this symbol only seems capable of triggering the door to escape, but it's unable to open it. Otherwise, I might not have been able to escape…

It's the symbol for entry, while Zaratul's one was for exiting?

What should I do… How do I leave?

Klein subconsciously surveyed the ghastly silent town which was shrouded in fog, and he forced himself to calm down. He began to think about how he could escape.

Perhaps that's not the only wall that allows me to leave, but it's unlikely. All these years, there have been batches of people coming to the foggy town. If there are any clues outside the cathedral, they should have long found it.

Try another symbol?

What should I try…

Klein fell into deep thought as he analyzed the intricacies to see if he could be inspired.

This place is related to the Nation of the Evernight and the Antigonus family. As for the monster on the huge throne in the

ancient palace, it's definitely a rampaging angel from the Seer pathway, regardless of "His" identity...

Zaratul, who's also involved in this matter, is similarly an angel of the Seer pathway. The Antigonus family's notebook which provided the symbol is also directly tied to this pathway...

Therefore, the correct door-opening symbol is likely related to the Seer pathway?

Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway is likely called The Fool... This can be initially confirmed; otherwise, that owner of the Card of Blasphemy wouldn't have been lured to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and become a hanger...

The Fool... The Fool...

As he ruminated over the word, Klein suddenly thought of himself. He thought of the mysterious symbol behind his high-back chair that represented himself above the gray fog!

Perhaps I can give it a try? Klein pondered for a few seconds before deciding to make a bold attempt. After all, he was temporarily out of ideas.

He returned to the spired cathedral, and under the gaze of the hanged corpses, he walked to the wall behind the statue and picked up the obsidian rock that had fallen once again.

After the obsidian rock was inserted, the door rapidly turned transparent. As Klein snapped his fingers to light another tree, he took a deep breath. He drew The Fool's symbol that was made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the partially Contorted Lines.

Soon, he completed the symbol as he found himself feeling anxious.

But this time, nothing happened to the transparent door.

It doesn't work… Klein's expression turned wry as he suspected that he would be trapped in there, engaging in murderous battles with Beyonders who later entered, doing so until he starved to death or was eaten.

He shook his head to dispel his emotions of despair. He began running through ideas in search of other clues.

This place is related to the Nation of the Evernight and is related to the Antigonus family, and they were obliterated by the Church of Evernight.

The one who sent me here is the Eraser angel who's suspected to be the Mother of the Sky. "She" was active in the basement of the Church of Evernight's Saint Samuel Cathedral…

The reason why people vanish if they don't sleep at night in the ruins of the battle of gods is said to be a result of the remnant aura and strength of a deity from the Evernight domain.

Therefore, this is clearly related to the Evernight's authority or even the Evernight Goddess, uh—areas related to the Goddess.

The more Klein thought about it, the more he lacked confidence. He was originally analyzing the problem from an objective angle, but he had unknowingly changed the way he addressed the Evernight Goddess.

And this led him to a new idea.

Perhaps I can try the label corresponding to the Dark Sacred Emblem or the symbol that represents the Goddess in mysticism?

Out of options, Klein exhaled and raised his right hand again, drawing the simplified picture of the Dark Sacred Emblem.

Suddenly, the watery scene behind the transparent door shook as a change occurred.

Although he could still see the ancient palace and the hole-ridden wall, they were very far away and could only be faintly made out!

Behind the door was a bottomless cliff with jagged rocks. It was amidst the clouds in the sky with stars and the crimson moon that hadn't been concealed by the sunlight. It was like some part of a mountaintop!

...It really works... Klein stared at this scene with a dumbfounded expression as he subconsciously reached out with his palms and pushed the door open.

There was a cold breeze outside that produced a howl.

Klein was just about to take a step out when he fell into thought and paused.

Then, he flipped a gold coin and did a divination. He received a revelation that there was no danger outside.

Following that, he drew a crimson moon on his chest in a feigned manner.

After doing this, Klein stepped out with his right foot and passed through the illusory door.

His vision went dark as he saw an endless night and resplendent stars. Following that, he found himself on a mountaintop. Apart from the unmelted snow, jagged rocks, and morning sunlight, there was nothing.

I'm out... I'm safe? Klein didn't observe his surroundings as he directly used Creeping Hunger to turn transparent as he attempted using Traveling.

If this succeeded, it would mean that he had escaped the foggy town and returned to the real world. He could then leave the location he was at to avoid any danger. If he were to fail, he would quickly take note of the situation and be wary of any sudden attacks.

After a moment, Klein's body turned faint as he vanished from the spot. The colors in front of him saturated as countless, indescribable shadows appeared.

He had succeeded in entering the spirit world!

Chapter 845: Return

It really is the spirit world... Klein was delighted as he inwardly muttered to himself.

Without needing further confirmation, his spirituality and spiritual perception had told him that this was the real spirit world!

And this meant that he had returned to the real world, the place with all kinds of delicacies.

I nearly cried tears of joy... Klein inwardly made a self-deprecating comment as he considered where he was supposed to head to next.

From the position of the stars, moon, and sun, it's still morning. If there's no time difference between the real world and the foggy town, it's at most 7:30 a.m., or maybe earlier. At this point, the servants must've discovered the disappearance of their mate, and they would definitely inform the priests and bishops.

Even if they have received the corresponding training and would report to their superiors according to the protocol, they will have to first eliminate the possibility that someone was skiving away or having a stomachache. They would need more than ten minutes before confirming this and begin taking the necessary actions.

And after the report to their superiors, the priests and bishops wouldn't be able to instantly tell the severity of the matter. They would only believe that the servant had escaped, and they wouldn't quickly connect this matter to the Keepers. After they do a divination or investigation to figure out the truth, it would be

twenty to thirty minutes later.

That also means that they likely haven't begun their search in the surrounding area to find the intruder. The identity of Dwayne Dantès hasn't been exposed yet.

Hmm, if the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula given by Zaratul is real, then the identity of Dwayne Dantès still has many uses. If I can still keep the identity going, I should try harder to not abandon it.

Besides, the only things that I'm wearing, which are real, are my glove and underwear. If I head elsewhere, I'll be a pervert…

Klein already had a choice he was leaning towards. He took out the iron cigar case, which appeared to be inside his pocket, but was actually lodged under a rubber band. He opened it and took out the gold coin inside.

"Returning to 160 Böklund Street is dangerous," Klein muttered seven times, and with a flick, he saw it slowly spin in the spirit world, wobbling up and down, left and right, before landing on his palm.

This time, it was tails, indicating a negative response!

Klein nodded indiscernibly and immediately traveled towards Backlund.

After three stops, his figure finally appeared in his room at 160 Böklund Street. The curtains were drawn tightly and it was dim. It was very suitable for sleeping.

And on the bed, Dwayne Dantès was lying on the bed facing up. His hands were grabbing the ends of the blanket near his neck.

From the looks of it, the investigation hasn't reached me... This appearance is ridiculous... Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and saw "Dwayne Dantès" dissipate and turn into a palm-sized mirror.

Water ripples appeared on the mirror's surface as silver light bloomed and turned into Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, did you encounter something? Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, failed to sense you before!"

"It wasn't anything important," Klein answered perfunctorily.

This made him confirm that Arrodes was unable to pry into the secrets that happened in the foggy town. After all, this fellow was able to present the environment where the rampaging Zaratul was.

It really is related to the authorities of a deity? Klein's mind stirred as he asked, "Did anyone look for me?"

"No, no one came to disturb you." The silver on the mirror's surface changed and produced new words.

Klein felt truly relieved as he said to Arrodes, "You may leave. I'll summon you again if needed."

"Alright, Master. Goodbye, Master~" Like before, Arrodes produced a drawing of a hand waving on the mirror.

After the aqueous light vanished, the mirror was restored to normal. Klein walked to the bedside and pulled out the pajamas underneath and wore it.

Then, he took out candles and other items before entering the bathroom. He set up a sacrificial ritual, preparing to send Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, the iron cigar case, and the various mysticism materials above the gray fog to avoid any investigations he might face.

After doing all of this, Klein didn't delay and sat at The Fool's seat. He conjured the Bizarro Sorcerer's potion formula in front of him.

"Sequence 4: Bizarro Sorcerer.

"Main ingredient: Bizarro Bane's main eye, the true soul body of a Spirit World Plunderer.

"Supplementary ingredients: 200 ml of a Bizarro Bane's blood, 30 grams of a Spirit World Plunderer, 10 grams of Red-hair Birch bark. One segment of golden grapevines, fingernail-sized Self-made Rubber Mask.

"Advancement ritual: Relying on one's strength and strategy, orchestrate a grand performance before many spectators to kill a Beyonder creature at the level of a demigod. Then, at the end of the performance, consume the potion."

Klein didn't consider what this ritual actually meant. Beneath the potion formula, he wrote a corresponding statement.

Following that, he summoned a spirit pendulum from the junk

pile. Holding it in his left hand, he began a divination.

Before long, Klein opened his eyes and saw the dangling topaz rotating clockwise.

This meant that the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula he had was genuine!

Phew… Klein exhaled as he took the opportunity to determine what kind of changes Creeping Hunger had experienced, as well as what the various negative side effects were.

After a dream divination and several direct attempts, he figured out the exact situation in less than two minutes.

Creeping Hunger could now Graze seven souls. During each Grazing process, it could obtain two or three Beyonder powers. One of them can be chosen by the wearer.

There are currently eight souls inside Creeping Hunger. The others completely dissipated from the mutation brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries. And due to the excessive number of souls, it caused a "congestion," making some of the powers unusable. One soul needs to be released to restore it back to normal.

At present, the first of the eight souls is Baron of Corruption, which is Wormtongue Mithor. He fused with the Beyonder characteristics of the same pathway that Mr. A had Grazed. Apart from Distortion and Bribe—Weaken, there's another area of effect Beyonder power called Corrosion. It can turn the hearts of people within ten meters dark and greedy, making them make irrational choices.

The second is Desire Apostle Kircheis. He fused with Mr. A's Devil and replaced Danger Premonition, which requires advanced activation before being useful, with Sulfur Fireball. And Language of Foulness—Slow and Sword of Lava have been enhanced.

Third is Traveler, Mr. X Lewis Wien. He fused with Mr. A's Scribe. While keeping Traveling and Door-Opening, it has obtained the Beyonder power of Record. However, there's a change. It's unable to record ordinary Beyonder powers, and it can only be used against targets at the demigod level. The chance of success has been increased. Although it's still very troublesome, eight times or so would be needed as long as I'm not too unlucky. In addition, it cannot record more than two demigod-level Beyonder powers, and cannot exceed Sequence 3.

Fourth is Zombie Maveti. There hasn't been any change. It's still the original Zombie Strength, Ice Control and Zombie Manipulation.

Fifth is an unknown Demoness of Affliction. She can give the user a rather powerful sense of charm. In addition, one's appearance would receive an adjustment to a certain degree. In addition, she can provide an ailment that covers 50 meters. Creatures within that range will slowly be infected, and the effects slowly become severe. In the beginning, it might be oversensitive skin, a cold, or a fever. But twenty to thirty seconds later, it might very well turn into serious illnesses like pneumonia. After two or three minutes, one can suddenly suffer cardiac arrest or a brain aneurysm.

Sixth is an unknown Wind-blessed. There are three Beyonder powers—Short-distance Flight, Dive, and Water Control.

Seventh is an unknown Soul Assurer with the two Beyonder powers of forcefully pulling one into a dream and causing a Spirit Body to sleep.

Eighth is an unknown Doctor with the three Beyonder powers of distinguishing the time, treatment of serious ailments, and stitching souls.

At the same time, Creeping Hunger itself has Shadow Lurking and Flesh Bomb. Furthermore, it has the chance and strength to barely Graze a Sequence 4 saint.

It has instantly become so much stronger… As Klein was secretly delighted, he also frowned at the negative side effects.

Now, Creeping Hunger had to eat a living person every day, otherwise it would devour the wearer. At the same time, it would praise the True Creator from time to time in the wearer's mind. It would bring about chaotic thoughts and a headache. Apart from those two, it was also still afraid of mushrooms. No powers could be used if mushrooms appeared within five meters of it.

To randomly praise the True Creator is really troublesome. Same for eating a living person every day… I'll first throw it above the gray fog and let it calm down for a few days. Perhaps there might be some changes. If that really doesn't work, I can only write to Mr. Azik… Klein quickly made up his mind and didn't hesitate to release the Soul Assurer's soul.

He also planned on swapping the Wind-blessed and Doctor later. The Demoness of Affliction depended on the circumstances.

To the side of the bronze table, the Soul Assurer's spirit surfaced. But due to the mutation, it couldn't be maintained once it lost its host. It rapidly dissipated.

His Beyonder characteristic was produced. It was entirely black in color. At its core was pure shimmering light that looked like a night sky with embedded stars.

After doing this, Klein didn't hesitate to throw Creeping Hunger and the other items into the junk pile. He then quickly returned to the real world, ended the ceremony, and cleared up any traces.

Following that, he washed his face and brushed his teeth to make Dwayne Dantès look sharp.

After leaving the bathroom, Klein, in his pajamas, walked to the door with his usual expression. He pulled open the door and said to his valet outside, "Prepare a set of clothes that's suitable for home wear."

"Yes, sir." Richardson didn't ask why as he immediately walked to the wardrobe.

Only at this point, with him seeing his servant's back, did Klein confirm that he was out of harm's way and had returned back to his normal life.

Chapter 846: Find the Target

Saint Samuel Cathedral, behind Chanis Gate.

Backlund Archbishop, Saint Anthony, stood at the staircase connecting the two different stories and watched as the Nighthawk deacons rushed about. Many of them wore red gloves.

As a spokesperson for the Church of Evernight in the kingdom's capital, Saint Anthony had a clean-shaven face. His face didn't betray his mood, and his deep black eyes similarly hid any upheavals he had. But everyone who passed by him would feel their souls tremble as an indescribable sense of horror arose in their hearts.

"Your Grace, an inventory count has been made. None of the mysticism ingredients are missing, including the potion main ingredients and Beyonder characteristics..."

"Your Grace, all the potion formulas are in their original locations. It can be preliminarily determined that no one had gone through them in the last eight hours..."

"Your Grace, all of the prisoners imprisoned on the first level are accounted for. None of them escaped, nor did anyone pass away..."

"Your Grace, none of the information or books suffered any damage or were moved..."

"Your Grace, the Grade 2 and Grade 3 Sealed Artifacts are all

present. None of them have been taken away…”

“Your Grace, the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts remain in their sealed states. None of them show signs of having left their confines…”

“Your Grace, the core seal remains intact and didn’t suffer any damage…”

“Your Grace, it has been confirmed that there are no new items in here. There are no remnant setups that bring about danger…”

“Your Grace, we didn’t find the enemy who disguised himself as a Keeper. H-he seems to have evaporated into thin air…”

One deacon after another came over to make a report as the matter gradually turned somewhat odd.

They found it unimaginable that a scheming and powerful Beyonder would take such an immense risk and set up such a tight plan and use all kinds of means to pass through Chanis Gate. Yet, nothing was taken, and the perpetrator had left after circling the area once!

This made it seem like the person was only trying to prove themselves, or it was someone who had specially come to find flaws in the surveillance of Chanis Gate for the Church.

The deacon who led a Red Gloves team surveyed the area and deliberated as he came up with a theory.

“Your Grace, could it be the requirements of an advancement

ritual of some Sequence?”

Having been on a mission to capture Devils, he was accustomed to making such guesses. And from Sequence 5, different pathways and different Sequences had different advancement rituals. The ones that the Church of Evernight was aware of wasn’t a large number.

If that were the case, Soest could already see the infiltrator’s mockery grin that said, “I’m free to go anywhere, even if it’s the Church of Evernight’s Chanis Gate. It’s no different from a department store. Those Nighthawks will only become raged after the matter, feeling useless.”

He has to be caught! Soest silently clenched his red-gloved hand.

Saint Anthony was just about to say something when Nighthawk deacon, Daly Simone, raised a second possibility.

“Perhaps the infiltrator had attempted to take some Sealed Artifact away and suffered the negative effects. He died on the spot and was cleanly devoured?”

Saint Anthony nodded in thought and said, “I’ll head to basement three to take a look.”

With that said, he steadily walked to basement two, and in a secret location, activated the path to basement three.

The other deacons were lacking in rank or clearance, so all they could do was wait in their spots.

Saint Anthony quickly arrived at basement three which didn't span too big an area. He basically confirmed that Sealed Artifacts 1-29 and 1-80 hadn't undergone any abnormal changes.

Following the strict protocols, he observed 1-80 with 1-29 and found 0-17 lying inside with eyes half-open, just like always.

During this process, Saint Anthony approached thrice and opened a distance from it thrice. Sometimes, he changed where he stood, and at other times, he cloaked himself in the darkness of the night. He didn't dare skip the necessary steps.

Even as a saint, he didn't dare belittle any of the items in here. Ignoring the powers that would break out of its vessel, temporary causing the seal on 0-17, even 1-29 and 1-80, which were rather dangerous items, to become ineffective. Saint Anthony didn't wish to degenerate into an amnesiac who had to relearn how to eat and drink, much less become part of a dream that existed between reality and illusions.

There's nothing wrong... Anthony heaved a silent sigh of relief. He began restoring the two Sealed Artifacts to their original states.

A few minutes later, the Nighthawk deacons saw the archbishop return.

"The infiltrator might have died from touching a Sealed Artifact," Saint Anthony said, his pronunciation of "died" being somewhat muffled.

He didn't give any additional explanations as he instructed, "Regardless, this matter needs to be investigated. The infiltrator might have a partner!

“To be able to infiltrate Saint Samuel Cathedral without causing a stir, it means that the target is very familiar with this place and is familiar with the recent duty shifts of the Keepers. He’s very familiar with how Nighthawks handle and take over matters, and has the ability or an item to change his appearance. In addition, he had obtained the help from a Beyonder with a sacred Evernight pathway item or has one himself.

“Putting all these conditions together, investigate the servants and priests to see if they have encountered any indistinct spirit channeling or enticement. Check if the bishops have betrayed the Goddess, as well as the believers who have recently come to the cathedral on a regular basis… At the same time, check on all the believers and the surroundings of their residences. Perhaps they had unexpectedly divulged something and had something stolen. I’ll carry out the investigations pertaining to you.

“Also, find the missing servant and see if there are any clues.”

“Yes, Your Grace,” Soest and the other Nighthawk deacons answered in unison.

…

In the office with a tense mood, Leonard Mitchell wasn’t having his feet up on the table like usual. He sat very properly and wore a rather solemn expression.

This was the second time he had encountered a matter that targeted items behind Chanis Gate. It invoked the memories that he buried deep inside his heart.

And more importantly, he had encountered the fake Keeper before without realizing the problem!

I-if I were a little stronger and had better observation skills, perhaps it might not have… Leonard Mitchell's lips pursed tightly as he looked at the documents in front of him, but he wasn't reading a single word. This continued until his teammates entered.

"That Keeper has awoken. He didn't see the infiltrator and only knew that he encountered the possession ability of a Wraith," the Red Glove that entered said to everyone in the room.

"How can a Wraith move about inside the cathedral?" Many Red Gloves raised the question, but no one had an answer.

Perhaps that Wraith believes in the Goddess… Leonard mumbled inwardly. While no one was paying attention to him in the corner, he suppressed his voice and seemed to mutter, "Old Man, didn't you discover anything abnormal back then?"

The slightly-aged voice sounded in his mind:

"It's not like I'll observe the outside world all the time, especially when I'm near Chanis Gate."

Leonard didn't dare ask further as he joined in the discussion with his teammates.

Before long, the Red Gloves team captain, Soest, entered the room and threw a stack of dossiers on the desk.

"These are the targets we need to investigate. The bishops have provided the names of the believers who have frequently come to the cathedral recently."

Leonard glanced at it, and towards the back was a dossier with a familiar name: Dwayne Dantès!

This… this old fellow that survived from the Fourth Epoch came to a nearby street for less than two months, and Chanis Gate was infiltrated? Isn't that too much of a coincidence? Besides, he has been frequently coming to Saint Samuel Cathedral. He might be observing the situation and figuring out the patterns… Old Man's excuse wasn't too convincing, but if the infiltrator was Dwayne Dantès, then everything makes sense. He's afraid that he would expose himself and pretended not to discover anything abnormal… Leonard's mind instantly filled with many ideas as he asked in deliberation, "Captain Soest, what did the infiltrator take? What clues did he leave behind?"

Soest surveyed the room and said, "Nothing was taken or left behind. It was like no one stepped inside. His Grace suspects that he died or was vaporized from contact with some Sealed Artifact. Our priority is to find his partner."

No, Dwayne Dantès wouldn't die that easily! He's a monster who has lived since the Fourth Epoch… However, why did he carry out the infiltration? Leonard frowned slightly as he hesitated for a moment. Then, he proactively included Dwayne Dantès into the investigation targets for himself and two other teammates.

After the Red Gloves and local Nighthawks began taking action, Leonard found an excuse to head to the washroom first. He suppressed his voice and asked, "What are your thoughts about Dwayne Dantès?"

He didn't expose his parasite's lie.

The elderly voice chuckled and said, "*Didn't I tell you? I don't know much about him. I only know that there's something special about him. His aura has something ancient about it.*

"However, the case you previously investigated gave me some inspiration. I suspect that Dwayne Dantès might be related to that matter. He might be a proxy of some existence."

"What matter? Which existence?" Leonard muttered softly in surprise.

In his mind, the ancient voice replied with an odd tone, *"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."*

...

160 Böklund Street.

Klein had his breakfast and returned to the balcony's half-open room. He sat in his reclining chair and raised his hand to rub his temples.

After his tense mood subsided, Klein discovered that his mind had turned somewhat adrift. He would often see the hanging corpses in the ancient cathedral, as well as the cluster of translucent maggots that remained unclear in his deepest memories. Illusory voices would seem to constantly echo in his ears: "Hornacis... Flegrea..."

Although I had quickly cut the connection with my marionette, I had suffered some of the effects. My soul has been slightly corrupted... As expected of a real Mythical Creature... After the preliminary investigations are done, I'll have to find a way to resolve the remnant problems... Klein slowly heaved a sigh of relief and used Cogitation to calm himself.

Chapter 847: The Name Hidden in the Dossiers

A carriage passed by Böklund Street as Leonard Mitchell and two Red Gloves teammates discussed the target they were investigating this time—Dwayne Dantès.

"I still haven't had any direct contact with this gentleman. I've only investigated his servants and neighbors," Cindy, who had long wine-red hair, introduced her findings. "For now, it has been confirmed that Dwayne Dantès has acted the same since last night to this morning. He went to his bedroom to sleep at eleven and finished washing up at half-past seven in the morning. At times, he would have some supper and end the day after midnight. At times, he would wake up before seven and head out for a stroll, but that's not the norm."

Another Red Glove, Bob, nodded and said, "From this point of view, there's nothing wrong with Dwayne Dantès."

Leonard Mitchell, who sat in a seemingly casual manner, immediately said with a smile, "But the reverse can also be true.

"According to what we've currently gathered, the missing servant was likely replaced between 11:20 and 11:35 last night. The infiltrator entered Chanis Gate at six in the morning, and we discovered the problem at 7:20 a.m. without finding the target.

"It can thus be said that during the infiltration, Dwayne Dantès was sleeping and lacked an alibi."

"What you say makes sense..." Cindy glanced at Leonard in surprise.

Her impression of this teammate of hers was one who often had a judgment or question that pointed at the core of the problem. However, he seldom described his logic in great detail. He was more like a desultory poet who occasionally had epiphanies.

Bob, who had a sharp chin, frowned as he shook his head.

“If that’s the case, everyone on this name list cannot be cleared of suspicion. They were sleeping with no one watching them. Even if they have wives or husbands, they would similarly be sleeping at such times.

“Also, I don’t believe an infiltrator would be so bold. He had already entered Chanis Gate and managed to successfully escape, completing an unimaginable feat; yet, he stays nearby and hasn’t abandoned his identity or gone far away. How is this possible?

“The risk involved cannot be predicted unless he’s also planning something else. Or he can’t bear to part with certain things, but what can compare with infiltrating Chanis Gate? What can compare with those Sealed Artifacts, ingredients, and formulas?”

If I didn’t know that Dwayne Dantès was problematic in the first place, I would’ve come to the same conclusion… Leonard had already thought of an explanation as he crossed his right leg.

“I’m just saying why we can’t so easily strike off Dwayne Dantès from the suspects.

“Besides, Captain Soest has said it. The infiltrator might have already died behind Chanis Gate. Even if Dwayne Dantès isn’t involved, he might very well be an accomplice.

“Hmm… Don’t you find it too much of a coincidence? He moved in for less than two months, and the Church encountered something that might never happen in centuries. Besides, he has been visiting Saint Samuel Cathedral too frequently. He had ample opportunities to figure out the corresponding situation.

“Also, during this period of time, there was a strange sewer explosion along Böklund Street.”

Cindy bunched up her long, wine-red hair and said, “You’ve convinced me. This should be a target that we put our focus on.”

Bob pulled at the ends of his left palm’s red glove and said, “There are indeed many coincidences.

“However, coincidences might not be equivalent to problems. Even if Dwayne Dantès goes to the cathedral daily and listens to the bishop’s preachings, all he could do is understand the layout and not obtain deeper information, such as when the Keepers will head to Chanis Gate and how the handover is done with the Nighthawks.”

“Therefore, he’s more likely to be one of the accomplices,” Leonard said with a shrug.

He similarly didn’t understand how Dwayne Dantès would understand the internal protocols of the Nighthawks so well.

Cindy echoed, “Regardless, we have to do a deeper investigation.

“Shall we wait till noon and directly enter Dwayne Dantès’s dream to question him? Hmm, he has the habit of taking afternoon naps.”

Leonard raised his right hand and waved it gently.

“There’s no need to be in such a hurry.

“It’s not like we’ve never done any routine inspections in the past or entered his dreams, but we didn’t discover anything wrong.

“If there really is nothing wrong with him, we wouldn’t gain anything from entering his dream again. If there’s a problem with him, the fact that he didn’t expose himself back then means he has the means to resist an inquiry during the dream. We will still be fooled by him if we enter his dream again.

“Therefore, we should monitor him and see what kind of people he interacts with, so as to prevent him from escaping while waiting for Desi’s response about this tycoon’s true identity. Once we discover any clues, we will request to use a higher-level investigation method than questioning him in dreams.”

Cindy was once again surprised as she couldn’t help but joke, “It’s rare to see you analyze the situation so seriously.”

Furthermore, his thought processes were extremely clear!

Leonard fell silent and gave a self-deprecating comment.

“Perhaps it’s because I’ve encountered something similar.”

Instantly, Cindy felt that Leonard’s green eyes had turned darker.

She didn’t speak further.

“Let’s take turns to monitor Dwayne Dantès. I’ll go first.”

“Alright.” Leonard nodded and turned to Bob. “Get the case files on the sewer explosion. Let’s see if we can discover any problems. I’ll head back to read through the corresponding dossiers and see if there are any other abnormalities on this street.”

After splitting the work, the three Red Gloves began their work. Leonard returned to Saint Samuel Cathedral’s basement and obtained the information involving Böklund Street and the cases that the Aurora Order had actively or passively involved themselves in for the past three years.

The latter was something that sparked off the clue provided by the Parasite in him. It gave him an idea.

“Since The Fool’s existence and the corresponding honorific name initially came from the Aurora Order, it means that the Aurora Order was involved in something or had suffered some setbacks. It might be related to the organization that believes in The Fool!”

After returning to the office, Leonard held back his desultory attitude as he very seriously read through the thick dossiers.

In the dossiers related to the Aurora Order, there was the Lanevus case he was most familiar with. This True Creator’s descent had failed terribly because of some baffling report. A mysterious person had appeared to kill the main criminal. He was suspected to be related to Hero Bandit Black Emperor. As he targeted evil criminals, he would scatter tarot cards over the target’s corpse. That person wasn’t able to do it for Desire Apostle Jason Beria only because Leonard had rushed over too quickly.

Similarly, Leonard once again saw the name, “Sherlock Moriarty,” appear in the periphery of the case.

Aurora Order’s Mr. X was assassinated at the gathering he convened. There were traces of powers at the demigod level left at the scene… At this point in time, Dwayne Dantès had already arrived in Backlund. It matches perfectly…

Aurora Order’s Mr. A and the Demoness Sect cooperated to create the Great Smog of Backlund. This person vanished as a result…

Aurora Order’s Mr. A had assassinated the Intis ambassador…

…

Leonard read case after case, but he didn’t find anything of use.

He rubbed his temples and decided to attack it from a different angle. He began from the cases related to Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

Lanevus case… First murder scene with the tarot cards thrown as a ritual… And The Fool is the beginning of the tarot cards…

Capim’s case… From the strength and level showcased by Hero Bandit Black Emperor, he won’t and wouldn’t mimic others… He similarly scattered tarot cards on the corpse…

Desire Apostle Jason Beria… I saw Hero Bandit Black Emperor with my own eyes, preventing him from scattering the cards in time…

Apart from major events and evil criminals, what other connection do these three cases have? Leonard had previously considered the relevant questions and was certain that Detective Sherlock Moriarty had been partially involved in the Lanevus and Capim cases.

Then what about the Desire Apostle case?

Leonard found the addendum and began leafing through them. Finally, he spotted a line in an inconspicuous spot:

…People attacked involved Isengard Stanton, Sherlock Moriarty…

Leonard's expression slowly turned excited as though he had discovered a breakthrough.

He flipped through the Aurora Order dossier and didn't miss out any of the names involved. He kept expanding his search and requested for all the dossiers that involved every name.

"Aurora Order's Mr. A assassinated the Intis ambassador… The Intis ambassador was in charge of the conflict over the difference engine manuscripts… The clues to the manuscripts came from a spy who usually acted as a private detective…

"It is reported that another private detective was embroiled in this matter and had nearly been killed by a gang member under the command of the Intis ambassador… Another private detective…" Leonard suddenly stood up as he left Saint Samuel Cathedral and headed for the police station that handled the case back then.

Although most of the dossiers had been taken away by MI9,

Leonard still found the name of the person who had made the police report: “Sherlock Moriarty!”

I now have reason to believe that this great detective was also involved in the Great Smog of Backlund. Among the various people who are involved, his name appears, right at the periphery of the matter! He and Dwayne Dantès all belong to a secret organization that believes in The Fool? Leonard thought as the corners of his lips curled up. He decided to immediately search for more information to verify his conjecture.

…

160 Böklund Street, inside the master bedroom.

Klein didn’t have any Nighthawks enter his dream during his afternoon nap, but he once again “returned” to the foggy town. He saw Demoness of Despair Panatiya with her smile showcasing blood-colored flesh in between the gaps of her teeth. He saw her slowly being hung up as her eyes rolled back in despair before her head drooped down.

The hung corpses, the horrifying gigantic mushroom, the cluster of countless translucent maggots kept appearing one after another, waking Klein up from his dream.

As he rubbed his temples, Klein found that his mind was in a terrible condition. And this wasn’t a problem that could be resolved by the gray fog.

He fell into deep thought and entered his bathroom and arrived above the gray fog. He conjured Gehrman and made him pray:

“…Please pass on my question to Miss Justice about when she will be free. I wish to receive some psychotherapy.”

Chapter 848: Getting Caught in the Crossfire

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey had just tried on three selections of evening gowns today, and she was sitting on a cushioned chair, wondering how they could be matched with her accessories and which one she was more inclined towards. She also pondered over her mother's opinion.

At this moment, she suddenly saw an endless grayish-white and a blurry figure watching down at everything from high above appear before her eyes.

Immediately after that, she saw another figure. It was a praying figure that had been shrouded by the gray fog. Her ears resounded with the corresponding words.

Instead of being alarmed, Audrey was delighted. Her unease and worry that there wasn't a Tarot Gathering today was instantly quelled.

As expected, it was nothing! Oh, Mr. World really has a psychological problem. He must've been under immense stress recently. It's no wonder he booked an appointment in advance... Audrey sighed as she began to consider when she was free.

As she pondered, she scanned the maids who were busy in her room and the golden retriever, Susie, who was sitting by the door.

Audrey's lips curled up slightly in an irresistible manner as she bowed her head and secretly prayed in response:

"...Please tell Mr. World that I'm currently free. He can determine the time and location. Uh, as long as it's not night time and doesn't exceed the boroughs west of Backlund..."

In regards to this, the golden retriever who was observing the maids' work seemed to sense someone looking at her. She suspiciously turned her head and looked in Audrey's direction. However, it failed to discover any problems.

...

Above the gray fog, inside the palace that looked like a giant's residence.

She's free at any time... Periods when it's convenient to head out... Won't leave places she's familiar with... Klein rubbed his temples as he interpreted Miss Justice's reply.

His first reaction was that it was best done today or tomorrow, and to have her determine the location. Then, he could use Creeping Hunger to Teleport there, but he soon thought of a problem.

Dwayne Dantès was part of the Nighthawks' investigations. It was very possible that he was being monitored; therefore, rashly Traveling could easily expose him.

Wait a few days, or... Klein seriously thought about it as he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and prayed once again:

"...Please inform Miss Justice that let's do it today. Above the gray fog."

...

Ah? Audrey's eyes widened. She found that the answer provided by Mr. World exceeded her expectations.

How was she supposed to get Susie to be her stand-in!?

Besides, there are many details that I'm unable to see or clearly sense while inside Mr. Fool's palace. It will seriously hamper any psychotherapy... Audrey calmed her sense of alarm as she posed her doubts from a position of viability and requested Mr. Fool to pass it on to Mr. World.

Before long, she received a reply again.

"...I will request Mr. Fool to remove those restrictions. We'll use other means to conceal our true appearances..."

That can be done? This is the special treatment one gets from being Mr. Fool's Blessed? Hmm, our continuous communication is almost like a conversation. I've really troubled Mr. Fool. And "He" seems to almost allow us to indulge in it... Audrey's thoughts raced as she stopped finding excuses.

"...Alright. Let's do it between 11:30 to 12:30 tonight..."

She didn't believe that she would have anywhere to be alone before the end of her birthday ball.

...

At the same time, in a building at 39 Böklund Street.

Hazel was looking at the selected evening gown in boredom as she listened to her mother's repeated exhortations.

She was to accompany her parents to attend Miss Audrey Hall's birthday ball.

Just as Hazel's thoughts were wandering and her mind gradually turning blank, she saw a grayish-white rat appear by the door. It was frantically waving its paws.

This... Hazel patiently listened to her mother repeat herself one more time before finding an excuse to return to her bedroom.

After she closed and locked her door, the grayish-white rat appeared from somewhere and arrived by her feet. It sat there in a rather comical manner.

"I've discovered something wrong with the surroundings!"

The rat had sent vibrations in the air to speak with human words!

Hazel wasn't surprised at that as she asked in puzzlement, "What's wrong?"

The grayish-white rat raised its right forepaw and pointed out the window.

“There are Beyonders from the Church of Evernight investigating this street. It’s at a rather large scale.”

“What are they looking for?” Hazel asked with a slight frown.

The grayish-white rat slowly inhaled and said, “How would I know? But it’s definitely something very serious.

“This way, they might very well discover something wrong with you.”

Hazel asked, feeling somewhat worried and confused, “How did they make the discovery? Weren’t the clues in the sewers blasted away? Weren’t the corresponding problems dealt with?”

The grayish-white was momentarily unsure about what to say. A few seconds later, it vaguely replied, “Official Beyonders have plenty of strange but effective investigation methods… In short, I’ll have to deal with your dream. This is where it’s easiest to divulge things.”

Hazel looked down at the rat as her knitted brows relaxed.

“Alright then…”

Don’t look so unwilling! It wasn’t easy for me to accumulate this bit of strength, and now it’s going to waste once again! Is this street cursed? First it was that Demoness with a strange condition. Following that Hero Bandit Black Emperor appeared. Now, there’s some baffling and unknown situation that made the Nighthawks pay serious attention to this street! the grayish-white rat squeaked in frustration.

...

At half-past seven in the evening, Hazel accompanied her parents, Member of Parliament Macht and Lady Riana, to Empress Borough and entered the Hall family's residence.

As it was a birthday ball today, she didn't manage to directly meet Miss Audrey Hall. All she did was quietly stay by her parents side as they exchanged pleasantries with Earl Hall, Lady Caitlyn, and Lord Hibbert Hall.

To her, these respected aristocrats were, in essence, the same as commoners. Therefore, she didn't appear notably reserved. Her actions and tone were rather liberal.

If it wasn't because of her mother's repeated exhortations, Hazel even believed that the beautiful dance floor, the murals with high artistic value, and the elegant and outstanding statues were more worthy of respect.

As she smiled at the people she knew and didn't know, Hazel finally waited until the ball began. She saw the star of tonight's show. Miss Audrey Hall held the arms of the earl and earl's wife as she walked out of the room on the second floor before arriving at the railings that faced the dance floor.

Hazel scanned her and habitually ignored her appearance as she observed the matching of her gown and accessories.

However, her gaze wasn't able to move away. On the chandelier hanging high above, whale oil candles produced light that came with dreamy colors. When shining on the eighteen-year-old Audrey, it made her emerald-like eyes, pure and indescribable face, and lustrous gold hair seem to glow. It made her gown and accessories lose their luster.

Hazel was momentarily caught in a daze. She failed to hear what Earl Hall had said until the melody filled the floor as she snapped out of her daze when Audrey Hall began the opening dance with the earl.

The always proud her had suddenly felt a little inferior. She felt that even if this striking lady didn't possess any Beyonder powers, there was no way Audrey was inferior to her.

Hazel pursed her lips and looked around. She realized that everyone's gaze had been grabbed. The only difference was that they all had different feelings about the situation.

Phew... Hazel heaved a sigh of relief.

That night, she didn't act that arrogantly again. However, she yearned to leave at every minute of the night. She wanted to head home to busy herself with her matters to obtain more magical and powerful abilities.

Finally, the ball came to an end as Hazel's family bade farewell to the family and walked to the door.

On the way out, Hazel couldn't help but look back. She saw Miss Audrey standing along the sides of the dance floor with a faint and beautiful smile as she expressed her gratitude to each and every guest that was about to leave.

She seemed to remain under the spotlight.

...

After the end of the birthday ball, Audrey took off her accessories and changed into her sleeping gown before entering her bathroom.

As she looked at the white steam emanate with her bathrobe beside her, Audrey wasn't in a rush to soak herself inside. She first sat in the corner and prayed to Mr. Fool to indicate that she was ready.

In about ten seconds, she saw crimson light surge at her like a tidal wave, drowning her.

Above the gray fog, Audrey appeared by the side of the long bronze table.

This time, she didn't see Mr. Fool who was enshrouded in gray fog. She discovered an ancient confessional—it was a brown crate that was one and a half times the height of a person. There were doors on both sides, and a wooden plank separated the area in between them.

I thought Mr. World would request Mr. Fool to conjure a wall which we will use to communicate across... Although it's essentially the same, a confessional is cramped and dark. He really doesn't know how to consider a lady's feelings! Yes, I would find it odd if Mr. World did that... As Audrey suffused a smile, she walked to the ajar door of the confessional. She bent her back and entered before sitting down with her legs bent sideways.

After closing the wooden door, Audrey, who was treating a patient in the true sense of the word for the first time, suddenly felt a little excited.

Immersed in darkness, the environment and her mood made her loosen up from the many rules she had to abide by. She

curled her lips and reached out her fingers and gently tapped on the wooden partition.

"Hello~ Mr. World, are you there?"

Sitting cross-legged opposite her, Klein was infected by Miss Justice's cheerful tone. His emotions relaxed as he said, "You may begin."

This time, he didn't use the gray fog to enshroud himself but had turned himself into Gehrman Sparrow.

Indeed, Mr. World's mental state isn't too good. He's too tense and worried... Audrey sensed him first and then used a Psychiatrist's Placate.

A gentle, invisible wave emanated over as Klein instantly felt a cool, refreshing morning breeze blow at him during a hot summer day. The frustrations and feverish feelings within him suddenly vanished.

Seeing Mr. World having made an obvious recovery, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked softly, "Have you had any nightmares lately?"

Chapter 849: Consultation Fees

Nightmare? Klein deliberated for two seconds and said, “Yes.

“I dream of a town that’s enshrouded in fog. The crimson moon in the sky would be clear and blurred at random.

“In the middle of the town is a black cathedral. Corpses are hung up inside. They wear clothes from different eras as they sway in the wind and produce strange sounds.

“Apart from that, there’s a beautiful lady whose gaps in her teeth were filled with blood-colored human flesh, a mushroom man formed of countless tiny mushrooms…”

To treat his psychological problems, Klein reconstructed his dream in a rather complete manner. However, he didn’t say that he had encountered those things in reality, nor divulge that he knew the beautiful lady’s identity and the strange mushroom’s origins. At the same time, he hid the existence of the cluster of translucent maggots and Zaratul.

Audrey listened intently and seriously. Based on her Beyonder intuition and knowledge from mysticism and psychological, she said as she contemplated, “Mr. World, I can imagine such a terrifying and sinister dream. I can also experience the immense horror that it brings you.”

Seeing that there wasn’t any rebuttal from the other side of the wooden partition, Audrey grew in confidence. She silently did another round of Placate and began “Guiding.”

“The horror that appears in dreams will often stem from feelings hidden deep in one’s heart. And there are only two sources of horror in one’s heart. One is the unknown, and the second is what cannot be resisted.

“The terrifying things you see in your dream are only superficial. What you are really afraid of is what they represent and symbolize—the truth hidden behind them.”

As she spoke, Audrey suddenly asked, “What is it?”

Klein was gradually relaxing and scrutinizing himself as he took in Miss Justice’s gentle and sweet voice. When he suddenly heard this question, he subconsciously answered, “The existence that created all of that.”

He paused and hesitantly added, “They are both an unknown and also cannot be resisted.”

At this point, Klein knew why he was having nightmares, as well as the true reason for his terrible mental state.

He instinctively felt horrified over certain matters and instinctively had latent negative emotions.

The former included the cluster of translucent maggots and Zaratul’s terrifying performance. There was also the Eraser angel’s baffling actions and the fact that using the Dark Sacred Emblem was the key to opening the door. They separately created a mood of despair that seemed impossible to resist, as well as the feeling of not knowing who was friend or foe, and their ploys.

Yes, I'm fearful that the cluster of translucent maggots that's suspected to be a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries of the Seer pathway. I'm fearful of Zaratul who has accomplished an unknown objective by "opening" the door. I'm fearful of the Goddess whose thoughts are an unknown, as well as the Eraser angel… Klein slowly exhaled as he admitted his fears.

Audrey used Placate once again and discovered that Mr. World's tense mind had essentially relaxed. She was delighted as she boldly said, "One of the biggest sources of fear is a lack of confidence. Try recalling if you had any oversight or had committed any mistakes in the related matter. This results in your spirit repeatedly warning you and hinting to you. It eventually transformed into part of the nightmare."

Oversight and mistakes. Warning from my spirit… Klein pondered over Miss Justice's words and seriously began organizing the details of the matters that resulted in his horror.

Soon, his expression turned heavy, bit by bit, as he discovered a problem.

I swore an oath with the Goddess bearing witness via the holy sword. Although I hadn't become a Clown, with the gray fog's powers yet to have entered the real world, preventing me from being noticed by special deities, demigods, and spirit world creatures. However, I couldn't fool fate, which would also be Beyonders of the Monster pathway.

And the Goddess has another title. "She" is the Empress of Misfortune and Horror. "She" wields control over misfortune and is one of the deities in the domain of fate!

Therefore, I was noticed from back then?

Klein's heart sank bit by bit as the horror that stemmed from the unknown was greatly alleviated.

He didn't reply nor did he wait for Miss Justice to speak again. He switched to asking, "If you will face one or even many difficult-to-challenge enemies, what would you do?"

Audrey wasn't annoyed by her patient's question. Instead, she felt that it was a good sign. After some deliberation, she said, "First avoid them and hide. Try harder to improve yourself.

"What if the time won from avoiding and hiding isn't enough to make you grow to a level that is sufficient enough to face your enemies?" Klein pressed, "What if the gap between the two is difficult to bridge?"

Audrey answered him seriously while also consoling him, "Find enough helpers."

Helpers... Names suddenly flashed across Klein's mind as his heart felt a lot more settled. he then continued asking, "What if the enemies cannot be resisted even with helpers?

"What if there are helpers who are plotting something that might be beneficial to you, but they might also bring you harm?"

Audrey drew a blank, and after a few seconds of thought, she replied, "You can pray to a deity."

She nearly said to The World: you can seek Mr. Fool's help.

And from the question and answer session, Audrey was able to

confirm a matter. The mental problems that Mr. World was suffering stemmed from powerful and terrifying enemies, but there was a worry that, at a deeper level, the “helpers” had unknown stances.

Pray to a deity… Klein didn’t dare to directly say: what if deities couldn’t resolve it because the thoughts of deities are even harder to fathom. After all, this was The Fool’s kingdom, and he was a Blessed.

He organized his words and said, “Deities can only provide help in certain areas. And what if that isn’t enough?”

“…”

Audrey originally wanted to say that there was always a way and that good was bound to defeat evil, but she couldn’t convince herself of it. She couldn’t provide any relevant case studies, so eventually, she pursed her lips and said, “I don’t know…”

In the confessional, it was a still darkness. The two temporarily stopped speaking as they fell into their respective inner struggles.

Finally, Audrey broke the silence and looked at the wooden partition.

“Regardless, something needs to be done. Work hard at it. You can’t just give up like that and not put up a fight.”

That’s right… At the very least, I still have many secrets and things to rely on… Klein closed his eyes as he leaned on the wooden plank. His thoughts slowly rewound from the most

recent events as he was no longer constantly tense and often frustrated.

Audrey sensed his change and immediately added a Placate. With that, Klein's mental condition was completely restored back to normal.

"I feel much better. Thank you for your treatment. What kind of consultation fee do you want?" Klein offered.

Actually, I should be the one thanking you for providing me an opportunity to handle a case... Audrey didn't really wish to collect any fees as she looked at the wooden partition in the darkness. She couldn't help but recall Mr. World's usual gloominess and coldness, as well as his experienced and ruthless demeanor.

Hmm... His mental problems likely also have to do with his personality... Audrey suddenly had an idea as she smiled.

"The consultation fee that I charge isn't much at all.

"Yeah, wish me happiness!"

...What's going on? Klein was momentarily stunned. He nearly forgot he was wearing the facade of Gehrman Sparrow.

This was a request he had never heard of before.

Klein hesitated for a moment. Finally, he pretended to coldly say with The World's identity, "Since you requested...

“I wish you happiness.”

Audrey’s smile turned into a beaming smile.

“I wish you happiness too!

“Mr. World, don’t always keep everything inside. Smile more and be happier. It can eliminate most of the latent problems.

“Alright, your mental problems have been resolved, but you will need a follow-up appointment in a few days or by next week.”

Klein was at a loss for an answer as he tersely acknowledged in affirmation.

Then, he heard the door on the other side creak open. With The Fool’s angle, he saw Miss Justice retreat from the confessional and straighten her body.

After sending her to the real world, Klein didn’t dare stay above the gray fog for too long. He quickly left and got into bed.

At that moment, his mental condition had been restored. With his body and mind at ease, he realized something. He had digested quite a bit of his Marionettist potion! The progress had surpassed his expectations.

This is because I relied on my marionette to fool a demigod, Panatiya, and orchestrated her and Mr. A to complete my planned out performance at the foggy town? Therefore, apart from “trying to hide behind the shadows” and “let every marionette have their own persona to make it more realistic,” the Marionettist

principles include "use one's marionette as a guide to control the enemy to play the role of a puppet?" Klein thought as he muttered inwardly in thought. He believed that he could digest the potion before the end of the year.

He exhaled with mixed feelings as he turned his head and looked at the crimson moonlight that penetrated the curtains as he silently said, *That missing servant should've been found. The clues I left behind should've been discovered as well...*

...

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard, Cindy, Bob, and company looked at Captain Soest who had returned from a meeting as they patiently waited for him to introduce new clues.

Soest drank a mouthful of aromatic coffee and said, "The missing servant has been found.

"And in the room he was left in, there were some clothes left behind by the infiltrator.

"It has been confirmed that it belongs to the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, who had previously been active at sea."

Why did it involve another crazy adventurer... Leonard was somewhat puzzled as he directly asked, "When did he come to Backlund?"

"No one knows. The only thing that can be confirmed is that this crazy adventurer had appeared at sea in the recent few weeks and had hunted a few pirates," Soest said in an unhurried tone. "The Church of Storms knows more. MI9 also seems to know

quite a bit. The higher-ups will send people to liaise with them."

Just as Soest finished his briefing, a telegram was sent over.

It came from the Nighthawks in Desi. The content which was decoded read:

"Dwayne Dantès's present identity is fake. In the past ten years he spent in the Southern Continent, he had relied on adventuring to amass a significant amount of wealth... Further confirmation will require some time. As this place is very chaotic and there are often wars, the jurisdiction of zones are frequently changed."

Chapter 850: The Devil is in the Details

"Sounds like a contrived story. Ever since the new sea route was discovered, there has been no end to stories of people becoming rich from taking risks," Soest casually commented on the content of the telegram. As he thought, he looked towards a particular Red Glove. "I recall that we had investigated Dwayne Dantès before and had an exchange with him in his dream."

"Yes," the Red Glove who was responsible for the task nodded and replied. "I didn't directly ask him about such matters, but I could tell that Dwayne Dantès was very familiar with the Southern Continent. He had plenty of experience there."

Heh heh, that might be information that Dwayne Dantès deliberately revealed to you... Leonard had his doubts regarding the contents of the telegram, believing that this was another layer of disguise from an undying monster who had lived since the Fourth Epoch.

However, he didn't inform his teammates about his conjectures, because he had no basis for them.

Soest didn't pay great attention to the matter as he said, "Do you have any problems with the clues related to Gehrman Sparrow?"

"Since this crazy adventurer was still at sea in recent weeks, when did he come to Backlund?" As a Nightmare, Cindy repeated her doubts, "What I'm concerned about isn't the exact time, but whether he has the time to travel to Backlund. After all, we're rather far from the sea."

Soest nodded gently and said, "In the meeting, a deacon raised

this question. According to the time and venue of Gehrman Sparrow's last sighting, he normally has no way to arrive in Backlund last night and complete an infiltration.

"Of course, I'm referring to normal circumstances.

"The missing servant told us that when he was sweeping the square, he suddenly lost control of his body. He froze on the spot and was unable to cry for help. Then, he saw bright colors like an abstract oil painting, and he felt that his body was floating upwards.

"Later, he lost consciousness, and after awakening, he found himself in a room in East Borough.

"The former matches with the Keeper's description of being possessed by a Wraith. The latter is suspected to be a Traveler's Teleport.

"If it really is Teleport, then Gehrman Sparrow can appear in Backlund at any moment."

As elites of the Nighthawks, the Red Gloves knew about the various Beyonder pathways far better than their colleagues which were at the same level. They were no strangers to Wraiths and Travelers.

After listening to the captain's explanation, another Red Glove added in thought, "It's rumored that Admiral of Blood, who was hunted by Gehrman Sparrow, is a Wraith."

The details matched!

And as for Gehrman Sparrow being able to obtain the powers to become a Wraith, it wasn't unacceptable. The easiest method was to find an Artisan to make one's prey into a mystical item.

Cindy recalled even more information with this stimulus.

"It's said that Gehrman Sparrow has the ability to change his appearance… And the infiltrator had disguised himself as the Keeper."

Another detail matched!

"Excellent thinking," Soest raised his hand to rub this temples. "According to these details, we can come to a preliminary consensus that the infiltrator is Gehrman Sparrow. And this way, the name list we came up with might be erroneous. Gehrman Sparrow doesn't need a companion to frequently come to the cathedral to pray to gather information. He can change his appearance every day and enter to figure out the situation. This will be more indiscreet than using a companion."

As the largest and most holy Church of Evernight cathedral in Backlund, the number of believers that came to Saint Samuel Cathedral on a daily basis was too numerous to count. No bishop could remember every unfamiliar face that they once met.

"That also means that the names we have here are meaningless?" Leonard raised his hand to rub his brows, sounding rather desultory.

"That's somewhat obvious. Our focus now should be on Gehrman Sparrow. The other targets can be placed aside as we perform the most basic level of surveillance." Having said that, Soest clapped and said, "Alright, get busy."

Leonard didn't have any objections. He happened to hope to find the Machinery Hivemind, Mandated Punishers, and MI9 to gather some information.

...

On Tuesday morning, Klein woke up naturally, feeling relaxed and calm. He had the feeling of joyful emotions slowly coming to life.

A Psychiatrist's Beyonder powers are quite useful after all... It really matches the extremely infectious optimism that Miss Justice brings with her... Klein got out of bed and drew the curtains.

He leisurely took in the scenery outside and the scattering golden sunlight. He regained his drive and began formulating his plans for the next couple months and even the year.

First, get a new marionette.

Second, use the identity of Dwayne Dantès and the control over a marionette to orchestrate scripts to expedite the digestion of the potion.

Third, during this process, slowly gather the ingredients needed for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion. In that regard, I can ask Little Sun about the Bizarro Bane to see if he has any clues. I'll seek Mr. Azik's help regarding the Spirit World Plunderer. After all, the Underworld is part of the spirit world.

Fourth, I'll continue investigating the Great Smog of Backlund and find the true culprit. This includes Ince Zangwill, as well as the

demigod that killed Crazy Captain. There aren't any targets more suitable than them for my advancement ritual. However, I have to be careful of 0-08. I have to constantly keep watch of any intentional coincidences... Hmm, I'll just dabble in the matter in an ordinary manner and mainly provide support. The dangerous investigations can be handed to Demoness Trissy.

Klein's thought processes slowly became clear. Although he still felt worried and fearful, this no longer affected his mental state and capacity to take action.

Retracting his gaze from outside the balcony, Klein walked into the bathroom and washed up.

Soon, he opened the door while feeling highly spirited, and he saw his valet, Richardson, and butler, Walter, waiting outside.

The gentleman was wearing white gloves as he politely bowed and said, "Good morning, sir. There's only one item on your schedule today. It's to join an event at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess with Member of Parliament Macht at three in the afternoon.

"He's a new member of parliament, so by accepting his invitation, it will also indicate your political inclinations. You still have the opportunity to be hesitant about it."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "There's no need. It's my choice."

He paused and asked in an inquiring tone, "It will be my first time visiting the East Balam Military Veterans Mess. What should I take note of?"

“Praise their work that they have established in East Balam. Use this opportunity to make some donations. There’s no need to give too much or little. 500 pounds is a rather suitable sum,” Walter provided his opinion.

500 pounds… Seriously, no matter which circle I enter, I’ll have to spend large sums of money… Sigh, this is because Dwayne Dantès doesn’t have any birthright or background. He can only open a path with cash… Klein nodded gently and agreed with his butler’s suggestion.

At the same time, he quickly did a count of his present assets.

The Artisan hasn’t completed the work regarding the Ocean Songster, but the money for Mentor of Disorder and Druid has been obtained. That’s a total of 16,000 pounds…

With the cash I originally had on hand, subtracting the 13,000 pounds I used to purchase 3% of the Coim Company’s shares, as well as the daily expenses of a tycoon’s household and the donations at the cathedral, there’s still 23,985 pounds and 5 gold coins left…

In addition, I still owe Miss Messenger 3,413 gold coins…

500 pounds has already exceeded 2% of the cash I have on hand…

Klein didn’t speak further as he walked out of his bedroom, going to the second floor where the dining room was in order to have his breakfast.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard Mitchell returned to his office earlier than his teammates.

He had already obtained the relevant information and had learned of an inconspicuous matter.

Prince Edessak, who passed away in the Great Smog of Backlund, had once hired a private detective to investigate the death of equestrian teacher, Talim Dumont.

And that private detective's name was: Sherlock Moriarty!

As expected! There are hints of him being involved with the Great Smog of Backlund! Leonard was delighted as he excitedly ruffled his hair.

Following that, he pounded down at the documents on his desk with his fist, planning to seek out even more clues.

However, he suddenly fell silent for about eight seconds before raising his cup in embarrassment and drank a mouthful of coffee. He mumbled inwardly, *What did I want to do. I forgot about it after the pounding...*

After some careful recall, Leonard finally recalled what it was. He pulled out his drawer and took out a deck of tarot cards.

Then, he found The Fool card and placed it on a piece of paper. On it, he wrote three names:

"Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès."

After some hesitation, Leonard drew a line linking the three names to The Fool card, indicating that they might very well be members of a secret organization that believed in The Fool.

Among them, he was most unsure of Gehrman Sparrow's identity as he wrote a question mark.

Later, Leonard took out The Emperor card and stuck it beside the name, "Sherlock Moriarty." He labeled it "suspected to be."

Gehrman Sparrow and Dwayne Dantès each correspond to a card? Leonard muttered silently. He took out the crazy adventurer's records and began reading them seriously.

Suddenly, he found a date very familiar.

Early January!

Gehrman Sparrow's first appearance was in early January!

No way... Leonard drew a gasp as he flipped through another set of documents. At the end of it were the words:

"At the end of December, Sherlock Moriarty left Backlund and headed south for a vacation. He has yet to return."

End of December... Early January... Backlund... Pritz Harbor... Gehrman Sparrow can change his appearance... No way? Leonard mumbled inwardly as he drew a dotted equality sign between "Sherlock Moriarty" and "Gehrman Sparrow."

This great detective is the key… Leonard found Sherlock Moriarty's portrait that he had drawn via a ritual as he carefully looked at it.

After considering the point that "looks could be changed," he began imagining the detective in different disguises.

As he did it, Leonard's gaze froze bit by bit as he couldn't help but frown.

Chapter 851: Dwayne Dantès's New Business

Leonard stared intently at the portrait of Sherlock Moriarty. His brain had just imagined what the latter would look like without glasses or a beard.

Although this could be quite different from the actual situation and was more of a product of imagination, Leonard increasingly found Sherlock Moriarty very familiar, as though he had known him before.

"How is that possible? He's long dead! And I buried him with my own hands!" Leonard couldn't help but shake his head as he muttered with a scoff.

Just as he said that, his expression froze because the person in his memories held a huge secret.

This person had strangely escaped the influence of 2-049 without the help of others!

This person used 2-049's uniqueness to finish off a Sequence 7 Beyonder, and back then, he was only a Seer who isn't good at combat!

This person had managed to summarize the acting method within a very short amount of time, and he had advanced to Sequence 8 at an extraordinary pace!

This person possessed a High-Sequence Sun domain charm and had used it with Captain Dunn Smith who wielded a saint's ashes, successfully finishing off Megose who was pregnant with an evil

god's spawn!

This person's Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristic had been taken away by Ince Zangwill, but Captain Dunn Smith's Sequence 7 Beyonder characteristic was left behind!

Perhaps, it wasn't because Ince Zangwill had taken away the Beyonder characteristic which had appeared, causing it to be missing from the scene, but that it had never formed to begin with! Leonard Mitchell suddenly jolted to his senses as he observed Sherlock Moriarty's portrait again.

Ten seconds later, he squeezed the words through his clenched teeth: "Klein Moretti…"

He found that the mysterious detective, Sherlock Moriarty, looked more and more like his former teammate, the hero who saved Tingen, Klein Moretti!

And this was under the scenario of him being without the clear discrepancies of glasses and a beard!

Leonard's had fingers clenched tightly at some point in time as his joints suffused with a whiteness. After a moment, he let out a clear pant as he picked up Sherlock Moriarty's dossier again.

This time, he flipped with a target in mind, roughly to the time when Sherlock first appeared in Backlund: Early September!

And this wasn't long after Klein Moretti had been buried!

Leonard Mitchell's green eyes turned dark as he instinctively

flipped through the dossier.

Then, he saw a name: Lanevus!

This was one of the masterminds behind the evil god's descent in Tingen City. He was one of the main murderers who led to the death of Dunn Smith and Klein Moretti, and the other Nighthawks.

And Sherlock Moriarty's second record in Backlund was his investigations at the dock for a serial murder; thus, bumping into the disguised Lanevus!

After this, the True Creator's plan of descending was foiled, and Lanevus died in the sewers. His body was scattered with tarot cards, making it identical in style to the subsequent Hero Bandit Black Emperor.

He didn't forget the harm that swindler brought... Leonard whispered silently, his expression softening.

He quickly flipped through the documents and sat in his chair, motionless for an extended period of time. It was as though he had fallen asleep from the shadows brought about by the light.

After a few minutes, Leonard finally moved. He leaned into the chair and said in a deep voice, "Old Man, do you think this detective, Sherlock Moriarty, resembles my teammate back in Tingen City, Klein Moretti?"

In his mind, the aged voice said after some hesitation, "The one who joined the Nighthawks because of the Antigonus family's notebook?"

“Yes…” Leonard answered in a heavy voice.

In his body, the Parasite said after two seconds, “There’s some resemblance.”

After receiving the reply, Leonard once again fell silent. After a long while, he took out a gold pocket watch and snapped it open to determine that it was still morning.

Leonard snapped the pocket watch closed and stood up, nearly overturning the stack of documents.

He hurriedly reached out his hand and held onto the documents. Then, he left behind a note, saying that he had found certain clues and planned to head out to do some investigations; thus, making it possible that he would return very late.

Let me see if someone is pretending to be Tingen City’s hero, or if you’ve always been wearing masks—a secret organization member who sneaked into the Nighthawks. Your true motives aren’t much loftier than Ince Zangwill. You were also targeting something behind Chanis Gate… Leonard no longer had that aloof attitude as his eyes narrowed as he quickly left Saint Samuel Cathedral’s basement.

…

In Hillston Borough, outside a building with quite a unique architecture.

Dwayne Dantès got off his carriage and saw the building that was built in the style of the late Fourth Epoch.

The building was mostly comprised of huge stone slabs, creating a total of four stories. The windows on each level were like a door and it was matched with a tiny balcony.

Its entire facade had been weathered by the elements, revealing a sandy-yellow color. The stone columns and arches held up a refined porch that made it seem rather magnificent.

This was the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

Klein waved his cane and pointed at the building before him and said with a smile, “It has quite a historic feel.”

Member of Parliament Macht nodded in reply.

“Even though it’s a building built in an ancient style, it still has more than a hundred years of history…”

As he spoke, he led Dwayne Dantès into the club and said to the lady at the reception, “Dwayne Dantès, unofficial member. I’ll be his recommender.”

With that said, he turned to the tycoon and explained, “Not only have you not served in East Balam, but you have never participated in the wars that happened there. You don’t even have a military background, so there’s no way for you to be an official member.

“However, even being an unofficial member will allow you free entry and the use of the various facilities. You will be able to enjoy the delicious food and alcohol, and get to know different friends.”

“That’s exactly what I was hoping for.” Klein nodded with a smile.

After the beautiful lady who was of Southern Continent descent finished the registration, Macht added, “There’s no admission fee. It’s 60 pounds a year for the membership.”

With that said, he chuckled and said, “It’s not expensive, even more so for you. Here, you will get to come into contact with all kinds of weapons. There are enough shooting ranges to provide you with shooting practice. You can even learn horse-riding…”

At a club of this level, 60 pounds really isn’t expensive. After all, generals often appear here, and they have many famous chefs… Klein didn’t speak further as he took out his wallet. He counted 60 pounds and gave it to the receptionist, obtaining a badge with the logo of a forest, ocean, and blades.

“This is a place filled with glory. I’m deeply impressed with your contributions in East Balam.” As Klein wore the badge with a number on its back, he said to Macht, “If I wish to contribute to the cause, who should I look for?”

Macht pointed at the receptionist.

“Just give it to her.

“She will jot it down and announce it on the notice board over there.”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “Alright.”

He then turned his head and made Richardson take out the 500 pounds he had already prepared.

After giving the donation, Klein passed through the beautifully decorated foyer with Macht, arriving at a room that resembled an activity room. As for his valet, Richardson remained outside in the break room. There were snacks, tea, and coffee there.

In the small room, through Macht's introductions, Klein got to know five officers who were either still in service or were retired. Apart from a particular House of Commons member of parliament, the highest-ranking epaulet was Colonel Calvin. He was presently working at the Loen Kingdom's Ministry of Defense. However, his actual position was unknown.

According to what Klein knew, for quasi-high-ranking members of the military at the rank of colonel, they were mostly Beyonders—Mid-Sequence Beyonders!

Macht, Calvin, and company quickly began chatting. Klein didn't interject as he seriously listened to their conversations, occasionally echoing a sentence or two.

In this relaxed atmosphere, Calvin suddenly turned his head and said to Dwayne Dantès, "I heard you were often active in West Balam?"

The colonel had a long face like a donkey's, but it didn't look comical at all. His gaze was rather deep.

Klein smiled and replied, "Yes, that place is more chaotic than East Balam."

Calvin laughed when he heard that.

“Of course. Intis made too many mistakes over there.”

He paused and continued asking, “How is your relationship with the people from Intis over there?”

Klein didn’t understand the colonel’s motive as he bit the bullet and said, “It’s alright. They’re all very greedy.”

In fact, he didn’t know a single one. He had only heard Anderson mention a few names and their corresponding matters.

Calvin nodded and raised another question.

“Are you familiar with the tribes over there, as well as the Resistance?”

“...I know some,” Klein answered vaguely.

He only knew one Intis military leader of the Resistance. It was the former Intis princess, Queen Mystic Bernadette.

Calvin laughed as he took a sip from his cup of red wine.

During this process, no one spoke, including Macht.

After putting down his cup, Calvin looked at Dwayne Dantès again and said, “This is the thing: every year, we would obsolete

many rifles and cannons. And directly destroying them or processing them is too much of a waste or costs too much. It's not a good solution.

"I'm not sure if you're interested in buying a batch and selling it to West Balam. You can sell it to the regions ruled by Intis, selling them to the tribes and Resistance.

"Trust me. This is definitely a very lucrative business. Of course, it's also very dangerous. If you're caught by Intis in West Balam, we will disavow you."

This... is making me an arms dealer? This is one of the most lucrative businesses... Although I'm not familiar with West Balam at all and lack any connections, I can sell it to Queen Mystic or the Resistance at the Rorsted Archipelago... Klein was tempted as he deliberately wore a mixed and hesitant expression.

"I've never done such things before, but it's definitely attractive enough."

Calvin laughed and said, "There's no need to rush to a decision. This is a very important matter that requires serious thought.

"Just give your answer to Macht before the end of the week."

Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief and nodded with a smile.

"Alright."

...

Tingen City. Raphael Cemetery.

Although the afternoon sun was rather strong, this place remained gloomy and cold.

Leonard was standing in front of a grave, staring silently at the tombstone.

Chapter 852: Straight to the Point

The sun hung brightly in midair. In a dark, silent corner of the cemetery, Leonard Mitchell suddenly raised the shovel beside him.

The two mounds of soil at the side gradually raised in height as the coffin pit became obvious. From time to time, there would be passersby, but they didn't notice anything, as though a dream was happening over there.

Finally, Leonard threw the shovel and bent down. He reached out and grabbed the ends of the coffin lid with both hands.

Using immense strength, he pulled open the heavy wooden lid and discovered that the thick, long nails had fallen off at some point in time. There was nothing inside the pitch-black coffin.

Nothing!

Leonard continued keeping his body hunched as he silently watched this scene without any further movement. He stood there like a petrified statue for a very long time.

...

In his hazy dream, Klein saw a tombstone with an epitaph. It stood silently among many other tombstones as it was dyed in crimson moonlight.

This scene shattered immediately as Klein snapped awake. He

confirmed that he was still Dwayne Dantès and that he was still inside 160 Böklund Street's master bedroom.

The dream seems to be telling me something… As a Seer, Klein treated every dream seriously. This was no exception. He focused and shook himself out of his state of drowsiness before attempting to make an interpretation.

That's likely a tomb…

This represents a particular deceased or something related to resurrection…

The crimson moonlight represents the Goddess, corresponding to the Church of Evernight and the Nighthawks… If I were to directly see the moon, it might involve the Primordial Moon, Vampire Ancestor Lilith, and the Mother Tree of Desire…

The tomb was dyed with a color almost resembling blood. This symbolizes something bad…

As Klein did an interpretation of the dream, he gathered all the content and attempted to make an effective, meaningful conclusion.

After some serious thought, he began to believe that the dream's revelation was referring to the past him and the Church of Evernight.

After making the connections with what had happened the past few days, Klein slowly came to an answer.

As Dwayne Dantès has repeated headed for Saint Samuel Cathedral, he must've been added to a list of suspects. If Leonard hasn't left Backlund, this must've garnered his attention. After all, he knows that Dwayne Dantès isn't a simple person and has mysterious origins…

As an angel from the Marauder pathway, Leonard's grandpa probably discovered that the gray fog and the Seer pathway has intricate ties, and knows that the corresponding Sequence 0 is called The Fool…

This way, they will naturally be able to make connections with the honorific name of The Fool that was previously spread, and they would believe that I'm a member of a secret organization that worships The Fool. And developing on this clue, it can also involve the person who killed Lanevus and Hero Bandit Black Emperor who used tarot cards…

Along with the Gehrman Sparrow clues I deliberately left behind, as well as Leonard's previous investigations into Sherlock Moriarty, it's not impossible for him to put things together and find what's highly dubious.

And in the beginning, Sherlock Moriarty's disguise wasn't too good. As long as Leonard investigates seriously, it wouldn't be difficult to discover that the great detective resembled his former colleague… So, he went to Tingen to dig up the grave for confirmation?

As he thought about the matter, Klein pulled a back cushion over and sat up. He felt that he had already found the answer to his dream.

He began seriously analyzing what could happen afterwards, considering if he should abandon the identity of Dwayne Dantès.

Leonard has no way of conveying his theories and conclusion to the other Nighthawks because he won't be able to explain the key points for his inference. This will expose his own secret…

Based on my experience and my understanding of him, he will steer the matter via different means. This will be more complicated and troublesome, wasting even more time. Before that happens, I should find him and give him another warning. It should snuff out whatever is on his mind. After all, the Church didn't suffer any material loss, nor did anyone die.

Yes, for Dwayne Dantès, I have taken note of the time. I specially created tracks of my activity in the Southern Continent over the past few months, staggering it with the decline of Gehrman Sparrow's sightings. And this involves the Intis colony, so it will be rather difficult to verify the matter…

That also means that Leonard has, at best, figured out that Gehrman Sparrow equals Sherlock Moriarty equals Klein Moretti. He will just believe that I'm in cahoots with "them," part of a secret organization that believes in The Fool…

Heh heh, to him, Dwayne Dantès is a powerful, mysterious Beyonder who can sense the grandpa in him, a demigod. This is an obvious discrepancy with the other identities.

Klein soon came up with countermeasures as he turned his attention to the matter he encountered at East Balam Military Veterans Mess in the afternoon.

Why would they directly seek me out for such a private arms deal?

I just established a friendship with Macht and hadn't experienced any tests. I don't deserve such trust…

Perhaps it's a test?

In the beginning, it will just be rifles and cannons. The quantity would probably be limited. Nor will it involve high-quality items. Furthermore, I'll need to come up with the cash before receiving the goods. If I have any real problems, they wouldn't suffer any losses. They will only suffer the repercussions of a small batch of weapons falling into hands within their own domain of control.

Yes... to them, a tycoon like me, with a complicated background and a deep understanding of West Balam, really is an excellent candidate. First, I have the money. Second, I have the guts. Third, I have the resources and social connections, allowing the arms to be sold to suitable factions. Fourth, I have no background in the upper echelons of the kingdom. I can always be made the scapegoat and be abandoned.

They must've sent people to monitor me in secret... As long as this "business" is smoothly completed, I'll be a close partner with the military... This will aid in my investigations of the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund...

The problem I have now is that I have zero actual knowledge of West Balam's Resistance and various tribes... I've no idea where that fellow, Anderson, is. I don't have his method of contact either...

Hmm, Danitz might be aware of the situation in West Balam... Same for Ma'am Hermit. Likewise for Queen Mystic who's backing her... I'll first gather intelligence from these channels...

Having made up his mind, Klein's working brain slowed down as a sense of drowsiness washed over him again. He let his body slide down bit by bit as he got under the blankets.

…

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard, who had returned from Tingen, managed to be in time for the team's internal meeting.

Soest first briefed them on the conclusion of the archbishop and what the other local Nighthawk teams had obtained.

"With the help from the Holy Cathedral, Saint Anthony has confirmed that the infiltrator is Gehrman Sparrow. The conclusion is that this crazy criminal is still alive but doesn't exist in this world.

"This is truly a contradictory statement. I don't understand it as well. His Grace didn't explain anything either.

"In short, our focus will be on the investigation of Gehrman Sparrow.

"According to the information provided by MI9, Gehrman Sparrow is a fake identity. He originally came from Backlund…"

After Soest finished the briefing, he asked, "Do you have anything to add?"

Leonard opened his mouth and was just about to say something, but his eyes shimmered twice before he fell silent again.

Soest turned his head and glanced at him, calling him out by name.

“Leonard, did you discover any clues?”

Leonard remained silent for a second before shrugging.

“That clue has been eliminated.”

Soest didn’t ask further as he looked at the other teammates.

After a series of supplementary information and analysis, he began assigning missions to his Red Gloves team.

After everything was assigned, Leonard Mitchell held a name list that required him to enter their dreams for a cross-check. He returned to the break room above and threw his body into bed.

He sat there silently as he raised his hand to comb his hair, preparing to begin taking action.

However, the first dream he entered wasn’t anyone in the name list.

His target was Dwayne Dantès!

After repeated considerations, he decided to speak to this secret organization member, an undying monster from the Fourth Epoch, face to face. He wanted to see what information he could sound out.

This looked somewhat rash, but with both parties knowing each other’s secrets, it was still a good choice.

...

160 Böklund Street. Klein's drowsy mind suddenly became clear as he knew that someone had entered his dream.

He pondered silently, sitting in a reclining chair and turning his head to look at the balcony. He saw a black-haired, green-eyed man wearing a white shirt and black vest nimbly leap inside. He was none other than Leonard Mitchell.

I haven't gone looking for you, and here you are coming to my doorstep... The other Nighthawks would politely knock on the door before entering. Only you would jump into balconies... Klein lampooned as he looked at the poet approach him.

At this moment, in Leonard's eyes, Dwayne Dantès was still wearing a formal suit in the dream. His sideburns were gray, and he had an angular face with an immense amount of charm.

At this moment, the tycoon wore a smile, as though he wasn't hiding the fact that he remained lucid and that he wasn't affected by a Nightmare.

"Didn't Pallez Zoroast teach you some manners?" Klein said with a tone he believed matched Leonard's impression of him.

Pallez Zoroast... He's warning me again... Leonard was taken aback as he remembered the name.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and bowed in a manner that lacked standards.

“Please pardon me for the intrusion. You are on our investigation list.

“Was the infiltration done by you guys? Is that your goal for coming to Backlund?”

“No.” Klein in his Dwayne Dantès guise raised the cup of red wine and sipped it. “It’s not us, but just him alone.”

He put on an act that he wasn’t afraid of Leonard knowing.

“Gehrman Sparrow?” Leonard asked in a deep tone.

Klein glanced at him with his deep blue eyes that seemed to have seen the vicissitudes of life.

“Isn’t that obvious?”

“What does he actually want to do? He didn’t take anything away,” Leonard took the opportunity to ask.

Klein raised his hand to stroke his white sideburns and chuckled.

“What do you think is the answer?”

Chapter 853: Comparison of Experience in Sophistry

What do I think? If I were to know the answer, why would I be here? I'd have long handed this information to my superiors! Leonard silently mumbled as he deliberated over his words.

During this process, he discovered that, although he was standing straight and looking down on Dwayne Dantès, the tycoon who was sitting leisurely in the reclining chair held the aura of having the advantage. It was like a high-ranking personage casually listening to his subordinate's reports.

This made Leonard feel a little uneasy. He subconsciously surveyed the area and pulled a chair over as he leaned back into it, half out of habit and half as a deliberate action.

"I believe he, or all of you are searching for something.

"Back in Tingen, he infiltrated the Nighthawks to search for something. In Backlund, he also infiltrated Chanis Gate to search for that item!

"His search was fruitless the first time, so he escaped by feigning death by using Ince Zangwill's assault.

"He still failed to find it the second time. Hence, he didn't take anything and directly left Chanis Gate!"

While speaking, Leonard used a very certain tone to divulge that he had figured out that Gehrman Sparrow was Sherlock Moriarty and also Klein Moretti. He wished to use the effect of pressure to make Dwayne Dantès not appear that calm or have any thoughts

of resorting to sophistry.

Indeed, he went to dig my grave... Klein sighed inwardly as he chuckled. He picked up the glass of red wine and gently swirled it.

"Do you think that we would consecutively make two rash attempts before having any confirmed intelligence? You should know that such matters can only be done once. Once there's a failure, there's no way it can succeed again.

"Therefore, who would use an operation to verify one's guess when the target isn't clear?"

He has tacitly confirmed my explanation. Klein Moretti is Gehrman Sparrow, Hero Bandit Black Emperor, a member of the secret organization who believes in The Fool... Leonard tried hard not to frown as he crossed his right leg and said, "So, it's not that nothing was found, but that there was a failure due to other factors?

"During these two attempts, Tingen City's Saint Selena Cathedral and Backlund's Saint Samuel Cathedral only shared two common items: Sealed Artifact 2-049 and the Antigonus family's notebook.

"Antigonus family's notebook... That's it? Klein Moretti joined the Nighthawks because of it!"

Although the process of inference is wrong, the answer is actually correct... Klein chuckled and said, "Our brains aren't there just for show.

“If his goal was the Antigonus family’s notebook, there was no need for him to join the Nighthawks. Before you obtained it, he had plenty of opportunities.

“And even after you obtained it, he had no lack of opportunities to obtain it. You should understand the situation back then better than I do.

“Also, since the target was the Antigonus family’s notebook, why didn’t he take it away?”

Upon being mocked by Dwayne Dantès, Leonard Mitchell realized that the theory he came up with on the spot was filled with logical contradictions. He felt ashamed as he showed some anger.

He slowly took a deep breath and said, “Then why would he infiltrate Chanis Gate using two different methods? And not only didn’t he take something away, but he didn’t even leave anything behind. He even entered a strange state.”

Just as Leonard said that, he saw Dwayne Dantès with his gray sideburns produce a deep, profound smile.

“I’m not sure of the reason for the latter matters. Perhaps you should ask the Evernight Goddess.”

Goddess… What does he mean? Leonard instantly felt alarmed and puzzled. He found it unimaginable as to what had happened behind Saint Samuel Cathedral’s Chanis Gate.

Right on the heels of that, he heard Dwayne Dantès say with a deep laugh, “As for your first question, I believe you are mistaken

about something.

“Our organization’s members come from different places and join for different reasons, choosing to change their own faith in the process. As for what happened before that, their lives remain their own.

“Just like me. I had a past and have a present as well. The reason why I came here is because of the last name I gave myself.”

Dantès… The Return of the Count… He joined the secret organization that worships The Fool for revenge, and came to Backlund? Leonard nodded in thought.

Klein paused for a few seconds as he casually sipped the red wine and wore a smile. He continued, “Similarly, he, who was resurrected because of the Antigonus family’s notebook’s curse, does it for vengeance as well.”

Klein had deliberately mentioned his present last name, Dantès, and mentioned revenge. It was to preemptively distinguish himself from Gehrman Sparrow and Klein Moretti. It was to prevent Leonard from later finding similar objectives between the two and begin making a deeper connection from the similarities.

By personally mentioning it, it framed the listener’s thought processes and made them subconsciously follow the logic of the content; thus, treating Dwayne Dantès and Klein Moretti as two completely different people. The only similarity was their thoughts of revenge. And in this world, there weren’t only two avengers.

Leonard lowered his crossed right leg unknowingly as he leaned forward.

“Vengeance?

“Who does he wish to seek revenge on?”

After asking the question, the elegant and handsome middle-aged gentleman curled the corners of his lips.

“Lanevus and…

“Ince Zangwill.”

“Ince Zangwill…” Leonard blurted out as he couldn’t help but have his expression repeatedly change. Finally, he fell silent.

His green eyes looked ahead, unfocused; his thoughts a mystery.

Phew… After a long silence, Leonard exhaled and released his originally clenched hands.

He asked with his voice a little hoarse, “Lanevus was really killed by him?”

“Of course,” Klein secretly sighed as he replied calmly.

Leonard’s mouth gaped open as though he wished to say something, but he didn’t. He tightly pursed his lips.

Realizing that his goals had been met, he immediately changed topics and chuckled.

“If you have a similar goal or require help, you can also chant ‘His’ honorific name. Perhaps you will receive a response.”

“*He*”… *That secret existence*, *The Fool?* Leonard imagined that Dwayne Dantès was habitually proselytizing and attempting to develop the secret organization. Therefore, he didn’t think further and replied with silence.

Klein then laughed.

“By the way, help me pass a message to Pallez Zoroast. One of our organization’s members encountered Blasphemer Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.”

This piece of information contained massive amounts of information, so much that Leonard was temporarily at a loss for a response. His mind kept reverberating with the relevant information.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods? The Forsaken Land of the Gods that even the seven Churches are unable to find? Their secret organization actually has members who can enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods!

Blasphemer Amon… Old Man told me that he’s hiding from a High-Sequence Beyonder with the last name Amon. He was heavily injured by Amon and had no choice but to parasitize me…

Dwayne Dantès’s tone and attitude really is like an undying monster who lived from the Fourth Epoch. He’s also at the same or a similar level as Old Man… In front of him, I really don’t feel any sense of superiority. I even feel like I’m lacking confidence…

As his thoughts ran through his head, Leonard forced himself to focus.

"I'll pass on the message to him."

Hmm, based on the circumstances after Leonard enters the dreams of others, it can be determined that the grandpa doesn't completely control his senses. Otherwise, he would definitely have an abnormal reaction when he hears the name Blasphemer Amon... Previously, Will Auceptin's words also corroborates this point. Only when my dear poet encounters true danger would the grandpa sense it and take action... Very good. "He" isn't a full Parasite... As Klein interpreted the unspoken information, he smiled.

"You may leave. You can also relax. My goal isn't the Church of Evernight."

My coming goals, not the ones of the past... Klein silently added inwardly.

Leonard had already received enough information; thus, he didn't dare overstay his welcome. He got up and bowed.

Then, he left Dwayne Dantès's dream.

...

In a room on the back streets of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard woke up and heard the aged voice from the Parasite in him echo in his mind:

"What did he say?"

Leonard deliberated over his words and said, "He directly admitted to being a member of that secret organization that believes in The Fool. Likewise for Klein Moretti whose alias is Gehrman Sparrow.

"Their goal is for vengeance, their own vengeance."

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a second before saying, "*Did he say how Klein Moretti could be resurrected? Or how did he fake his death to such an extent?*"

Leonard recalled and said, "The explanation he gave was a curse from the Antigonus family's notebook."

Curse... At this point, Leonard discovered that Dwayne Dantès's choice of words was rather strange.

He had described the power of resurrecting the dead as a curse!

Pallez Zoroast didn't seem to have any questions about that. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "*What else did he say?*"

Leonard didn't hide it from him and said frankly, "He mentioned Blasphemer Amon, saying that a member of their organization met him in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

"Old Man, is that the Amon you mentioned?"

The aged voice replied after a while, "*Probably.*"

He paused for a moment before saying, *"I believe that Dwayne Dantès, no—The Fool that's backing him, might be some old friend of mine..."*

Old Man believes that he's at a higher level than Dwayne Dantès, or even higher... He's a Grounded Angel? Leonard thought and asked, "Which old friend?"

Pallez Zoroast didn't answer as he asked, *"Are you going to find an opportunity to reveal the situation about Dwayne Dantès and Klein Moretti?"*

Leonard suddenly fell silent and only heavily said more than ten seconds later, "Not for now.

"Perhaps he and I, and them, have the chance of working together...

"And the Church didn't suffer any material loss this time."

The Parasite inside him didn't say a word, as though he had fallen asleep.

Leonard slowly looked up and read the information in front of him. His eyes turned dark as he muttered, "He's overtaken me by leaps and bounds..."

Chapter 854: Confession

Early morning, 160 Böklund Street.

After Klein got out of bed and washed up, he didn't rush to leave the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

He then conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made the fake person pray piously:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please pass on the message to Danitz:

"I need him to provide me information on West Balam. It's best if he includes his social connections.

"Also, get him to be careful of the Church of Evernight for the time being."

...

Above the Golden Dream, Danitz, who saw the sun earlier than Backlund, was holding a cup of malt beer as he sat in the shadows, hiding away from the vile sunlight.

*Lessons will begin in another fifteen minutes. Captain said that a treasure hunter must have a sufficiently good grasp of mathematics... Sigh, this is really such a headache, but it's also something to look forward to. Dogsh*t!* Danitz placed one hand on his knee as he downed a mouthful of beer.

At this moment, the gray fog emanated in front of him. The blurry figure that looked down from above appeared as Danitz's ears resounded with Gehrman Sparrow's voice.

Information on West Balam? Although we've been there to search for lost ancient treasure and got to know a few tribal natives, that is pretty much it. There won't be much that I can tell him about... This is so troublesome. I'll have to do all sorts of work again. Why does Gehrman Sparrow get involved in so many things!? Danitz silently grumbled as he vigilantly glanced to his sides, afraid that the madman would suddenly appear.

He drew a breath upon considering how he wanted to become stronger. He didn't wish to be of no help when his captain met with danger, having to shamefully hide at the back. Danitz slapped his face a few times with his free hand before standing up.

He immediately left the shadows and found Iron Skin and Barrel. He asked them in detail about West Balam's situation and who he should ask for the various matters, only to obtain a unanimous answer: "Captain Edwina Edwards, or Anderson Hood who previously joined our bonfire on the ship."

*Will she be suspicious if I directly ask Captain, making her believe that I have a secret and am secretly working for someone else... But, I've no idea where that fellow, Anderson, has gone to. Dogsh*t!* Danitz fell into a dilemma as he couldn't help but think about something else, recalling Gehrman Sparrow's last words:

"Be careful of the Church of Evernight!"

Danitz wasn't a fool. He knew that a matter that the crazy adventurer emphasized was something important. It also meant that he believed that he had a high chance of being an important target of the Church of Evernight! He would be wildly pursued by

the Red Gloves!

Apart from the Church of Evernight, the Church of Storms, and the military are targeting me as well. It's said that they have each sent a squad… Danitz thought as his heart palpitated.

He soon revealed a puzzled and bitter look as he muttered to himself, "But I haven't done anything…"

…

After passing the message about gathering information on West Balam to Admiral of Stars Cattleya, Klein left the area above the gray fog and returned to the real world. Like every other day, he had his breakfast and had lessons.

After he woke up from his afternoon nap, with Richardson's help, he changed into a formal suit for an excursion. He got into the carriage that had already been waiting for him at the door.

"Head to Saint Samuel Cathedral," Klein leaned on the carriage wall as he instructed the carriage driver.

He had decided to continue maintaining his identity as Dwayne Dantès. He believed that it was best if he didn't change his former persona. Therefore, he couldn't change the frequency of his trips to Saint Samuel Cathedral. Nor could he donate less.

Besides, this can effectively wipe away any suspicion they have of me. After all, it's hard to imagine that the criminal who infiltrated Chanis Gate hadn't stayed behind but would saunter into the cathedral as though nothing had happened… I'll have to thank Emperor Roselle for not plagiarizing criminal psychology. He

didn't point out that intelligent criminals often return to their crime scene to admire their work and the helpless response of others… Klein mumbled inwardly as he took a sip of the black tea that Richardson had brewed.

After moistening his throat, he glanced at his valet and asked, seemingly casually, "What is your deepest impression of East and West Balam?"

Sitting beside him, Richardson didn't ask why. After some thought, he said, "East Balam is safer. West Balam is more chaotic."

After giving a simple answer, Richardson turned to look at his employer, only to see Dwayne Dantès with his eyes half-closed as though he wanted him to continue.

Richardson scratched his ear and deliberated over his words.

"There's also poverty, hunger, and whip abuse. Uh, people from East and West Balam originally worshiped Death. Later, due to the perks of believing in the deities like the Goddess, Lord of Storms, and the Eternal Blazing Sun, allowing them to boost their statuses and receive protection from the cathedral, there was a large-scale change of faith.

"However, as the number of believers increased, that special status was quickly removed. The people of the lower class began worshiping Death again in secret.

"It's more obvious for the more messy West Balam in regards to this point. The descendants of Death often receive a great deal of support…

“This is what my, my father of mine occasionally mentions after he’s drunk.”

Klein listened in silence and didn’t stop his valet’s recount, nor did he probe deeper.

Soon, the carriage arrived outside Saint Samuel Cathedral. Klein first took in the sight of the white flying pigeons before entering the prayer hall. He took off his hat and handed it together with his cane to Richardson.

He randomly found a seat and looked at the altar in the darkness. He watched the stars and the Dark Sacred Emblem as unease, embarrassment, and a lack of confidence arose in him.

If he had guessed correctly, ever since he made contact with the holy sword and made a vow, the Goddess had likely taken notice of him. Every time he entered the cathedral to pretend like he was praying, it had the feeling like the Emperor’s new clothes.

I wonder what the Goddess’s opinion on this is… And what position is the Church taking… Hmm, I’ll probe first… Klein clasped his hands and held it to his nose, looking as though he was praying seriously.

After about eight minutes, he slowly got up, walked to the donation box, took out fifty pounds, and piously threw it in.

After doing that, Klein turned to the confessional along the sides of the hall and entered.

Unlike most ancient confessionals which were big wooden crates with two doors, the modern confessional was an

independent spacious compartment. The confessor and the listening bishop were separated by a wooden partition, with each one of them having their seats.

Using the dim light, Klein sat on the chair and listened to the bishop say with his mellow voice, “Do you have something you would like to say? The Goddess cares about all ‘Her’ believers.”

Klein raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

“Praise the Lady.

“I wish to confess that two days ago, the military came to me, wishing that I can sell a batch of firearms and cannons to West Balam, to add coal to the chaos there…”

After he said that, the bishop on the other side didn’t immediately give him an answer, as though he was alarmed by the arms dealing. He was momentarily unsure as to how to organize his words.

The confessional instantly ended up being wrapped in an awkward silence.

You became frightened just from that? Have you never encountered a confessor as frank as me? If I were to say that I’m currently plotting the murder of a demigod while hiding from the Mother Tree of Desire and the True Creator, wouldn’t you be jumping up? Klein lampooned as he continued, “I did enjoy the adventurer’s life when I was young. I obtained my wealth through metal, blood, and fire. But I’m already sick of that life. I only wish for a peaceful future.

“I originally wanted to decline the offer, but I’m unable to overcome the greed in my heart. This is a sufficiently enticing business, and it helps me in obtaining a firm footing in Backlund’s high society.

“I confess that I ultimately chose the bustle and chaos.”

The bishop on the other side finally had a response as he said with a gentle voice, “Don’t be afraid. Don’t waver. You don’t have to feel guilt for a certain level of greed. As long as you don’t harm the innocent or commit any of the crimes as written in the bible.

“Go, follow your inner heart and make the choice you wish to make the most. Only this way can you truly understand the teachings and understand the truth of those words.

“There’s no need to be put in a difficult position. Remember this. No matter what you do, sincerely being contrite and penitent is worthy of praise and forgiveness.

“May the Goddess bless you.”

“Praise the Lady!” Klein drew the crimson moon once again on his chest.

His visit to Saint Samuel Cathedral was to use the opportunity of a confession to inform the Church of his intentions of engaging in arms dealing. He wanted to know their reaction, so as to pry into the Goddess’s attitude towards him.

Without saying anything extra, Klein slowly got up and left the confessional. He walked down the aisle and went towards his valet, Richardson.

At this moment, he saw a lady sitting in the corner of the prayer hall. She was wearing a hooded black robe, with blue eyeshadow and blush. She had quite an uncanny sense of beauty. She was none other than Spirit Medium Daly Simone.

Daly looked up and similarly noticed Dwayne Dantès. Her expression momentarily turned adrift as though she had fallen asleep while praying and had entered a dream.

Klein nodded at her indiscernibly as a polite gesture. Then, he took his hat and cane from Richardson as he unhurriedly walked out of the hall.

Daly retracted her gaze as she looked down at the pew in front of her before slowly closing her eyes.

Walking out Saint Samuel Cathedral, Klein stood by the side of the staircase and paused for two seconds.

The white pigeons suddenly flew up in the square up ahead, blocking the sights of all who were taking in the scene.

...

Less than thirty minutes later, in the basement, Leonard heard that Dwayne Dantès, who had previously been investigated, was about to cooperate with the officials. He was going to be a merchant who would sell arms to West Balam.

What is he trying to do? Leonard frowned, little by little, completely at a loss as to what the undying monster's thoughts were.

Chapter 855: New Visitor

As he returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral to 160 Böklund Street, Klein saw his white-gloved butler, Walter, walk up to him.

"Sir, someone delivered a name card. He said that his employer wishes to visit you from four to five," Walter said with a staid expression.

Klein tried figuring out who the visitor was, but he had no clue. He nodded gently and said, "Who's his employer?"

Walter darted his gaze around and saw that the other servants were rather far away. He then replied, "Baron Syndras."

Baron Syndras... That millionaire tycoon who obtained his aristocratic title with the help of the Conservative Party and Duke Negan, and is also one of the most famous bankers and entrepreneurs in the kingdom? I previously helped Ma'am Mary purchase the Coim Company shares. The competitor happens to be him and his friends... He's visiting me personally for that matter? It's only a transaction worth about 13,000 pounds. It shouldn't be something that requires him to go this far... As Klein's mind raced, he walked to the staircase that led to the second floor.

Walter walked half a step behind him as he said, "Sir, if you don't wish to meet Baron Syndras, I'll inform him that you got caught up at Saint Samuel Cathedral, listening to the bishop's preachings, and might return very late."

In between the lines, the butler was saying that Baron Syndras was a believer of the Lord of Storms. It was impossible for him to head directly to Saint Samuel Cathedral to seek him out.

Klein thought and smiled before gently saying, “This is a noble who has immense influence in the banking industry. I’ll definitely come across him in the future, so I have to meet him.

“Hmm… Arrange the meeting to be at the small living room on the second floor where there’s the most sunlight.”

According to what Klein knew, Baron Syndras was the third-largest shareholder of Backlund Bank and the largest shareholder of Southville People’s Bank. In Loen Kingdom’s banking industry, he was definitely one of the few people with the greatest influence.

“Yes, sir.” Walter didn’t nag on.

At ten past four, Klein met the visitor who often appeared on the papers, in the predetermined living room.

The only thing that was different and deviated from his expectations was that Backlund turned cloudy after three. The weather had turned dark and began drizzling. It didn’t bring in the bright and warm sunshine.

Baron Syndras was identical to how he looked on the papers. He had black hair mixed with some white hair that was neatly combed backward, revealing his broad forehead and receding hairline.

His face was rather round, but it lacked the flesh needed to support it. His cheekbones were rather high, and his wrinkles were obvious.

Unlike most Loenese his age, Baron Syndras didn’t have any

facial hair. He was clean-shaven, and his light-blue eyes were nearly colorless.

Beside him were a valet and bodyguard. They were the kind of people that didn't attract much attention. The former's greatest characteristic was his thin hair, while the latter had short hair if you didn't count the thick beard that reached down from his ears.

"Good afternoon, Lord Syndras. It's my honor to have you here as my guest." Klein held his hand to his chest as he bowed.

Usually, a host would mostly lean their bodies forward and reach out their right hand for a handshake when greeting a guest, but at this moment, he was in front of a noble; thus, requiring him to be more courteous.

Baron Syndras nodded gently as he smiled in response.

"You're being polite. I should've visited you a long time ago, Dwayne Dantès, an experienced gentleman who knows much about the Southern Continent."

After exchanging some pleasantries, the two took their seats while the valets and bodyguards settled by the side.

Klein was just about to say something when Baron Syndras said with a genial tone, "Dantès, I'm really impressed with people like you. Not everyone can obtain riches from the chaos in the Southern Continent. This requires plenty of guts and the courage to face adversity, as well as stunning judgment.

"Back when I was facing bankruptcy, I had entertained the idea

of starting anew in the Southern Continent, but unfortunately, I'm not a brave man."

Although Baron Syndras later became a noble, he wasn't a commoner in the true sense of the word. His great grandfather and grandfather had benefited from the development of the colonies, earning them plenty of money from the sea trade. They were rather successful merchants. As for his father, he had invested in industries, building up his reputation and acquiring several factories.

When it came to his generation, he blitzed into the developing banking industry with his sizable wealth, becoming one of the earliest millionaires in Loen.

During this process, Baron Syndras had suffered three failures, but he overcame them, one after another. The most harrowing incident was when the Southville People's Bank he founded suffered from a reputation crisis. A bank run happened, nearly bankrupting him.

He keeps chatting about my experiences in the Southern Continent... Is he hinting to me that he has already discovered the problems with my background, and is using it as a warning? Heh, he probably never expected that the Southern Continent experience he keeps repeating is all fake... Klein scoffed inwardly, but he replied while looking absolutely normal, "That isn't courage but rashness.

"Most people who head to the Southern Continent do have the spirit of adventure, but that's all they have."

Without waiting for Baron Syndras to continue, he smiled and said, "I nearly hired Mr. Rebach some time ago as my butler. He said that you were an excellent employer."

Baron Syndras listened in silence before sighing.

“That is something that fills me with regret.

“Back then, I was very sincere in hoping that Rebach could continue being my butler, but he couldn’t overcome the conflict within our positions.”

Upon saying that, Syndras looked at the handsome and elegant Dwayne Dantès, picked up the black tea that had been served by a servant, and took a sip.

“I also sincerely hope that we can be friends. I hope you can transfer the Coim Company’s 3% to me.

“I will give you an offer you can’t resist.”

Here it comes… But I have a contract with Ma’am Mary… Klein fell silent for two seconds and said with a smiling sigh, “I deeply value my trustworthiness.”

Upon hearing such an answer, Syndras didn’t show any obvious anger. He smiled, curious and surprised, “Aren’t you going to listen to my offer?”

Klein deliberately spread out his hands with a wry smile.

“I’m afraid I will find it irresistible.”

“Haha.” Syndras immediately laughed and slowly stood up. “You’re as humorous as they say. At the same time, you have a

firm will that the rumors fail to mention."

He looked at his bodyguard and valet before saying to Dwayne Dantès with a smile, "Being a partner with you is definitely better than being a competitor. Alright, it's time that I leave. There are many things that require my attention."

Is this sincere praise, or a veiled threat? Klein wasn't a Spectator, so he wasn't able to interpret the subtleties. All he could do was shamelessly reply, "Likewise. I look forward to having the opportunity to cooperate with you in other domains, Lord Syndras."

Dressed in a formal suit and a tie, Baron Syndras smiled and nodded. Without saying another word, he was led out of the main door by Dwayne Dantès and his butler and valet.

As he watched the luxurious carriage disappear into the distance, Butler Walter suddenly said, "Sir, should I hire some temporary bodyguards?"

Ah? Klein nearly failed to understand his butler.

Seeing his employer's expression remain unperturbed, Walter added, "At times, competition in business can endanger one's personal safety."

Mr. Butler also noticed the veiled threats by Baron Syndras? Klein curled the corners of his lips and said, "I'm not too worried because this is Backlund."

Because my name is known at the Church of Evernight. Because I'm about to cooperate with the military… Therefore, I'm not

afraid of suffering any form of retaliation in the Beyonder domain, and I'm not afraid that matters will develop like with the Intis ambassador. Besides, Baron Syndras is a successful man with status and power. He won't be that rash… Klein thought inwardly.

When Walter attempted to continue, Klein chuckled and said, "However, being careful is forever a good habit.

"Hmm… You can hire two bodyguards. Let them secretly provide me with protection. Try to not have them be discovered by the servants at home."

"Yes, sir," Walter immediately replied.

Klein thought for a moment and said, "Make a trip to Member of Parliament Macht's place. Invite him to dinner at the Intis Srenzo Restaurant tomorrow along with his wife and daughter. If they have a prior commitment, we can postpone it to another day."

He planned on informing Macht that he planned on taking the military's test and completing the small arms deal.

The most convenient method was to visit Macht at his residence and mention it in passing, but considering how there might be a demigod of the Marauder pathway around Hazel, any close contact might result in the aura of the gray fog on him being detected. Therefore, Klein changed his plans and decided to have the venue to be at a restaurant.

This way, based on his judgment, the demigod which had failed to parasitize Hazel was unlikely to accompany her.

...

Xio hid in the shadows of the woods as she watched a brown carriage slowly drive past and turn into a particular street in Empress Borough.

There was an obvious coat of arms on the carriage. It was mainly a flower and two rings. They belonged to the captain of the Loen Kingdom's royal guards, Viscount Stratford.

Realizing that she had made zero discoveries, she gloomily left her hiding spot and took a nearby public carriage. She returned straight to the Backlund Bridge area and walked into East Borough.

Upon coming to the Dharavi Street's bar, Xio easily walked to the bar counter as the drunkards avoided her. She directly asked the bartender who was wiping a cup, "Any new jobs?"

The bartender immediately smiled.

"Yes. Butler Walter, who previously offered a 200-pound bounty for a few cheats, has offered a new job. It's very simple. Secretly protect his employer for a few days. The payment will be discussed face-to-face. It will definitely be a handsome reward.

"He was very pleased with your efficiency during the last mission. He requested that we give you priority.

"How about it? Are you interested?"

Xio had a rather deep impression of the butler and his employer

because they had spent 200 pounds to seek out cheats who had only scammed 1,000 pounds of cloth.

Very generous, and he's quick to pay... Xio did a slight recall before nodding and saying, "Alright."

Chapter 856: Bodyguards Arrive

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Just as Xio entered, she caught the scent of fried food. She couldn't help but twitch her nose and looked towards the kitchen.

"Fors?"

"Would there be anyone else?" Fors peeked her head out from the kitchen and asked with a smile.

Xio put down the papers in her hand, half-surprised and half-grumbling, "Do you still remember how long it's been since you stepped into a kitchen? Eh, making toast in the morning doesn't count."

Fors returned to the kitchen, leaving only her voice behind.

"I choose the food outside because they're better. And now, the surrounding streets don't have any good fried chicken.

"I suddenly had cravings for it. When it comes to Intis cuisine, I like it the most!"

Xio walked to the kitchen and leaned against the door frame as she watched Fors busily prepare dinner. She deliberated and said, "I received a job. 100 pounds a day. Ranging from three to five days, but I need another helper.

“Weren’t you previously lacking in money. Why don’t we do it together?”

Actually, my financial situation has improved… However, a mission that pays 50 pounds a day isn’t bad. I’ll save up as much as I can. There will be plenty of places that require me to spend money in the future… As Fors watched her oil-filled pot, she asked, “What kind of job is it?”

She had already calculated how much she could receive.

Xio combed her slightly coarse blonde hair and said, “Secretly protect a tycoon named Dwayne Dantès.”

“What did he encounter? Will it be very dangerous?” Fors asked cautiously.

Xio recalled and said, “Apparently there was some kind of business conflict, and his competitor has threatened him.

“This isn’t anything dangerous. As you are aware, the powerful Beyonders in Backlund wouldn’t dare to take any risks, as it’s easy to expose themselves, causing them to be targeted by the Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers.”

“Perhaps the other party is a lunatic? You can’t rule that out.” While retorting, Fors naturally thought of The World Gehrman Sparrow. This gentleman was a lunatic who dared to pull off major upsets in Backlund!

She paused and scooped up the pieces of fried chicken.

“Since you’ve already accepted the mission and I have nothing coming up recently, let’s do it together.

“It’s good too. We will be protecting him in secret, so no one will discover that I’m a bodyguard. Otherwise, I’ll have no way of participating in those literature saloons. Heh heh, actually, I can tell them that I’m experiencing life and gathering material. My next novel will be about a female bodyguard and her male employer!”

Xio was already used to Fors’s penchant for letting her thoughts wander. She scrunched up her nose and said, “Let’s head over after dinner.”

…

160 Böklund Street. Klein had set up a ritual in the master bedroom’s bathroom and headed above the gray fog.

He planned on handling some random matters before the bodyguards hired by Butler Walter came—it wouldn’t be convenient for him to do them in the coming days.

And among these random matters, the most important task was to confirm the situation with the Creeping Hunger.

Sitting behind the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein made the human-skinned glove fly out from the junk pile.

After a series of divinations, he discovered that the Creeping Hunger was rather stubborn this time. None of the negative side effects had changed.

It's a result of Mr. A's corruption, so it's absolutely not giving up its praise of the True Creator? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he seriously considered the solution to this matter.

Find another way to threaten it? No, how can I call it threatening? Under the premise of being proactive, I will be engaging in friendly communication with it… Klein rapped the corner of the long mottled table and muttered silently, *I'll be writing to Mr. Azik later anyway. I can also mention in passing that the Creeping Hunger's seal is no longer effective.*

I can also bring some mushrooms along with me. No, that wouldn't work. Although it will stop the Creeping Hunger from praising the True Creator, it will make it unusable. Hmm… I'll get a few of the original mutated mushrooms from Frank to see if there are other effects…

After determining his thought process, Klein threw Azik's copper whistle and the adventurer's harmonica through the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment before returning to the real world. He packed up the ritual items and wiped away any traces of the ritual.

After leaving the bathroom, Klein walked to his study desk, taking out a fountain pen and paper as he deliberated over the things to say.

"Dear Mr. Azik… It's been a while since I've written to you. I wonder how you've been recently…

"…Due to certain unforeseen circumstances, your seal on the Creeping Hunger is no longer effective. Can you give me the corresponding method? I wish to apply the seal on it again…

"…Have you heard of creatures known as Spirit World

Plunderers? What level are they, and what kinds of characteristics do they have? Where are they usually active in?"

"...I might be heading to the Southern Continent in the near future. If I obtain any new information on Death, I'll write to you as soon as possible..."

Putting down the fountain pen and reading it twice, Klein folded the letter and blew the copper whistle.

Silently, white bones spewed out from the floor, gushing out like a fountain into midair, forming a giant skeleton that was nearly four meters tall.

The skeleton lowered its head to glance at Dwayne Dantès before bending its back, bending its right arm and spreading open its palm.

This messenger is becoming more polite... Klein nodded in satisfaction, handing it the letter.

The skeleton messenger didn't stay, and it immediately disintegrated, pouring down like a waterfall before rapidly vanishing.

Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief as he retracted his gaze and continued writing a letter to Frank.

"...The dried mushrooms you provided were pretty good. Do you still have more?

"...Do you find the idea I previously mentioned viable? If you

encounter any difficulties during the research process, you can write to me…”

After folding the letter, Klein blew into the adventurer’s harmonica.

He saw Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr appear by his side. She still lacked a head as she wore a complicated black dress while holding four beautiful blonde, red-eyed heads.

“Can you lock onto Frank Lee?” Klein asked rather confidently. After all, Miss Messenger was unlike ordinary messengers. She was a spirit world creature at the demigod level.

Under normal circumstances, a messenger could only locate the contractor or the person who held the summoning ritual. As for the latter, there was a limitation. Once the ritual was too far away, the messenger wouldn’t be able to find them.

Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads turned in unison and looked at Klein.

“Yes…” “It’s that…” “Man…” “Who wants…” “To…” “Plant…” “Everything…” “Right?”

“…”

What did Frank do to leave such a deep impression on Miss Messenger… Back when I replied, she even said that she hoped that he wasn’t dead… Klein nodded seriously.

“Yes.”

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads spoke one after another.

"Can…" "Locate…" "I labeled…" "Him…"

Ah? Klein turned agape, nearly forgetting his motives.

Poor Frank, no, the great and powerful Frank. He actually got Miss Messenger to specially label him… May the Goddess watch over him… Klein silently exhaled and handed the letter to Reinette Tinekerr.

"Please hand it to Frank.

"He will pay you the gold coin."

One of the heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand opened its mouth and bit down on the letter. Then, it directly entered the spirit world, unable to be sensed again.

After dealing with these matters, Klein left the copper whistle and harmonica on him. He went downstairs to have dinner.

Midway, Walter entered and whispered into Dwayne Dantès's ear, "The bodyguards have arrived. It's that Miss Xio and her friend from before. I will arrange for them to secretly provide you protection."

Miss Xio and her friend? Don't tell me it's Miss Magician… Klein was momentarily at a loss for words as all he could do was gently nod, acknowledging the new tidbit of information.

His spirituality actually didn't sense that someone had "infiltrated" his house. However, this was very normal since it wasn't time for most people to sleep for the night. When it was that period of time, any abnormalities became rather obvious. Therefore, unless Klein specially used his spirituality to leave undetectable marks at key spots, or if the intruder had plenty of ill intentions towards him, he would find it difficult to notice them.

...

In a bedroom on the third floor, Xio and Fors each took a window. Through the glass, they looked down at the garden.

"This is my dream house. When I have enough money, I'll buy a house just like this in a scenic area. No, I'll still choose Backlund. There are more delicacies here, and it's more convenient," Fors said sincerely.

With that said, she sighed inwardly.

Unfortunately, I have the curse of the full moon. I can only continue improving myself. Otherwise, I'd have kept a house instead of selling it for cash...

Xio traced her friend's gaze and looked outside, whispering, "I lived in such a residence when I was little..."

Fors stole a glance at Xio. As she had no idea what to say, she changed topics.

"How should we provide him with protection?"

Xio retracted her gaze.

“When Mr. Dwayne Dantès is home and without guests, we’ll just hide in the room and watch the surroundings to prevent anyone from infiltrating…

“When there are guests, we’ll head to the adjacent room and keep close attention to any developments. We’ll open the door at any moment to save him…

“If Mr. Dwayne Dantès were to head out, the butler will inform us ahead of time. I’ll hide underneath the carriage to protect him while you’ll follow on another carriage…”

“Xio, you’re becoming more and more professional!” Fors seriously praised her before chuckling. “I saw Mr. Dwayne Dantès’s portrait just now. If you hadn’t told me that the danger arose because of a business conflict, I would’ve suspected that the problem arose because of love…”

Before Fors finished her sentence, she suddenly saw a carriage stop outside the compound. Following that, a few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms got out of the carriage.

What’s happening? She looked at her friend and found Xio looking equally puzzled.

…

Inside the living room on the second floor, Klein met the four officers.

“Mr. Dwayne Dantès, do you know Mr. Cuarón?”

Cuarón? Klein tried recalling and remembered that it was the gentleman who had sold him the Coim Company shares.

“Yes, what happened to him?” Klein asked calmly.

The officer that led the team replied in a rather polite manner, “He committed suicide.”

“In addition, he left behind a will, accusing you of forcing him to sell his shares and torturing him using all kinds of underhanded means, causing him to suffer from severe depression.

“And his family has provided proof regarding the contents of his will.”

Chapter 857: Poignant

Cuarón committed suicide? His will accused me of forcing him to sell his shares? His family can even provide evidence? As Klein listened to the officer's description, he digested the relevant information and produced questions in his mind.

After he understood the situation, his first reaction was: *Baron Syndras has taken action!*

This powerful banker didn't hesitate to carry out his follow-up action against me after failing to cooperate with me, treating me as an enemy. He didn't hold back!

Furthermore, he has clearly gathered enough information to know that Dwayne Dantès is involved with the Church of Evernight and Member of Parliament Macht and the faction backing him. If he were to directly deal with me, it would easily attract unwanted trouble. Therefore, he chose to strike at the other end of the transaction, Cuarón. This will be more indirect and safer, but it would be equally treacherous and ruthless.

This is an utter disregard of an ordinary person's life... Klein suddenly recalled the innocent people who collapsed during the Great Smog of Backlund. He couldn't help but feel a sense of rage surge within him as it bubbled to the surface but was ice-cold.

Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial expression, making him look even more surprised as he asked, seemingly finding the situation incomprehensible, "Are you certain you aren't joking?"

The leading officer nodded solemnly.

“If we didn’t have sufficient clues to support it, we wouldn’t disturb a gentleman like you.

“Mr. Dwayne Dantès, I’ll have to trouble you to follow us to the station for further investigations.”

Despite looking unperturbed, Klein’s mind was racing. Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly noticed something illogical.

Regardless, murder is a serious crime in the current Loen Kingdom. With Baron Syndras’s identity, status, and social connections, he will have at least a few dozen effective means to deal with a foreign tycoon that just came to Backlund two months ago. There’s no need to go this far.

After all, as a member of high society, he will more or less understand or be in contact with Beyonder powers. He knows that there are all kinds of incredible means to pursue the true murderer. Unless he’s completely confident, taking the risk to frame someone for murder is definitely the worst choice.

If Syndras were to use his authority to suppress the investigations of the official Beyonders, it will definitely be more effective and simpler to employ other means!

Even if he temporarily isn’t aware that I’m about to work with the military, he’s definitely aware of my connection with the Church of Evernight and Member of Parliament Macht. He wouldn’t do things in such a simple and brazen manner… Most importantly, even if he’s the kind of murderer who would kill for 3% shares, why didn’t he do it earlier? He could’ve held Cuarón at gunpoint early on, resolving the matter without causing any fuss… Klein glanced at the officers in front of him while in thought without immediately giving an answer.

And in an adjacent room, Xio and Fors were leaning against the wall. Using the latter's ability to open a small door, they didn't miss any parts of the entire conversation.

"What do we do? If the police want to arrest him, do we still provide protection?" Fors, who lacked the experience of a bounty hunter, hurriedly suppressed her voice as she asked her friend.

She never expected that the business conflict would result in a case of murder and suspicion of framing. The enemy she had imagined had transformed from an infiltrating murderous bandit into a police officer. She was momentarily unsure of what to do.

Xio was also in a dilemma.

"Usually, a bodyguard will only deal with illegal encroachers.

"But... They have given a sufficiently sizable remuneration."

Fors was surprised and amused by the response as she asked, "If he really is imprisoned, are you thinking of breaking him out of jail?

"Let's put aside the problem of danger. That way, you too would be wanted, and you won't be able to be a bounty hunter again. When the time comes, do you plan on fleeing elsewhere with this gentleman?"

As she spoke, Fors, who had already come up with a story, discovered that Dwayne Dantès had a response.

This elegant gentleman with white sideburns turned to look at Walter and said with a calm and gentle voice, “Two matters. First, visit Baron Syndras and tell him that someone is trying to frame him.”

Walter revealed a rare look of surprise and confusion, finding his employer’s instructions incomprehensible.

From his point of view, this matter was highly likely to be machinated by Baron Syndras. It was pointless visiting him, as it would only result in mockery.

Klein smiled.

“He was a guest recently, and he had threatened me for the shares. Following that, Mr. Cuarón met with his demise. I find it hard to believe that he wouldn’t be under suspicion. Therefore, I believe that it’s necessary to warn him. This is what a gentleman should do.”

The officers were slightly perturbed by what was said. They had the inexplicable feeling that the matter was more complicated than they had imagined. As for Walter, he was somewhat enlightened as he replied, “Yes, sir. I’ll immediately visit Baron Syndras and inform your friends and his of this matter.”

This way, if this wasn’t done by Baron Syndras, all subsequent trouble would be dealt with by him. If he were the mastermind behind this, by involving him in the name of kindly warning him and spreading the news, it could create sufficient pressure from public opinion. It would make it easier for Member of Parliament Macht and company to “rescue” him.

Smart… A good butler really helps… Klein silently praised him as he continued, “Second, please call for my lawyer to handle this

tiny inconvenience."

After instructing his butler and valet, Klein looked at the few officers in front of him.

"Alright, I'll follow you back to the station. I won't make things difficult for you.

"However, I wouldn't answer any of your questions before my lawyer arrives."

The leading officer heaved a sigh of relief as he said with a nod, "Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dantès."

At this moment, in the adjacent room, Fors hurriedly said, "Are we following?"

"Yes. I'll hide underneath the carriage now and follow it to the station. We can't be certain that those police officers are real ones!" Xio replied rather cautiously.

She paused, seizing the moment to ask, "What else do you wish to say?"

Fors thought for a moment and poignantly said, "Nobles and tycoons are truly terrifying!"

Xio was taken aback. She didn't speak further as she walked to the window. Supporting herself with one hand, she nimbly jumped down, landing in the shadows of the building.

A few minutes later, Klein and two officers boarded a carriage belonging to Dwayne Dantès.

When he sat down, he looked at the thick carpet, his expression the same as before.

...

At the police station, Klein was directly brought to an interrogation room. However, he didn't give a response, regardless of what the officer asked.

Only when his lawyer arrived did he give an account. He said that he had only met Cuarón once. He also mentioned that the negotiation of the share purchase was completely handled by a professional team; hence, he didn't personally involve himself in it.

He repeated his statements, saying that he was unaware of anything else. This left the interrogator at a loss until he was called out of the room.

After a while, the officer responsible for recording the statement walked in and said, "Alright, you may leave. A gentleman with an honorable status has vouched for you and paid for your bail."

Klein didn't immediately stand up as he continued sitting in the chair. He looked up and asked, "Who is it?"

The officer said with a respectful tone, "Baron Syndras."

Klein immediately revealed a smile as he slowly got up. He left

the interrogation room with his lawyer before meeting up with his butler and valet.

At the entrance to the police station, he met Baron Syndras once again.

This powerful banker's hair was still neatly combed back, with silver and black interweaving with each other. Beside him was a valet and his bearded bodyguard.

"Thank you for your warning, Dantès. Few people would be so calm and sharp when they encounter such a sudden turn of events," Syndras smiled as he took two steps forward, reached out his palm, and shook Klein's hand.

Klein replied with a smile, "I was simply trusting your character."

Syndras obviously didn't believe such lip service. He found an excuse and, with his bodyguard, boarded Dwayne Dantès's carriage.

As for his valet, he sent him off to his luxurious carriage to instruct the carriage driver to follow behind.

As parasol trees flew past outside the carriage window, Syndras spoke first.

"Dantès, how did you come to such a judgment?"

Klein glanced at his butler and valet beside him and chuckled.

“Two points. First, I believe that you will have a better solution. You wouldn’t do something this violent.”

Syndras drank a mouthful of white wine on the carriage as he chuckled.

“Indeed.”

“…” The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched as he said, “I’m very curious as to what kind of methods you would employ.”

He had only asked in passing, without the extravagant hopes of obtaining an answer. However, Syndras chuckled and said,

“With matters developing this far, it doesn’t matter if I tell you.

“It’s very simple: isn’t your goal to enter high society? I planned to hire women of different ages. They will accuse you on different social occasions that you toyed with their feelings and bodies, but you refuse to be responsible for your actions. If necessary, I’ll find a few toddling children to clasp you around the legs, calling you PA [1]. Perhaps I might get some civilians to accuse you of seducing their wives and destroying their marriage.

“This is Loen, a rather conservative place. No one would wish to have such a person as a friend. Likewise, the Church of Evernight who values ‘marriage’ and ‘family’ will also distance itself from you.

“It will be difficult to clear the air on such matters; yet, it wouldn’t be a big deal. They wouldn’t use their resources to help do an investigation for you. By the time you eventually find a

loophole, your image would be hardened and known by all. How many people do you think will believe your explanations? You are just a newcomer and have yet to build a reputation. You aren't that trustworthy.

"Of course, if you were willing to accept my conditions, I'd stake my reputation for you.

"That will be the first step. Now, it wouldn't happen."

Klein was almost stunned by what he heard. He found himself too inexperienced compared to a seasoned banker who had established a commercial empire for himself.

"I believe I should thank you," he replied with an unfazed smile. "Second, if you really wanted the 3% shares, I wouldn't be your match when it comes to wealth. It would ultimately be better to force Mr. Cuarón rather than killing him after the sale is completed."

Syndras raised his right hand and pressed his fingers to the corner of his forehead as he chuckled.

"No, you're mistaken. I was bent on obtaining the 3% share.

"However, you're right about one thing. I did prepare an irresistible offer for Cuarón, but he suddenly made a decision and completed the deal with you at an extremely fast speed. It caught me by surprise."

Klein narrowed his eyes slightly as he suddenly fell silent.

...

Returning to 160 Böklund Street, Xio circled the area and entered the third floor again, seeing Fors who had easily entered by using Door Opening.

“How is it? Nothing happened, right?” Fors, who had only followed from a distance away, asked curiously.

Xio shook her head in a slightly wooden manner.

“No.”

She then revealed a poignant expression.

“Nobles and tycoons are truly terrifying.”

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1. This is referencing Mark Twain’s “Running for Governor,” a common piece of literature taught to Chinese middle-school students.

Chapter 858: Generous

On the tiny balcony of the master bedroom, Klein stood behind a railing in the form of Dwayne Dantès. He silently watched Baron Syndras's luxurious carriage depart.

His mind was still resonating with the conversation he just had. He believed that there had been a secret plot behind the acquiring of the Coim Company's shares from the very beginning.

According to Syndras, although the Coim Company has great potential and bright prospects, its current value is only limited to Backlund. It's constrained by many conditions, making it not worthy for a powerful banker to place such great importance on it that he had to take on a stance of being hell-bent on acquiring it. After all, even if he didn't succeed, it would only be a difference in monetary profit. It wouldn't result in any losses.

For the seller, Cuarón, it's very normal to be under external stress to sell his shares for cash. It's also very normal for him to be unwilling to see "Moneybags" Baron Syndras from the Conservative Party. But herein lies the problem. As a businessman, faced with a deal that isn't considered important, the political inclinations are something to be considered when prices are similar. There's no reason to reject the possibility of receiving an extremely high premium. Yet, he had deliberately rushed to close the deal with Dwayne Dantès before Syndras could make his final offer. It's as if he has a grudge with money or views the Conservative Party with extreme prejudice. And this doesn't match the current political climate. The Loen Kingdom's internal politics hasn't reached such a splintered state.

From the looks of it, someone is forcing Syndras to do this, and someone had designed a trap, using Cuarón's 3% shares as the bait and me as the cover to lure Syndras into the trap, wishing to

achieve a certain goal… Klein looked at the street lamps under the night sky as he sighed poignantly.

Based on my assumption, if I hadn't discovered the problem tonight and hadn't sent someone to Syndras, the subsequent developments would definitely have me crushed by all kinds of seemingly incriminating evidence. And when the military or the Church of Evernight intervenes, there will undoubtedly be a twist in the evidence, incriminating Syndras.

During this process, just a tiny misjudgment on Syndras's part will result in him treating Dwayne Dantès as an accomplice of the mastermind behind this ploy. He would use a rather intense method in response, hammering the final nail in my coffin.

As for who the mastermind was and their true goals, Klein had no idea. All he could do was confirm that Ma'am Mary likely wasn't aware of the truth. She was only used due to her anxiousness to preserve her control over the Coim Company. In short, she wasn't qualified to be deeply involved in the mastermind's ploy.

Environment protection… New Party… Conservative Party… Bankers… Acquisition… Framing… One word after another surfaced in Klein's mind, seemingly allowing him to see through the present calm in Backlund. He saw the dangerous stirrings that were hidden beneath the surface.

They existed for a long time and hadn't been quelled because of the Great Smog. It was even possible that it was just an extension of the tragedy.

When all of these meshed together, mixed with the tense international environment, Klein suddenly thought of a word: "Revolution!"

In that second, Klein seemed to catch a whiff of the impending storm.

Together with the prophecy of the apocalypse, I wonder how much chaos and madness are brewing in secret… Currently, my main goal is to start from the military and investigate the truth behind the Great Smog of Backlund. If I were to get caught up in this maelstrom, there's a high chance I'll get involved in unnecessary trouble. Perhaps it might expose my Sequence powers, preventing me from continuing my act as Dwayne Dantès… Klein retracted his gaze, having made up his decision.

It was to quickly extricate himself from the matter!

As for Syndras's safety, he wasn't too worried. First, the former had the Conservative Party backing him, and he had his own faction. With him on alert, it would be difficult for him to suffer any further harm. Second, Klein didn't have any deep ties with him; thus, providing a warning had already spoken volumes of his character.

As for the truth behind Cuarón's death, he had no right to carry out any investigations. All he could do was trust in the Nighthawks' rich experience and the myriad of means to have a chance of finding the real clues.

How should I extricate myself? As long as the shares are with me, it implies that I'll ultimately remain center stage… Get Ma'am Mary to acquire it ahead of time? That will be very difficult. She likely doesn't have the funds… Sell it to Syndras? That will be in violation of the contract… Amidst Klein's flurry of thoughts, he gradually had an idea.

His facial muscles twitched a little for some baffling reason before they relaxed. This was because what he wanted to do was something he had planned on doing but lacked the ability to do

so. Furthermore, it would also benefit him by establishing an image, bettering his chances of entering high society.

...

In the room adjacent to the balcony, Xio and Fors were observing the streets and garden. One of them was looking at the crimson moon that was half-hidden behind the thick clouds. There was a prolonged silence.

Only when Dwayne Dantès's lights were extinguished did Fors turn to look at her friend. She said in excitement and clear poignancy, "Being a tycoon sure isn't easy...

"If you were him, you might've gone bankrupt in three days and be sent to jail."

Xio shot her a glance and said, "I can hire a powerful butler, a professional lawyer, and a capable business secretary to help me."

Fors didn't continue putting her down as she said with a smile, "If I were you, I would change all of it to cash, bonds, and property. I'll use the annual income they bring about to maintain a decent life."

Just as she said that, she saw Xio frown slightly. She cast her gaze towards the first floor.

"What happened?" Fors tensed up.

Xio observed for a few seconds before saying, "My spiritual

perception tells me that an item or matter related to black magic has appeared."

One of the biggest advantages of a Sheriff was that when they were close enough, they could sense matters related to evil, chaos, and madness that weren't screened.

"Black magic?" Fors was considered a senior Beyonder, so she wasn't unfamiliar with that.

Strictly speaking, anything that didn't pass through the seven orthodox deities was considered as black magic. It included ritualistic magic that prayed to secret existences.

In the typical sense, black magic referred to the use of flesh and blood, hair, and all kinds of strange items to cast strange spells. It partially involved evil gods, one's Beyonder powers, the spirituality of the materials used, and the correct symbols and magic labels.

Xio nodded heavily and said, "Yes, it's on the first floor. I plan on taking a look. Stay here to protect Mr. Dantès."

Fors kept silent for two seconds and nodded without wasting any time.

"Okay."

After Xio left the balcony's half-open room, Fors took out Leymano's Travels from a hidden pouch, prepared to immediately take action if anything amiss happened.

Elsewhere, Xio nimbly and briskly arrived at the first floor. Following her senses, she arrived outside a room.

After confirming that the target was inside, Xio was surprised as her expression gradually darkened.

If she didn't remember wrongly, this room likely belonged to Butler Walter who had hired her!

During her momentary daze, the black magic item or matter which triggered her spiritual perception vanished. Calm returned to the room as though nothing abnormal had happened.

Xio hurriedly pressed her ear to the door and carefully listened, confirming that there was the breathing of a human inside.

After waiting for a while and seeing that Walter wasn't doing anything else, she returned to the third floor with a look of suspicion. She recounted her findings to her friend and finally said, "Do we feign ignorance, or think of a way to remind Mr. Dantès?"

Fors thought and said, "Perhaps the butler doesn't have any ill intentions?

"Let's keep observing."

After deciding on their stance, she tsked in wonder.

"I have to say that Mr. Dwayne Dantès is a really pitiful person. Not only was he used by others to harm Baron Syndras and get

framed, nearly throwing him into jail and losing his reputation, but he also has a butler who researches black magic with an unknown motive. Sigh, I hope he doesn't lose his life because of that. On this front, he's only a helpless commoner."

Xio nodded in agreement.

"If we're unable to determine the butler's intentions after three days are over, we can leave a slip for him to warn him."

...

The next morning, Klein glanced at Walter in a normal fashion after having breakfast before leaving home with Richardson. He rode a carriage to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

After the preaching and prayers, Klein didn't make any donations. Instead, he directly came to Bishop Elektra.

"Is there something?" Although this bishop was under immense stress due to the infiltration of Chanis Gate, he was still rather friendly when dealing with the faithful.

Klein smiled and replied, "I've recently been involved in certain matters and have come to recognize my true self."

Without waiting for Elektra to inquire, he continued, "I wish to establish a foundation that targets the poor. I hope that they can receive help from the Church.

"I will place the Coim Company shares I have on hand into this foundation, so as to kickstart this initiative using all the funds

obtainable from the contract.

Elektra was nearly stupefied by what he heard because it was definitely a sizable sum.

Although it wasn't public knowledge how much Dwayne Dantès spent on acquiring the 3% shares, just from the relevant sources of information, it was estimated to be over 10,000 pounds. Furthermore, the future returns were nothing to scoff at!

And back then, Ma'am Mary had been pursued by many men of status who had wealth in the range of tens of thousands of pounds.

Therefore, for Dwayne Dantès to suddenly donate more than ten thousand pounds was definitely considered a generous move. In the whole of the Church of Evernight, apart from donations from a deceased's will, there were only a handful of one-time donations that exceeded this amount!

"This is an act that deserves all kinds of praise," Elektra said from the bottom of his heart. "However, I have the obligation to remind you that you shouldn't do something that exceeds your reach."

Klein smiled and replied, "This isn't a small sum for me as well, but it's still acceptable. It wouldn't affect my life and business."

Elektra's smile gradually turned warm as he said with a nod, "The Goddess will definitely watch you."

Upon hearing this blessing, Klein's expression nearly froze.

Elektra continued, “I will report the matter to His Grace and try to organize a charity party for this foundation. When the time comes, I’ll invite the Goddess’s faithful from different domains. They will include powerful aristocrats and their families. Let’s see if there are more people who are willing to participate.”

He knew very well that Dwayne Dantès was attempting to enter high society; therefore, he had deliberately made mention of powerful aristocrats.

Chapter 859: New Mushrooms

In the bottom cabin of the Future where it was pitch-black.

Frank Lee lit a candle which illuminated a table covered with flesh, mushrooms, wheat, and fish.

He casually pushed the items away and cleared out a space that was just enough to accommodate a piece of paper.

Right on the heels of that, he spread out a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and wrote with an excited expression:

“My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I’m delighted to know that you found the dry mushrooms to be pretty good. Perhaps it’s more useful than I imagined it to be. When I’m free, I’ll take another look at them.

“As I’ve been fully focused, in both body and mind, in the experiment you mentioned, I’ve already stopped all other creations. Most of the mushrooms have been burned away by Nina, leaving me with the last three. I hope it will be of help to you.

“Placed together with them are my latest products. One of them is a type of mushroom that grows by feeding on flesh and blood. They have three breeds. The first is crossbred with wheat and can be ground into a mushroom powder that can be used to make bread. Another has the characteristic of being mixed with milk, allowing milk to be drawn from them. The last has been crossbred with fish. They come with a refreshing taste and it has a thick meaty texture.

“The things to take note of is that they are absolutely not to be eaten raw. They need to be cooked in 90°C hot water for at least five minutes so as to kill any living characteristics; otherwise, regardless of what it turns into, it will absorb the flesh and blood around it, including human organs.

“Another point. It’s unable to distinguish between normal flesh and monster flesh, nor can they deal with the latter properly. They will accumulate with the corresponding toxicity and madness.

“I think they will experience different mutations because of the different types of monster flesh, producing different kinds of danger. However, I wasn’t able to verify that, because I lack a sufficient number of monster corpses. If you were to obtain one while adventuring, please mail me one. I only need a tiny amount.

“As for any other problems that might exist, I’m not sure either. It’s still a prototype, preventing further attempts and observation…

“I wish you all the best and to have a bountiful time adventuring. Sincerely, your friend, Frank Lee.”

After putting down the fountain pen, Frank read his reply in its entirety before folding in satisfaction. He found a gold coin and placed it over the letter.

He quickly set up the messenger summoning ritual in preparation to chant the incantation.

At this moment, he subconsciously surveyed his surroundings and was stunned.

Then, Frank moved the nearby pile of soil out the door.

...

In Empress Borough, the opulent villa of Earl Hall.

Audrey was hiding in her room, observing the glass bottle in her hand.

In the bottle was a translucent, colorless, sticky liquid. It was like a mirror when still, completely reflecting everything within its vicinity. When undulations happened, a very tiny whirlpool would silently spin beneath the surface.

This was none other than the Hypnotist potion which she had just successfully concocted!

Audrey had already digested her Psychiatrist potion and planned on advancing to Sequence 6 before Backlund's Psychology Alchemists contacted her.

After using Placate to quell her mental state, Audrey gently bit down on her lip, raised the glass bottle, and downed the potion.

After a brief chill, she suddenly felt her mind seem to explode. Her body also seemed to be contaminated as it turned somewhat incorporeal.

At that moment, her Soul Body, Astral Projection, and Ether Body were being absorbed and assimilated by her Body of Heart and Mind. Her entire person was like an amalgamation of pure thoughts that began churning. She felt the boundless sea of

collective subconscious which connected all living creatures, and she sensed the spirituality sky that stood in contrast.

Having experienced the sense of alarm she received during her Psychiatrist advancement, Audrey didn't panic. She ultimately maintained a sliver of lucidity and curbed her instinctive urge to fuse into the "sea." She allowed her consciousness to spread out in all directions before contracting like a rubber band.

After an unknown period of time, she finally found her inner self. She saw the back of her hand covered in dense, firm golden scales and saw that the hair on her shoulders turned luxuriant and heavy, as though they were really made of gold.

After these anomalies receded, Audrey quickly recovered. However, when she looked into the mirror, she found her green eyes appear clear, but deep down was a strange bottomless whirlpool. It made it difficult for others to shift their gaze away from them, easily drowning within them.

This is a sign of the dispersing spirituality that has yet to have been fully converged... Audrey slowly eased her brows as her smile turned bright.

She looked at herself in the mirror and nodded gently, finding it hard to hide her smile.

"Audrey, you are already a Sequence 6!"

After she calmed her emotions, she seriously introspected herself to determine her new Beyonder powers and the qualitative changes.

After some work, Audrey came to a rough understanding of the situation.

First, her constitution had received a significant enhancement. Be it her strength or agility, it had exceeded an ordinary person's. She could also form a layer of "Scales" over her skin, largely resisting and reducing any damage. Second was a qualitative change in Psychological Cue. It became a form of hypnosis within the non-combat domain. As long as she made the target focus on something, Audrey could open the door to their Body of Heart and Mind and directly alter their conscious and affect their subconscious.

This way, the target wouldn't notice that they were abiding by her arrangements, taking actions that didn't match their true intentions.

Of course, if Audrey's "arrangement" directly harmed the target's life or something he subconsciously placed great importance to, then the target would produce an intense resistance, causing the hypnosis to fail. In addition, if the target had a strong soul and firm body and mind, they would be able to resist the hypnosis to a certain extent.

Third, Battle Hypnotism. Audrey could forcefully hypnotize an enemy, making them do something abnormal, such as attacking their companions or avoid her, the Hypnotist. However, such hypnosis only lasted for short periods of time. The target would quickly snap awake and sense the problem. Similarly, it was unable to harm the target's life and make the enemy commit suicide.

Fourth was Psychological Invisibility. With one's control of the target's Body of Heart and Mind, allowing oneself to remain in the blind spot of one's consciousness, she could achieve the effect of invisibility despite someone standing in front of her without being able to sense her.

“Very impressive… My only regret is that I still lack Beyonder powers that can launch direct attacks…” Audrey puffed her cheeks in an indiscernible manner as she tried hard to converge her spirituality and make her eyes less intoxicating.

After mostly eliminating her abnormalities, she opened the door and let Susie in. With the help of her golden retriever, she began familiarizing herself with her new Beyonder powers.

Before long, her lady’s maid, Annie, knocked on the door and entered with an invitation letter in hand.

“My Lady, the Church will be organizing a charity party on Saturday night for a newly established bursary foundation that’s targeted at the poor. They have invited you.”

Audrey didn’t directly agree as she asked, “Did they invite my parents?”

“Yes, they were also invited, as well as Lord Hibbert,” Annie replied honestly.

Audrey nodded and said with a smile, “Tell the Church that I’ll be participating.

“Also, figure out the exact situation with the charity foundation so that I can better decide on the amount to donate.”

…

In the evening at the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

“This place is truly dazzling. It’s much prettier than the living rooms and activity rooms of many nobles.” Fors looked around as though she was here to gather material.

Although she had participated in many noble-organized literature saloons, she had always visited them at their residences and not at such top-end restaurants.

Xio grabbed at her coarse blonde hair.

“This is the style of Intis. It’s different from us. It might look pretty, but it lacks substance.”

“How does it lack substance? Look, those are all famous oil paintings and sculptures…” Fors deliberately retorted.

During this process, she suppressed her voice, as they hadn’t entered by the main door.

As she spoke, she found the private room mentioned by Walter. Fors directly used Door Opening and pulled Xio in. They hid inside a pantry cupboard and waited for their target of protection, Dwayne Dantès, and his guests to arrive.

“How much do you think the 3% shares of Coim Company is worth?” Bored, Fors casually asked.

In the morning, she had entered Saint Samuel Cathedral with Xio to provide protection while feigning prayer.

Xio hesitated and said, “At least several thousand pounds. The bishop seemed to place a great deal of importance on the

matter."

"How rich. Donating thousands of pounds just like that. Why doesn't he save poor people like us?" Fors said poignantly in a joking manner.

At this moment, the door to the room opened. Dwayne Dantès and Macht's family walked in and took their seats. The waiters also started rushing around.

Xio and Fors didn't speak further as they eavesdropped on the chit chat outside as they observed the surrounding situation. From time to time, their noses would twitch because of the food's fragrance.

Suddenly, Xio frowned as though she had sensed something before quickly easing her brows as though nothing had happened.

"What's wrong?" Fors leaned in towards her friend's ear and whispered.

Xio shook her head.

"Nothing. I was uptight, causing me to overreact."

At that moment, Klein put down his fork and knife, glancing to the side with a normal expression.

In his eyes which had his Spirit Vision activated, a blonde, red-eyed head had appeared out of the void. In its mouth was a thick letter.

Klein faintly caught the scent of milk, wheat, and fish.

The corners of his mouth twitched as he secretly reached out his left hand to grab the letter. And sitting in the other three seats, Macht, Riana, and Hazel didn't notice anything.

Klein stuffed the letter into his pocket without anyone noticing as a waiter walked out of the pantry, serving a new dish to the four customers. Among the dishes, two of them were butter-fried mushrooms.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly felt disgusted. His expression turned odd as his left palm that remained in his pocket trembled.

Chapter 860: Runaway Horse

Thankfully, it's not a mushroom dish I ordered, or else it would've been a waste of a dish... Despite believing that he no longer affected by the trauma inflicted upon him by mushrooms, the smell that came with the letter successfully made him suffer a "relapse." Klein's expression rapidly restored itself as he retracted his left hand and placed it on the cup to his side, drinking the ice water inside.

"Please give me another cup." As though nothing had happened, he turned his head and instructed the waiter who was at the door.

At the same time, he pressed down his clothes and slowly got up while expressing his apologies before heading for a bathroom attached to the private room.

It was opposite the pantry, placed on either side of the main door.

Hiding in a cupboard, Fors heard footsteps approach as the bathroom's door opened and closed. She couldn't help but lean into Xio's ear and whisper in amusement, "It's the second time!

"They've been here for slightly more than thirty minutes, and Dwayne Dantès has already gone to the washroom twice!

"The first time was clearly to pee. If it's for the same reason, it means that this gentleman's kidneys, bladder, or prostate is problematic.

“He’s coming out. He’s coming out. He’s really only peeing. Tsk, he seems to drink plenty of water usually and often heads to the bathroom. Sigh, it’s difficult being a tycoon, but it’s even more difficult being a good-looking tycoon in particular!

Xio rolled her eyes.

“What has that got to do with you?

“Focus and be serious. We’re on a mission!

“Also that bodyguard of the member of parliament named Macht seemed pretty strong. He’s probably a Beyonder. We need to be careful.”

Fors had no choice but to suppress her desire to chat as she shrank back.

“They’re guarding the area outside without being wary of others passing through the walls. How unprofessional… Alright, we’ll chat when we’re back.”

At that moment, Klein had returned to the table and sat back in his seat.

He drank a mouthful of ice water, sipped on some white wine, and said to Macht with a smile, “Having been here in Backlund for nearly two months, I’ve been busy getting used to the environment and hadn’t found the time to start a new business. Every day I wake up seeing money flowing out without any coming in. Heh heh, it’s about time I do something.”

He indicated his willingness to participate in the arms dealing by cracking a joke.

Macht stroked his cup and said with a warm smile, “I can empathize with that. In the beginning, I was in such a stage as well.

“How much money do you have to spare? I can introduce you to some friends for a partnership.”

Klein replied in a calm tone, “I’ll be able to spare a maximum of 20,000 pounds at present.”

“You’re richer than I imagined,” Macht said with a heartfelt sigh.

Under normal circumstances, a tycoon who had a liquidity of 20,000 pounds was definitely someone who’s overall wealth was on the order of a hundred thousand pounds.

Not giving Dwayne Dantès a chance to be humble, he casually said, “Didn’t you buy 3% of the Coim Company’s shares before? You can pledge it for at least 10,000 pounds. That will give you some liquidity.”

Klein immediately smiled and sighed.

“I have already donated those shares to the Church. I plan to establish a bursary foundation that’s targeted at the poor.”

“You donated it to the Church?” Macht had yet to meet the priests or bishops of Saint Samuel Cathedral today. Furthermore, he had been out and had yet to receive the invitation; therefore,

he wasn't aware of the new development.

Ma'am Riana and Hazel, who were enjoying the delicious food, looked up as well, subconsciously casting their gazes at Dwayne Dantès.

At their level, it wasn't uncommon to have friends they knew that could donate 10,000 pounds, but very few could donate that much in one go. And among these few people, there might not even be one who was willing to donate such amounts!

No, there was one now—Dwayne Dantès!

"Yes." Klein nodded with his usual expression. "If not for the Goddess's blessings, I would have long died in the chaotic Southern Continent. And when I was young, if I had the chance to attend school and study, perhaps my life would've been completely different. Thus, I wish to give those children who desire to change their fates some hope."

"Your character is as amazing as your generosity," Riana lowered her cutlery and praised sincerely. Hazel also nodded indiscernibly. The way she looked at Dwayne Dantès turned significantly gentler.

Seeing her parents begin an idle conversation over the charity, she excused herself and walked to the bathroom, seemingly pressing her right hand onto her abdomen.

When she arrived at the door, she was just about to turn right when she suddenly turned her head and looked at the cupboard beside the pantry.

She frowned slightly and revealed a look of confusion before retracting her gaze and opening the washroom's wooden door.

When Hazel came out after washing her hands, she had apparently forgotten the abnormality that had happened. She touched the necklace at her chest and returned to the dining table.

Dinner came to an end after the dishes and dessert were served. The four left the private room and met the two bodyguards outside with their servants. They were preparing to return home.

At this moment, Hazel suddenly paused and said, "I think I dropped my ear studs inside. Sorry about that. Please wait a moment."

Without waiting for Ma'am Riana to instruct a waitress to do the search, Hazel turned around and circled around the bend, returning to the room she had been in.

Hazel lowered her hand that held her left ear and directly entered the connected pantry until she was in front of the cupboard. She then placed her hand on it.

She had planned on opening the door to the cupboard at an extremely fast speed, but after some thought, she decided to be cautious by holding onto her necklace with one hand and turning her body sidewards to prevent any sudden attacks from whatever was inside.

As she held her breath, Hazel took the chance when the waiter was clearing the table inside to suddenly pull the door open, exposing whatever was inside.

However, apart from some spare cutlery and table cloth, there was nothing.

Hazel once again wore a look of puzzlement, as though she couldn't believe the scene before her eyes.

"I clearly sensed something very valuable inside…" she muttered under her breath and quickly closed the door before her maidservant chased up to her and walked out of the pantry.

…

Outside the Intis Srenzo Restaurant, Fors and Xio turned their heads simultaneously and looked inside.

"That girl actually noticed us?" Fors whispered in disbelief and amazement.

If she hadn't used Door Opening and sneaked out from the back of the cupboard, she and Xio would've been discovered, having no choice but to admit that they were secretly protecting Dwayne Dantès.

Xio wore a confounded look as well.

"I remember that you didn't speak or move about when she was heading to the washroom."

"Perhaps… She's a Beyonder as well, and has a certain type of spiritual intuition…" Fors made an uncertain guess. "Mr. Dwayne Dantès sure leads a difficult life. He often encounters the power struggles between tycoons and nobles while having a butler that

secretly studies black magic at home. Furthermore, there are Beyonders with mysterious powers living nearby. By the way, what's her name?"

"Hazel." Xio was looking for Dwayne Dantès's carriage, preparing to hide underneath when her gaze suddenly froze. "Fors, look. That person is acting oddly."

Fors traced her gaze and saw a middle-aged man in a black formal suit. He was pacing along the sides of the street, looking very anxious and frustrated.

"How is he acting oddly?" Fors didn't have the time to observe him carefully as she directly asked.

Xio answered simply, "He's dressed as a decent gentleman, but his shoes are very dirty. It's as though he hasn't shined them in a while. As you know, Backlund is covered in dust.

"Also, he would touch the area underneath his armpit. I dare bet that there's an underarm holster hidden there...

"Apart from that, his expression and attitude imply that he isn't normal.

"Hmm... They're coming out soon. I'll head to the carriage first. Watch that person and ensure that Mr. Dantès is protected."

"Alright." As Fors found it troublesome, she also found it rather interesting. Hence, she retreated to an area that concealed her as she observed the entrance of the Intis Srenzo Restaurant.

Nearly thirty seconds later, Dwayne Dantès and the Macht family walked out. After bidding each other farewell, they headed for their respective carriages.

At this moment, a two-wheeled carriage charged out from the end of the street at an extremely fast speed, as though it would topple at any moment.

The horse that pulled the carriage wore a rabid look in its eyes, as though it had been alarmed. It charged for the Intis Srenzo Restaurant's entrance in its panic.

Of Macht's two bodyguards, one went forward in a bid to subdue the runaway horse, while the other protected the member of parliament and family.

At this moment, the middle-aged man who had been loitering around had approached from the back and drew a revolver. With a warped expression, he aimed at Macht's head.

Klein's right hand was raised indiscernibly before he retracted it without doing anything.

He nimbly performed a jump, dodging the runaway horse. At the same time, Fors, who was hiding elsewhere, clenched her palm gently and pulled to the side.

The assailant's leg suddenly went limp, as though he had stumbled over something, as he fell to the ground, failing to pull the trigger.

In his haste, he pressed down with one hand and immediately leaped up, planning to shoot wildly without aiming.

However, when he squeezed his finger, he didn't feel any tactile feedback.

The revolver had already dropped by Hazel's feet!

Following that, he and the runaway horse was subdued by the bodyguards.

"Why did you attempt to assault me?" Macht held back his churning emotions as he took a step forward and asked with a deep voice.

The middle-aged man immediately laughed as he shouted with a hysterical expression, "It's you! It's all because of you and the others!

"You talk about atmospheric pollution, wanting things like anthracite! My factory is going bankrupt, my child is dying from an illness, and my wife has committed suicide!"

Chapter 861: Fors's Dream

Upon hearing the middle-aged man's shout and seeing his warped expression, Hazel's eyes which were filled with rage and hatred gradually froze before melting into a confused and lost look.

It wasn't only her. Macht and Riana, as well as Dwayne Dantès, fell silent. No one spoke for a moment. Even Fors, who had concealed herself, also lost the sense of excitement she originally had, no longer having that strong sense of justice.

After more than ten seconds, Macht stopped looking at his assailant and turned his head to say to his bodyguards, "One of you stay here. Watch the scene and the suspect. Wait for the police."

Having said that, he paused and said to his valet, "Get a few reporters to cover this matter."

After preliminarily dealing with the matter, this House of Commons Member of Parliament surveyed the area and discovered that several passersby were attempting to gather over to check on what was happening. He then looked at Dwayne Dantès and apologized with a smile, "My apologies for putting you in such danger. I never expected the matter to develop this way. We did consider the actual situation of similar factory owners and coal suppliers, and we had provided them some assistance and interim measures. Who knew..."

Coming up with a bill is something, but the actual implementation is an entirely different matter. When atmospheric pollution becomes abnormally pressing and the various parties exert immense stress, it's no surprise that a cookie-cutter solution

is employed... Klein sighed and said with a self-deprecating laugh, "There's no need to keep my feelings into consideration. I've been in even more dangerous situations in the past."

On the surface, it appeared as though he was referring to his encounters when doing business in the Southern Continent's West Balam. In fact, he had recalled Megose who was pregnant with an evil god's spawn, the terrifying meteor that had crashed down from the sky, Cynthia who wanted to bear a child for Admiral Amyrius, and the Rose School of Thought angel and Numinous Episcopate monster who had collapsed the mountain outside Bayam.

Compared to these, what had happened here was like a drizzle. He didn't even need to consider his own safety since there was Xio, Miss Magician, and Hazel. He didn't even take action besides dodging normally like any experienced adventurer would do.

His focus was on whether this would result in a storm.

Macht sighed and nodded.

"I can tell that you're very calm.

"I once doubted your experiences, but now I'm convinced.

"Alright, Dwayne. Let's return home separately. Leave the rest to the police. If there's a need to take a statement, they will do it at your residence."

Klein nodded and said to Macht and family, "Be safe."

Macht nodded seriously and sighed once again.

"Backlund's social season has just begun, and this happened... Cherish the peace we have now."

Backlund's social season is marked by the return of the House of Lords Members of Parliament. It seems to have begun since last weekend... And this week, two cases have happened consecutively. The harm dealt to Baron Syndras, and the assault on Member of Parliament Macht... As he thought, Klein didn't stay put. He brought Richardson, who clearly looked a little shaken, and walked towards his carriage.

When he got into it, he watched the scenery fly backward as he sighed and half-closed his eyes.

He was presently unable to determine if the assault hadn't involved Beyonder powers, as everything that had happened could be done by ordinary people. As for the middle-aged man, he had sufficient reason to do so. This didn't need deliberate fabricating, as Klein believed that in Backlund, at present, there were more than one former factory owner or employer that had lost their livelihood because of similar developments.

The only thing that felt questionable was that Macht was the target.

Although the House of Commons were the supporters, advocates of the environmental measures, often making relevant speeches and are interviewed by the papers, he wasn't the most obvious target during the passing of the bill. In comparison, there was a higher chance that members of the National Atmospheric Pollution Council were picked as targets for revenge.

Klein leaned on the carriage wall as he slowly opened his eyes.

Seeing that it was already dark and cloudy with rain already pattering down.

Once again, he realized how the maelstrom hidden beneath the seemingly-calm Backlund surface was intensifying.

Reining in his thoughts, Klein raised his left palm and tapped his pocket.

In it was what he believed to be Frank Lee's reply and some unknown mushrooms.

Klein really yearned to return home to head above the gray fog and use the newly received mushrooms to communicate with Creeping Hunger, doing so to regain the use of the Sealed Artifact. With the storm already brewing, he believed that there was a need for him to quickly be returned back to his optimal combat strength. And in this aspect, Creeping Hunger was essential.

Unfortunately, he had two Beyonder bodyguards following him, so it was best if he didn't head above the gray fog for the time being.

I clearly don't need any protection, but I spent a few hundred pounds to hire two people to restrict my actions. How helpless I am as a tycoon... Klein finally sighed inwardly as he raised the cup of black tea that had just been prepared by Richardson.

He took a sip as his facial muscles tensed up before relaxing.

Klein looked down and discovered that there had been twice the number of lemon slices in his black tea than usual.

He glanced at Richardson in an unnoticeable manner, and he saw that his valet was in a daze, as though he was still lost in the horror of the assault.

As cowardly as usual… Klein commented inwardly as he placed the porcelain cup on the table.

…

Late at night. 39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel sat before her dressing table, looking at the gray rat sitting on a powder box. After a long silence, she said, "Was my father wrong? The matter he pushed for is clearly a good thing…"

"There is nothing that is beneficial to everyone. There will always be those who benefit and those who suffer from it. At such times, a relevant bill or plan requires thought, compensation, and aid. If your father had done them, the problem isn't his. Conversely, it also means he's cold and ruthless," the rat said perfunctorily.

Hazel recalled for a few seconds and relaxed her expression.

"During dinner, I sensed that there was something very valuable hidden inside the cupboard in the pantry, but when I later got an opportunity to open it, there was nothing."

The rat was taken aback as it said in thought, "Perhaps that was Dwayne Dantès's bodyguard.

“He was recently embroiled in a suicide case, and it’s said that it involves Baron Syndras. Hiring a bodyguard to protect him in secret is normal.

“Hmm… The bodyguard inside the cupboard might also possess supernatural powers, carrying mystical items with them. That’s why you were able to sense it.”

Hazel nodded gently and accepted the explanation before subconsciously muttering to herself, “I wonder what kinds of supernatural powers those bodyguards have…”

After saying that, she swept the gray rat with a puzzled look.

“How do you know Dwayne Dantès was embroiled in a troublesome case?”

The rat squeaked.

“My present state is very suitable for me to eavesdrop into the conversations of others.”

As it spoke, it looked in the direction of 160 Böklund Street, the glint in its eyes shimmering.

…

Based on the sleeping rotation, Fors was asleep as she felt herself float to an ancient and majestic castle. In it were all kinds of Beyonder ingredients and mystical items. There were even two blurry tarot cards.

However, she didn't take any of them away, as they were sealed by an invisible forcefield.

Fors looked around in an attempt to find the means to remove the seal. Finally, she saw a complicated symbol drawn at the top of the dome.

It was a symbol formed from "fate" and "concealment"!

If I find an item engraved with this symbol, I'll be able to unseal some treasure... Fors immediately came to a realization when she snapped awake. She discovered that she had curled into a ball on the carpet in the room. She had a thin silk blanket covering her. She and Xio didn't dare sleep in the reclining chair, afraid that Dwayne Dantès, who often sat in it, would notice something different.

Rubbing the edges of her brows, Fors sat up and saw Xio having her back to the wall of the master bedroom. She was seriously listening for any stirrings.

As Fors walked to Xio, she said with a frown, "I feel that there is some secret hidden here. I had a strange dream, dreaming of an exaggerated treasure trove and a complicated symbol."

As an Astrologer, she instinctively believed that there was a problem with her dream!

Noticing the serious look on Fors's face, Xio suppressed her words of doubt and said after some thought, "Perhaps there really is some sort of secret. I once heard a proverb regarding the mysterious world. It goes: 'When a Beyonder element is discovered somewhere, there must be a second one.'"

“Ignoring the butler who we can’t tell if he possesses Beyonder powers or not, that Miss Hazel is someone with a Beyonder element. Around her, or should I say, that this street, likely has a second one.” Fors nodded gently before laughing. “However, it has nothing to do with us. We will receive our remuneration tomorrow evening and terminate this bodyguard mission. We will leave this place. The most pitiful of all is Dwayne Dantès. He’s innocent and ordinary, but he ends up involved with troublesome matters and Beyonder elements.”

Having said that, Fors looked and Xio and joked, “Quick, quickly wish him that the Goddess would watch over him.

“I’m a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery. I won’t be able to do so.”

Xio seriously considered for two seconds before drawing a crimson moon on her chest, piously muttering, “May the Goddess bless Mr. Dwayne Dantès.”

Fors was snapped out of her reverie as she covered her mouth and yawned.

“I’ll head out to patrol the building. It’s your turn to sleep after another fifteen minutes.”

“Alright.” Xio was clearly more awake than Fors.

Fors immediately headed for the door and pressed on the wall with her outstretched hand, arriving at the corridor.

She was just about to walk to the staircase when she sensed that there was a slight stir coming from the room of Dwayne Dantès’s

valet.

Fors's eyes darted slightly as she cautiously headed over. She opened a "tiny door" in the wall and peeped in.

She then saw Richardson jumping a crazy dance that had a tinge of mystery.

A spirit dance? Doesn't this valet believe in the Evernight Goddess? He's secretly worshiping Death? Fors frowned as she watched Richardson finish his spirit dance, softly praying for Death's protection to help him avoid all kinds of danger.

After everything came to an end, Fors tsked and shook her head. She silently said to herself, *What a pitiful man, Mr. Dantès.*

Chapter 862: Kind Warning

After returning to the room with the balcony, Fors looked at Xio who had her back against the wall and whispered, “Guess what I saw?

“That male servant, Dantès’s valet is actually a believer of Death! He was dancing a spirit dance and praying!”

Xio widened her eyes before relaxing her expression.

“When it comes to Mr. Dantès, that’s the least of his concerns.

“Yeah, that valet named Richardson is clearly of Southern Continent heritage. Perhaps he was born there, so it’s not surprising that he worships Death.”

Fors replied with a smile, “I know. I just find it interesting. Aren’t there a little too many people with secrets around Dwayne Dantès?

“I won’t be surprised if I were to discover one day that all the living beings in this building except him, including the housekeeper, maids, gardeners, carriage drivers, earthworms, bugs, and rats are related to mystery and Beyonders. I would be able to easily accept that reality.”

Xio rolled her eyes.

“If that were the case, Mr. Dwayne Dantès definitely wouldn’t be a simple person. Having Beyonders and supernatural creatures

around him means that he might be the spawn of an evil god or a Grounded Angel."

Without waiting for Fors to expand the scope of the conversation, Xio asked, "Didn't you say that you had a strange dream involving treasure? Why aren't you curious or considering what it symbolizes? That perhaps it might actually exist?

Fors chuckled.

"Such a dream often implies trouble and danger. I'll consider it again if I have a chance of encountering that symbol."

Although she said that, her true thoughts were:

There's quite a bit of a problem with that dream. Who knows if there's a ploy behind it. I'll consult Mr. Hanged Man, Ma'am Hermit, uh—and Mr. World at the Tarot Gathering next week before deciding what to do. They are experienced and powerful Beyonders. Perhaps they have had similar experiences.

"You've matured." Xio nodded, and exerting strength in her back, she bounced off the wall and walked to the spot where Fors had been sleeping before.

"Mature?" Fors scoffed and leaned in towards her friend. She straightened her back and looked down at her friend's hair.

Without waiting for Xio to become enraged, she sighed.

"You're the one who matured.

“I still remember this time last year. You did things based on instinct, arbitrating with your fist. From time to time, you would commit mistakes without realizing it and become lost. You’re much better now.”

Xio was stunned as she lay down and covered herself with the thin silk blanket. With her back facing Fors, she grumbled, “The main reason why I got lost was because of you being a burden by my side.”

Fors chortled and nodded in thought.

“That’s a characteristic of an Apprentice. It has nothing to do with me. Get it!?”

Seeing Xio on the floor, she walked to the wall adjacent to the master bedroom and seriously started being a bodyguard.

As the night slowly passed, the sky gradually lit up. Klein got up to have breakfast and received visits from two batches of policemen and a batch of reporters. They were here for further investigations regarding Cuarón’s suicide case, while another was to obtain more details regarding Member of Parliament Macht’s assault.

With Walter’s help, Dwayne Dantès met them and quickly handled the matters.

In the afternoon, Macht suddenly visited and urged Klein, “Join me at the club for a game of tennis.”

He was a member of a few clubs, but there was only one club that overlapped with Dwayne Dantès: East Balam Military

Veterans Mess!

This is to confirm the arms deal? Klein managed to read between the lines and immediately got Richardson to get his coat, top hat, and cane. He rode on his carriage and headed to the sandy-yellow unique building at Hillston Borough with the member of parliament.

They entered the club and used the same room as before. Klein once again met the long-faced army colonel from the Ministry of Defence, Calvin.

After habitually exchanging pleasantries for a few minutes, Calvin finally focused on the main topic at hand. He looked at Dwayne Dantès and said with a chuckle, “I heard from Macht that you can have 20,000 pounds available?”

“Although it will make me tight on funds, it’s true that I can,” Klein replied with a smile.

Calvin nodded in satisfaction and said after some pondering, “There won’t be any need for 20,000 pounds for now. The batch of firearms, explosives, and small number of cannons reserved for you is in a particular warehouse in East Balam. There’s not that much, enough to equip about three to four thousand people. Based on the price of decommissioning them, it will cost 10,000 pounds at most. Of course, you will have to give me 15,000 pounds.”

He didn’t mince his words in any way, as though this was common in the Loen military.

“No problem,” Klein said and nodded calmly.

Calvin immediately chuckled.

"Excellent. Macht has a keen eye for people. A person who wants to do such business absolutely mustn't be stingy.

"That batch of firearms is worth at least 20,000 pounds in West Balam. If you can find a suitable buyer and fully showcase your experience in the area, it's entirely possible to sell them for 30,000 pounds or even more. By the way, the transportation fees and escort fees will be borne by you. We will only send two or three personnel to assist you."

As expected, there will be monitors… Klein listened in silence, believing that it was time that he urged Admiral of Stars and Danitz to quickly provide him with information on West Balam.

He pondered for a moment and said, "Roughly when will it begin?"

"That batch of firearms will take another two weeks before being placed in the corresponding warehouse. When it happens after that period is up to you. Hmm, you don't have to pay it in full at once. You can first pay 8,000 to 10,000 pounds and pay the rest when everything is settled." Calvin wore an expression as though things were highly negotiable.

Two weeks later. That will be closer to the end of the month. I'll definitely have to wait until the party of the Snake of Fate's birth before leaving… I'm still waiting for his placenta blood… Klein's thoughts raced as he said, "I'll need to carry out some preparatory work. I'll probably head to the Southern Continent in early July."

Calvin Macht exchanged looks with Macht and gently rubbed his palms.

“No problem.”

…

Outside the East Balam Military Veterans Mess, Xio and Fors hid themselves on the roof of a nearby building, monitoring the people that were coming and going.

Xio knew that there were many Beyonders in the club, so she didn’t dare get Fors to sneak her in to provide protection to Dwayne Dantès at a close distance. All they did was wait outside.

“Thankfully, this is Backlund. Even though there’s no smog this season, there will be no lack of clouds. The sun wouldn’t be too strong; otherwise, my skin would definitely turn red,” Fors mumbled as she hid herself in the shadows.

Xio was about to say something when she saw a carriage drive into the back door of the club. It was entirely brown in color and had a trademark coat of arms. It was made of flowers and rings.

Viscount Stratford’s carriage… Xio silently mumbled as she hurriedly widened her eyes and focused. She then saw a familiar figure who was a stranger to her get off the carriage. Surrounded by bodyguards, the figure entered the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

“What’s wrong?” Fors noticed her friend’s abnormality.

Xio didn’t conceal the matter as she frankly said, “I saw Viscount Stratford. He also came to this club.”

“That captain of the royal guards?” Fors asked in surprise.

“Yeah.” Xio nodded heavily.

Fors turned agape, hoping to say something, but she was at a loss as to what to say. All she could do was look around, pretending to monitor for anything that was amiss.

After a while, she saw Dwayne Dantès walk out.

…

160 Böklund Street received another guest in the afternoon.

This time, it was the largest shareholder of the Coim Company, Ma’am Mary.

“I’m very sorry that my request embroiled you in such trouble. I never expected Baron Syndras to do something like that. Poor Cuarón. He was planning on bringing his family to Winter County for the summer,” Mary Schott apologized with hints of anger.

Klein replied calmly, “I agree with your views on Cuarón. He was really unfortunate.

“However, this matter probably wasn’t done by Baron Syndras. It might be a trap that’s targeting him.”

Mary nodded heavily.

“I’ve heard of the theory. It’s said that the police department is planning to hire a skilled forensic pathologist to dissect the corpse to search for any missing clues.”

Her final sentence was automatically replaced by Klein as “the police department is planning to hire a skilled Spirit Medium from the Church of Evernight to examine the corpse to search for any missing clues.”

I wonder what will be discovered… Klein raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

“May the Goddess give Cuarón peace and that the true murderer behind his death will suffer punishment.”

Mary responded in the same way before saying, “In order to prevent you from being affected by this matter, I plan on purchasing the shares from you ahead of time. I’ll add an additional 1,000 pounds above the highest price to date.

“You don’t have to worry about my funds. I’ve recently been busy borrowing money from the banks.”

Klein sighed and replied, “I’m very grateful for your kind intentions, but any advance transferring of the shares will need to be done with the Church. I’ve already donated it to them. I plan on using the income I receive to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor.”

This was the first time Mary was hearing of such news. She was momentarily stunned and speechless.

After ten seconds, she exhaled and said, “Your character,

generosity, and wisdom truly impresses me."

As she said that, she looked at Dwayne Dantès with an additional look of admiration.

Klein humbly diverted the compliment to the Goddess before pausing. He then asked with a stern expression, "Ma'am Mary, I have a question that I hope you can answer.

"When you decided to clash with Baron Syndras to protect your control over the Coim Company, was it purely by your own will, or a result of persuasion by others?"

Mary frowned and frankly replied, "All the persuasion that was directed at me was to ask me to give up."

Klein immediately fell silent as he didn't discuss the matter further. He casually mentioned Member of Parliament Macht's assault before sending the lady out of 160 Böklund Street.

After dinner, Walter came to the half-opened room with the balcony and said to his employer on the reclining chair, "Sir, the two bounty hunters have been dismissed. It cost a total of 300 pounds for three days, excluding the food provided."

They're finally gone… Klein immediately relaxed as he nodded, acknowledging his butler's reply.

Following that, he eagerly entered the master bedroom, planning on taking out the mushrooms sent to him from Frank Lee and bringing them up above the gray fog to communicate with Creeping Hunger.

When he came to the desk with the hidden mushrooms, he saw a letter held down by an ink bottle.

Klein picked it up in puzzlement and tore it open. He quickly scanned it as his expression turned odd.

“Dear Mr. Dantès, we are the bodyguards you hired. In the past few days, we discovered certain matters that we feel obligated to inform you. Therefore, we entered your bedroom to leave this letter while you were having dinner.”

Chapter 863: Charity Party

“Your butler might be researching black magic;

“Your valet is secretly worshiping Death;

“Someone among your neighbors has supernatural powers.

“The street where you live might have certain secrets that cause people to have strange dreams…

“You should understand some of the terms mentioned. We won’t provide a further explanation. May the Goddess bless you.”

“…”

Klein looked at the letter in his hand as he was momentarily unsure whether to laugh or cry.

After a few seconds, he couldn’t help but give a self-deprecating laugh.

Just from the contents of this letter, I’m really quite pitiful…

And the matters described don’t seem to be problematic in any way…

As he shook his head with a smile, Klein held a letter in one

hand and suddenly shook it to the side.

Scarlet flames surged and devoured the piece of paper.

Regardless, Miss Xio and Miss Magician are rather kind people. The only problem is that what they mentioned are things I already know. In fact, I'm more aware of the reasons than they are... As Klein mumbled, he found the mushrooms he had hidden.

There were a total of four breeds of mushrooms. One was three dried products that could react with water and fish. The second was a new breed with golden caps as they emitted the smell of flour. The third was white with specks of black spots; they were swollen and puffy, as though a liquid was flowing within them as they exuded the smell of milk. The fourth had strange gills running down its two sides, their surface was filled with dense and soft scales.

Klein swept his gaze at these mushrooms and took out a gold coin. He caught it after flicking it.

After confirming the results, he took off the ordinary glove he previously wore. With his bare skin, he grabbed the three new mushrooms to test various scenarios that Frank Lee hadn't mentioned.

They felt normal to the touch, and there weren't any changes to the mushrooms. Klein heaved a sigh of relief, no longer afraid that the level of danger they possessed had exceeded his capability.

He was previously afraid that these mushrooms would immediately produce roots upon contact with items of flesh and blood, devouring whatever was in its path to grow before dispersing its spores.

Perhaps it's the relatively strong light from the gas wall lamps, or it might be as a result of plucking them which causes these mushrooms to lose most of their living characteristics. They will be revived only under special conditions, such as being in the stomach of a living creature... With the intention to figure out the truth, he drew all the curtains to the master bedroom and extinguished all the wall lamps.

Then, he picked up the new mushrooms with his bare hand and determined that there wasn't anything abnormal about them as they hadn't fed on his body.

After doing this, Klein lit the wall lamps again and set up a ritual, sacrificing the mushrooms above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's seat, he wasn't in a rush to summon Creeping Hunger. He first summoned a metal bottle that had his blood inside to the long bronze table.

Right on the heels of that, he poured a drop of blood on the table and piled the three new breeds of mushrooms onto it.

In just a second, the mushrooms suddenly softened at the parts where they made contact with the blood. They squirmed as they enveloped the blood. Whatever they made contact with grew a dense array of needle-like hair.

"..."

The corners of Klein's lips twitched when he saw that. He directly adjusted some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, suppressing all the mushrooms. Then, he sent the drop of blood back into the metal bottle and closed the lid.

He had roughly understood the characteristics of the mushrooms. Without wasting any time, he summoned Creeping Hunger from the junk pile.

Holding the thin human-skinned glove, Klein placed it on the table and removed the seal around the mushrooms.

Then, he saw the Creeping Hunger support itself with its five fingers before standing up with great difficulty. It began retreating rapidly like it was playing a piano.

So you do know fear? Klein revealed a genial smile. He pressed the glove down and "gifted" it with some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Then, he grabbed a mushroom with his other hand and brought it close to Creeping Hunger.

The human-skinned glove struggled with all its might but ultimately failed to escape his grasp as it clearly began trembling.

Klein stopped moving the hand with the mushroom and chuckled.

"Are you still going to randomly praise the True Creator?"

Creeping Hunger continued struggling without giving a reply.

Klein thought for a moment before he compromised.

“I’ll allow you to praise once a day. In the day or in the evening.”

Creeping Hunger’s struggling weakened, but it didn’t stop.

Tsk… Klein continued negotiating with an unperturbed expression, “Thrice a day. During breakfast, lunch, and dinner time. However, you will need to warn me ahead of time.”

Creeping Hunger struggled twice before sprawling onto the desk, motionless.

After another round of negotiations, Klein successfully reached an agreement with Creeping Hunger. However, eating daily was instinctual to the item. It was unable to be weakened much as a result of the negotiations. Therefore, he needed to wait for the sealing method provided by Azik. At present, what Klein could do was bring Creeping Hunger around without it eating. However, he needed to come up with a meal within 24 hours.

How troublesome… Thankfully, after Creeping Hunger fused with Mr. A and the mushroom, its living characteristic has strengthened; otherwise, there would be no way to make any negotiations with it… Klein commented wistfully. Finally, he did a divination regarding the recent matters, and he received a conclusion that there wasn’t too much danger. He also got confirmation that Cuarón’s suicide was a result of the influence of a Beyonder.

After busying himself with all of that, he left the gray fog and returned to the real world and continued waiting for Mr. Azik’s reply.

…

On Saturday evening, Klein, who wore a formal suit, arrived at Saint Samuel Cathedral with Richardson on a carriage to participate in the charity party.

After passing through the main entrance, he was led by a priest to a huge adjacent hall.

There was a baldachin with the Sacred Emblem representing the Evernight Goddess placed inside. High above were a few miniature crystal chandeliers that hung down. In front of it were thin and long candles as well as overturned round metal lids used to store wax.

At this moment, all of them had been lit, illuminating the hall with brightness. It had quite a holy feeling to it.

Klein glanced over and saw a series of neatly arranged seats and guests who wore out of the ordinary attire.

Among them, the women mainly wore two types of clothing. One was dresses that were either bright or dark colors, and they were bold and liberal in their dressing, allowing one to see the fair flesh at their bosoms or their shoulders. The other type wore pure and fresh colors in relatively conservative dressing. Even their collar bones could hardly be seen. Some of them even had theirs concealed.

Based on what Klein knew, this was the difference between married and unmarried women in the Loen Kingdom. As for widows and divorced, they could choose between the two. However, the former tended to choose darker colors.

Aside from those, Klein also saw shimmering necklaces and exquisite earrings, as well as all kinds of valuable accessories. They were a lot more impressive than what the guests that

attended the ball or banquet which Macht and himself had hosted.

After walking into the hall, Klein greeted the bishops, Macht, and others he knew and exchanged pleasantries.

At this moment, there was a sound from the door as many guests turned to look back, revealing their smiles as they walked over.

When Klein looked over, his gaze first lit up before it froze.

At the entrance to the hall, the most attractive one there was a girl with lustrous blonde hair that softly cascaded down her shoulders. Her beautiful eyes were green like emeralds. They appeared like the sea which hid a maelstrom within, making anyone who looked at her unable to move their gaze away.

Her facial features were pretty, and she had an outstanding bearing. Her looks were nearly flawless, making the men and women present find it difficult to notice what kind of dress she was wearing or the designer of her jewelry. However, Klein had swept his gaze to the necklace at her collarbone. A lustrous and perfect pearl was being embedded within the crevice between the intersection of her collarbone. It softened the lines at her neck, making her accentuate a clean and mesmerizing feel.

Klein had met her before and he knew her!

She was none other than the Tarot Club's Miss Justice!

Back when she used magic mirror divination, Klein had seen her before!

Immediately, Klein moved his gaze away, without daring to take another look.

This was an instinctive reaction of his, as he knew that Miss Justice was a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway. If he garnered her attention, it was very easy for her to read his true thoughts and secrets based on the changes in his expressions and body language.

But his racing mind quickly forced him to turn his head back as he continued casting his gaze at Miss Justice.

He discovered that him avoiding her had made it worse and more obvious.

How could a gentleman who liked all kinds of women not take a few more glances when encountering such an abnormally beautiful lady?

At the same time, Audrey sensed the abnormality of a particular man.

His sideburns are a little white. His looks and bearing aren't bad, making him appear profound... This is likely Mr. Dwayne Dantès who donated more than 10,000 pounds in an attempt to establish a bursary foundation for the poor...

His reaction was a little odd, as though he was trying to hide something...

To Audrey, Dwayne Dantès's act of moving his gaze away was actually very normal. She had encountered many similar situations in the past. Some men would indeed subconsciously

turn their heads away after seeing her, as though afraid that she would notice it, or that they would make eye contact, exposing their moment of being mesmerized.

Therefore, what was odd wasn't that Dwayne Dantès had moved his gaze away. Instead, he had turned his gaze back again. In addition, Audrey felt that the greatest problem was that the gentleman's emotions were more of shock instead of amazement.

What's he shocked about? What is he trying to hide? With her questions, Audrey greeted her parents and brother and the people that gathered over with a faint smile.

Seeing Miss Justice no longer paying attention to him, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as he began thinking.

I need to be careful later and play the role of Dwayne Dantès well. I mustn't let a Spectator notice any problems.

Hmm... Regardless of whether Miss Justice noticed it or not, I've already thought of the excuse for my abnormal reaction...

Miss Justice is indeed a lady from a powerful aristocratic family. I wonder what her last name is exactly. I'll ask Macht or Bishop Elektra later...

Amidst his thoughts, Klein frowned slightly, having a nagging feeling that he was being watched. Following his spiritual intuition, he swept his gaze towards the door.

Outside the door in the shadows, there was a golden retriever sitting there silently.

Chapter 864: Actor and Spectator

When the ghostly gaze of the golden retriever pierced through the curtains from the shadows, Klein's brows indiscernibly twitched as he failed to hide his alarm.

He then naturally shifted his gaze away and looked towards Miss Justice and company.

How terrifying... Why is that dog sitting in the corner, hiding in the shadows for no good reason?... It was silently looking at everyone in the hall... Uh, Miss Justice seems to have fed a Spectator potion to an animal and had once asked Mr. Hanged Man for advice... Don't tell me it's that golden retriever? Two Spectators, one out in the open, and one in the dark. Which actor can handle that!? In high society, Miss Justice and the dog are unlikely to be the only Spectators. Her joining the Psychology Alchemists was a result of other nobles as well. It seems like it was done by Duchess Negan's sister? As Klein lampooned and analyzed, he walked to Macht's family and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "The ones who just entered seemed to be very noble people?"

Macht glanced Dwayne Dantès and chuckled.

"East Chester Earl's family. You can directly call him Earl Hall. You should've heard of him.

"That's his wife, Ma'am Caitlyn. That's his eldest son, Lord Hibbert. You should've already met him..."

Upon hearing Macht's introduction, Klein suddenly broke out into a cold sweat. This was because he had indeed met Hibbert

Hall at the ball Macht had hosted; however, he had failed to notice the Lord, or he wouldn't have raised the question.

I was shocked by Miss Justice's sudden appearance... Klein maintained his smile and listening stance.

Macht continued, "That's his daughter, Miss Audrey Hall. In the social scene over the past two years, she has the title of being the most stunning gem in Backlund. It's very apt, isn't it?"

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès's reply, he minced his words by saying, "She is courted by princes, duke heirs, and many honorable excellencies and gentlemen."

Macht's concealed meaning was clear. He was saying to this man, one who liked all kinds of women, not to place his sights on the lady. She was a target he had no thoughts of making contact with.

As for Klein, he was having other thoughts.

So Miss Justice is Earl Hall's daughter. It's no wonder she's so rich. It's no wonder she's never bargained...

Earl Hall is one of the top bankers in the kingdom. He's the most influential Member of Parliament of the House of Lords, and one of the hereditary peerage. His wealth is much more than Baron Syndras...

Even if Miss Justice is unable to inherit the aristocratic title and family estate, the wealth she will inherit will be at least a hundred thousand pounds...

With her looks, birth, and character, she is indeed the best choice for a marriage partner with the royal family or powerful nobles.

However, the way she has been repeatedly buying mystical items doesn't look like she's someone with a wealth of only a few hundred thousand pounds… She's able to claim it from her father? I also wish to have one like that…

Amidst his racing thoughts, Klein replied to Macht's warning with a smile, "I've heard of the various rumors about Miss Audrey. It's only today that I have realized that they aren't that exaggerated.

"Unfortunately, I'm not a prince or the heir to a duke, marquis, viscount, or earl. Otherwise, I would also be one of her pursuers.

He was implying that he knew his status and standing.

Macht didn't continue the topic and began introducing the various guests he knew to Dwayne Dantès. He had truly led him into high society. Of course, the greatest supporter involved in this was the Church of Evernight. Without the charity party they held for the foundation, Macht wouldn't have the chance to bring Dwayne Dantès to meet so many honorable people.

Marquis Locent, Earl Gross, Viscount Loveland… The aristocratic believers of the Goddess separately exchanged pleasantries with Dwayne Dantès with a rather genial attitude.

Before Macht was done with the introductions, an elder walked into the hall.

He was wearing a black clergyman robe with red accents. By his

chest hung five Dark Sacred Emblems. He was clean-shaven, and his eyes were deep, dark, and tranquil.

Including Earl Hall, everyone turned to face the elder and respectfully bowed.

“Good evening, Your Grace.”

This elder was none other than Saint Anthony Stevenson, one of the thirteen archbishops of the Church of Evernight!

He was the person in charge of the Backlund diocese, and he was part of the upper echelons of the Church in the true sense of the word.

When Klein saw the archbishop, his body and mind involuntarily trembled as he found it difficult to hide it. It was as though he stumbled upon a grave on an unlit village trail back when he was young.

He swept his gaze and saw that the other guests didn’t have any strong reactions. He immediately realized that the “horror” which Saint Anthony carried with him was more clearly felt by people with stronger spirituality. He hurriedly entered Cogitation in an attempt to calm himself down.

When he managed to control his trembling, Saint Anthony had already smiled. He surveyed the area and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

“Praise the Lady.”

“Praise the Lady,” the guests at the charity party replied one after another.

With the archbishop’s arrival, Macht stopped introducing Klein to the other guests because the party had officially begun.

According to convention, everyone would take their seats and piously pray to the Goddess for three minutes. Following that, the cathedral would begin singing and walk to the baldachin and use their ethereal, uniform, and seemingly cathartic voices to praise the Goddess.

After the religious ritual ended, Elektra received Saint Anthony’s instructions to stand to the side of the choir. There was a podium there with all kinds of books placed on it.

“Everyone, I’ll like to thank you all for coming. Your character is a resplendent star in the serene night…” Elektra first said a few words of pleasantries before saying, “Our establishment of a bursary foundation that targets the poor stems from Mr. Dwayne Dantès’s suggestion. He is truly an honorable gentleman. His piousness and character are impeccable and a definite role model to others. Next, I’ll like to invite Mr. Dwayne Dantès to give everyone a brief speech.”

Although Klein was already prepared, he drew a gasp inwardly when he heard the last sentence.

This was different from usual. There were two or even more Spectators around. It wasn’t something that he could bullsh*t through if he wanted to. The content of his speech needed to be sufficiently realistic, without them being able to see through his lies or fake examples!

Pressing down his clothes at his abdomen, he quickly stood up

and walked to the podium as he buttoned his suit.

Coming behind the podium and steadying himself, he surveyed the nobles, Members of Parliament, clergymen, and high-ranking civil servants. He said with a smile, “I’m a little nervous. This is my first time being stared at by so many people of such honorable standing.

“I was once active in a region where the poor gathered. I was active in the chaotic Southern Continent and, thus, saw many things. There was a young lady who helped her mother make pasted matchboxes from the age of six. If she didn’t do that, they wouldn’t even have the money to buy rye bread after paying rent. The rye bread they eat is filled with millfeed, and occasionally, they will bite into gravel or rocks. The hardness make it usable as a rod to attack others…

“When this girl gradually grew up, although she led a laborious daily life, and her family lacked any additional funds, she still looked forward to the night schools run by the Church. She wished to study how to read in order to grasp knowledge. This is because she knew that only by doing so could she stop living the way she did. Only by doing so would she not starve and be able to wear clothes that could really protect her from the cold. She wouldn’t need to work at factories with harsh conditions and end up dying in her twenties…”

Klein had selected a portion of the experiences of the poor kids he had met before, merging them together as he conveyed them with his true feelings.

He could clearly see many ladies more or less reveal looks of empathy. A number of girls even had their eyes flicker such as Audrey Hall.

She really is an easily moved child… I’ve acted from the bottom of

my heart. I've even moved myself, much less a Spectator... However, most gentlemen aren't moved. Some of them seem to already be aware of the situations of the poor. Some do not mind those of the lower class...

Klein swept his gaze as he continued, "Our industry has been developing. In the future, we will definitely need more literate workers... Our election criteria has been relaxed. In the future, the ones who are eligible to vote will definitely include most of the educated... With the empathy towards these poor children and my expectations of the kingdom's future, I've decided to donate all my Coim Company shares that I have on hand to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor. It lets them have the opportunity to enter official institutes of higher learning after attending the free night classes..."

Earl Hall, who had a beautiful mustache, nodded when he heard that. He was the first to raise his hands to gently clap.

Amidst the vigorous applause, Klein returned to the seat belonging to him. Bishop Elektra headed up and announced, "The shares that Mr. Dwayne Dantès donated are valued at 15,000 pounds. We would use it to establish a Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. Ladies and gentlemen, if you agree with him and pity those children who thirst for knowledge, you can contribute to this foundation."

As he spoke, he pointed at the donation box beside him.

Audrey retracted her gaze and pressed the corner of her eye and said to her father, "Father, I plan on donating 1,000 pounds. What about you?"

As she spoke, her mind quickly summarized what she had observed.

Dwayne Dantès has likely lived a lower-class life. His pity, empathy, and speech were all very realistic… Those poor children are truly pitiful…

Just now, when the bishop mentioned that the shares were valued at 15,000 pounds, the corners of his lips twitched unnaturally. From the looks of it, he likely feels the pinch over donating the money. However, the sincerity of him donating it doesn't seem fake… This means that he's a gentleman who loves money, but he "loves" kindness even more…

Why was he shocked when he saw me, and what is he hiding?

He has seen me somewhere before but doesn't know my identity? But there's no need to hide that…

He identified my necklace as a mystical item, so he was shocked before trying to attempt to hide this matter?

If that's the case, it means that he's definitely a Beyonder, one that isn't a Low-Sequence Beyonder…

Hmm, I'll ask Susie later when I'm back. Perhaps, she noticed other details. She was hiding in the darkness, so he wouldn't be on his guard against her, allowing her to discover more.

Amidst her thoughts, Audrey saw her father smile as he took out a checkbook and fountain pen.

The value he wrote down was: 10,000 pounds!

Chapter 865: Earl Hall's Suggestion

10,000 pounds... Audrey blinked as she used a very slight change in expression to express her surprise.

Without needing her to voice out her question, Earl Hall had noticed her puzzlement. He chuckled and said, "This is an insightful man. His ideas have inspired me and resonated with me. Besides, we can't ignore the misery that objectively exists just because it cannot be resolved anytime soon."

Audrey vaguely understood her father, but she felt that she didn't fully understand him. She nodded slightly and took out her checkbook from her purse that matched her dress and wrote down the "1,000 pounds" value.

This was a charity ball. Furthermore, it was held in a side hall of the cathedral, so there weren't any dances or extravagant arrangements. There weren't any valets or lady's maids following by their sides. It was simply a charity event that had some degree of donations involved. The ladies undoubtedly brought their bags on them.

The guests subsequently threw their checks into the donation box and headed for the two long tables for some beverages or simple food. After which, they walked around the hall socializing instead of sitting.

This was closer to that of a buffet party.

Klein also accompanied Elektra and came to Saint Anthony's side and was introduced to him.

Saint Anthony smiled in response to Dwayne Dantès's greeting. He sized him up and said, "Very good. We are proud to have a believer like you.

"It's the Goddess that has taught us that character is more important than status. Therefore, you are an extremely honorable gentleman."

To be frank, faced with this saint, Klein's heart was drumming because deities or Beyonders related to the fate domain was able to see the gray fog's aura on him. For example, everyone from the Monster pathway or the Evernight Goddess who wielded the authority of misfortune. As for Saint Anthony, if he was a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Sleepless pathway and grasped Beyonder powers involving misfortune, then there was a chance that he could see that there was a problem with Dwayne Dantès.

As such, Klein had headed above the gray fog to divine so before attending the charity party. He received the answer that there wasn't any danger.

Since the Goddess didn't say anything, even if "Her" archbishop were to discover some problems, he will probably feign ignorance... Klein replied with a warm smile, "I've been to the cathedral frequently to pray and listen to Bishop Elektra's preachings in recent times. Even my soul seems to have been cleansed. Therefore, I abided by the Goddess's teachings to pass such beauty and hope to others."

Saint Anthony nodded and said, "In front of the Goddess, all believers are differentiated by their character, regardless if they are nobles or commoners, male or female. They are all the same.

"I hope those people who live in poor environments will liberate themselves of fear and receive serenity.

“Praise the Lady.”

Klein and Elektra tapped their chests four times in a clockwise fashion.

“Praise the Lady!”

Seeing Saint Anthony turn towards the other believers, Klein planned on heading over to the table to get a glass of champagne to quench his thirst.

At this moment, he saw a gentleman approach him.

This man had somewhat loose skin with an obvious potbelly. However, it could be seen that he was rather handsome in his youth. Even now, his blue eyes that had a smile on them and his beautiful mustache made him appear good looking.

Klein had previously learned from Macht’s introduction and knew he was the House of Lords Member of Parliament and powerful banker, Earl Hall.

Of course, to him, the most important identity of this noble was that he was Miss Justice’s father. And Audrey happened to be by his side. She was observing Dwayne Dantès with her bright eyes, awaiting her conversation with the gentleman later.

This made Klein immediately feel a little uncomfortable.

I need to present the persona that matches Dwayne Dantès… A person of ordinary birth who’s working hard to get himself into high society. At this moment, he’s bound to be a little nervous and

restrained. Likewise, a gentleman who loves beautiful women will feel the same feelings when faced with the most stunning gem in Backlund's eyes. But he will also unknowingly showcase his own breadth of knowledge and show his charms to express his desire. Yes, an experienced tycoon who survived the chaos must be someone who has pride and confidence hidden in him. No matter what he faces, he will try his best to appear calm, respectful but not sycophantic… Klein's thoughts raced as he smiled and politely said to the approaching Earl Hall, "Honorable Earl, I happened to see the check you donated. Your kindness and generosity truly impresses me. Yet, you've never flaunted that or informed others how much you've donated."

Earl Hall chuckled.

"No, compared to you, the price I pay is far inferior to what you made."

Between the lines, he meant that 15,000 pounds might be a tenth of Dwayne Dantès's overall wealth or even a fifth, but 10,000 pounds to him was just a thousandth or even lesser. Clearly, the former paid a greater price, and his willingness to do was even more pure.

"From my point of view, as long as the poor who yearn to use knowledge to change their fates can be helped, all donations are kind and sufficiently benevolent. From this angle, the only difference between 10,000 pounds and 15,000 pounds is just 5,000 pounds." Klein tried hard to express his sincerity as he deliberately glanced at the listening blonde girl without leaving a trace.

He knew that an ordinary "without a trace" was "obvious" in the eyes of a Spectator.

Audrey wore a faint smile as she silently listened to her father's

and Dwayne Dantès's conversation, as though she hadn't noticed the gentleman peek at her. This made Klein lack confidence from his failure at receiving any feedback in his "performance."

Earl Hall laughed and said, "Then we shall agree to disagree. This isn't anything bad. At the very least, we are praising one another.

"I can tell that you once had a difficult period and had once led the life of the poor."

Klein nodded and said, "I do not avoid such a past. They are my valuable riches."

"And this is something me and my friends lack," Earl Hall commented with a smile. "And it's because of this that you possess a unique and wise point of view. I hope there will be opportunities in the future to work with you."

"That is also something I look forward to," Klein replied with a suitable level of sincerity.

Earl Hall pointed to the side and said, "A couple of friends are waiting for me. I hope that your charitable ways and wealth keep increasing."

Klein didn't drag on the conversation as he drew the crimson moon on his chest.

"Praise the Lady."

"Praise the Lady." Earl Hall and Audrey tapped their chests in a clockwise fashion in unison.

Watching them walk past him and in another direction, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, he tensed up as he naturally looked around the hall and noticed the shadow at the door.

Silently sitting there was the golden retriever.

...

On the carriage back to Empress Borough, Earl Hall, who looked like he was resting with his eyes closed, looked at his daughter and said, “Audrey, didn’t you mention that you wish to join one of the Church’s charitable organizations?

“Are you interested in joining this bursary foundation?”

“Ah?” Audrey had already sensed that her father might have such thoughts back in the cathedral, so she expressed the appropriate level of surprise and confusion.

“It’s only a small charity foundation.” Audrey’s brother, Hibbert Hall, argued for his sister.

Earl Hall shook his head and laughed.

“I’ve asked a few bishops. The total amount of donations tonight has already reached 100,000 pounds.

“Why do you think there’s so much?”

Hibbert frowned slightly as he said in thought, “They were bribed?”

At the same time, Audrey gave her own point of view.

“Knowledge and the relaxing of the electoral qualifications?”

Earl Hall nodded and sighed.

“Nothing is an essential existence, including humans themselves as well as the nobility.”

He then looked at Audrey and said with a smile, “There’s no need to force yourself. I can get others to join the bursary foundation. I just wish that you will gain more knowledge because of this and now view certain matters as definite and immutable. Heh heh, even if you miss this, there will be other charity organizations.”

“Father, I’ll consider it,” Audrey replied seriously.

After hearing Dwayne Dantès’s recount of the stories of the poor, she had already decided on joining to gather more donations, to contact the government, and organize events to contribute her efforts to the cause. She was hesitant because she felt that the middle-aged man was a little problematic.

After returning home, Audrey immediately brought Susie to her room and closed the door.

“What’s your take on that Mr. Dwayne Dantès?” Audrey asked directly.

The golden retriever sat opposite her and thought.

"He seems to know you or something on you. Also, a lot of the time, he's acting and leaving a certain degree of clues... He seemed to be guarded against me. He's extremely sharp..."

"Yes, I noticed it too. He might be a Beyonder. He acted very well, but it's still an act. However, this is also very ordinary. At a social event, and faced with different people, we would all play different roles and engage in a corresponding act," Audrey said in thought. "The biggest problem stems from his shock when he saw me. He was almost horrified. Also, he was embroiled in two cases, one after another, especially with that case regarding Baron Syndras. It seems to have some Beyonder elements involved in it, with signs of someone being cued to do so..."

Susie gaped her mouth, unable to give a definitive explanation. All she could do was woof.

Audrey began another train of thought.

Hmm... I'll get someone to investigate Dwayne Dantès, and after confirming that there aren't any major problems, I'll join the bursary foundation... Ah right, it's almost Monday. I can request Fors and Mr. Moon. They're both in Backlund...

...

Monday afternoon at three.

Dark red beams shot up in the grand palace, materializing into blurry figures.

Audrey quickly surveyed the area and looked to the seat of honor at the bronze, long table and bowed with a smile.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~”

Chapter 866: Home

Upon hearing Miss Justice's greeting, The Fool Klein suddenly had a strong wistful feeling.

After knowing her identity, status, looks, and situation, he had a deeper understanding as to why Audrey's tone had a happy and radiant air. He understood where they essentially came from, but he didn't end up envious or jealous because of that, nor did he believe that she lacked the toughness that was brought about by misery. Instead, he felt that in this world that had chaos, warped, and madness underlying it, having such a lady exist was really nice.

A smile surfaced on his face as he gently nodded as an acknowledgment of Miss Justice's greeting.

After the Tarot Club members exchanged greetings, Cattleya nudged her glasses and turned her body sideways. She bowed in the direction of the blurry figure that was enveloped by gray fog at the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, there are three diary pages this time."

Queen Mystic has finally come online again... Klein lampooned and said with a smile, "Very good."

A few seconds later, Cattleya conjured the diary pages after receiving approval before seeing them "leap" into Mr. Fool's hands.

Klein glanced at it casually when his heart skipped a beat.

He realized that the diary pages provided by Queen Mystic depicted Emperor Roselle's early days. It didn't seem to contain anything important.

Logically speaking, when being unable to distinguish the importance of entries, one will definitely prioritize the later diary entries. This would best restore the mystery as to why Emperor Roselle was "agitated"... I believe Queen Mystic is sufficiently clever... As Klein wondered to himself inwardly, he began seriously reading the first page.

"21st September. Arrived at St. Millom. I've officially begun my first state visit.

"Feysac's weather is really a little cold. It's not even October and it looks like it's about to snow. It's no wonder it's famous for its various coats and winter wear. As well as its liquor!

"F*ck, the people here are ridiculously tall. As expected of a country that descended from giants. However, I have to say that I hate it when people look down on me!

"Tonight, I'll be going to a bar to find a Feysac beauty to share some drinks!"

Upon reading this, Klein suddenly suspected if Queen Mystic Bernadette's question was if she had a brother of Feysac descent.

Holding back his tsking inwardly, Klein swept his gaze to the second diary entry.

"22nd September. I think I blacked out...

“What happened last night? What happened to my Feysac beauty? I actually lost out to her in drinking!

“The embassy staff told me that the women here are often better at drinking than men…

“I should show some temperance when I head to bars in the future. I sure don’t want some ugly, middle-aged woman to do unspeakable things to me when I black out…

“The alcohol here sure is strong. My headache has lasted an entire day. Thankfully, my stomach doesn’t hurt. I should sleep early. I’ll be visiting the Great Twilight Hall tomorrow.”

“23rd September. The Great Twilight Hall is indeed grand. It’s like a myth materializing into reality. That building seems to be completely prepared for giants.

“Since I don’t share their faith, I could only circle the perimeter. The square at the bottom of the Great Twilight Hall is also filled with the fragrance of alcohol!

“There were plenty of people there, some kneeling, some sitting, others playing musical instruments. They exude a rather relaxed and open feeling.

“I got to know a Feysacian who blows a bone flute. Compared to his kinsmen, he’s ridiculously tall. He’s roughly three meters tall.

“His name is Honegger, and he claims to be from one of the clans in Feysac that have the purest giant bloodline. The way he plays the bone flute looks very sorrowful, as though he doesn’t belong here but has no idea where to go to. Compared to the skirt

chasers at Intis, he's a lot more like a poet. Now that I mention it, I really can't help but give some criticism. Those guys seem to wear any sexual diseases as a badge of honor. It just messes up the entire social market!

"I had a chat with Honegger for a while and raised my question from before. He said that he's only homesick.

"But the problem lies in the fact that he's a true blue native from St. Millom. He has never left this place before.

"Honegger didn't immediately reply to me as he played the bone flute for a few more minutes. He later told me that he misses the origins of the giant bloodline, the Giant King's Court mentioned in myths.

"He told me that he and his clan of Feysacians often dream of tall mountains that are used as giant city walls. It's a palace forever bathed in twilight's glow, with tall towers and other kinds of buildings. It resembles the Great Twilight Hall, but it's even more fascinating, epic, and miraculous.

"Without anyone needing to tell them, Honegger and his clansmen believe that it's the Giant King's Court.

"Towards the end of our conversation, Honegger slowly stood up and thanked me for listening. He was going to leave Feysac to seek out the Giant King's Court, to find the home of his soul.

"He believed that in the zone at the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, there might be a path that leads to the Giant King's Court.

“He said that a millennia has passed, but the giants have never forgotten their home. Now, it’s his turn to follow the footsteps of his ancestors. This path would never stop until the destination is reached.

“He played the bone flute again and gradually left amidst that ethereal and sorrowful tune.

“Home…”

Home… Upon reading this, Klein felt for the first time that his feelings resonated with the emperor.

Although Roselle only wrote the word that seemed to repeat without describing his feelings, Klein could understand the undulating feelings within the emperor. This was because he and Roselle were like Honegger. They had a home they belonged to spiritually.

Sighing inwardly, Klein flipped to the second diary page.

“10th January. Visited Sonia Island.

“This place is also called Ancient Elf Island. It has plenty of elvish ruins and customs left over.

“I was surprised on the first day. The elves actually make ‘blood cake,’ and they enjoy eating animal organs and are good at using spices.

“They even invented chopsticks?

“Thinking about the elvish depictions on the murals, apart from their blue hair, their facial contours and eyes are similar to Asians on Earth. Could they be my fellow countryman?”

Yes, back then, I had such suspicions as well. However, it’s impossible for so many people to transmigrate at once since it’s almost an entire race. I felt that I was overthinking matters… But it doesn’t make sense that the customs and cutlery that appears on Earth won’t appear here… Klein thought in interest as he quickly continued reading. He wanted to know if Roselle had gotten to the bottom of it.”

“13th January. I’ve been so busy searching for writings, relics, and folk tales that I forgot to write my diary for a few days.

“Although many objects have been taken away by the various Churches, I’ve still obtained something of value.

“Various legends have it that Elf King Soniathrym created chopsticks. There are records of ‘Him’ using animal organs and blood to cook delicacies. There are stories of this ancient god being good at identifying and using spices. It’s acknowledged that ‘He’ is their founding ancestor, the first elf. Due to certain reasons, ‘He’ led the race and left the Western Continent that only existed in legends, bringing them to the Northern Continent.

“Could it be that this is a fellow countryman of mine, a transmigrator?

“‘He’ later produced an entire race? There’s nothing ancient gods can’t do, including having children?

“‘He’ apparently had a wife who was also an elf. Hmm… I’ll need to think this through.”

“16th January. After further investigation, elves might really have nothing to do with transmigrators. At the very least, they didn’t leave behind any Chinese, English, or other symbols.

“They have likely been using Elvish all the time. Nothing of it gives me a sense of familiarity.

“Furthermore, the inventions we have in common didn’t appear before I came. Likewise for famous quotes. There are only proverbs and idioms with similar meanings but with a completely different choice of words.

“From all the items and legends I have now, none of them support my theory. This is a little disappointing, but it also makes me relieved. If I were to encounter another transmigrator or other transmigrators, I really have no idea how to face them.”

“17th January. I dreamed of the home I’ve nearly forgotten.”

Indeed, the emperor more or less gave up on that theory… Klein flipped to the next page and saw the final diary entry.

“2nd April. My daughter is smart. She can speak before the age of one! Although she has only learned a few words, I believe that her subsequent development can’t be slow!

“She must have inherited this from me!

“No matter how I look, she looks a little like how I looked like on Earth. Could it be that a soul will also bring about some level of inheritance? Haha, I’ll just treat it as so.

“Bernadette, this name is quite good. It sounds beautiful, but deep in my heart, I keep having the urge to give her a Chinese nickname.

“Sigh, she won’t get to see her real grandmother and grandfather…”

“3rd April. I suffered from insomnia last night because of the wistful thoughts I suddenly had yesterday. Thankfully, I know Cogitation.

“However, this also made me consider a problem. That is whether I should secretly teach Bernadette Chinese.

“No, I can’t. If she were to understand the diary entries her father had previously written, I’d rather kill myself! In my daughter’s heart, her father is filled with honor.

“However, using Chinese to write my diary is my final tether to Earth and my past. My daughter should inherit this tether to a certain extent.”

“6th April. After a few days of consideration, I’ve decided to teach Bernadette two Chinese characters as though they are special symbols. I’ll tell her that this is a protective incantation that her father is giving her and that she is to remember it forever.

“She doesn’t need to know the corresponding meaning. All she needs to do is to remember it.

“The word in Chinese is:

“Home.”

Home... Klein repeated this word again as he felt his eyes redden a little.

He finally understood why Queen Mystic had chosen these three diary pages. This was because it was the protective symbol her father had left her.

“Home.”

At this moment, Klein seemed to see a river of emotions. Its surface was flowing silently, but there were infinite eddies flowing underneath, churning without end.

Klein retracted his gaze and made the diary pages disappear. Looking up at Cattleya, he asked, “What’s your question?”

Chapter 867: Investigation Mission

When looking at Cattleya, Klein had actually guessed what her request would be as he sighed and felt confident.

How did Mr. Fool know that I'll be asking a question and not making a request... As expected of Mr. Fool... Cattleya thought before politely asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I would like to know the meaning of these two symbols."

After receiving permission, she conjured the Chinese characters. They were "Gu" and "Xiang."

As expected... Klein sighed silently.

"When combined together, they mean home, the homeland for one's soul."

When combined together... the homeland for one's soul... Cattleya placed the emphasis on the second sentence because she knew very well where home was for Queen Mystic, nor did she believe that it was anything special.

Audrey, Alger, and the other Tarot Club members took the opportunity to learn the new Roselle text and tried hard to memorize the symbols and their combined meaning—except Derrick.

Klein didn't speak further as he leaned back into his chair.

"You may begin."

Alger immediately turned his head and looked at The World.

"Your mystical item is ready. I'll give it to you this week."

He was referring to the mystical item made from an Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic.

The Artisan had first rushed to finish Miss Justice's glove. As for The World's request, it had been delayed until this week.

With Mr. Azik not replying yet, and with me unable to restore the seal on Creeping Hunger, this mystical item's arrival is timely... Klein controlled The World and made him nod.

"That's still an acceptable speed."

An acceptable speed... If I had delayed it for another two to three weeks or even a year, would you be teleporting to me? Alger thought with a baffling sense of wariness.

As his original plan was to obtain the Cataclysmic Interrer potion from the Church, and with him just beginning to digest the Ocean Songster potion, he wasn't looking to purchase any corresponding Beyonder ingredients. He fell silent again and began watching the other members begin their transactions.

To Alger, the most important thing now was to obtain one or two mystical items to match with Whip of Mind. After all, although mystical items were more about quality than quantity, with the need to avoid having the negative effects stacking with each other, to only have one mystical item for a Sequence 5 Beyonder was quite an embarrassment.

Under normal circumstances, Sequence 5 Beyonders would have two or three mystical items whose negative effects didn't overlap, making them the best combination.

Of course, Alger had already reserved one. Once the Artisan finished The World's item, it would be his six-winged gargoyle's core crystal.

For that, he needed to pay 1,000 pounds. Together with the fee he needed to pay for The World, the little amount of money he had was reduced by 2,000 pounds, leaving him with 1,800 pounds. Out of that, 500 pounds was a commission he had earned from Miss Justice's glove.

With no one speaking, Emlyn looked at The Sun and asked after some deliberation, "I need a Sequence 5's artificial Vampire's Beyonder characteristic. What do you wish to get in exchange?"

In recent times, he had learned that the Sanguine had the means to eliminate the mental corruption of a Beyonder characteristic, but he needed to make sufficient contributions to make an application.

Therefore, Emlyn wished to first obtain the main ingredient needed for advancement before considering the other problems.

Based on his observations, such a Sequence 5 artificial Vampire Beyonder characteristic roughly cost 8,000 pounds based on Mr. World's pricing. As for himself, he only had 5,400 pounds and was still a little short.

Based on Emlyn's original thoughts and habits, he needed to save up 8,000 pounds before requesting a trade with The Sun. He wasn't a Sanguine who liked to buy things on credit, even for the newest and best doll. Nor could he thicken his skin to borrow

from others. All he could do was to be more frugal, work harder, and save up more. However, he quickly realized something. The Sun didn't accept cash. To the residents of the City of Silver, Loen's cash was no different from scrap paper.

Therefore, Emlyn believed that The Sun would make a request for an item, so it was better to learn of it to prepare it ahead of time.

Furthermore, The Sun doesn't understand the market prices. Perhaps the thing he wants only costs 5,000 pounds... In the hopes of being pleasantly surprised, Emlyn lifted his chin slightly and looked at The Sun beside him.

Derrick thought seriously and said, "Uh... Sun pathway's Sequence 5 potion formula."

He originally wished to request him to repay his debt with Mr. World, but he realized that Mr. World hadn't raised any requests at all. Hence, he didn't find it appropriate to relegate it to someone else.

In addition, having participated in so many Tarot Gatherings, Derrick was no longer the newcomer who knew nothing. With the City of Silver having an exchange standard, he knew the difference between a Sequence 6 Notary potion formula and a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic very well. Using the former to cover the debt of the latter would be a terrible deal; therefore, he changed his request to the Sequence 5 potion formula.

Sequence 5 potion formula. That's very difficult to purchase. It will cost between 4,500 to 7,000 pounds. It will mainly depend on how urgent both parties are. Also, there's a cost to verifying its authenticity too... Emlyn was just about to answer when he heard Mr. World's hoarse voice sound:

“I have it.”

Instantly, the palace that looked like a giant’s residence fell silent. All the Tarot Club members appeared a little wooden.

Is Sequence 5 that common?... Emlyn felt down when he realized that he still wasn’t at Sequence 5 yet. After calming down, he asked, “How much will it cost?”

Considering Emlyn White’s financial situation, Klein made The World chortle deeply.

“5,000 pounds. Priest of Light potion formula.”

5,000 pounds? Emlyn was first taken aback before he said without hesitation, “Deal!”

It was like he was facing a discount for a doll he had been longing for.

“Alright.” The World nodded as though it wasn’t a major transaction.

Then, he saw Miss Justice look around and hear her say, “I’d like to commission an investigation mission.”

Investigation mission... The Fool Klein’s heart skipped a beat as The World’s expression turned somewhat sluggish.

“What is it?” Fors asked proactively.

Her impression of Miss Justice's commissions was that they were relatively simple while paying handsomely. She definitely needed to take it!

Audrey organized her words and said, "There have been two matters that happened in Backlund recently. One is Baron Syndras. He was suspected to have been framed. The other is Member of Parliament Macht being assaulted because of the environmental measures..."

Fors found Miss Justice's description especially familiar because she had been present for the two matters. She had witnessed them and was involved in them!

She unknowingly straightened her back, waiting for Miss Justice to continue.

"And in these two matters, there is a tycoon named Dwayne Dantès involved. He came to Backlund two months ago, and he had donated more than ten thousand pounds of shares to the Church of Evernight in an attempt to establish a bursary foundation that targets the poor," Audrey described using a tone as though she had never directly interacted with him and was simply suspecting something about him from the data and rumors she had received. "I wish to hire someone to investigate the actual situation with that gentleman."

I know! I know! I know this too well! He's rather rich and he looks pretty good. He handles matters with experience and in a mature manner. He's someone with kidney or bladder problems... Fors nearly raised her hand to shout out her thoughts.

If Miss Justice wasn't pleased with that, she had even more information, such as Dwayne Dantès was in a rather pitiful state. His butler studied black magic, his servant worshiped Death, and one of his neighbors was a Beyonder. There was a

secret to his street and that he had donated the shares to extricate himself from trouble!

In short, he perfectly fits the image of a foreigner who is being bullied. I nearly recommended him a medicine that treats kidney and bladder problems. After all, Mr. Moon is skilled in such matters. I can still earn a commission through this... Yes, there's no rush. Let's hear what Miss Justice has to offer... Fors curbed her heart which was awash with excitement as she patiently looked at the girl beside her.

However, her body language and emotional upheavals had betrayed her in front of a Spectator. Audrey was rather surprised and puzzled by this. She never expected Fors to know Dwayne Dantès and seem to know quite a lot about him.

This made her have a new guess as to why Dwayne Dantès was shocked when he saw her. She suspected if Fors had once said or shown something to the man.

Meanwhile, Emlyn was a blank. He knew nothing about what Miss Justice had mentioned. All he could do was confirm that these happened in Backlund. As for The Fool Klein, who was leaning back in his chair, leisurely looking at the members, he nearly twitched the corners of his mouth.

Miss Justice's commissioning of others to investigate Dwayne Dantès had exceeded his expectations. This was because they had only met once at the charity party. They didn't seem to have any deeper interactions, so there was no need for any further investigations!

Could it be that I exposed something about myself that garnered Miss Justice's interest? Or could it be that by donating 10,000 pounds, it shows how much importance Earl Hall places on this; hence, Miss Justice decided to secretly carry out investigations

because she's worried for her father? Klein's mind raced as he hurriedly thought of a solution.

At this moment, Audrey deliberated for a moment and looked at Miss Magician and said, "An initial investigation for 500 pounds. If you encounter danger, causing the difficulty to rise, I'll compensate you with more."

No problem! Fors hurriedly organized her words inwardly.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw The World Gehrman Sparrow raise his hand.

He had raised his hand.

Chapter 868: Shared Identity

Eh... Fors was taken aback, suspecting that she had seen wrong.

Following that, she couldn't help but have thoughts surface in her mind.

Mr. World wishes to take this mission? That's right. He's in Backlund.

But this is an investigation, not a murder. Dwayne Dantès is already pitiful enough. Leave Dwayne alone!

Eliminating the investigation target implies completing the investigation? Because there will be no need to make another investigation...

What do I do? Do I still take the mission? It's a full 500 pounds. I just need to recount what I previously discovered to receive 200 pounds, but the competitor is Mr. World... Perhaps we can cooperate and not compete?

Eh? Why would Mr. World be interested in this mission? His focus is actually on the framing of Baron Syndras or the assault on Member of Parliament Macht?

Fors finally grasped the problem at its core. As for Alger and Cattleya, they had already cast their gaze at The World. To them, be it the framing of Baron Syndras, the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, or Dwayne Dantès's donation of more than ten thousand pounds, they weren't something that needed special notice. However, to have Mr. Fool's Blessed choose to

accept the investigation mission meant that the problem was bound to be extremely complicated. It made them feel that there were important secrets underlying the matter.

Emlyn didn't think too much about it, but he had also sensed that the seemingly ordinary investigation mission wasn't that simple. His plans on earning some pocket money to make up for the 5,000 pounds that he had just lost were overturned as he suddenly didn't want to say a word.

Dwayne Dantès is really something. There must be a big problem with him that makes Mr. World choose to investigate him? Or are those two cases more important and more critical than I imagined? Audrey's mind stirred as she turned her eyes, and she used the advantage of her seating position to take in all the reactions of the Tarot Club members.

Among them, Derrick was the only exception.

To him, wasn't it normal for the Tarot Club to help each other? If someone gave a mission and one was capable of completing it, wasn't it normal to take it?

Audrey moved her gaze to The World and asked with hidden anticipation, "Mr. World, you wish to receive this mission?"

After returning to Backlund, she had gathered up the news at sea over the past few months, roughly confirming that Mr. World was the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. While she was deeply impressed by this seemingly polite but dangerous gentleman who had accomplished many great deeds, she felt that her feelings to adventure out at sea had waned.

Klein had already thought of a response. He had controlled The World to lower his hand and wait for Miss Justice to ask. At this

moment, he made Gehrman Sparrow's expression turn solemn and reply with a deep voice, "Dwayne Dantès is an identity."

After a period of brief but repeated considerations, Klein decided to expose some information. He made Dwayne Dantès be one of his public facades as a Blessed!

He believed if he chose to conceal the matter, there was a chance of being exposed in the future. This was because Dwayne Dantès was about to enter Backlund's high society. He could find clues to the Great Smog of Backlund or other cases. This way, he might very well need Miss Justice to provide him with assistance. When that happens, the Spectator would probably sense something and discover that The World was previously hiding something and that Mr. Fool had never mentioned it.

This would lower her sense of belonging and make her even begin suspecting even more matters, causing her faith in The Fool to be borderline dangerous.

With two members not knowing each other, or knowing of the other's existence, to tacitly work together to complete a specified mission together to accomplish a complete goal sounded perfect, but in reality, its success was very difficult. Even more so, there was no way he could fool her!

Therefore, most of the time, honesty was more effective and less worrisome than lying.

As for why he didn't directly say that Dantès was Gehrman Sparrow, it was because Klein didn't wish to leave the Tarot Club members the impression as to why it was the same person again. He didn't want them to have the impression that he was the only Blessed of Mr. Fool that appeared.

Dwayne Dantès is only an identity? Audrey sharply read between the lines and had a theory.

Then, she heard The World simply say, “A common identity that me and my companions share.

“I will occasionally disguise myself as him.”

Upon saying that, he emotionlessly swept his gaze across The Magician.

A common identity… Occasionally disguise as him. That very pitiful Dwayne Dantès is Mr. World? That tycoon with kidney or bladder problems is Mr. Gehrman Sparrow? Fors felt as though she was struck by lightning as she froze up.

Her brain turned numb as she felt struck with fear, subconsciously feeling that Xio’s unintentional comment made a lot of sense.

When a butler, valet, neighbor, and surroundings had problems, the person that seemed ordinary definitely wouldn’t be ordinary!

No, it’s not the street where Dwayne Dantès stays at, or that he happened to hire a butler with a secret, it’s because of that secret that he was selected by Dwayne Dantès—selected by Gehrman Sparrow! The pitiful one isn’t Dwayne Dantès but the Beyonders and Beyonder items around him! I was wrong. I shouldn’t have gotten Xio to ask the Goddess to bless him. It’s more of a curse for Mr. World… Fors suddenly trembled, thankful that she hadn’t left a comment in her note that Dwayne Dantès should check on his kidneys or bladder.

Otherwise, she suspected that she wouldn't be able to participate in the next Tarot Gathering. Or perhaps, she would appear in the form of a Beyonder characteristic, sold to the other members by The World.

Logically speaking, Mr. World shouldn't know that I'm The Magician, but I was carrying Leymano's Travels with me… He had used the spellbook before and had added demigod-level Beyonder powers to it! He had definitely observed me in secret, remembering my appearance and evaluating my value… The fear in Fors was surging like a tumultuous sea as her expression was filled with misery.

At this moment, she saw Mr. World sweep his cold glance at her, her feelings of regret instantly becoming that of extreme regret.

Thankfully, I didn't rush to answer and mention my impression of Dwayne Dantès… When Fors gradually calmed down from her horror, she couldn't help but think of another problem.

During the bodyguard mission, were we the ones protecting Dwayne Dantès, or was Dwayne Dantès protecting us… Should I refund Mr. Gehrman Sparrow his money?

This… At times, Dwayne Dantès is equivalent to Mr. World… Audrey was first stunned before finding all her questions answered.

Fors does know Dwayne Dantès, but she didn't know that he's Mr. World. It can be proven from her shocked reaction just now.

The reason that Dwayne Dantès was shocked when he saw me was because he recognized Lie. Although this mystical item has changed, it comes from a Beyonder characteristic that Mr. World provided. Perhaps this crazy adventurer can sense it somehow.

After all, Gehrman Sparrow can transform into anyone with the powers of shapeshifting!

Although I only asked Mr. Hanged Man what will happen when an animal consumes a potion, the potion ingredients I gathered later were always in pairs. Mr. World might very well have guessed that I have a Spectator beside me based on that; hence, he became wary against Susie who was secretly observing everyone in the hall… Others might not doubt an animal, but Mr. World is experienced. He must've interacted with Beyonder creatures, so it's very normal for him to be wary against such things.

Which is to say, Dwayne Dantès, no—Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow knew that I was Justice, but he didn't choose to make contact or communicate with me. Hmm, there's nothing wrong with his choice of actions. Under those circumstances, unless he directly says it, it will be difficult for me to guess or believe it. Furthermore, talking about the Tarot Club in Saint Samuel Cathedral is… is just too crazy!

After a brief moment of surprise, Audrey's emotions calmed down, leaving her only with excitement.

Apart from The Magician Fors who she introduced, this was her first meeting with another member of the Tarot Club!

It feels like a historic moment! Yes, Mr. World as well as Mr. Fool's other Blessed. Eh, they should also be considered The World. But why was the identity of Dwayne Dantès made? What are they up to?

The matter of Baron Syndras being framed, Member of Parliament Macht being assaulted, and their donation to establish a bursary foundation really are more complicated and important than I originally imagined… Why do I feel that the kingdom's upper echelons are beginning to stir in a state of unrest? I had this

feeling back when Prince Edessak died during the Great Smog of Backlund. Today, it's even more intense...

Now that I know the identity of Dwayne Dantès, I might be able to participate and cooperate indirectly, reducing the risk my parents might suffer, reducing the risk of the innocent... Amidst her thoughts, Audrey quickly made up her mind. She would accept her father's choice to join the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, then she inwardly quipped, *Wouldn't it be very logical to have Justice from the Tarot Club join the charity foundation established by Mr. World from the Tarot Club?*

Alger and Cattleya weren't too surprised that Dwayne Dantès was The World, that he was the amalgamation of Mr. Fool's Blessed. In their minds, another thought flashed through their minds: *Something major is about to happen in Backlund!*

Chapter 869: Report Him!

Is something brewing in Backlund again? An extension of the Great Smog of Backlund? As Alger and Cattleya wondered about the framing of Baron Syndras and the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, they planned on using their own respective channels to obtain more detailed information to see if they could discover anything abnormal.

They weren't in a rush. They had no intention to directly ask The World what his motives or exact plans were. They felt that he wouldn't answer in detail. At best, he would just make a comment; therefore, they planned to gather more information first to do some preliminary investigations. They would then decide on their subsequent course of action depending on the exact situation.

At the same time, they suddenly realized that the public announcement of the identity of "Dwayne Dantès" seemed to be a boon for them. As long as they paid attention to news of the tycoon, they could roughly grasp the actions of Mr. Fool's Blessed, and from there, they could provide tacit cooperation or help. And since this was just a fake identity, it could be disposed of the moment any problems were exposed.

Similarly, they could be a "witness" for this identity, making Dwayne Dantès appear more realistic. The simplest example was that if this tycoon had a background at sea, Cattleya could provide her crew, friends, and partners the relevant information, making them believe that such a man existed. By the time the official organizations attempted to investigate Dwayne Dantès's origins, they would discover that he did exist and that those matters did happen!

After a brief silence, Audrey was just about to answer Mr. World's question when she saw Mr. Moon sit up straight and look to the

end of the long bronze table, taking the initiative to ask:

“What is this public identity used for?

“Are there deeper problems present in the cases mentioned by Miss Justice?”

As a citizen of Backlund, Emlyn was quite concerned about his living environment.

Why don’t you investigate all these questions yourself? To not be swept into the vortex, I have already exposed myself… Klein lampooned Emlyn and made The World give a deep chuckle.

“Of course.

“It’s awaiting further investigation.”

His succinct answer could be translated in detail to: the two cases definitely have deeper problems, but that’s a secret. I don’t plan on telling you. Likewise, don’t ask about the purpose of the identity of “Dwayne Dantès”!

Although Emlyn was quite bad at reading people, he could still understand what The World was getting at. He chuckled dryly and leaned back, pretending as though he was very pleased with the answer.

When Audrey saw this, she used a second to stop the corners of her mouth from curling up. Then, she said to The World, “Alright, I understand. Thank you for the information.”

At this moment, she was further convinced that joining the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation was a good thing for her. In the future, if she were to face any danger or had any matters she couldn't handle herself, she could inform Mr. World ahead of time. Then, she could head to the foundation as per normal, busying herself in the office adjacent to Dwayne Dantès's.

Hmm, if the Psychology Alchemists have their suspicions about me, or if they use a mission to test me, I'll get them to meet me at the foundation... Dwayne Dantès's image is completely different from the way he acts as The World above the gray fog. Yes, Mr. World is an experienced actor... Also, Dwayne Dantès is a public identity. He won't always be synonymous to Gehrman Sparrow. It's no wonder there are rumors of him liking a wide range of women... A crazy murderer and adventurer like Gehrman Sparrow definitely is a good match with a pure and innocent girl... As a Spectator, Audrey couldn't help but imagine that.

As for Klein, he couldn't help but lampoon when he heard her reply.

What do you mean "Thank you for the information?"

Shouldn't you be paying 500 pounds in investigation fees?

Are you treating it as something shared among members?

He made The World nod without further mentioning the matter of Dwayne Dantès. He then turned to look at Little Sun.

"Do you have Bizarro Banes over there?"

The World paused and added, "Perhaps you use a different name

to refer to it. In short, it's good at disguising itself, and it has bizarre powers. It's nearly at the demigod level and has a main eye gathered from its characteristic…"

He deliberately mentioned that it was nearly at the demigod level, not to flaunt the fact to him, but to warn Little Sun that this was a very dangerous monster.

However, Alger and Cattleya didn't pay attention to this point. As a representative of Mr. Fool's Blessed, it was very understandable for The World to purchase demigod-level materials on behalf of his peers. Besides, even if he was preparing it for himself, it wasn't anything astonishing. Gehrman Sparrow was already a Sequence 5. It was very common for one to gather the ingredients ahead of time.

Without realizing it, they felt that Mr. World's advancement from Sequence 5 was seemingly a good thing.

Derrick thought and said, "It's not among the commonly seen monsters, but perhaps someone might've encountered it before. I will search through the books or help you ask."

The World tersely answered and fell silent.

After Fors made her request, to buy an ancient wraith's cursed artifact and remnant spirituality, to no avail, the transactions came to an end.

Before Mr. Hanged Man could ask The Sun, Fors stole a glance at The World and said, "I recently had a strange dream. In it was an almost genuine treasure trove, including…"

She described, in detail, the scene she had seen, and towards the end, she said, “That is the complicated symbol formed from ‘fate’ and ‘concealment’…”

Fors was just about to look towards Mr. Fool to request permission to conjure it when she heard The World say, “Are you talking about this symbol?”

The World first made a request before conjuring the symbol.

The badge was only the size of an eyeball. On the surface, there were symbols that symbolized “fate” and “concealment.”

It came from Lanevus, and it was the proof of admission to the Hermits of Fate’s gathering. However, Klein had never made any attempts to participate in it before.

“Ah?” Fors glanced at it and stammered a reply. “Yes, yes, that’s it.”

After she answered it, she realized that Mr. World hadn’t only produced the symbol, but he had also produced an item!

Suddenly, she came to a realization.

Dwayne Dantès had chosen Böklund Street for a reason!

Just as she had the thought, she saw The World say with a hoarse voice, “That treasure is a trap.”

He does know… Thankfully, I was wise to seek the advice of the

experienced... Fors heaved a sigh of relief as she smiled.

"Thank you for your reminder."

Audrey asked out of curiosity, "Mr. World, what does that symbol represent? Why do you call it a trap?"

Klein controlled The World and answered simply, "It represents a bunch of thieves that called themselves 'Hermits of Fate.'"

Hermits of Fate... *Thieves*... Alger and Cattleya thought as they memorized the two names. Based on their own knowledge, they had a certain guess.

The former suspected that it was an organization established by a bunch of Marauders. The latter believed that an ancient family from the Fourth Epoch was involved. After some careful recalling, Emlyn White confirmed that he had never heard of such an organization, and he planned on learning more from the upper echelons of the Sanguine.

As for Klein, he thought of another problem.

That demigod from the Marauder pathway who was sealed deep in the sewers hasn't left Böklund Street as expected. He might be hiding at Hazel's place. Furthermore, this demigod isn't staying put. He actually tried to influence Miss Magician via a dream!

This won't do. I can't give him free reign to do as he wishes...

I have to eliminate this latent risk as soon as possible!

Hmm... I'll find my dear poet later and warn him. The grandpa inside his body wouldn't be uninterested in a demigod of the same pathway...

With this in mind, Mr. Fool, who was leisurely looking at the members, curled his mouth into a smile.

Audrey vaguely sensed the emotional changes of Mr. Fool as she mumbled inwardly.

That bunch of thieves who call themselves Hermits of Fate are friends related to Mr. Fool?

The talk about the treasure in the dream quickly came to an end. Cattleya thought of something and said to The World, "I'll give you the intelligence you want this week."

At this moment, she was a little curious as to why he needed information on West Balam. However, she wasn't The Sun or The Moon who would ask the moment they didn't know something. She was more accustomed to do a search for clues first.

"Alright." The World nodded. Klein sighed inwardly. With this secret organization, many things were indeed much simpler.

Seeing that he had nothing else to say, Alger turned to look at The Sun.

"Have you figured out the matter regarding your former Chief's mausoleum?"

Derrick said, somewhat ashamed, "I just made two friends."

As a Beyonder from the Sun pathway, he won less than one in ten matches when in combat at the training field. After suffering plenty of beatings, he finally established a relationship with his former acquaintances. However, the ones he could call friends only numbered two.

Without waiting for The Hanged Man to answer him, he hurriedly added, “However, I heard that the six-member council wishes to open the mausoleum. Regardless, they wish to retrieve the characteristic at the very least.”

In the City of Silver, no one felt that such an operation was problematic. To them, being wasteful was a sin.

Alger nodded gently as he changed his admonishing words he was about to say.

“Not bad.

“They don’t necessarily have to be friends in order to provide you with help. When you establish a bigger network, you will naturally obtain more intel.”

Chapter 870: A Question That Strikes The Heart

Upon gaining recognition, Derrick was taken aback for two seconds. His shame lessened as he said, somewhat embarrassed, “I will take further steps to understand this matter.”

I will work hard to make two sources of information, no—a friend before the next Tarot Gathering… Derrick quickly made a target for himself.

Upon seeing this, Klein made The World hoarsely say, “If it involves the domain of Death, you can seek my advice.”

And I can seek Mr. Azik’s advice… he silently added.

As for Frank Lee’s new mushrooms, he had no plans on transferring them to Little Sun, as they were still incomplete. The “fruits” that were eventually produced were filled with poison and madness.

“Thank you, Mr. World,” Derrick answered gratefully.

After a short exchange regarding other matters, the Tarot Club entered the “learning” segment until it ended.

Returning to the real world, Klein immediately wanted to resolve the problem of the Marauder demigod, but the plan he conceived of was met with an obstacle at the first step.

He had no idea where to find Leonard Mitchell and the grandpa inside his body!

Saint Samuel Cathedral? Leonard is most probably underground, but I have no way of entering… He only prays in the cathedral once or twice a week, and he doesn't do it at a fixed time. I can't be heading there thrice a day all week just to meet him, right? What kind of crappy plot is this? Is this what's called "a stake-out"? Even if I really did it, it might not be effective. As a Red Glove, he might've left Backlund… As Klein lampooned, he felt a deep sense of regret. He regretted being too focused on the sophistry and in fooling Leonard Mitchell; thus, forgetting to ask for his contact method.

I should've said to Leonard, "I will inform Klein Moretti about his identity being exposed. If he has anything he wishes to say, I will pass it on for him." That way, I'll be able to establish a private method of contact… Klein exhaled slowly. All he could do was use his final solution.

That was to ask the magic mirror!

Drawing the symbols that implied "concealment" and "mystery prying," Klein cast his gaze at the full-body mirror. He saw aqueous light ripple, producing white Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal and humble, terrified servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning.

"Before answering any questions, I want to say:

"I was wrong! I was wrong!"

Klein pricked up his brows and asked, "Why are you suddenly admitting to a mistake?"

On the mirror, the white Loenese words warped and turned into new words:

"In short, I was wrong…"

After a series of ellipses, the white words trembled into shape.

"Recently, there have been many people trying to find out about you, and they have learned of the reputation of your present identity…"

So, Dwayne Dantès's amorous preference of liking anyone beautiful has spread, so much so that even Miss Justice knows of it? Well, that's good. I used the explanation that it's a shared identity. More than one Blessed plays as Dwayne Dantès, so having a myriad of preferences can be explained… Hehe, look at this mirror. It's scared white… Klein was somewhat enlightened as he secretly laughed before saying, "It's your turn to ask."

The full-body mirror's words remained white as it formed new words:

"Will you forgive me?

"No, I mean, are you willing to watch my subsequent performance?"

This attitude… Klein tsked inwardly and said with a sullen expression, "Work hard."

"Yes, Great Master!" The mirror surface's ghastly white words bloomed with silver light. "Since you have summoned me, do

you have a question to ask me?"

Klein nodded.

"Yes.

"Where will Leonard Mitchell be living in the next few days?"

The silver marks distorted quickly, forming new words:

"7 Pinster Street."

Beneath the words, the aqueous light rippled, forming a scene:

It was a terrace house numbered Unit 7. There was a black-haired, green-eyed youth just about to get his keys.

It's the same old place. There hasn't been any change... If I were to pay a visit directly, it will sully Leonard's impression of Dwayne Dantès. It will be quite a step down... Get Emlyn White to go? Leonard has probably figured out that the vampire and Sherlock Moriarty, who is also Klein Moretti, have ties... The current problem is that it's hard to determine that grandpa's stance... I have no way of confirming "His" true motives. Giving "Him" a big gift based on his present state might not be appropriate. Perhaps it will bring extreme danger to Leonard... As it doesn't involve myself, doing a divination above the gray fog won't be effective... Thoughts arose in Klein's mind as he changed his plans.

Compared to directly informing the grandpa in Leonard's body about the Marauder demigod, using Pallez Zoroast's or Amon's name to warn the target to force him to leave the area was a

milder method that led to fewer repercussions!

Of course, the premise is that I don't expose myself... Klein pondered for a few seconds and asked again, "Where is the demigod beside Hazel Macht hiding?"

The mirror's surface had aqueous light ripple out as the scene changed.

On a thick carpet with beautiful embroidery, there was a small leather sofa. On the surface of the single-seater was a white, furry cushion. In the middle of it was a gray rat. Compared to its kind, its eyes were closer to dark red.

Rat... That Marauder demigod has parasitized a rat? And he's sleeping inside Hazel's room in broad daylight? He got himself what looks like a very expensive cushion... He had to transform into this because I foiled his plans? Klein was surprised before he felt a little amused.

The scene fixed as silver lines surfaced:

"Great Master, what other instructions do you have for me?"

Very sharp... Klein tersely answered and said, "Use the mirror in the room to warn that demigod.

"Tell him that all around this street there is an angel from the Marauder pathway with ill intentions plying it. Furthermore, Blasphemer Amon might come at any time."

"Alright, Master. I'll do it immediately!" The words on the mirror

sparkled.

...

In Hazel's room, the gray rat felt his spiritual perception stirred as he hurriedly stood up and cast his gaze on the full-body mirror in the room.

On the surface of the mirror, words that seemed to be written with fresh blood that had yet to coagulate appeared.

"Leave this area!"

The gray rat's gaze froze for a second as it fell silent for a moment.

"Why?"

The blood seemed to flow as the words spread out and formed new words:

"The surrounding area has an angel from the Marauder pathway in urgent need of replenishment plying it. This pathway is the nemesis of all High-Sequence Beyonders. Blasphemer Amon is rushing over.

"I'm warning you because I do not wish for 'Them' to benefit."

The gray rat squeaked softly before asking in a deep voice, "Who are you?"

It was extremely frustrated, frustrated that the strength it accumulated would often be forced to be drained. Otherwise, it could use Astromancy to confirm the situation.

The full-body mirror which had dimmed at some point in time suddenly had bloody words appear again, presenting new information:

“I’ve already answered one question of yours. Based on the principle of reciprocity, it’s my turn to ask.”

Following that, a new line of bloody-red text appeared underneath:

“After you hurriedly parasitized a rat, you should be influenced by the body’s construct and hormones. Now, which entity will make you have the desire to mate:

“Female human, male human, female rat, male rat, or all of the above?

“Please answer.”

At this moment, Hazel cracked open the door. And for some reason, the gray rat inside didn’t notice it, seemingly affected by something.

The door opened slightly again as Hazel discovered that the entity who claimed to be a demigod that existed in legends was staring at the mirror in a daze. It seemed infatuated with its present appearance: a gray rat.

Uh… Hazel's brows twitched slightly as she subconsciously paused her action of opening the door.

Then, she saw the gray rat's body tremble, its red eyes effusing a clear murderous look.

"Stop fooling around with me!" the gray rat growled.

It turned its head to leave the room, but invisible chains suddenly bound its rat's body!

This strength wasn't anything for it to fear when it was in its optimal state, but now, everything it had accumulated had been drained. The latest action was to infuse a dream to the Beyonder bodyguard whom Dwayne Dantès had hired.

Boom!

A thick, silver bolt of lightning descended down from the sky, smiting the gray rat.

The scene before Hazel's eyes turned blinding-white as she couldn't see anything. Immediately, her vision recovered as she found the gray rat on the ground, charred black. Its limbs were twitching.

Chapter 871: Director

What happened? The sudden change made the inexperienced Hazel momentarily lost as to how to react. She stood there in dazed silence for a few seconds before pushing open the door and rushing in.

When she arrived beside the charred rat, the existence that claimed to be a demigod rolled in a fit, speaking with a calm tone, “You forgot to close the door.”

“Ah…” Hazel first wore a blank look before realizing that she had failed to close the door like she usually did because of her eagerness to access the situation. Doing so prevented the maids from peeping in.

With the rat appearing fine, Hazel pursed her lips and turned around, walking back to the door.

During this process, she didn’t forget to glance at the full-body mirror. She saw that everything in it looked normal without any problems. It clearly reflected everything in the room. There weren’t any additional people or objects.

As the door clicked shut, Hazel asked, “Teacher, what happened just now?”

The charred rat looked at her sidewards as it cast its gaze beyond the window.

“In the world of mysticism, anything that involves supernatural power is filled with danger. You can’t be too careless.

“I had tried to use the mirror to do a divination, but I ended up garnering the attention of an unknown existence. After an intense struggle, I finally resolved the problem and prevented the danger from spreading across the street.”

The rat spoke fluently without any stammering or hesitation, as though being struck by lightning was something trivial.

Is that so… Why didn’t you warn me of such matters in the past… Hazel couldn’t help but frown, as she could smell the mixed smell of charred fur and disintegrated fat.

Without waiting for her reply, the rat turned to face the balcony and said to her with its back towards her, “My physical condition has deteriorated as a result. I’m no longer suited to staying here, or else I might be discovered by the Church of Evernight.

“Yes, find an opportunity to send me to your manor in the countryside.”

Looking at the rat’s charred fur, and smelling the fragrance of roasted meat, Hazel fell silent for a few seconds. Suppressing her doubt, she nodded and said, “Alright.”

…

160 Böklund Street.

Sitting in the reclining chair, Klein saw the full-body mirror ripple with aqueous light again as silver light arose.

The silver words formed into a sentence:

"Great Master, your puny servant, Arrodes, has followed your instructions to warn that demigod from the Marauder pathway. I have also given her a tiny punishment."

Her? Just as Klein was ruminating over the pronoun Arrodes had used, light from the mirror's surface turned clear as it presented a scene.

A silver bolt of lightning smote down, causing the gray rat to collapse while convulsing.

This is... way too weak? Klein suddenly understood why this demigod's condition was weaker than he expected.

"Are you satisfied with the way I handled it?" The silver lines quickly warped into a question.

"Not bad." Klein nodded.

Considering the demigod's condition, he paused for a second and probingly asked, "Why didn't you directly kill her?"

Arrodes's mirror outlined silver words:

"If one can't be certain in killing a demigod target, it's best not to force them into a corner.

"Once they aren't repressed, they will completely let themselves go. That would result in them mutating into an incomplete and

irrational Mythical Creature.

“Most of the time, to have a problematic condition and to having trouble fully expressing their powers is because they are resisting their inclination of losing control.

“I-I’m not here in my actual form, so all I can do is deal a small punishment.”

When the final line appeared, the full-body mirror’s aqueous light shimmered. Klein suddenly had the feeling that a creature was looking at him with widened, watery eyes.

He didn’t respond towards that and instead nodded.

“That’s it for today. I’ll summon you again if there’s anything else.”

“Alright, Master~” The mirror immediately produced a hand-waving emoticon.

After cleaning up the room, Klein finished his afternoon nap and left the master bedroom.

Before long, the white-gloved Walter came to the third floor and entered the half-opened room with the balcony. He said to his employer, “Sir, the Church has sent a letter. They’ve invited you to be a director in the board of directors for the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation. You can choose to directly take up a post there to receive a sizable salary. Or you can choose to take on a symbolic role. You will only participate in the discussion and vote when handling major matters.

The Church sure is efficient. It has already set up the framework... Klein thought and felt that since he had already donated more than ten thousand pounds, there was no need for him to claim a salary. It was better to not expect anything in return as he deliberated.

"I'll take on a symbolic role. However, I wish to participate in some of the actual operations of the foundation in the future. I wish to contribute further to spread aid to help more people."

"I will inform the Church of your thoughts," Walter seriously replied. "If you have nothing else, it's best you head over on Wednesday morning to witness the official establishment of the foundation."

Dwayne raised his porcelain cup and drank a mouthful of black tea.

"Okay."

...

On the Golden Dream, Danitz sat in front of the deck, worriedly looking at the azure blue sea that was churning with waves.

After being urged once by Gehrman Sparrow, he felt that he couldn't delay any further. Otherwise, he might become a bounty at any time.

I don't want to become a pile of cash while I'm sleeping... So what if I'm suspected!? Danitz gritted his teeth and mustered his courage. He passed through the cabin door and headed straight for the captain's cabin.

Being unable to find Anderson Hood in a short span of time, he could only ask Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina Edwards.

After reaching his destination, Danitz took three deep breaths and raised his right hand, prepared to knock on the door.

At this moment, Vice Admiral Iceberg's voice sounded from inside.

"Please come in."

"..."

Danitz's right hand paused in midair as he forced a smile and entered.

He saw that his captain was sitting behind a desk, holding a dark-red fountain pen. He had no idea what she was writing.

"Captain, I have something I'd like to consult you about." Danitz came over and bent his back slightly as he said with a smile.

Edwina put down her fountain pen and pulled at her sleeves that were laced with flowers. She glanced at Danitz and said, "You wish to ask about West Balam?"

"Ah?" Danitz's expression froze.

The captain already knows?

*It must be those b*st*rds and dogsh*t like Barrel and Iron Skin. They told Captain about it!*

I know that no secret can be kept on this ship. And it's even more so for Captain!

After cursing inwardly, Danitz forced a smile again.

"Yes, as you know, I'm very interested in history and geography."

Edwina's limpid eyes moved slightly as she looked out the window.

"This is international politics."

Without waiting for the stiff Danitz to find another excuse, she continued on.

"In West Balam, there are cities managed by the Loenese, valleys belonging to Intis, native generals who are supported by Loen, and tribes who follow Intis orders. There are also powerful independent states who rely on the requirement that both nations are balanced. They are secretly connected to the different factions of the Numinous Episcopate and are in a rivalry with those who claim to be the descendants of Death. In addition, the Rose School of Thought and Feysac Empire have a deep influence on West Balam. On the surface, none of the factions belong to them, but in fact, many of the generals and tribal chiefs have submitted to them.

"Among them..."

Danitz listened in surprise before he lowered his hand suddenly with a dry chuckle.

"Captain, I-I need to take notes."

Or else there's no way to memorize this!

Edwina, who had been interrupted, wasn't mad. She pointed at the fountain pen and paper on the table.

"That's a good habit.

"I believe Gehrman Sparrow doesn't wish to receive erroneous information."

"Ah?" Danitz was stunned once again.

...

West Balam sure is chaotic. It's difficult to even tell which backing faction that a medium-sized warlord belongs to, or who he's supported by... The Rose School of Thought has a very strong influence there? That means a sharp rise in risk for me... Klein had quickly scanned through Danitz's letter after receiving it from Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

It made him believe that he shouldn't head to West Balam alone unless Mr. Azik accompanied him.

Chapter 872: Results of Mediumship

Watching Miss Messenger leave, Klein glanced at the letter in his hand and considered the problem of West Balam again.

He believed that he needed to make preparations in case that Mr. Azik wouldn't reply to him in the next month. That also meant that when July came, he might very well have to head to West Balam with a few military personnel, without the Death Consul's protection. If that happened, the shadow of the Rose School of Thought would ultimately hang over him.

Two choices. If I confirm that it's extremely dangerous, I'll directly abandon my identity as Dwayne Dantès. On the contrary, I should seriously consider a "customer list." I will not have myself involved in any faction that's suspected to have ties with the Rose School of Thought... Hmm, I might as well set a target first to make any unexpected developments be controllable... The information provided by Danitz likely comes from Vice Admiral Iceberg. The two native generals mentioned seem rather special... The other factions, regardless of the reason, will have a note of their ties with Loen, Intis, Feysac, and Feynapotter, or the various inclinations of internal factions that form a counterbalance. Only, for them, there is no mention of foreign countries other than the point about receiving support from the Numinous Episcopate... Klein read the content from beginning to end as he vaguely figured something out.

He had his initial suspicions that the two native generals were related to the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The reason why Edwina didn't make any note was to deliberately point out their uniqueness, telling Gehrman Sparrow that they were targets to cooperate with.

This way, she didn't need to worry that there would be a leak from Danitz, as there was no information to leak other than a

hint.

Maysanchez, Katamia... The former receives the support from the royal faction of the Numinous Episcopate. The latter secretly claims to be a descendant of Death... Heh, even if it's real, who knows how many generations separated he is. If he were to meet Mr. Azik, how should he refer to him? Klein chuckled and shook his wrist, burning up the letter.

Following that, he began enjoying an exquisite afternoon tea in the half-opened room with the balcony until Walter entered and whispered, "Sir, the police are here again. It's regarding Cuarón's suicide."

The matter's clues superficially pointed to Dwayne Dantès, so even though Baron Syndras had handled the matters, the police would visit him from time to time. Otherwise, the reporters would claim that it was a dereliction of duty by the police.

As for the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, as Dwayne Dantès was only a relatively important eyewitness, they didn't disturb him further after taking his statement.

"Invite them to the activity room on the second floor with the garden." Klein placed the butter sponge cake he had taken a few bites from onto the plate and drank a mouthful of tea.

As the master, he didn't need to worry that his food would go to waste. This was because the leftovers would be given to the servants. If he were to eat them clean all the time, or request them to prepare the perfect proportions, then his reputation as a stingy master would spread across the servants on the street before reaching the ears of the ladies and gentlemen.

Walter replied with an unperturbed expression, "They wish for

you to head to the police station. Today is the day the Cuarón family will be identifying the suspect in a police lineup.

“They say that they are very sorry, but this is a necessary process that cannot be skipped.”

Klein slowly got up as he said, “Understandable. Richardson, get me my coat, hat, and cane.”

Since he was already no longer involved in the matter, he was rather willing to figure out what Cuarón and his family had encountered from a bystander’s perspective, and also how the matter had been directed towards Baron Syndras.

...

Inside a spacious room in the police station at North Borough.

Klein stood behind a glass wall and saw Cuarón’s family. It was an elderly man and woman, a woman in her late thirties, a teenager who was around the age of fifteen, and a girl who wasn’t older than ten.

Their gaze swept the suspects behind the glass wall before landing on Dwayne Dantès at the same moment.

“It’s him! It’s him!” the teenager yelled as his eyes turned red. He clenched his hands into a fist in an attempt to rush towards the glass wall.

“It’s him, Officer. It’s him.” The lady in her late thirties suddenly wept as she looked at Dwayne Dantès with eyes filled with

hatred and animosity.

The little girl who was holding her hand wailed.

“Daddy! Return daddy to me!”

The two elders were wiping their tears. One of them was trying hard to keep calm, while the other was nearly fainting from her sobbing. The sorrowful mood instantly spread out.

However, Klein had never even met them before today.

Implanted memories? He frowned slightly. As he sighed, he began wondering what the Cuarón family had encountered.

Meanwhile, in the mortuary beneath the station.

Daly Simone held a pencil and began sketching as her body shook slightly.

As she was here to help at the police station, with the possibility of her encountering reporters when entering or exiting, she didn’t wear her usual Spirit Medium robes. She changed into a female black-and-white police uniform set. She had a blouse and skirt on with matching leather boots.

At this moment, her palm was moving uncontrollably, and soon, there was a desk, oriel window, ink bottle, revolver, and other items appearing on the piece of paper.

On the oriel window, there was a figure reflected there.

This figure's hair was neatly combed back, a mix of silver and raven-black. The wrinkled figure had a broad forehead and high cheekbones. He was none other than Baron Syndras!

Pa! The pencil in Daly's hand dropped onto the piece of paper.

She then looked up and said to Leonard, who offered to help, and the two police inspectors who were in charge of the liaison, "In the second that Cuarón committed suicide, he struggled deeply in his heart. That is to say that his suicide is a result of Cuing and Guidance. This isn't a simple psychological problem. It must've involved Beyonder powers at a rather high level.

"And this contradictory struggle resulted in his emotions breaking down, suffering an explosion from his spirituality. Before his death, he would restore the truth to a certain degree. This is the scene that's fixed in his eyes.

The high-ranking inspector beside her furrowed his brows.

"Ma'am Simone, are you implying that the last person Cuarón saw is the real murderer? Baron Syndras is actually the real murderer?"

Leonard Mitchell immediately scoffed.

"What you see might not be equivalent to the truth.

"You might not understand it if I call it an illusion, but if I'm a murderer, I can find a person that looks like Baron Syndras so as to make him appear inside the room before Cuarón committed suicide."

The two inspectors were very pleased with the explanation as they heaved a sigh of relief.

"We've already arranged for Cuarón's family to pay a visit. I'll have to trouble the two of you to obtain more clues that point towards the truth with non-intrusive means."

"Alright." Daly rubbed the corner of her eyes. "I'll use the washroom first."

She hadn't put on her strange eyeshadow or blush. Apart from her skin appearing rather pale, she didn't have that uncanny look to her. Furthermore, she seemed younger, looking more like a woman in her twenties than thirties. Her eyes were bright, and she had beautiful facial features.

Believing that they were in for plenty of work, Leonard Mitchell also left the mortuary and walked towards the washroom above them.

Just as they finished climbing the staircase and turned a bend, they suddenly saw a gentleman with white sideburns appear on the other end of the corridor. He was walking out of the police station with his valet.

This gentleman was mature and elegant, with eyes that were like a lake under the moon. He was none other than Dwayne Dantès.

Daly Simone's mind went adrift for a moment as she turned her head in thought. She looked at Leonard Mitchell and discovered this black-haired, green-eyed poet was looking at Dwayne Dantès.

“Why did you suddenly file for permission to help me? That member of the Numinous Episcopate will soon be found. You have no lack of tasks to do…” Daly didn’t give Leonard a chance to find an excuse. After pausing for a second, she directly asked, “You believe that gentleman from before is problematic?”

Leonard retracted his gaze and fell silent for two seconds.

“Dwayne Dantès has met His Grace before.”

He deliberately didn’t provide any sort of confirmation or denial, as though the question she had should be posed to Saint Anthony.

In between the lines, he was saying that His Grace didn’t mention if there was any problem with Dwayne Dantès. Whether it was a lack of any detection or simply because he didn’t say, that was up in the air.

Daly nodded gently as she turned her gaze towards the washroom.

…

On Wednesday morning, Audrey Hall, who had received an invitation, rode on a carriage to arrive at the Saint Samuel Cathedral on Phelps Street.

The Loen Charity Bursary Foundation which was about to be established was situated on 22 Phelps Street. The building belonged to the Church of Evernight, so there was no need to pay any rent.

Before getting off the carriage, Audrey held the invitation and looked out at the scenery. She was filled with anticipation for the future.

She was to become a director and would work on raising funds and with external liaisons.

Chapter 873: Undetectable Communication

After entering 22 Phelps Street, Audrey instantly saw Dwayne Dantès walk out from the side corridor.

This good-looking and gentlemanly gentleman was wearing a black formal suit and holding a gold inlaid cane. He was communicating with the foundation's staff beside him.

As though sensing Audrey's gaze, Dwayne Dantès naturally turned his head and looked at the door. Then, his eyes lit up in amazement like he had seen a treasure. Following that, he smiled and gently nodded as a greeting.

Audrey returned with a smile and nod that wasn't a breach of etiquette in any way. She then followed the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's staff that came to escort her and walked up to the second floor.

During this process, although she didn't look in any other direction, but be it the talent of a woman or her instincts as a Spectator, they told her that Dwayne Dantès's gaze kept following her figure in secret until the wall beside the staircase blocked his view.

Impeccable acting! He perfectly played out the reaction of what a gentleman who has zero resistance against beauties but remains sufficiently reserved and cultured would do when meeting me for the second time. It's as though we have only met once at the charity party the last time... It's exactly as I imagined. He was even able to light up his eyes...

This is a technique that's part of his Beyonder pathway, or is it an

ability that he possesses to begin with? I have to say that Gehrman Sparrow, uh—I think it's better to use Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is a professional, no—an excellent actor. Furthermore, he doesn't act in an exaggerated manner like those play actors... Audrey complimented in thought before seeing a few reporters waiting to interview her about the establishment of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation on the second floor.

She wasn't a noble lady who enjoyed having her photo plastered on the papers. As she exchanged a few words with her valet that had accompanied her to inform the reporters that pictures were forbidden by Earl Hall's authority, she went into the VIP lounge with her lady's maid, Annie.

Earl Hall was friends with the owners of a few publishing houses and had made the corresponding investments to acquire quite a bit of their shares. If Audrey so wished, she could exchange some of the estate she received in order to create a sizable publishing house.

In the VIP lounge, Audrey, who didn't find it appropriate to bring her dog, greeted the children of the rich and aristocracy, as well as the Church's clergymen. She habitually found a seat where she could see everyone, and she waited until the opening ceremony began and for the first board of directors meeting to begin.

She surveyed the area and said to the female staff that was in charge of escorting her, "Lovesa, this is my first time joining in the actual operations of a charity organization. I wish to know what we should do."

The lady named Lovesa was still in her twenties. She also had blonde hair with somewhat rough skin and tanned freckles. However, her smile was brilliant, making her rather affectionate.

Upon hearing Audrey's question, Lovesa introduced without holding anything back, "The current plan is to not be too eager in widening the scale. We will start mainly with Backlund and reach deep into the public primary schools, weekday schools, and night schools, promoting the bursary to all the students and let those in need to apply to us.

"After the application, we will organize a committee to do the exact audit. This will not only require us to make some verifications with the government, but we would also walk across the grounds to understand the candidate's actual situation.

"Once the examination is over, we will disburse the bursary and help the poor who yearn for knowledge to change their fates…"

Just as Lovesa said that, a male voice filled with magnetism interjected, "I have two suggestions:

"The first suggestion is that staff are to be gathered today to head to the different weekday schools, night schools, and public primary schools to promote the bursary. June is the examination period, and it's a critical period for them to enter institutes of higher learning. If we aren't efficient enough, there will be many students from poor families that will give up taking the examination because of the lack of funds. Even if they later learn of the existence of the bursary foundation, they won't be able to withstand the loss of wasting a year. As such, they will lose the chance at changing their fate.

"What we are doing might seem simple, but it completely affects each and every child's life. Therefore, we need to begin quickly and not waste any time."

The person who was speaking was none other than Dwayne Dantès who had just entered the lounge. He expressed his

thoughts with a warm but serious expression.

Ah right, June is the examination period. Be it entering grammar school or the preparations to enter university, as well as the various technical schools to gain experience in their profession, this is a critical period. Once they give up the entry examinations this time, they will have to wait till next June… I actually forgot this. Ma'am Lovesa and the foundation staff seems to have missed this problem… Mr. Dwayne Dantès actually noticed such a detail and had considered those children who are so close to giving up their dreams… He's actually a person with a gentle heart? Audrey suddenly felt that she had a new take on Dwayne Dantès—on Gehrman Sparrow.

This was what a Spectator had just obtained.

A cold assassin, adventurer on the surface but has a warm heart deep down? Unfortunately, I've only been able to obtain descriptions regarding Gehrman Sparrow's crazy side. I'm unable to find any concrete proof… Audrey blinked as she carefully listened to Dwayne Dantès's suggestions.

"Second suggestion. In regards to the bursaries that are to be disbursed, it's best if it's put in the corresponding bank account. When school fees need to be paid, they can bring their documents to us to apply for a withdrawal. For relatively cheaper board and lodging, things don't have to be that troublesome. They can obtain a fixed sum of money every month or week. This is to prevent the applicant's parents and siblings from spending the money. To a poor family, this is an irresistible temptation. Similarly, an account corresponds to one person. No matter who is withdrawing it, the person has to be present. This can effectively prevent people from suffering from the trial of greed."

Having said that, Klein pressed his palm to his chest and said to Audrey and Lovesa, "Sorry, pardon me for barging into your

conversation."

Audrey smiled and said, "Mr. Dantès, your suggestions are excellent. You have opened my eyes to matters that I never considered before.

"The only problem is that what you say to us is meaningless. I'm only listening to Ma'am Lovesa's introduction."

Lovesa smiled and said, "Yes, you should mention all of these at the first board of directors meeting."

Don't you see me deliberately coming over to convince Miss Audrey first? With Justice's part in this, I can ensure that there will be no objections from the board of directors. Otherwise, it might easily be tabled or altered by someone using some excuse such as lacking manpower... Klein made an enlightened and regretful expression as he rubbed his palms slightly.

"Look at me! Being all anxious about these matters and forgetting my place! Hahaha! Sometimes, I just wish that things will be made into reality once I'm given the chance."

Mr. Dwayne Dantès's acting is a little exaggerated... He should know that he can't fool me. Oh, he's doing it deliberately to communicate with me ahead of time without leaving behind any traces. He wants me to support him? Audrey instantly read his thoughts as her smile turned clearer.

Although she hadn't communicated with The World ahead of time, she believed that she would support this Tarot Club member of hers. However, being able to exchange some ideas ahead of time left her rather happy. This was because she felt that he was treating her as an equal.

After “forgiving” Dwayne Dantès’s recklessness and watching the man walk to the table with beverages and pastries in the lounge, Audrey looked away and said to Lovesa, “What I’m responsible for is to raise funds at different occasions, and to communicate with the government and parliament?”

“That should be a simple matter for you,” Lovesa answered frankly.

This was also why the Church’s charity department didn’t object to Audrey Hall’s participation. In fact, they were very supportive of it.

Audrey nodded in thought and said, “If I have the time to spare, can I join you in visiting the different schools for the promotions, as well as the examination of the candidates?”

Lovesa was originally unwilling to agree, worried that the environment wasn’t suitable for Miss Audrey. But when she saw her clear green eyes and took in her request that she couldn’t resist, her heart softened. She felt that such kindness shouldn’t be stopped. It wasn’t to be isolated from the reality of the lower class.

If Miss Audrey sees true misery and ugliness and is still willing to help the pitiful people, she will definitely be able to be of greater use. It will prevent the higher-ups from always formulating unrealistic measures… Lovesa quickly found a convincing reason as she sighed and smiled.

“No problem.

“However, you won’t be able to wear such a dress or wear any jewelry.”

What do I do with Lie? Turn it into a bracelet and hide it under my sleeves? Audrey thought as she replied with a smile, “Alright.”

…

With Miss Audrey Hall’s support, the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation’s first board of directors meeting ended perfectly after its establishment. Klein returned to 160 Böklund Street in a good mood.

Following his usual habits, he entered his master bedroom at around two to have an afternoon nap.

In his hazy dream, Klein suddenly jolted awake and sensed something.

Someone was attempting to infiltrate his dream!

Who is it now? I’m even getting disturbed in my afternoon naps? As Klein mumbled, he made the dream transform into the half-open room with the balcony.

Then, he saw the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard with his unkempt clothes somersault through the window.

Does this fellow not know how to use the main door? Why is he suddenly here? I should remember to get his contact method… Klein sat in his reclining chair, feeling peeved and amused. He looked at the poet with a leisurely expression and said, “This is an impolite way of visiting me.”

When Leonard heard that, he bowed in a manner that lacked

standards.

“Mr. Dantès, I have something I would like to consult you on.”

Consult? That’s a nice attitude. Also, it doesn’t seem to be anything major… Klein secretly tsked as he said, “What’s the matter?”

Leonard grabbed a seat and deliberated before asking, “You were embroiled in Cuarón’s suicide. Who do you think the real murderer is?”

If I wanted to know, I would have thrown out Frank’s mushrooms! However, I can’t say that I’ve no idea at all. That just lowers the impression he has on me… Klein was very accustomed to such situations, so he expertly laughed and, instead of answering, asked, “How were your investigations?”

Chapter 874: I Didn't Say Anything

Leonard Mitchell clasped his hands together and leaned in slightly.

"We have restored the scene Cuarón saw before his death.

"This didn't directly show the murderer, but the glass on the oriel window happened to reflect Baron Syndras's figure."

After a pause, Leonard added, "This is too simple and unconvincing. A powerful banker and noble at Baron Syndras's level wouldn't need to personally take action or be present to watch if he wants someone dead, unless he has some special fetishes.

"And as you know, there are many ways to replicate such scenes, be it via an illusion or disguise."

When he mentioned "disguise," he looked up slightly and glanced at Dwayne Dantès. It was as though he was implying that the latter's present appearance was unlikely his true appearance, just like Gehrman Sparrow and Sherlock Moriarty.

What a simple and direct way of framing someone. It's really suspect if the murderer behind the scenes really wants to frame Baron Syndras... Hmm, I should process everything from the beginning. First, assuming that I, in other words, Dwayne Dantès, act like an ordinary person... Anyway, I won't mention the conclusion and only raise questions to guide his train of thought. If the final answer isn't right, that must be because my dear poet misinterpreted it and was unable to figure out what I was getting at... Klein smiled as he raised his porcelain cup and took a sip of

black tea.

“Let’s not consider this problem first. If the person who wasn’t embroiled in this matter wasn’t me, how would the case have developed?”

Leonard raised his clasped hands slightly as he tapped his index finger.

“As a suspect, Dwayne Dantès would be remanded at the police station, but his butler, servants, neighbors, and friends will be able to testify that he has never made contact with Cuarón’s family. Hence, the testimonies from both sides will contradict strongly. The police will be unable to handle it and request the Nighthawks to intervene.

“Using mediumship means, we will see the scene Cuarón had before committing suicide; thus, obtaining Baron Syndras’s figure…”

As he spoke, Leonard suddenly fell silent. After a few minutes, he continued speaking under Dwayne Dantès’s smiling gaze.

“Regardless of the unconvincing, odd, and simplistic nature of the clue involving Baron Syndras, we will follow protocol and make contact with him and begin the relevant investigations… And this will lead to certain problems related to him being noticed by us?

“Baron Syndras is involved in matters involving the Beyonder domain, so he can’t stand up to further scrutiny from the Nighthawks?”

The more Leonard spoke, the more certain he became. It was as though he had figured out the mastermind's line of thought.

He, or they, might not care if their trap is seen through. As long as they get the Nighthawks to do a routine investigation on him, their goal will be achieved. This is because Baron Syndras hides a rather serious and easily discoverable problem!

Yes, that's the same conclusion I have. This is actually closer to sounding the alarms by providing a tip-off, but it's more mild. It looks like a trap that will make the Nighthawks definitely investigate things while hiding their existence… Of course, I won't directly acknowledge your guess. Wouldn't it be awkward if I was actually wrong? Klein crossed his right leg over his left and laughed.

"Baron Syndras, who has been alerted, definitely won't show any problems now."

Leonard slowly nodded and said as though explaining to himself, "This baron's experiences are rather legendary. He has been pushed to the brink of bankruptcy a few times, but he managed to turn the tide and ended up reaching a new height.

"Perhaps, in one of these instances, he had sold his soul to the devil, an evil god, or some other secret existence out of desperation?

This story is quite reasonably crafted… Klein didn't comment on the accuracy of Leonard's guess before asking, "On the other hand, how would the Nighthawks treat the real murderer that led to Cuarón's suicide?"

Leonard temporarily put aside all his previous thoughts, and he began following the train of thought based on an "ordinary

development."

"The designed trap is too crude. The cuing, guidance, and memory implants were done in an insufficiently concealed and mild manner. It's easy for people to discover problems. Therefore, it's unlikely to be done by Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonders from the Spectator pathway. It looks more like it was done by a Beyonder from another pathway who relied on a mystical item to pose as a Spectator…"

Before he finished his sentence, Leonard fell into silence again; his thoughts a mystery.

Klein maintained his faint smile as he calmly looked at the poet. It was as though he had everything under control, but he wasn't going to say a thing. Everything depended on what Leonard figured out.

This is very similar to what Old Man said from before… Is it really done by some Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonder from the Spectator pathway? His seemingly crude and flawed setup was actually a precise consideration of everyone's reaction. Everyone's response at every step of the way was taken into consideration, with the only mistake stemming from Dwayne Dantès's experience and wisdom? Leonard felt that he had already figured out the truth as he got up and coughed gently.

"Thank you for your advice."

Klein immediately chortled and said, "I didn't say anything."

Without waiting for Leonard's response, he said, "Your former colleague got me to ask you how he should inform you if he were to discover traces of Ince Zangwill."

Leonard, who had planned on getting up to bid farewell, sat back down. Colored with a complicated expression, he said after more than ten seconds of silence, “Pass the information in the form of a letter to 7 Pinster Street.”

This means that he won’t be leaving Backlund anytime soon? Or is it that no matter how far he goes to carry out missions, he will have the means to monitor 7 Pinster Street and read the letter remotely? It might be the latter assumption. A Marauder pathway’s angel definitely has many magical secret techniques. Leonard can definitely use one of them… I can’t ask, or else it will lower Dwayne Dantès’s level and destroy my setting… Klein wore an unperturbed expression as he said with a smile, “I’ll inform him.”

Leonard didn’t immediately leave as he opened his mouth, paused, and asked, “If I wish to contact him, how should I do it?”

His green eyes were deep as they spoke volumes when he asked.

Klein was already prepared, so he said with a smile, “The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow.

“You can ask Pallez about the exact ritual if you aren’t too sure.”

Leonard knew that Gehrman Sparrow was Sherlock Moriarty who was also Klein Moretti. He nodded indiscernibly and stood up.

“Thank you for informing me. Please pardon me for my intrusion.”

With that said, he retreated to the door, opened it, and left the dream.

Hey, you left just like that? As a Nightmare, or as a former Nightmare, shouldn't you consider how there might be problems with your memory? You remembered it just from hearing it once? You aren't putting enough weight on this matter! Klein couldn't help but lampoon when he saw Leonard's figure disappear.

He shook his head in exasperation, ended his afternoon nap, and began busying himself over the matter regarding West Balam.

...

On the Golden Dream, Danitz, who had finally finished his mission, drank some iced light beer because of the recent hot weather.

If it wasn't because the creation of ice needed Beyonder powers, and that there wasn't much to go around, he felt that he could finish half a bucket of ice in one go.

"That's what I call life!" Danitz guzzled the remaining liquid in his cup.

At this moment, he saw grayish-white fog appear before him as Gehrman Sparrow's voice began echoing in his ears:

"...Please inform Danitz that he is to immediately head to West Balam. Figure out the situation of the areas under the control of the two native generals, Maysanchez and Katamia. He should take special note of any signs of Rose School of Thought activity..."

H-head to West Balam? With a cup in hand, Danitz stammered Gehrman Sparrow's request repeatedly.

He had once headed there with the Golden Dream crew to seek out treasure. He had also obtained rather detailed intel from his captain; therefore, he knew how chaotic and dangerous West Balam was.

Furthermore, I have to go alone! Danitz uttered a sound as he found his future bleak.

Primitive forests with all kinds of hidden and terrifying creatures, native tribes who believed in Death and had all sorts of peculiarities, paths filled with bandits and rebel armies, villages with wraiths and shadows haunting them, and cities that had gunfights or even Beyonder battles surfaced in his mind.

No, I have to say no to Gehrman Sparrow. Say no... He should at least send me a helper! Eh... Ordinary people can survive in West Balam and become rich, having their own manors. This means that it's not as horrifying as I imagine it to be. I'm just frightening myself... Besides, Gehrman Sparrow just requested me to figure out the situation, not to contact anyone... Danitz quickly forced a smile and requested Mr. Fool to inform Gehrman Sparrow that he would immediately take action.

Then, following Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he set up a bestowment ritual to pray to Mr. Fool.

When the ritual came to an end, he saw an illusory door open. A dark golden Sunbird-shaped brooch flew out, landing on the altar.

Sun Brooch!

In the Southern Continent, in a kingdom once ruled by Death, the Sun pathway was one of the most effective Beyonder pathways!

Directly giving me such a precious item... It's not bad working for Gehrman Sparrow... However, he said something about it being borrowed? Danitz picked up the brooch and felt his surroundings turn hot and humid.

...

After handing out a mission to Danitz, Klein was just about to open the door to instruct Richardson to get him a cup of iced water when he felt his spiritual perception trigger.

Immediately, he activated his Spirit Vision and saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void. She held the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, with one of them having a letter in its mouth.

Who's it from? Leonard? Klein reached out his right hand in suspicion.

Chapter 875: Mummy

7 Pinster Street. Leonard Mitchell came to his desk and unfolded a piece of paper.

He then picked up a fountain pen and lowered his wrist in preparation to write.

However, just as he dipped a dark blue spot onto the paper, his fountain pen paused. He attempted to move his wrist in order to write a few times, but all his attempts ended up stopping due to hesitation.

He raised his wrist, lowered the fountain pen, and repeated this action again and again. Finally, he froze his wrist in midair.

Pa! Leonard threw down his fountain pen, crumpled the piece of paper, and accurately threw it into the trash can.

...

At 160 Böklund Street, Klein received a thin letter from one of Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr's heads.

He felt the weight in his hands and only when his spiritual intuition didn't send him any warnings did he tear it open and retrieve the letter inside.

There was only one page, and on it were two lines of text written in neat, beautiful handwriting:

“I have something that will require your help. Let’s discuss it in detail, face-to-face.

“Sharron”

So it’s Miss Sharron… Klein had his questions answered as he took out a gold coin and did a simple divination in front of Reinette Tinekerr. Then, he took out another piece of paper and wrote one word:

“Tonight.”

After he folded the letter, he asked Miss Messenger as he handed it to her, “Can you still locate her?”

If it wasn’t possible, he planned on giving her Sharron’s mailing address.

Hillston Borough, 126 Garde Street, Ma’am Maryam.

“Yes…” One of Reinette Tinekerr’s blonde, red-eyed heads gave an answer.

The head then opened its mouth and bit down on the letter.

After Miss Messenger vanished from the room, Klein immediately held a ritual, planning to bring Creeping Hunger back to the real world from above the gray fog. He then planned on Traveling to the various archipelagos in search of a lucky pirate.

Creeping Hunger hadn't been sealed yet, so it still required feeding once a day. All Klein could do was barely use it, feeding it whenever he needed to use it. He would then throw it back above the gray fog when the next feeding time was at hand. He wasn't planning on making up for the difference.

If Creeping Hunger dares to make a fuss about it, I'll feed it mushrooms! After ending the ritual and clearing up the scene, Klein wore the thin human-skinned glove, turning his body translucent until he vanished from his spot.

...

He had his dinner, and after waiting for Creeping Hunger to finish its howling above the gray fog, Klein went to retrieve it by using the excuse of having an upset stomach to enter the bathroom. He then used this opportunity to Teleport to the area outside the Bravehearts Bar in the Backlund Bridge area.

During this process, he had already changed his appearance, turning into the black-haired, mustached, and bespectacled detective, Sherlock Moriarty.

Bending his back and rolling up his pant legs, Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He lowered his hat and nudged open the heavy wooden door to step into the bar.

After asking the bartender, he held a cup of Southville beer and went to Billiard Room 3 where he knocked on the locked door.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Amidst the rhythmic knock, the door creaked open a tiny gap.

The red-eyed Ian peeped his head out before breaking out into a smile.

“Sir, please come on in.”

As the weather was turning warm, he no longer wore his old coat. Instead, he wore a simple linen shirt.

Klein nodded with a smile and quickly entered the billiard room where he took in the surroundings almost instantly.

Maric, with his hair a little messy, was wearing a white shirt, black vest, and black pants. He was holding onto a cue stick and had his back bent to play billiards.

Perhaps having a deep impression of causing chaos for Sherlock Moriarty, he didn’t summon his zombies to play cards with him.

“Long time no see,” Klein greeted first.

Meanwhile, Sharron, with her small black bonnet and black, regal gown, appeared beside the billiard table, sitting on a high stool.

“Good evening, Ma’am.” Klein moved his gaze over and bowed with a smile.

Sharron seemed to float up as she stood up before raising the hem of her skirt to do a slight bow as a polite response. As for Maric, he lowered his cue stick and said in a gruff voice, “From the looks of it, you’re still in Backlund.”

His face was as pale as ever, but the evil look in his brown eyes had lessened significantly. It seemed to be evidence of the effective temperance he had in recent times.

It was apparent that his acquisition of the Scarlet Lunar Corona prevented him from almost breaking down on every full moon, so much so that he didn't need to frequently switch to new types of sedatives.

Klein didn't directly answer Maric. Instead, he walked to the billiard table and put down his beer. Smiling, he said, "I'm very sorry. I was planning to sell a Wraith Beyonder characteristic to you, but unfortunately it was lost."

Sharron's blue eyes didn't move, nor did she probe for a reason. All she asked was a simple, "Are you alright?"

She knew that the Wraith Beyonder characteristic Sherlock Moriarty mentioned belonged to Admiral of Blood Senor. And he was also Sherlock Moriarty's marionette. By losing the Wraith Beyonder characteristic, it also meant the loss or destruction of his marionette. This was a significant loss for such a Beyonder.

"I'm still alright. At least I didn't suffer any harm," Klein said with a sighing smile.

"No wonder I didn't see Senor this time…" Maric muttered in enlightenment.

Maric and Miss Sharron don't seem too bothered about the lack of that Wraith Beyonder characteristic… They have other means or methods to acquire one? Klein sharply grasped this point and switched to asking, "Is there something this time?"

Maric immediately glanced at Ian. The staid teenager didn't ask further as he quickly left the billiard room and closed the door.

Sharron's doll-like face didn't show any emotion as she allowed Maric to speak.

"Tomorrow, there will be a ship from the Southern Continent arriving in Pritz Harbor. It is intimately tied to the Loen army.

"This ship carries with it treasure and relics plundered from the Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains. Among them is a mummy. It's the 19th king of the ancient Haagenti Plains, Tutanssess II.

"The Southern Continent's original language didn't stem from ancient Feysacian. It had its own structure. In the ancient highlander language, 'King' also has the special term, 'Kadiev.' It was translated by Emperor Roselle as Pharaoh. It's a mystery what he was thinking. Also, 'Mummy' was named by him too. In short, the meaning of Pharaoh is the son of God, king of humans.

"Tutanssess II was once a High-Sequence Beyonder. However; after his death, the corresponding characteristic was taken away, leaving only his corpse behind to be made into a mummy.

"To other Beyonders, this is a material filled with spirituality, an excellent choice for creating a zombie. But to us, it has another meaning, a very important meaning. Our goal this time is to obtain that Tutanssess II mummy."

Another meaning? The corpse of a High-Sequence Beyonder without any Beyonder characteristic. Apart from using it as a material, there's another meaning to it? Klein's heart stirred as he suddenly thought of Ma'am Hermit's request to purchase a

drop of Mythical Creature blood.

Could it be the ritual requirement to go from Sequence 5 Wraith to Sequence 4 Puppet? Miss Sharron already has the formula and has digested the Wraith potion? From the way she acts, she's practically acting as a Wraith all the time. Who knows, she might've digested it a long time ago... However, when we were in the underground ruin talking to the evil spirit, it was evident that she didn't possess the Puppet potion formula. Yes, everyone has their own circles. It's not strange for her to be able to obtain it... Klein swept his gaze at Sharron while in thought, but he failed to discover any obvious changes from before. She was still more like a doll than a living person. However, she didn't show any signs of being even darker and creepier.

Sharron silently sat there and watched Sherlock Moriarty and Maric intently, listening into their conversation.

"If it's just a High-Sequence mummy without a Beyonder characteristic, the level of protection can't be too high. Just the two of you shouldn't find it difficult to snatch it away." Klein raised a suspicion.

From his point of view, a Sequence 5 Beyonder could be considered quite a powerhouse. Unless the ship had a demigod escorting it, it was very difficult for Beyonders at the same level to put up any effective resistance if her target was solely a mummy. After all, there were too many items the Beyonder guards had to look out for. Furthermore, they might be scattered in different cabins due to the different means of storage.

This time, it was Sharron's turn to provide the explanation. She used her succinct manner of speech as usual.

"We're worried that it's a trap the Rose School of Thought is using to target us.

“If there’s nothing, 1,000 pounds. If there’s something, we will be in charge of drawing attention while you take away the mummy. Depending on the level of danger, it will range from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds.”

I see... Klein didn’t immediately reply as he thought and asked, “Do you know of Spirit World Plunderers?”

A Wraith was also a type of Beyonder who could effectively move through the spirit world.

Sharron nodded slightly and said, “I can use the cash and the relevant information about Spirit World Plunderers as payment.”

Klein tersely acknowledged.

“I’ll consider it. I’ll write to you before midnight.”

As an excellent Seer, he would head above the gray fog to confirm the level of danger regardless of what it was. However, he could confirm that this was definitely not a trap targeted at him since he had no need for a mummy.

“Alright,” Sharron replied with a deadpan expression.

Klein didn’t immediately bid them farewell as he walked to the door and informed Ian to enter. He then asked, “Are there any news worth taking note of recently?”

Ian thought for a moment and mentioned pieces of information that were relatively important.

"...Someone is trying to find out about the organization that believes in The Fool..."

Klein was somewhat surprised as he asked with a smile, "A young man with black hair and green eyes?"

He suspected that it was Leonard Mitchell.

Ian shook his head.

"No, black hair and black eyes."

Some mister from the Aurora Order? Klein considered for a moment before asking, "Can you draw who it is?"

"..." Ian was taken aback before he said in a self-deprecating manner. "You might never be able to recognize him if that's the case."

At this moment, Sharron said, "I can help you."

"Alright." Ian first heaved a sigh of relief before following the instructions to prepare a rather simple ritual.

Then, his body trembled as he drew a sketch while being possessed by a Wraith:

It was a young man with curly black hair, black eyes, a wide forehead, and a thin face while wearing a monocle.

Amon!

Blasphemer Amon!

Chapter 876: Art of Diverting Trouble

Amon!

Klein's pupils constricted, and although he looked normal on the surface, he tensed up significantly with his heart churning with waves of alarm.

Although he had kept using Amon to scare the grandpa in Leonard's body, as well as the Marauder pathway demigod beside Hazel, he was only using the name. He never expected that this Blasphemer, a King of Angels, would arrive in Backlund so quickly. "He" was even looking for the organization that believed in The Fool!

In fact, although it's surprising, it's understandable. With Backlund having an angel and demigod of the Marauder pathway, it's only a matter of time before Amon arrives based on the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence... The only problem is that "He" has been searching for something in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for so many years, so it's unlikely he would suddenly abandon his search. Besides, "His" mausoleum in the outskirts of Backlund has been destroyed by the Machinery Hivemind, making it difficult for "Him" to come and go as he pleases... Therefore, this isn't "His" main body, but an avatar? An avatar that exists in the Northern Continent? Hmm, an angel of the Marauder pathway should be good at using Worms of Time to create avatars. Amon must be stronger than "Them"... Klein's thoughts raced as fast as lightning as he gradually came to a certain conclusion.

At times, he even suspected that the Mythical Creature of the Marauder pathway was a bunch of Worms of Time that combined together via a certain method.

As a Marauder pathway's King of Angels before the Cataclysm, Amon definitely knows what the name "The Fool" means and can detect the corresponding aura... "He" might even wish to steal control over the gray fog... "He" came here for The Fool this time. This is really going to be a headache... After his initial shock, Klein gradually composed himself.

What he was most afraid of now was that he would end up encountering Blasphemer Amon because of the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence. And Amon was clearly able to detect his uniqueness. When that happens, it might not even cause a stir before the so-called The Fool had to consider if he could be resurrected. After all, this was a King of Angels, an existence just second to a true god. Furthermore, the Marauder pathway was always known for their deceit and concealment. Amon wasn't necessarily afraid to take action, even in Backlund. Perhaps stealing the fate of others was a strength of "His."

From the looks of it, temporarily leaving Backlund to head for West Balam might not be a bad choice... Anyway, the biggest problem stems from myself. If I had already advanced and become a Bizarro Sorcerer, I'll be able to hide the gray fog's aura. Even if I encounter Amon, I won't have to be afraid of exposing anything... Klein drew a silent breath as he once again felt a sense of urgency.

He needed to quickly push open the door to Sequence 4, change his existence, and become a demigod!

For this, he needed to work harder, be it making another marionette, acting at a deeper level to speed up his digestion, or gathering the corresponding ingredients!

Phew... Backlund really is a terrifying place. If Ouroboros hasn't left, or if he has already returned, just the ones I know would number four, no—five angels, including two Kings of Angels! I haven't included the royal family and military who use Backlund

as their base. I haven't included the underground evil spirit whose whereabouts are unknown. A former King of Angels that fused with the wills of two other angels... If the Rose School of Thought's Abomination Suah comes in pursuit of Gehrman Sparrow, that would really be a bustle. This would be nothing compared to the demigod-level battle outside Bayam City... Klein looked at the sketch drawn by Ian as he vaguely shook his head.

"Okay, got it."

He shook his head. To Ian and Maric, he had said so because he didn't know the monocled man, but in fact, he was expressing his exasperation.

"I'll have to leave. I'll reply to you before midnight." Klein took off his hat and bowed, slowly walking out of the billiard room. He then teleported back to 160 Böklund Street from a secluded alley outside the Bravehearts Bar.

Inside his master bedroom, the first thing he considered wasn't Miss Sharron's and Maric's request, but on how he was to deal with the problems that Amon brought with "Him".

In such aspects, being rather experienced, he quickly came up with an idea.

It was to find something for Amon to do to draw "His" attention away!

As for what that was, it was definitely something "He" found irresistible, something that he would definitely be interested in; for example, an angel from the Marauder pathway, Pallez Zoroast!

Perhaps this was key to Amon's ability to become a Sequence 0 true god. It would be something far more important than finding the organization that believed in The Fool.

Of course, Klein definitely wouldn't directly sell out Leonard's grandpa, because "He" had yet to show any ill intent to date.

His thoughts were simple. It was to inform this matter to Pallez Zoroast that Amon was already in Backlund. He wanted to see the reaction of the angel who had survived since the Fourth Epoch; then, he would follow up based on the situation.

If that grandpa is helpless against Amon who's likely only an avatar, he can only get Leonard to use the excuse of a mission to leave Backlund to hide from Amon. As for me, I'll have to bring forward my trip to West Balam. I'll just say that it has something important to do with my network. I'll secretly teleport back for the placenta blood when Snake of Fate Will Auceptin is born... Klein arrived at a decision as he took out a piece of paper and wrote:

"Amon has arrived."

Folding the letter and putting it into an envelope, Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew hard.

When Reinette Tinekerr appeared, he took out a gold coin from his pocket and pressed it on the envelope.

This was one of the ten gold coins that he had gotten Richardson to exchange for him in the afternoon. It was to maintain his image of Dwayne Dantès to being equal to someone at the level of Pallez Zoroast. Even when Klein informed Leonard Mitchell of the method of contact, he didn't inform him that the payment of a gold coin was needed.

This shows that face is something you buy with money... As Klein sighed, he said to Miss Messenger who was wearing a dark, complicated dress.

"Send the letter to 7 Pinster Street. Oh, just throw it into the mailbox. There's no need to send it to the addressee."

As he wasn't certain of Pallez Zoroast's true intentions and character, Klein wished to hide more of his trump cards in front of "Him"; therefore, before Leonard wrote to Klein Moretti, he had no plans on letting the poet see Miss Messenger.

The blonde, red-eyed head in Reinette Tinekerr's left hand was raised up as it sucked the letter and gold coin into its mouth. However, she didn't immediately disappear. Instead, she floated at her spot, looking at Klein silently with all eight eyes.

"What's wrong?" Klein was taken aback before coming up with a guess. He asked with an odd expression, "You don't know where 7 Pinster Street is?"

Only then did he recall that a messenger's delivery of letters depended on their mysticism-based location. It was based on the person they contracted with and people they had formerly delivered letters to. Therefore, once the latter left a detectable range, the messenger would not be able to find them.

Upon hearing Klein's question, two of Reinette Tinekerr's heads nodded in unison, indicating that she didn't know.

Klein immediately coughed lightly, pulled out the drawer, and took out a map of Backlund. He then used a fountain pen to circle out North Borough. Following that, he circled Pinster Street.

“When you’re here, you will see the unit number on the buildings.” Klein folded the map and handed it over.

The head in Reinette Tinekerr’s right hand immediately opened its mouth and bit down on the map. Then, her figure phased away and entered the spirit world.

Upon seeing this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He turned and walked out of his master bedroom and headed for the half-open room with the balcony to read the papers and magazines.

Late into the night, he took four steps counterclockwise before soaking into the bathtub and entering the mysterious space above the gray fog.

“Helping Sharron and Maric obtain the Tutanssess II mummy is dangerous.” Klein took off the topaz pendant on his left wrist and let it hang to perform a divination.

This time, the spirit pendulum rotated clockwise with a weak amplitude and relatively slow frequency.

This means that the danger isn’t too great… Furthermore, even if it’s a trap targeted at Miss Sharron and Maric, there’s no need for the present me to be too afraid… Klein beckoned with his hand as he made a translucent miniature black crystal card fly to him.

This was the Fate Siphon charm.

Klein had used a Worm of Time to create a demigod-level high-level charm!

Right on the heels of that, he summoned Creeping Hunger and the Sea God Scepter. Wearing the former, he picked up the latter and recorded Lightning Storm and Hurricane.

The mutated and upgraded Creeping Hunger could use Mr. X's soul and characteristic to record two demigod-level Beyonder powers that didn't exceed Sequence 3. With this, Klein no longer needed to borrow Leymano's Travels anymore. Furthermore, it was more convenient. After all, flipping a spellbook affected his use of Death Knell and the Fate Siphon charm, unless he grew another two hands.

After making his preparations, Klein returned to the real world, pulled out a piece of paper and wrote simply:

"Exact time, location, and plan."

...

At 1 a.m., Leonard, who had slept two hours, woke up energetically. He prepared to leave 7 Pinster Street and head for the Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement.

Just as he stepped out the door, he suddenly had his spiritual intuition trigger before he subconsciously cast his gaze to the side.

A look of puzzlement flashed in his eyes as he walked over and opened the mailbox.

During dinner, he had cleared the newspapers, bills, and letters inside. Typically, there wouldn't be any items in the mailbox until daybreak. After all, the mailmen would've clocked off work

and returned home. However, at this moment, there was a thin letter waiting silently at the bottom of the mailbox.

"Old Man, you didn't inform me of a new letter," Leonard said softly as he picked up the letter.

The slightly aged voice in his mind replied, "The person didn't enter."

Leonard knew that Old Man's senses were limited to his body; hence, he didn't speak further. He tore open the envelope and took out the letter, flicking it flat.

The letter was mostly empty with just one short line:

"Amon has arrived."

Amon has arrived... Leonard's pupils dilated immediately.

At the same time, he heard the Parasite in him gasp for the first time.

Chapter 877: Whose Trap

Towards Amon, Leonard didn't have a strong, direct impression of him. All he knew was that it was the most feared enemy of the Parasite in his body. "He" was the culprit that left this mysterious and powerful Old Man injured to this day. Therefore, he quickly calmed down and asked with a suppressed voice, "What do we do now?"

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice sounded after three seconds.

"The one that came probably isn't Amon's actual body but one of 'His' avatars."

"He"... Indeed, Blasphemer Amon is an angel, and probably a Sequence 1 angel. After all, Old Man is suspected to be a Grounded Angel... As Leonard absorbed the information to verify his theories, he listened to Pallez Zoroast continue, *"If Amon's actual body appears in Backlund, it might very well cause a deity's descent."*

A deity's descent? How many years has it been since something like this happened? Since the Fifth Epoch, occurrences like these were legends that were recorded in the internal canon. They had never publicly happened before! Could this mean that, even among Sequence 1s, Amon is one of the most powerful existences? It's no wonder "He" is called a Blasphemer... In just a few words, Leonard came to realize how terrifying the angel named Amon was.

Standing in front of the mailbox, his thoughts wandered when he suddenly had an idea. He hurriedly suppressed his voice and said, "Since Amon has such importance placed on him by the deities, shouldn't we try to find a way to inform the Church of the news of 'His' appearance in Backlund..."

From Leonard's point of view, The Church of Evernight and Storm, which was born in an earlier epoch and existed through the entire Fourth Epoch, had rich experience in resisting angels. They were the best choice at dealing with Amon.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast chortled.

"It's useless. It might even be something Amon wishes to accomplish.

"To 'Him,' it's just a loss of an avatar. It will just waste a bit of his strength but not deal 'Him' any actual harm. And 'He' can use the death of 'His' avatar to see the corresponding changes in fate. From that, he will be able to see the source of the stir or the creation of the waves. Although this doesn't allow 'Him' to directly lock onto you and me, he will be able to greatly reduce the circle, creating the conditions for 'His' actual body to deal a lethal blow.

"Besides, do you think there will only be one avatar of Amon in Backlund?

"Based on 'His' habits and style, 'He' might only have one avatar that 'He' doesn't hide, but in fact, surrounding this 'beacon' are several, dozens, or even more than a hundred avatars.

"When we attempt to eliminate the one that's out in the open, it might very well be the case that a few, dozens, or more than a hundred Amons will appear from every spot. 'He' could be a passerby, a bird on the roof, an ant on the ground, and 'He' could also be an insect in wooden logs, microbes in the air. One who isn't a demigod wouldn't notice it even if 'His' avatar invades their bodies..."

As he listened to Old Man's detailed description, Leonard felt a chill run through his back. He suddenly had a feeling that the

surrounding air was filled with countless Amons.

"You're afraid now?" Pallez Zoroast chuckled. *"If you understand how Amon can steal away your fate without showing any anomalies, you will be even more terrified."*

"What do you mean by stealing away my fate?" Leonard asked, feeling wary and puzzled.

Pallez's old voice sighed.

"'He' will follow you back. Then, you'll discover that your parents will be making 'Him' their son. Your wife will view 'Him' as her husband. Your child will treat 'Him' as their father. Your friends, everyone you know, will treat 'Him' as you. And you will be the unlucky one. You will lose all connection with the real world and slowly die."

"...Would such a theft be permanent?" Leonard couldn't help but draw a gasp.

Pallez Zoroast sniggered.

"Before a thief is caught, will he volunteer to return what he stole?

"Unless 'He' has had enough fun with it."

Leonard instantly fell silent. He felt that an enemy at Amon's level was no longer someone one could defend themselves against but was completely unfathomable.

After a few seconds, he asked, hardly being able to hide his hoarse voice, “Then what do we do?”

He didn’t share his own thoughts because they were most likely unpragmatic.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a moment before saying, *“Let’s watch and see.”*

…

Inside the Bravehearts Bar.

Maric was waiting at Billiard Room 3 according to the agreement.

Since Sherlock Moriarty had agreed to provide help, discussing the operation’s details face-to-face was necessary.

It wasn’t something that could be figured out via an exchange of letters.

Guzzling down a mouthful of beer, Maric raised his hand to comb his hair. His pale face was drained of the color of blood. The demented look on his face was a lot less than before.

At this moment, his heart stirred. He looked up to the side and saw a figure in a top hat and formal suit outlined quickly. It was none other than Sherlock Moriarty.

Teleport? Maric’s heart palpitated as his pupils constricted. He

instinctively raised his level of wariness.

This wasn't because he didn't trust Sherlock Moriarty, but a natural reaction for a creature when facing a higher existence on the food chain.

At the same time, he noticed through the corner of his eye that Sharron's doll-like figure had appeared on the high stool.

Klein pressed down his hat and bowed at the two. He said with a smile, "What I'm most concerned about is the amount of intel you have.

"If there's sufficient intel, the chances of success will be higher and the risks lower.

"Let me raise a simple example. Do you believe that Tutanssess II's mummy doesn't have any problems? Can you confirm which coffin it is in? If you can, I can teleport over before the guards react, traveling with it through the spirit world. That way, the problem will be resolved."

Just as Maric tried recalling, he heard Sharron say in a calm tone, "It can be confirmed which coffin it is, but we cannot confirm if there are any problems with it."

Klein nodded and pulled a chair over to sit.

"Apart from that, what else do you know?"

Sharron's blue eyes moved slightly.

“It might be a trap by the Rose School of Thought, or it might be a trap by the Loen military.”

You didn’t mention the second guess previously… That’s right, before obtaining any confirmation of cooperating together, even I wouldn’t divulge too much… Klein thought as he questioned, targeting the latter point.

“A trap meant for the Rose School of Thought?”

Maric answered this time. He said in detail, “In the ancient Highlands Kingdom, creating a mummy was the tradition for an esteemed person. It’s considered sacred, and the Pharaoh’s mummy is not something to be blasphemed against. Back then, before the Loen, Intis, and Feynapotter allied forces attacked this kingdom, the Pharaoh’s descendants had moved the most important batch of mummies, including the remains of the Pharaohs of past dynasties.

“This time, one of the Highlands’ rebel armies had their secret base stormed. The Loen army found the Tutanssess II mummy at the lowest level and plan on delivering it to Backlund to hand it to an unknown military organization for research.

“To the Pharaoh’s descendants, this is an insult of the greatest order. They have a sufficient motive to snatch Tutanssess II’s mummy back. And among these descendants, there’s a demigod named Mahmosi. He’s both one of the main leaders of the rebel army and is also an important member of the Rose School of Thought. He’s the student of Abomination Suah.”

Klein nodded slightly and answered, “That is to say that Tutanssess II’s mummy might be bait for the Loen army to fish out Mahmosi. Of course, this doesn’t exclude the possibility that the Rose School of Thought is deliberately sacrificing a Pharaoh’s remains to eliminate you.”

He originally wanted to say that as a Sequence 6 and 5, there was no need for the Rose School of Thought to go to such an extent. But when he recalled that the present main faction of the Rose School of Thought was “indulgence,” with them not holding back when it came to their desire for revenge, he believed that he couldn’t make a decision using an ordinary person’s point of view.

Furthermore, Miss Sharron and Maric were able to escape the Mother Tree of Desire’s restrictions and successfully escape from the Rose School of Thought. Apart from luck, they might have someone supporting them in secret… If there is such a person, that person is definitely a target the Rose School of Thought wants to be uprooted… Klein’s mind naturally formulated these thoughts, but he didn’t say it out loud.

“Yes,” Maric said as he rubbed the corners of his eyes. The large amount of words he said had made him feel perturbed both in mind and desire.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “If it’s the former, the situation might be more troublesome than I imagined.

“To deal with a demigod, a demigod with companions, the Loen army will have at least two Beyonders at the same combat level as Mahmosi lying in ambush. Apart from that, they will definitely have some redundancies to prevent any accidents. For example, they will prepare a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. In short, if this isn’t near Backlund or made into a joint operation with the three Churches, it might not be possible to so easily set up such a trap.”

Sharron’s chin moved slightly as she nodded in agreement with Sherlock Moriarty’s judgment.

Klein didn’t emphasize the difficulty as he said, “Therefore, we

have to obtain more accurate and detailed intel. From that, we can make more targeted preparations. This will allow us to achieve our goals."

Without waiting for Sharron and Maric to say a word, he added, "I know of a secret existence for magic mirror divination. 'He' strictly adheres to a principle of reciprocity. If you do not mind your privacy or actions that will bring about intense humiliation, you can obtain answers to many questions from 'Him.'

"Are you willing to try?

"I'll perform the summoning."

In dark divination, whoever did the summoning typically suffered the greatest risk.

"What happens if I refuse to divulge my private matters or reject doing such actions?" Maric asked with narrowed eyes.

Klein sincerely replied, "You'll suffer a lightning strike, causing quite significant damage."

Lightning strike... Maric originally believed that with a Zombie's toughness, it wasn't too big a problem to suffer any direct damage, but he had never expected it to be lightning which was relatively strong against the dead.

He hesitated for a moment and glanced at Sharron. After receiving an affirmative nod, he exhaled and said, "Okay."

Klein didn't speak further. He took out a piece of paper from his pocket as he instructed, "Prepare a mirror."

Just as he said that, a palm-sized makeup mirror appeared on the billiard table.

A regal-styled makeup mirror... Klein glanced at it and drew a symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

Chapter 878: Arrodes's Question

With Klein finishing his final stroke, the lights in Billiard Room 3 dimmed.

On the dainty makeup mirror, aqueous patterns rippled out before turning into a dark scene.

Immediately, one bloody word after another appeared:

"Raise your questions."

This scene was filled with a sense of supernatural horror. Even though standing there was a Wraith and a Zombie, they couldn't help but feel overwhelmed as they momentarily didn't dare say a word.

Only Klein continued wearing a smile as though he was accustomed to all of this.

He had previously exhorted Arrodes to not raise questions that were too difficult or private, and also to not act like a servant. If it wasn't because Sharron and Maric could ask much more targeted questions as a result of understanding the situation better, Klein was more inclined to handling it himself and not exposing the reality of having such a "helper."

After a few seconds of silence, Maric took two steps forward, came to the billiard table, and opened his mouth.

At this moment, Sharron gentle but emotionless voice sounded:

“I’ll ask the questions.”

Without waiting for Maric to answer, she floated up into a standing position and looked at the mirror.

“Is the Tutanssess II mummy a trap that the Loen military set up to target the Rose School of Thought?”

The mirror’s blood-red words melted away and slid down, dragging away the stains, barely leaving two words behind which wriggled to form:

“That’s right.”

It is indeed a trap the Loen military set up for the Rose School of Thought. We can preliminary eliminate the situation that it’s a plot the Rose School of Thought has to target Miss Sharron and Maric. After all, the risk involved exceeds the value of a Sequence 5 and 6 combined. Even if the Rose School of Thought can’t curb their desire for revenge, they wouldn’t be this crazy; unless, they were already planning on dealing with the Loen military and decided to involve this matter as well. If that’s the case, the best place to have such a matter unfold would be in the Southern Continent or at sea, and not somewhere in the vicinity of Backlund. Who knows what kind of terrifying fellows are hidden here… Amidst his thoughts, Klein saw the surface of the mirror turn dark again as new blood-colored words appeared:

“Based on the principle of reciprocity, it’s my turn to ask a question.

“If you answer wrong or lie, you will be punished.”

Rather obedient. He didn't make the request of doing artistic actions... Looking at the billiard table, Klein nodded indiscernibly.

At this moment, the words from before slowly vanished, presenting new words:

"You..."

As the bloody word froze for a full three seconds, it followed up:

"...are to answer with the relationship between the Chained God and the Mother Tree of Desire."

For some reason, Klein felt that the remaining parts of the sentence had its blood-colored text darken significantly. Thankfully, the question wasn't too out of place, and it was something he would like to know.

Sharron looked at the mirror and replied in a deadpan manner, "Since the Fifth Epoch, after the perishing of Death, the Eggers family gradually lost control over the Star Highlands and Paz Valley, allowing those places to have their own Beyonder organization, the Rose School of Thought.

"In the beginning, there wasn't the Mother Tree of Desire, only the Chained God. The Rose School of Thought advocated temperance and established a religious ritual system, including laws. Formal members led ascetic lives to deal with the repercussions of receiving powers.

"One day, a divine revelation added terms about indulgence. Many people slowly changed and restored ancient but bloody

primitive sacrificial traditions. Later, the School of Thought's upper echelons began secretly calling the Chained God the manifestation of the Mother Tree of Desire."

By the sound of it, the Chained God was corrupted by the Mother Tree of Desire bit by bit or replaced... If this entity was once a Sequence 0, then the Mother Tree of Desire is truly terrifying. It's no wonder it's viewed as an enemy by all the other deities... However, the Chained God might not be a Sequence 0. There's a small possibility of being a Uniqueness that has fully come to life, or a King of Angels with two Sequence 1 characteristics, or even someone weaker. There's currently not enough information to verify the matter... Klein frowned slightly as he began thinking about the matters regarding the Mother Tree of Desire.

At this moment, Sharron had switched to asking, "What problems does the Tutanssess II mummy possess?"

On the mirror's surface, the blood-red text squirmed and changed into a complete sentence:

"It's filled with hexes, a manifestation of hexes. It has the possibility of automatically becoming a Zombie."

This mummy is comprised of hexes? As expected of a corpse left behind by a High-Sequence Beyonder... How should this be resolved? Klein turned to look at Sharron and Maric and discovered that they were sufficiently calm without any hint of surprise, as though they already knew that. And this also meant that they had the means to resolve the matter. Of course, Sharron didn't have much of an expression regardless of the matter. She was as calm as she always was.

After Arrodes answered, it followed the principle of reciprocity and raised its question:

“You…”

“…have been trying hard to increase your Sequence. Why do you do so?”

This time, it had used the same bloody text as the opening, but the words that followed after a few seconds didn’t appear that bright.

Does this mean that Arrodes is hesitating and struggling, resisting its own urges? On the one hand, it finds it difficult to curb its wishes to raise difficult-to-answer questions, but on the other hand, it’s taking my instructions into considerations and thus holding back? Klein thought in amusement.

Sharron stood there in silence before gently moving her lips.

“In the beginning, it was to not be bullied by others. Now, it’s to have the strength to protect myself and my companions, and revenge, as well as spread the principle of temperance… If everyone can temper their desires, to not have wars and killing, there will be less misery.”

Klein was surprised by what he heard. His impression of Sharron was that she was a woman of few words.

It wasn’t that she couldn’t say that many words, but that even if she had much to say, she held back greatly and didn’t provide any additional descriptions. For example, in her answer to the first question, she had simply recounted the situation, and although she appeared to say a lot, she hadn’t said one word more or anything subjective. The words she added towards the end was a relatively talkative act based on her character.

This is something that's been on her mind, a point of view that she has been repressing for a very long time? Klein suddenly imagined the chaotic reality of the wars in the Southern Continent.

They were lands with plenty of slavery. There were batches of people from the lower class who died of hunger and sickness. There were constant wars and live sacrifices.

If I were born in the Southern Continent and could live to this point, I'll definitely wish for world peace and happiness to the people... Speaking of which, Miss Sharron and Maric do not look like they are of Southern Continent descent. That's right, before Death perished, passage between the Northern and Southern Continent was allowed... Also, Sharron mentioned revenge. That word was said without conviction, as though she doesn't hold out hope for it. Or does she not have that strong of a desire for it? Klein sighed silently as he watched Sharron raise detail after detail and answer question after question.

After learning of the situation regarding the Tutanssess II mummy, Sharron asked again, "Apart from Mahmosi, who are the High-Sequence Beyonders that will appear in this trap?"

The mirror surface's aqueous wave rippled and formed a bright light, one that enveloped everything. Nothing else could be seen.

With Arrodes's powers, it likely involves an angel or Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. That's why it wasn't able to provide an accurate answer... Klein retracted his gaze and said to Sharron and Maric with a smile, "From the looks of it, it's as I guessed. The Loen military has prepared plenty of redundancies."

Sharron nodded slightly as she continued staring at the mirror, awaiting the secret existence to raise "His" question.

The blood-colored text squirmed and no longer paused like before. Everything appeared at once.

"What are your thoughts regarding your teacher?"

Teacher? Miss Sharron has a teacher... That's right, as part of the temperance faction, to not be influenced by the Rose School of Thought which had changed internally, and to keep to her original path, someone must've provided her with help... This is also one of the reasons why she and Maric could escape? Enlightened, Klein anticipated Sharron's answer.

Sharron pursed her lips.

"I respect 'Her'."

...*She used 'Her'?* Klein nearly couldn't maintain his smile from the shock.

Including the orthodox Churches and the various major Beyonder organizations, Grounded Angels were very rare. There might only be one or two. He originally imagined that Sharron's teacher was a Sequence 4 or 3 saint with a peak strength equivalent to Sea King Jahn Kottman. To his surprise, she had used "Her" as a pronoun. In Loen, ancient Feysac, and even Jotun and Elvish, this pronoun was very different from his, her, its!

After his shock, Klein suddenly sighed deeply. *Miss Sharron's current situation largely implies that her teacher is probably not around. She and Maric escaped perhaps due to the final struggle of the temperance faction within the Rose School of Thought. And to the Mother Tree of Desire, either it's corruption or decimation to create a Sealed Artifact. There will not be any other choices.*

The mirror turned dark again as the bright red text vanished.

After a while, new words appeared again.

“Continue.”

“I no longer have any questions. Thank you for your help,” Sharron curtsied as she said slowly.

With her saying that, the mirror returned to normal. The lighting in the billiard room wasn’t dim any longer.

Sharron looked at Klein and said in a tone without any abnormalities, “We shall forgo this matter.”

Clearly, she also understood the meaning behind the blast of light that appeared during the hidden existence’s final answer.

Klein shook his head and smiled.

“There’s no need to rush into a decision. Let me ask you a few more things. Perhaps there might still be a chance that doesn’t require us to take too much of a risk.”

At least my divination results say that it’s possible! he added silently.

“What is it?” Maric couldn’t help but ask.

Chapter 879: Dual Purpose

Upon hearing Maric's question, Klein picked up the piece of paper with the symbol that summoned Arrodes and shook it as he wiped away his smile. He said in all seriousness, "Tell me the detailed process for creating a Pharaoh mummy in the ancient Highlands Kingdom."

As he said that, the piece of paper was engulfed in scarlet-red flames, turning to ash.

Maric glanced at Sharron and replied after some thought.

"First step, lay it down for three to five days and use some auxiliary methods to make the Beyonder characteristic naturally seep out and not become a Sealed Artifact from fusing with any parts of the Pharaoh's body.

"Second step, hold a cleansing ritual. Place the corpse on an altar, pray to the Chained God, and hope that half the deceased's spirit remains in the body. This won't affect the return of the son of God, and it can also allow the created mummy to maintain a long period of spirituality.

"Third step, using Beyonder powers or actual technology, remove the corpse's brain, innards, and bodily fluids, leaving only the heart.

"Fourth step, stuff the corpse with perfumes and medicine that's filled with spirituality and completely dehydrate the body...

"Fifth step, stuff the perfumes and medicine inside again.

Arrange some preparations for a ritual on the corpse's surface, then wrap it up in linen bandages before putting it into a sarcophagus.

"Sixth step, the organs which were handled in a similar manner as the fourth step will be used as materials for the ritual. They will be placed in the four corners of the sarcophagus. Likewise for the brain and bodily fluids. The former will be stirred into mush, mixing with the latter. And the sarcophagus will have some preserved circulatory tracts that mimic the deceased state before death… This can gather spirituality from the spirit world and the surroundings, making the Pharaoh mummy an ingredient rich in spirituality even after more than a millennium. It can be made into a rather powerful zombie…"

Sounds like it has nothing to do with enhancing one's ability in that area. I wonder how Apothecaries turn such rot into a miracle. Yes, there seems to be a difference in the way Egyptian mummies are made on Earth. The level of mysticism involved is a lot greater… Klein finished listening carefully and quickly analyzed if there was anything that could be used as part of the plan.

Regardless, Tutanssess II's mummy is something with extreme research value. Unless it's necessary, no one is willing to destroy it… Klein fell into deep thought for a moment before looking at Sharron who had returned onto her high stool. He asked with a solemn expression, "What's the furthest distance you can travel with Mirror Blink?"

Sharron sat there and answered without any hesitation, "300 meters."

That's far enough, much better than my Flaming Jump. However, this is expected. After all, a Wraith's main trait is to come and go without detection, while Flaming Jump is just part of a magic show… Hmm, not bad. This can be used… Klein couldn't help but inwardly make a poignant remark.

Although he once had a Wraith marionette, he didn't know the limits of Mirror Blink, because before it could reach its limit, it would slip out from his control radius. Once that happened, the marionette was equivalent to a dead object. The blink would fail midway.

Klein asked a few more questions and formulated a general plan. After looking at Sharron and Maric separately, he said with a steady tone, "We still have a chance of snatching Tutanssess II's mummy away. There is a risk, but it won't be high.

"Yes, that's on the condition that the two of you listen to my instructions. Let me lead this operation. Of course, if you believe it's unacceptable, you can choose to terminate the operation midway and choose to return. That's your freedom. Just remember to pay me."

If this was in the past, Maric would've rejected the proposal without a thought. He and Sharron were considered very experienced Mid-Sequence Beyonders, so how could he listen to a newly-advanced Beyonder who had once sought their protection before? But after the previous cooperation effort, the intelligence, adaptability, and the mysterious items Sherlock Moriarty possessed had left a deep impression on Maric. He couldn't help but consider him as equals. When news of Gehrman Sparrow continuously reached Backlund, he had been shocked, being even more convinced that he was one of the strongest Beyonders below that of High-Sequence Beyonders. In mysticism, this was a form of authority when it came to Beyonder combat.

Since he possessed authority, it meant abiding by it!

He can still teleport... Maric recalled the way Sherlock Moriarty appeared, and he had a strong sense of confidence bolstered within him. Perhaps there was a chance of success.

He turned his head and looked at Sharron.

The two nodded in unison.

“Alright,” Sharron responded, her blue eyes not showing any signs of hesitation.

Klein immediately revealed a smile.

“I’ll go into the specifics when we rendezvous at the scene.”

Apart from defining the problems and obtaining a more accurate account of the situation, his deliberate appearance using Traveling and providing a “secret existence” to obtain intel was also to establish his image. It boosted the way they viewed him, giving him the ability to be in charge.

As a Marionettist, even without a marionette for the time being, he had to control others to complete a targeted act!

To Klein, this operation was partly to help Sharron and Maric, but he also had hopes of using this grand act and his directing of puppets to further accelerate the digestion of his potion.

It had to be said that the immense pressure of Amon’s appearance in Backlund and his recent interaction with Spectators had allowed the marionette-less him to greater understand the Marionettist principle he had previously concluded. With his marionette as a lead, he could control his enemies to put on a puppet act in real life.

His current idea was:

Even without a marionette, he could use his dominance, language, and the settings he designed, or a combination of these factors, to control his target, putting on a puppet act in real life.

Marionettists weren't only controlling Spirit Body Threads!

And what he did previously was merely a small attempt.

Just like Amon, a simple appearance is enough to put many matters into motion. It makes me and Pallez Zoroast appear to be waiting for "Him" to signal with a wave of the conductor's baton... Klein silently sighed as he heard Sharron and Maric answer in unison, "Okay."

...

In the evening at Pritz Harbor, there were elegant gas street lamps made of black metal. They illuminated the various streets with the light they emitted.

At this moment, most of the ships had moored. Silence was the main tune of the area.

At the top of a warehouse, there were many wooden crates circling an area. Three figures suddenly appeared from the void. They were none other than Sherlock Moriarty in his formal suit and top hat, Maric in his white shirt and black vest, and Sharron who always wore a black bonnet and regal dress.

With the help of Teleport, they directly traveled from Backlund all the way here. There was quite a distance between them and the dock where the ship that carried the Tutanssess II mummy

was moored at.

Klein pressed down with his right hand as the bottom of his feet stepped on the wood. He nimbly leaped above the crossbar and, like walking on flat ground, quickly arrived by the wall.

There was a tiny air vent here.

He then took out the telescope provided by Sharron, and he looked at the dock based on the intel.

All the building roofs were occupied by soldiers with steam backpacks and thick-barreled rifles. They patrolled the area and were alert of their surroundings, prepared to shoot at any trespassers who dared come near. Only one warning was to be given.

Apart from them, there were a few exaggerated robot monsters parked around the dock. They were entirely metal, and their height had exceeded that of giants. At the top of them, cold machine guns could rotate, and a steam chimney stood erect. The bottoms were grayish-white in color, with many parts exposing rivets, nuts, and gears. They looked rather crude.

In addition, in front of the robots was a very thick cannon. Situated underneath it were two rows of metal wheels with rubber treads.

They were obviously manned, but Klein couldn't see who they were, making it impossible to determine if they were Beyonders or not.

Close to these steel monsters, above the dock was a dark black

metal tower standing at a height of more than ten meters. It had a complicated pulley system that seemed to lack any sophistication. Drooping down were steel cables and a hook.

On the surface, it doesn't seem too simple, but it can't be considered a high-level military operation... Klein retracted his gaze and threw the telescope to the approaching Maric so that he could observe the situation.

Before they started taking action, they had come to an agreement. It was to not use Beyonder powers, relying on non-mysticism methods to spy on their target to avoid sounding off any alarms. After all, it was very likely that a demigod was lurking in the dock district.

Of course, Klein had adjusted the powers recorded inside Creeping Hunger. He had matched Paper Angel with Hurricane instead of Lightning Storm.

After Sharron was kept up to date with the situation, Klein, who was standing by a wooden frame, revealed a seemingly relaxed smile.

"We only have one purpose today. It is to make an attempt if there's a chance. If there isn't, we'd rather observe by the side and even evacuate ahead of time.

"Any questions?"

"No," Sharron calmly replied. Maric shook his head, expressing the same intent.

Klein nodded and looked at Maric.

“How many mirrors have you brought?”

“Nine.” Maric showed his preparations as he pointed to his eyes. “These also count.”

“Alright.” Klein pointed in a direction. “When I leave, you are to head for Pritz Harbor. Along the way, throw these mirrors.”

Maric gaped as though he wanted to ask why. But soon, he understood Sherlock Moriarty’s intentions and nodded seriously.

“I’ll follow your instructions.”

Klein smiled as he extended his hand in midair.

“I hope for a pleasant partnership.”

Maric hesitated for a second before extending his right hand to struck palms with him.

After doing this, the tense feelings in him felt relieved for some reason.

Klein turned to Sharron, took out an iron cigar case, and passed it to her.

“Take this. After receiving my cue, fly towards the lighthouse.

“Following that, silently count down from three before removing

the wall of spirituality.

“During this process, as well as after it’s completed, you must not stop flying. Try to fly as irregularly as possible, regardless of the methods employed.

“When you see me create fireworks, immediately isolate the cigar case with a wall of spirituality, and do a Mirror Blink in Maric’s direction. Use everything you have.

“After you meet up, flee all the way without waiting for me. I’ll teleport to you.”

One of the core items in the operation tonight was Azik’s copper whistle!

Stealing the Tutanssess II mummy is difficult, but I can get it to run towards me!

Chapter 880: The Silent One

After hearing Sherlock Moriarty's plan, Sharron didn't say anything apart from nod her head once in agreement.

Klein immediately took out a steel-gray metal mask and wore it, only revealing his eyes and nostrils.

Similarly, Sharron and Maric wore similar masks as well.

However, they had different reasons for the disguise. For the Wraith and Zombie, it was solely to prevent themselves from being recognized by the Loen military; thus, curtailing their ability to be active in Backlund. As for a Faceless, the act of wearing a mask hid his pathway's trait of being able to change appearances. It was a form of misdirection for the Loen military's and Rose School of Thought's subsequent investigations. After all, they would follow normal logic. Since your face was fake to begin with, why would you do the unnecessary act of wearing a mask?

After waiting for a while, a dull whistle sounded as a ship cruised into the port in the darkness.

Klein returned to the vent, raised the telescope, and cast his gaze at the heavily guarded harbor.

He soon saw a hybrid sailboat with a chimney slowing down as it docked. Meanwhile, two squads of soldiers in red tops and white pants ran over in an orderly fashion with rifles in hand before standing on two sides of a path.

Before long, a gangway was lowered, and people from the ship began alighting.

First were sailors carrying wooden crates. Following that, it was a young man dressed in a major's uniform. He held a small casket made of crystal with a heavy expression. Surrounding him were several members of the ship's crew.

The crew were holding lanterns, illuminating the casket from various angles; thus, accentuating what was inside.

In it was a human skull without any flesh and blood left. It had a strange luster swirling under the light!

The group of people moved at a rather slow speed, as though they were constantly taking note of the angles of illumination to not leave any dark spots.

After they got off the ship, they followed the path to the nearest cargo rail where a steam locomotive was waiting there like a giant serpent. In the cabin behind, a man in a black formal suit walked out.

He was carrying a huge iron bucket, and diagonally above, one could see that it contained layers of ice blocks.

For a second, Klein nearly imagined that there was a bottle of wine inside the ice blocks, just like how alcohol was presented amongst high society and high-end restaurants. However, he soon saw what was embedded in the ice.

It was a hand made purely out of gold!

Unlike the group of people, the man carrying the bucket moved very quickly. Beads of perspiration kept dripping from his forehead as the contact between his palms and the metal surface produced mist.

He seemed to be worried that the ice would completely melt before he arrived at his destination.

The military managed to plunder quite a number of Sealed Artifacts at the Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains... Klein sighed poignantly as he patiently waited for Tutanssess II's sarcophagus to appear.

Another ten plus minutes passed when, situated in the distance, Klein, Sharron, and Maric heard heavy footsteps.

It was like a giant walking over a hollow deck.

Right on the heels of that, the cabin's side door opened. Four "knights" in black full-body armor carried a golden sarcophagus as they slowly walked out. Their footsteps clinked and clanked, reverberating.

The sarcophagus's surface was engraved with symbols like strange birds, serpents, feathers, and masks. It appeared ancient and mysterious, with the rich flair of an ancient Highlands Kingdom. It was none other than the Tutanssess II mummy's resting bed!

Sounds of metallic chains grinding against each other sounded as a pitch-black metal capstan slowly rotated, lowering the steel cables and hook down. People began securing them against the corners of Tutanssess II's sarcophagus.

Then, a complicated gear system began operating as the heavy sarcophagus was hung up, moving towards a topless carriage outside the harbor.

The four black, full-bodied-armored "knights" had the pressure on them relieved as they sat on the deck, letting out heavy panting.

Amidst the panting, one of the "knights" suddenly grunted.

In a crevice of his armor, dark red blood streamed out in increasing amounts. Towards the end, tiny black armored worms began crawling out of it.

Thud!

The "knight" fell backward, his helmet falling off, revealing mangled flesh and a head whose eye sockets were empty. Countless black armored worms crawled out.

A hex... Tutanssess II's mummy is a manifestation of hexes itself... Even when wearing armor with augmented blessings, it's unable to completely avoid being cursed... Klein sighed silently as he cast his gaze to the golden sarcophagus which was being slowly lowered onto the carriage.

The carriage outside the harbor didn't have any horses. Standing around the carriage were four "knights" in the same outfits as the ones before.

With the sarcophagus landing, they approached the carriage in preparation to pull it.

At this moment, the wheels of the carriage suddenly begun spinning as it maintained its balance and began moving towards the side.

At that moment, it seemed to come to life!

Klein's mind tensed up as his gaze turned intense.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The wheels spun rapidly, slamming into the rocks, logs, and steps on an irregular path. The carriage without any horses dragged the golden sarcophagus as it moved towards an empty spot of the harbor.

This scene looked like a scene as described in a horror story.

Close to the harbor, a steel monster with a chimney, cannon, and machine gun turned around as a deep voice was heard from the inside without any obstacles.

"Possession is prohibited here."

Just as this was said, the carriage which was moving by itself lost its drive. After drawing out two long tracks, it steadily came to a halt.

At the same time, a figure wearing a white robe with golden threads was outlined in midair. He had pale-yellow curled hair, with his eye sockets clearly recessed. His face was thin to the bone.

This was a middle-aged man with mixed heritage from the Southern and Northern Continent. His brown eyes had

irrepressible maleficence and madness. His rather thick lips were pierced with dense, patterned golden nails that sealed his mouth. He exuded a sinister and terrifying feeling.

According to Sharron's and Maric's description of the characteristics and portrait, Klein instantly recognized him to be an important member of the Rose School of Thought, one of the leaders of the Highland's rebel army, Mahmosi, who had the nickname, The Silent One.

Just as Mahmosi appeared, he cast his gaze to the steel monster that had issued the command. He completely ignored the Tutanssess II sarcophagus that was staying put diagonally beneath him.

His previous attempt was apparently to determine the location of the Loen military's demigod!

In a snap, Mahmosi raised his right hand and pulled at the corner of his mouth.

The golden nails that pierced through his lips shot out like bullets as they no longer sealed his mouth.

Following that, Mahmosi opened his mouth.

Klein didn't hear any sound, nor did he see any light. He discovered the gigantic steam chariot seemed to warp like it was melting. In a blink of an eye, it had transformed into a goat.

A goat with glazed eyes and messy wool!

With a spurting sound, blood spewed out of the goat's abdomen as a blob of flesh rolled out. Embedded in it was a white glove and a golden mask.

A beam suddenly shot out from the flesh, cleaving through all the chaos and evilness. The squirming flesh and blood began forming a humanoid figure, returning to its original appearance.

It was a black-haired, golden-eyed man with a mask.

At this moment, Mahmosi raised his palm, causing all the guns and cannons that were aiming at him to rise into the sky as they shot into the air.

Then, he took out a cloth doll.

The doll seemed to be made of old cloth. There were obvious stains and specks of blood. Its eyes had been dug out, leaving two empty holes.

The moment it saw light, its face began transforming. Its target of reference was none other than the demigod from the Loen military. Its eye sockets were aimed straight at the man in the golden mask!

When the Loen military's demigod saw this, he immediately made the ring on his right hand emit a crystalline beam of light as he vanished from his spot, phasing to the back of Mahmosi.

However, the doll's transformation didn't stop at all.

Meanwhile, to the side of Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, the space

around it warped as a translucent mouth spanning more than ten meters was outlined.

The mouth suddenly opened and sucked in, creating a terrifying gale that swept up the sarcophagus and the carriage together.

It was suspected to be a spirit world creature!

It was about to devour the Tutanssess II mummy's sarcophagus!

Suddenly, the bullets and cannonballs that shot into the air turned brilliant as they gathered together, transforming into a grand sea of light that inundated everything.

Klein felt a stabbing pain in his eyes, and even though he closed them in time, tears still flowed down.

Two seconds later, he opened his eyes again and saw the spirit world creature that was only a gigantic mouth had disappeared. Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus remained sitting silently on the other carriage. Mahmosi's figure had blinked away to the other end of the harbor thanks to a metallic surface. The dirty doll in his hand had been restored to its original form while the masked golden-eyed man did a short-distance teleport as he engaged in tight pursuit.

And the spot where the two were originally standing, a female figure in a black evening gown appeared. She too was wearing a golden mask, and on her head was a crown folded from thorns.

On the crown, pure light quickly swirled, amassing an "ocean"; however, it was in a dim state.

At this moment, Klein saw a hand—a hand wearing a black glove.

It was hidden in the shadows, reaching out as it grabbed at the sarcophagus where Tutanssess II's mummy was stored.

The sarcophagus suddenly vanished, appearing right in front of the palm!

The Rose School of Thought hadn't sent one demigod, but two. Furthermore, they brought with them a Sealed Artifact from the Marauder pathway!

Upon seeing this, Klein immediately turned his head and shouted to Maric, "Run!"

Maric had been awaiting his orders, so he leaped up the moment he heard that, rushing out of the warehouse as he dashed fervently out of the harbor.

Klein immediately turned around and yelled out to Sharron, "Begin!"

Sharron didn't hesitate as well. Holding the iron cigar case, she flew towards the lighthouse. As a Wraith, the walls and obstacles along the way were nonexistent.

The commotion she and Maric created had probably been detected, but as it was far from the harbor and far from the battlefield, no one paid attention or bothered.

Klein quickly retracted his gaze, extended his left hand, and

aimed his palm at the ventilation hole—right where Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus was.

In less than a second, a blurry book materialized before him as an ethereal, distant chant sounded in his ears:

"I came, I saw, I record."

The pages flipped before landing on one page.

Hurricane!

This was a demigod-level Beyonder power that had a wide area of effect!

Chapter 881: A Play

The Rose School of Thought demigod, who was hiding in the shadows, wore a hooded black robe and a golden mask with red and black patterns smeared across it. His figure couldn't be made out, but he was definitely not short, standing at a height of 1.8 meters.

He used the Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact to steal Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, placing it before him. Immediately, his body phased away and drew out an extended form as though he had turned into a thick, long, and soft rope.

This transparent and nearly ethereal "rope" quickly bound the heavy sarcophagus in a bid to bring it into the spirit world.

At this moment, a strong gust of wind sounded in the Rose School of Thought demigod's ears. They clashed in the air, forming an explosive-like stir.

Boom!

Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus was sent flying as the transparent "rope" around it unfurled, shrinking back into a humanoid form.

This Rose School of Thought demigod floated diagonally downwards in an uncontrollable manner before turning into a wraith, no—an evil spirit's form. He allowed the intense winds to blow through his body without making any additional movements.

He saw eddies in the air swirl up rapidly as an unrestrained hurricane suddenly appeared, sweeping up the rocks, gravel, trash, and parts of the harbor's roof into the air. Even the carriage which had been autonomously moving before flew up because of its proximity. It was torn into pieces amidst the strong winds.

Seemingly lucky, but in fact an expected outcome, the shadows where the Rose School of Thought demigod was hiding didn't have any Loen soldiers and was far from the main path.

The lady in the black evening gown and crown of thorns was obstructed by the hurricane as her body involuntarily wavered backward. She was unable to immediately rush to the golden sarcophagus that had been thrown up into the air, and she could only use her momentum to turn her body sideways, casting her gaze to a warehouse that stood far away outside the dock district.

Immediately after that, she turned her head to look at the Rose School of Thought demigod because he wasn't affected by the hurricane.

"Confinement!" The lady who was also wearing a golden mask raised her left hand and grabbed at her enemy's figure within her sights.

The Rose School of Thought demigod had formidable spiritual intuition. As he sensed the danger with the help of his spiritual intuition, he did a Mirror Blink ahead of time, leaping onto a piece of glass about eighty meters away.

At this moment, the hurricane seemed to stabilize itself and rapidly calmed down.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The items that had been swept up fell to the ground, including the golden sarcophagus that contained Tutanssess II.

Bang!

It slammed open a crater as it completely broke apart after suffering the wrath of the hurricane.

The lid at the top flew up, scattering the gold and gems that were sealed in the top two layers of the sarcophagus as burial items.

Then, the lower level of the sarcophagus tumbled a few times, dropping golden boxes and jade containers that stored the desiccated organs.

A corpse that was bound in yellowish-brown cloth tumbled out. Its surface was covered in a dark red, oily liquid.

This was none other than the mummy created after Tutanssess II passed away. It was extremely thin, and its face had a golden mask with patterns covering it just like the mask worn by the demigod from the Rose School of Thought. Embedded in its eye sockets were two abnormally pure onyx gems.

The moment the mummy appeared, the surroundings seemed to dim. The sarcophagus's main body stopped as dark red liquid flowed out of it, soaking the nearby soil.

When the Rose School of Thought demigod with the Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact saw this scene, he was first enraged before he thought of something. The look in his eyes turned into pleasant surprise.

His figure vanished from the glass fragment, phasing into the two onyx “eyeballs” of Tutanssess II. Then, he possessed the mummy and attempted to pull it into the spirit world!

Suddenly, he sensed that the mummy in his Evil Spirit Vision had vanished.

Simultaneously, the Tutanssess II mummy with a slanted golden crown on its head suddenly bounced up, turning its onyx-embedded face towards the only lighthouse in Pritz Harbor.

This Pharaoh, which had been dead for centuries, produced an inhuman cry from its throat. Bound with yellowish-brown bandages, it freed its shriveled leg, strode and ran off!

It seemed to be running towards freedom, but it had forgotten one thing. It was just a corpse. It should be lying down in silence.

Tap! Tap! Tap! The Tutanssess II mummy finished accelerating just as it began.

Upon seeing this, the lady with the crown of thorns raised her right palm and aimed at the mutated mummy.

“All the dead will receive their eternal peace,” she said a few words in ancient Hermes.

Bang!

The Tutanssess II mummy exerted strength in its legs as it leaped up, jumping into another direction, escaping the region that would make it enjoy its eternal rest, doing so in a way that

didn't adhere to a zombie's agility.

Further away, the black-haired, golden-eyed man, who was pursuing Mahmosi, narrowed his eyes as his ring once again emitted a crystalline beam of light.

His figure teleported in front of the mummy as he attempted to stop the deceased from moving away.

However, Tutanssess II changed directions once again, charging out from a different angle.

It kept changing its direction, as though its goal was to approach the lighthouse by following an irregular route!

Mahmosi's heart stirred as his body suddenly vanished, flashing onto a piece of glass not far from the mummy.

He used this as a springboard and finally appeared in the two onyx in Tutanssess II's eye sockets!

Although the Loen military's demigod had restricted Possession, the Highlands Kingdom's Pharaoh was no ordinary item. It had some spirituality remaining!

Seeing his partner succeed, the demigod with the Marauder pathway Sealed Artifact didn't hesitate to extend his black-gloved left hand, aimed it at the lady in the evening gown, and gripped his hand into a fist before turning it half a circle.

The lady immediately felt her thoughts go adrift for a second. Following that, she was bound tightly by her own gown. Almost

at the same time, the Loen soldier far away on the warehouse rooftops found it difficult to control their rifles as they aimed in her direction and pulled their triggers.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The steel monsters with thick cannons also unleashed their cannonballs at the lady.

The golden-eyed demigod didn't attempt to save his partner. Instead, he looked at Tutanssess II's mummy which had come to a stop because of Mahmosi's possession. He gripped his right hand into a fist and waved it abruptly.

"Execution!"

A look of joy flashed past his eyes because it didn't matter if the mummy died again, but Mahmosi couldn't afford that!

Elsewhere, just as the bullets and cannonballs were to hit the lady, they suddenly slowed down as though they had sunken into a quagmire formed of air. They were repelled by a power that stemmed from laws.

On the lady's head, the crown of thorns lit up suddenly, using up more than half of the accumulated "ocean of light."

The hooded Rose School of Thought demigod immediately discovered this as he vanished from a location far away from it, as though he was fundamentally wiped away. This also meant that he had "arrived" in front of the lady and saw her raise her right hand.

Gathered within her right hand was pure condensed light. They transformed into a blazing spear that had two pure white wings sweep out at its tip, enveloping the spearhead like an angel's embrace.

The Rose School of Thought demigod's eyes widened immediately as he heard the footsteps of death. He attempted to use Mirror Blink to leap away, but he found that his surroundings were sealed by the pure white wings.

An intense sense of fear surged within him and inundated his reason, making him abandon his resistance towards his roots to his being and strength.

At this moment, a shrieking wail sounded as the lady's eyes temporarily turned turbid.

The blazing spear in her right hand deviated to the side as she failed to maintain its stability. It collapsed into a gorgeous blast of light as it was swept up in the air like a hurricane.

And in the vicinity of the Tutanssess II mummy, Mahmosi had stopped his possession. Beside him, a dirty doll fell to the ground.

The doll's chest had a tear that nearly penetrated it.

It stood up and its eyeless face seemed to come to life, turning abnormally warped and gruesome. It continuously wailed with a shrieking tone, causing the nearby Loen golden-eyed demigod to feel an invisible hand grabbing at his neck as he kicked and struggled in midair.

It was because of this doll's existence that Mahmosi wasn't "Executed." Likewise, the other Rose School of Thought demigod wasn't struck by the blazing spear.

When the latter saw this, he immediately used Mirror Blink to approach the Tutanssess II mummy that was still focused on moving in the direction of the lighthouse. He planned on using this opportunity to join forces with Mahmosi to achieve the goal of their operation.

At this moment, the lady in the evening gown erased the distance, appearing directly above them. The crown of thorns on her head emitted the purest of light.

She pressed down with her right hand and said, "This place will have the mysterious weakened and the real strengthened!"

Just as she said that, the blood-stained doll immediately lost its expression and stopped shrieking. The golden-eyed demigod from the Loen military finally had a chance to catch a breather. He forcefully pulled away the hexed hand that was grappling his throat.

From that moment, their demigod powers rapidly declined as attacks that stemmed from reality were rapidly boosted.

This also meant that the Loen soldiers at the top of the warehouse and the steam chariot that was slowly approaching on its treads were the victors in this battle!

To the Loen army, this was a situation where their advantage was extremely amplified!

Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod immediately reacted. One of them tried to possess the mummy, while the other attempted to pick up the eyeless doll. They planned on escaping before their strength decreased to a certain threshold.

Of course, the lady with the evening gown and the golden-eyed demigod couldn't allow the enemy to do as they wished, but just as they were about to take action, a light streaked into the sky and exploded into dreamy fireworks.

Right on the heels of that, the two demigods felt their spiritual perception trigger simultaneously as they looked into opposite directions.

A hand wearing a transparent glove reached out from the void beside Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus, grabbing a handful of soil that was soaked with dark red liquid.

The liquid was a mixture of Tutanssess II's brain matter and bodily fluids. It was a ritualistic material used to maintain its spirituality, and the latter contained its blood!

Mahmosi and the Rose School of Thought demigod, who wielded the Sealed Artifact also looked over, and they happened to see a figure wearing a formal suit and top hat appear.

This figure was bending his back to pick up the soil soaked with dark red liquid.

During this process, he kept his right hand to his left breast, as though he was bowing towards the demigods. Then, maintaining this pose, he looked up to reveal his metal-gray masked face before rapidly fading away into nothingness.

Chapter 882: Core of Mischief

Carrying the iron cigar case in hand while passing through walls to leave the warehouse that she was hiding in, Sharron strictly followed Sherlock Moriarty's arrangements, using her state as a Wraith to fly to the tallest building in Pritz Harbor, the lighthouse.

Right on the heels of that, she silently counted down.

Three... Two... One...

Before she could gather her thoughts, Sharron's ear resonated with an intense boom. The harbor in the distance seemed to be swept by a terrifying hurricane.

She held the iron cigar case in her left hand as her nails suddenly grew sharp before stabbing into the wall of spirituality, completely destroying the invisible "isolation" with an attack filled with a Wraith's spirituality.

A sudden gust of wind gushed outwards in every direction as Sharron suddenly felt her Spirit Body become augmented. And this stemmed from the item stored inside the iron cigar case.

She wasn't affected by her curiosity, accustomed to restraining her emotions as she continued approaching the lighthouse at high speeds.

During this entire process, she kept maintaining an irregular trajectory, occasionally lunging forward to the left or drifting upwards to the right. At times, she would rely on Mirror Blink to

leap onto a different trajectory before continuing her approach to the target.

This made it seem like she was dodging an invisible and terrifying enemy, but Sharron knew very well that nothing was chasing her, nor was she locked on by a distant attack.

She felt as though she was performing in a one-man show without any opponents.

However, she didn't have any doubts, nor did she waste any time to observe or wait. She pretended that within the air in her surroundings was The Silent One Mahmosi and the Loen military's demigods, doing her best to dodge and slip past them.

As her flight continued, Sharron's blue eyes which were peeled towards the air had a red stream of light reflected in them.

It flew from above, suddenly blasting apart, turning into beautiful fireworks that was a mix of red, orange, and yellow.

Sharron immediately retracted her gaze. As she used her Wraith fingernails to spew spirituality and reform the wall of isolation, she leaped towards the path Maric had laid.

There were shattered mirrors placed at fixed distances in a periodic manner. With her dainty bonnet and black dress, her figure kept flashing to them, and soon, she appeared inside Maric's brown eyes.

She then lightly took a stride out, the iron cigar case in her hand already encased with a wall of spirituality.

Maric and Sharron didn't converse, nor did they exchange looks with their eyes. As though they were being pursued by an invisible monster, they didn't dare stay put.

Frankly speaking, they had a general idea about the role that each of their actions played; after all, Sherlock Moriarty had once attracted zombies and shadows with a copper whistle. As for Sharron's Mirror Blink, the two of them knew its traits well. However, they couldn't imagine how everything would develop. They had no idea how the detective with many secrets would be able to steal the Tutanssess II mummy under the watch of a few demigods. It wasn't a situation where the mummy could run if it wanted. The demigods were bound to stop it.

At this moment, they saw a figure materialize.

He wore a black formal suit and a half top hat. His face was covered with an iron-gray mask, and in his hand was a handful of dark red soil and a dark-brown book. It was none other than Sherlock Moriarty.

Maric immediately slowed down his pace. As he allowed the detective to smear the soil onto the book before pocketing it and grabbing his shoulder, he surveyed his surroundings. However, he didn't discover the existence of the Tutanssess II mummy.

Did it ultimately fail… Having been mentally prepared for failure, he sighed as he watched himself, Sharron, and Sherlock Moriarty fade away and vanish from the spot.

…

In the region where the demigods were fighting, the golden-eyed Loen military demigod had an ominous feeling when he saw the gray-masked man bow before teleporting away. He felt that

things had taken a drastic turn for the worse, into a terrible, unpredictable outcome.

He needs to be stopped! Although I don't know what he did, he needs to be stopped! Such a though instantly surfaced in his mind as the golden-eyed demigod immediately activated his ring. He used Traveling against Traveling, Teleporting to pursue Teleporting.

However, in this short span of time, he realized that he was unable to lock onto the mysterious person's aura. In other words, he had either created an interference at the demigod level, or he had Teleported somewhere very, very far away. Regardless of which possibility it was, it meant that any pursuit attempt would easily face failure.

And more importantly, if he were to leave, leaving the lady to fend against Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod alone, that would be an extremely dangerous situation. After all, the mysterious power in the area had not weakened to the point where real firearms could pose a threat to their suppressed selves.

Besides, there haven't been any losses yet. The mummy is still around, with the person only taking away some soil rich in spirituality... The golden-eyed demigod swept his gaze at the Tutanssess II mummy who was standing "blankly" in its spot, before casting his gaze back on Mahmosi.

Suddenly, the mummy wrapped in yellowish-brown bandages that were soaked in dark red liquid had vanished from the four demigods' spiritual perception!

The mummy had vanished without any warning!

For a second, Mahmosi and the other demigods felt as though they had watched an interesting magic show or a play with a mischievous element in it. But sadly, as demigods, they couldn't tell how it was done.

Moments later, having lost their target, Mahmosi and the other Rose School of Thought demigod didn't hesitate to make their figures fade away in a bid to escape via the spirit world.

The golden-eyed demigod and lady tried hard to stop them.

...

After two Teleports, Klein returned to a two-bedroom apartment in Backlund which they had rented ahead of time with Sharron and Maric.

"I will pay you based on what we agreed upon," Sharron said just as she found her footing. At the same time, she returned Sherlock Moriarty the iron cigar case.

They had previously agreed that regardless of the outcome, Sharron would provide him with the information regarding Spirit World Plunderers. If they succeeded, she would pay another 3,500 Loen gold coins or 5,000 pounds.

Klein received the iron cigar case which had corrosive signs on its surface. As he held it in his hand, he sensed Azik's copper whistle lightly jumping inside.

He quickly put it away and gave Sharron and Maric a smile.

“Might I trouble you to wait outside? Give me five minutes.”

His tone is very firm. It’s as if he has succeeded… What can he do in five minutes? It’s impossible for him to Teleport again and bring back the Tutanssess II mummy. This will be more dangerous and more difficult than before… Maric was filled with puzzlement as his footsteps moved at an obviously slow pace. As for Sharron, she had floated to the wooden door which separated the rooms and passed through it.

Maric quickly reined in his thoughts and followed closely behind by walking out the door.

Klein maintained a smile as he watched them. Then, he Teleported to another cheap motel in East Borough. He had disguised himself to rent this room in the afternoon.

Right on the heels of that, he took out the book with the dark brown cover which was stained with dark red mud stains.

It was Groselle’s Travels.

As long as the blood still had remnant spirituality and hadn’t coagulated, smearing it across the cover would allow the target to be pulled into the book world!

And inside the Tutanssess II mummy’s golden sarcophagus contained such blood!

It also meant that, at this moment in time, the mummy was already in Klein’s hands—inside Groselle’s Travels!

After hearing Maric describe the procedure to making a Pharaoh mummy, Klein had roughly come up with a plan. It was to use the corpse's attraction to Azik's copper whistle as Spirit Body Threads. He then controlled the mummy and used this "marionette" to lead the demigods away from the vicinity of the sarcophagus. He did this so that he could Teleport over to retrieve the blood and create the necessary conditions.

He had never thought of directly taking the mummy away or getting it to run out of the harbor successfully. It wasn't pragmatic to think that, as it would involve directly facing the attacks from the demigods. And even if he, Maric, and Sharron were together, it was still beyond their capabilities. It might not even work even if he spent a large sum of money to summon Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr.

Therefore, despite Azik's copper whistle and the mummy's reanimation appearing to be the goal and plan, it was in fact simply a method to manipulate and misdirect. This allowed the other "actors" to ignore the situation of the golden sarcophagus.

This was a plot that even demigods couldn't fend off. This was because they were protecting the mummy and not the sarcophagus. They were targeting the High-Sequence Beyonders from the Rose School of Thought, and not three people who were loitering around in the distance with unknown goals.

Klein's plan wasn't a plan that was highly interdependent. It was amazingly light and lean while still allowing the plan to be carried out even if there was a tiny accident. He had very few parameters he needed to take into account. As long as the Hurricane successfully toppled the sarcophagus, as long as Sharron followed his instructions and moved in an irregular trajectory, and as long as the military didn't have the manpower to easily finish off the Rose School of Thought demigods, all he needed was to wait for an opportunity to appear. After the demigods left the vicinity of the sarcophagus and that the mummy wasn't possessed by the evil spirit, all he needed to do

was Teleport over and retrieve something that was soaked in the liquid before escaping.

This didn't need him to worry about the exact developments of the demigod battle. He didn't care who gained the upper hand or was injured. He also didn't need the Tutanssess II mummy to run a certain distance to consider it a victory. As long as it started moving and became difficult to be caught, there wasn't any problem.

Towards the end, his bow was partly to make it easy to scoop up the soil as a curtain call, and also partly to press Groselle's Travels to his chest. If any accidents happened, he could immediately pull it out and use it as a shield.

It was precisely because of this that Klein could smear the blood-soaked soil across the cover just as he Teleported.

Everything ran as expected. The directing was quite a success... As Klein reflected over the matter, he felt his potion's digestion accelerate.

He didn't delay as he quickly set up a ritual. He sacrificed Groselle's Travels above the gray fog, and then in his Spirit Body state, he brought Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, the Soul Assurer's Beyonder characteristic, and Sharron's anti-hex golden bead into the book world.

Chapter 883: Demigod's Appraisal

In the book world, just as Klein appeared in the city outskirts, he immediately took out remnant parts of the dark red soil and picked up a withered branch. Using rod divination, he found the Tutanssess II mummy.

He was worried that this manifestation of hexes would harm the residents here. Although the book world didn't have any lack of Sequence 5 Beyonders, and the Tutanssess II mummy remained in a muddled state having lost the stimulus from Azik's copper whistle, it was still a demigod when it was alive. The hexes that its corpse produced after his death were bound to be extraordinary. Even Klein himself didn't dare approach it if not for the anti-hex golden bead that Sharron had given him.

Of course, Klein had also weighed the consequences before deciding on using Groselle's Travels to steal the mummy. His previous experiences and the encounters of others had proven one thing: Outsiders would not directly appear before the natives when they entered the book world. It required exploration before any contact was made. This was especially so for the first time!

Therefore, Klein believed that the mummy was likely left somewhere uninhabited. And with this zombie's condition, it was likely to be engaging in a random walk. It would be difficult for it to explore in different directions autonomously like humans, elves, or giants.

This also meant that, as long as he didn't drag it out, it wasn't likely for there to be any losses. Furthermore, it had only been about three minutes since Klein smeared the blood-soaked soil across the book's cover.

Following the direction led by rod divination, Klein flew towards a nearby mountain peak. Soon, he came to a valley.

At this moment, the Tutanssess II mummy wrapped in yellowish-brown bandages and was dyed red from liquids had appeared. It was still wearing the golden mask with patterns across it.

Its throat was letting out an inhuman sound as it rushed over with wide strides. The surroundings turned gloomy.

At the same time, many incomplete animal carcasses tore away the soil covering them in the valley as they staggered towards Klein.

Having his Spirit Body augmented by Azik's copper whistle, Klein immediately chuckled.

"What a warm welcome..."

He unhurriedly threw away the branch and raised a blob of black matter.

This was a Soul Assurer's Beyonder characteristic which he had released from the mutated version of Creeping Hunger. At its core was pure shimmering light that looked like a night sky embedded with stars.

Invisible waves spread out in a turbulent manner as the surroundings suddenly darkened as though night had fallen at once.

The serene and peaceful feeling was accompanied by the fall of starlight. The animal carcasses first turned sluggish before collapsing, returning to their eternal rest.

The mummy also slowed down its pace, its motions growing slower and slower. But it didn't lie back down.

Directly using a Beyonder characteristic isn't very effective after all. Furthermore, the negative effects are nothing trivial... Klein couldn't help but cover his mouth with his left hand to yawn.

He made Creeping Hunger turn pale and become dyed in a gloomy green. It used the power of a Zombie to control the deceased in front of him.

The two stacked Beyonder effects finally calmed the mummy down.

With embedded onyx gems for eyes, it slowly walked to Klein's side and stood there silently as though it was the most professional servant.

Unfortunately, it has hexes... From inside his Spirit Body, Klein immediately took out a golden bead with the styles of the ancient Highlands Kingdom. On its surface was deeply engraved bluish-green patterns.

It came from Sharron and was specially prepared for the Tutanssess II mummy. It could effectively suppress and put an end to the hexes. Otherwise, how could the Wraith dare to cast her sights on the Pharaoh mummy?

After twiddling the golden bead, Klein made the Tutanssess II

mummy open its mouth before stuffing the bead into the mask's gap where the mouth was.

In just a few seconds, the gloominess of the surroundings vanished.

After doing all of this, he took a step forward and, with his Spirit Body state, possessed the mummy. Then, without any hesitation, he ended the summoning and returned above the gray fog.

This mummy had already become his zombie, allowing him to release it just like he did with his former marionette, Senor. There was no need for him to store it in his body.

After doing a bestowment, the mummy which was rich in spirituality returned to the real world and arrived inside the cheap motel.

After Klein cleaned up the traces, he reached out his right hand, about to grab the mummy's shoulder and Teleport back to the two-bedroom apartment where Maric and Sharron were.

But after taking a look at the oil-stained yellowish-brown bandages and the dark red liquid on it, Klein silently retracted his right hand and switched to using his gloved left hand.

After holding the mummy's shoulder with his left hand, he immediately began to fade, and this effect quickly spread across his body.

In just a flash, Klein and the mummy had returned to the apartment from before.

He wasn't in a rush to open the door to present it to Sharron and Maric. He took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

Another 36 seconds before it's five minutes… Klein made the mummy pull out a chair and sit down leisurely.

After a while, he finally heard a knock on the door.

"Come on in," Klein replied with a smile as he controlled the mummy to walk over.

When the door creaked open, the thin figure with the golden, patterned mask and yellowish-brown bandages was reflected in the duo's eyes.

This figure's onyx gems shimmered before it swiftly lay itself down on the ground.

"…"

Momentarily, Sharron and Maric were at a loss for words.

Having already used a wall of spirituality to isolate Azik's copper whistle, Klein dispelled his control over the zombie and pointed at it with a smile.

"I'm leaving the rest to you."

And that brings the curtain down for my directed play… Klein commented inwardly as he silently took in the sensation of his potion rapidly digesting.

This made him believe that it didn't need to take him up until the end of the year to consider the problem of advancing to the level of a demigod. It might be expedited by two or even three months.

Furthermore, with this digestion, the number of marionettes he could control finally rose to two. The maximum limit reached 200 meters. Faced with enemies with the same level of Spirit Body as his, gaining initial control of the target and completely converting them into a marionette was respectively reduced to ten seconds and 150 seconds. The range had also been expanded to ten meters.

"You really... succeeded..." Maric's eyes stared at the Tutanssess II mummy as he couldn't help but mutter.

He could never have imagined that they could succeed!

Sherlock Moriarty had managed to successfully steal something four demigods and two terrifying Sealed Artifacts were vying for!

Furthermore, this gentleman had previously returned empty-handed!

Could it be that the mummy had delivered itself?

Deep inside Sharron's blue eyes, her emotions were concealed and they were completely calm. She scrutinized the "target."

After confirming that it was the Pharaoh mummy and that it was Tutanssess II, she cast her gaze to Sherlock Moriarty who was seated with his legs crossed.

She opened her mouth slightly before closing them.

“Thank you.

“I’ll mail you the corresponding payment.”

“I’ll wish you, uh—all the best in everything,” Klein replied sincerely.

He then silently had a poignant thought.

If Miss Sharron can successfully advance to Sequence 4, it means I’ll have an additional demigod-level helper! The saying from the Foodaholic Empire is apt—rely on your parents at home, depend on your friends when out. The more demigod-level friends, the merrier! Our Tarot Club needs to develop more friends and reduce our enemies… However, my enemies seem to be ever-increasing…

Having thought of that, Klein exhorted them.

“Be careful of being hunted down.”

The Tutanssess II mummy had too many of its items in the Loen military’s possession. It was very simple for them to use Beyonder methods to lock onto it. Klein’s Paper Angel interference was only effective for a limited amount of time.

Of course, he believed that Sharron and Maric were prepared; otherwise, they wouldn’t have had thoughts on stealing the Pharaoh’s mummy. Likewise, he also believed that they could deal with the origins of the gray-metal masks and special fireworks.

If it's Danitz, he would most likely say, It didn't cross my mind... Klein did a comparison with a particular Hunter failure.

Sharron nodded, indicating that she would take note. Then, she made the Tutanssess II mummy into her zombie and brought it into the spirit world.

"Thank you for your help." Maric, who stayed behind in the room, exhaled. He composed his surging emotions and bowed at Sherlock Moriarty.

Following that, he left the room, removed his disguise, and blended into the crowd in East Borough.

During this process, Klein remained sitting in his chair as he silently watched them leave.

At some point in time, his figure also vanished.

...

In an apartment near Pritz Harbor.

The Loen military's golden-eyed demigod entered and said to his partner, the lady in the evening gown, "Nothing for now."

"That's expected. If he wasn't certain of success, that mysterious person wouldn't have come to steal the Tutanssess II mummy," the lady said in a heavy voice. "However, we can relax our investigation scope. Those fireworks, that mask, those clothes, and that taunting bow should lead us to something."

She was certain that the Tutanssess II mummy's loss wasn't done by the two Rose School of Thought demigods. If it was part of their plan, there was no need for them to carry out that step only when they were in dire straits. They had almost failed to escape.

The golden-eyed demigod nodded and said, "I had a premonition that something would happen, but unfortunately, we didn't work with the Churches for this operation. We didn't have enough manpower."

He paused and asked, "Have you figured out what method that mysterious person used?"

The lady held up the crown of thorns and stabbed a thorn into her neck. As blood trickled down, she shook her head.

"Perhaps the removing of the soil with the Tutanssess II mummy's bodily fluid is a ritual...

"This is a very cunning fellow who's good at deceit!"

Chapter 884: Destined Encounter

The golden-eyed demigod from the Loen military nodded in agreement.

"Indeed. It's similar in style to certain fellows from the Intis intelligence agencies.

"However, just seconds after he took away the soil, the Tutanssess II mummy vanished. It's unlikely that he could complete a ritual in time."

The lady looked down at the crown of thorns that was embedded in her neck. Slightly slow to react, she said, "Perhaps he, or they, had already set up the other steps of the ritual. Once he teleported back, he immediately threw the soil onto the altar, completing the final step.

"Of course, it's not necessarily a ritual. It might also be a Sealed Artifact that achieves a certain effect with the help of bodily fluids. There are too many possibilities for this."

Although Sealed Artifacts' main effects and negative effects mostly adhered to the Sequence traits of the 22 pathways, allowing researchers to barely come up with a hypothesis, just like how everyone had different personalities, Sealed Artifacts were different. Perhaps due to fusing with an object, the environment when formed, the possible existence of a High-Level Sequence's aura, or a curse from the original owner, these resulted in all kinds of strange traits that made them not viable for testing. No one could imagine ahead of time the different permutations and list them all out.

The golden-eyed demigod pulled out a chair and sat.

“This is very difficult to investigate, so we can temporarily not consider it. However, you missed out on a direction for the investigation.

“Do you still remember that Hurricane? It swept up Tutanssess II’s sarcophagus, causing the ritualistic items, which is also the bodily fluids to leak out, and it also caused the mummy to tumble out. This enabled the condition for zombifying it. In short, this established the foundation for the subsequent development, so it can be confirmed that this was done by the mysterious man or his helper.”

The turbidness in the lady’s eyes grew faint as she slowly removed the crown of thorns.

“Do you mean that, with the Church of Storms in control of the Sailor pathway and the High-Sequence formulas and Beyonder characteristics, there won’t be many Beyonders or mystical items that can use Hurricane? Thus, this is a clue that we can follow to find their trail?”

The golden-eyed demigod nodded.

“Also, I remember that not long ago, there was a case in East Borough. The Aurora Order’s Mr. X was assassinated at a gathering he convened himself. Lightning Storm and Hurricane had been used at the scene.

“This garnered a lot of attention from the Church of Storms, and they have been constantly looking for clues.

“To have two Hurricanes happen in the same area in a short period of time and not belong to official organizations—this can’t be a coincidence. I believe it can be preliminarily determined that there is a connection. The group of people who killed Mr. X and stole the mummy might be one and the same. We need to join forces with the Church of Storms to investigate.”

The lady lowered the crown of thorns and thought.

“That’s a good angle.

“Also, from their goals and motives, we can figure out certain things. People who want to use a mummy as a zombie wouldn’t take such a high risk by attempting a theft. I suspect that, to those people, the Tutanssess II mummy is something they attach additional importance to.”

“Something that’s key to a ritual?” The golden-eyed demigod deliberated as he said, “From the scene, the one who was carrying something special to attract the mummy was likely a Wraith or had the corresponding mystical item. Combining the goals and motive, I have a theory…”

The lady’s heart stirred as she blurted out, “Members of the Temperance faction that escaped from the Rose School of Thought?”

“Yes.” The golden-eyed demigod nodded. “Although the creation of mummies is influenced by aspects like the faith in Death and Sun worship, despite the Rose School of Thought occupying a ruling position in the Highlands, Valley, and other places, it hasn’t forbidden such burial practices. This implies that mummies are of use to them. Perhaps it’s the ritual requirement of one of the Sequences.”

Upon saying this, he chuckled in a self-deprecating tone.

“There’s another possibility. To show off and act.

“That bunch of people might not really want the mummy. It just happened to satisfy certain conditions, giving them the opportunity to steal. Hence, they did a grand act. To some Sequences of particular pathways, this is key to digesting the potion.”

As a demigod, he was knowledgeable, so he naturally made many connections.

The lady deliberated and said in a heavy voice, “I suspect that it’s not just one possibility but a potpourri of reasons.

“We shall use this as the foundation for our investigations.”

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. In a building near the Tussock River.

The Silent One Mahmosi sat in front of a square table that had a tablecloth spread across it with golden nails placed on it. It said in a deep voice, “Zatwen, who do you think stole the Kadiev mummy?”

Not far behind him, a figure rapidly appeared on a piano bench.

This figure wore a black clergyman’s robe with a black glove on

his left hand. His face was thin, and his skin color was brown. His eyes were recessed like a dried corpse. His mustache hair was black at the root and white outwards. They extended from his mouth all the way to his ear. However, it wasn't thick and was rather short. It appeared rather sparse.

Zatwen's eyes were close to his skin color. Despite having the bearing of a priest, he gave off a cold and terrifying feeling. He appeared to be someone who would transform amidst silence. Thinking, he said, "There are only a handful of people who yearn for a Kadiev mummy and would be willing to take the risk to battle demigods. And here in Backlund, there's only Sharron.

"She has likely received Reinette Tinekerr's help; otherwise, it's impossible for her to succeed."

Mahmosi picked up a golden nail covered in dense patterns. After a few seconds of silence, he said, "Who was the one who teleported?

"It doesn't resemble Gehrman Sparrow... Another helper Sharron hired?"

"Perhaps." Zatwen coughed as his pale face flushed blue. "I believe we need to think of a way to pray to Mother Tree. We should be able to receive a revelation."

Mahmosi nodded gently and stabbed the golden nail through his bottom lip.

Upon seeing this, Zatwen covered his mouth and slowly got up. He staggered down to the first floor in preparation to leave and return to his hideout.

On the first floor, he saw a dark environment with shimmering candlelight. The fragrance of food wafted from different directions, filling the air. The residential buildings in the nearby area were terraces. Facing the street on the first floor were shops. The contact point of the Rose School of Thought was in a restaurant which mainly served Southern Continent cuisine.

As he had suffered quite serious injuries in the operation, Zatwen didn't wish to maintain his state as an evil spirit. It was too great a burden on the injured him; therefore, he had changed into a black clergyman's robe as he hobbled to the entrance.

At this moment, a customer walked into the restaurant.

This customer wore a black formal suit with black pants and leather shoes. He had a pair of black eyes and a thin face.

He had a slightly broad forehead as he wore a monocle and a very tall top hat. As he casually glanced around, his gaze landed on Zatwen.

Upon seeing the black glove Zatwen was wearing on his left hand, the ends of the customer's mouth curled slightly. He shook his head with a smile, seemingly a little disappointed.

Then, he entered the restaurant, brushing past Zatwen who had stared back with a maleficent look.

Zatwen didn't pay too much attention as he walked out and reached the streets.

Under the illumination of the streetlamps, the night's cool breeze blew at him, causing the Rose School of Thought demigod to

suddenly tremble.

Zatwen knew that this was a result of his spiritual perception being triggered. With his heart tightening, he immediately looked down at his hands, surprised to realize that the black glove on his left hand was gone.

Gone!

As a demigod, Zatwen didn't know when the Sealed Artifact on his hand disappeared!

He quickly turned around and looked into the restaurant as the image of the man from before suddenly surfaced in his mind.

Soon, he locked onto the target's aura and found that he was still inside the restaurant. The man had even called out to the waiter to bring him a menu.

Zatwen originally had thoughts of using Mirror Blink to possess the man. But for some unknown reason, his hands shook involuntarily. In an indescribable manner, he believed that a dangerous and terrifying enemy hid in his surroundings!

Just as this thought flashed past his mind, Zatwen subconsciously took a step to the side, walking to the end of the street as though nothing had happened.

...

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Fors was reading the latest issue of Ladies Aesthetic when she suddenly heard a key turn and the sound of the door opening.

"Why are you so late today?" She looked towards the door where Xio stood.

Xio ruffled her short blonde hair and said, "When I was almost home, I saw a meetup mark from MI9. It was urgent."

"What happened this time?" With piqued interest, Fors lowered the magazine in her hand.

"A continuation of Mr. X's assassination," Xio bent down to switch to her home slippers and said in passing.

The look on Fors's face froze as her eyes darted about slightly.

"Any clues?"

"Not really. Uh, back then, a Hurricane at the demigod-level appeared. It's not common outside the Church of Storms, and just earlier tonight, there was a small-scale Hurricane attack at the dock at Pritz Harbor. A Pharaoh mummy was stolen away in the chaos," Xio explained simply. "MI9 suspect that the two cases were done by the same group of people, so they are pressing informants like us to work harder at gathering intel and finding clues."

...My Leymano's Travels still has a Hurricane... Mr. Gehrman Sparrow? Why is he stealing a Pharaoh mummy... Fors forced a smile.

“Perhaps it was done by the Church of Storms?”

Xio rolled her eyes at her and quickly walked into the kitchen in search of food.

…

Early morning, 160 Böklund Street.

Moments after Klein finished washing up, and before he could open the door to let Richardson in, his spiritual perception was triggered. He saw Miss Messenger’s headless body walk out of the void with four heads in hand.

One of them was biting down on a rather thick envelope. Opening its mouth, a large pile of gold coins was spat out.

I can finally repay my debt… Klein glanced at Reinette Tinekerr’s four neckless heads and said in relief, “I remember still owing you 3,413 gold coins. You can take the last installment away.”

Meanwhile, he had the baffling feeling that the pile of gold coins looked familiar. However, he didn’t think too much about it because all the gold coins looked familiar to him.

Chapter 885: Two Letters

Upon hearing Klein's words, one of the four heads which Reinette Tinekerr held immediately said, "Alright..."

It opened its mouth and immediately sucked back most of the gold coins, where it was stored was an unknown.

Taking a look at the dozens of shiny gold coins left, Klein reached out to receive the rather thick envelope. He quickly opened it and scanned its opening. Indeed, it was the detailed information regarding Spirit World Plunderers.

After Miss Messenger returned to the spirit world, he put away the gold coins, drew the curtains, and sat down under the morning sun, seriously reading the neat and tidy handwriting.

"Thank you once again for your help.

"The Tutanssess II mummy is part of the advancement ritual for me. It holds deep meaning for me.

"Spirit World Plunderers live in the depths of the spirit world. They're extremely rare, rich in intelligence, and very aggressive. They can capture or kill creatures and make them soul avatars. Their souls can turn into their true soul's appearance, giving them similar performance and traits. They can also disguise themselves as other spirit world creatures. When encountering them, perhaps all the spirit world creatures around belong to them. They might be soul avatars that mustn't be neglected.

"This creature can effectively influence the thought processes of

their prey, causing them to enter a desensitized state... Their true soul body has potent spirituality. In clashes of such nature, they are often at a noticeable advantage...

"They're very difficult to find. At present, there is only one place with signs of their activity. The spirit world's Calderón City.

"This is a legendary city of mysterious and unknown origins. On this front, there are three theories about them. One is that it was once Death's residence, the entrance to the Underworld. Two, it's the divine kingdom left behind by a dead ancient deity from the Second Epoch. Attracted by the spirit world, it sank and slowly transformed into a real yet illusory city. Three, it's a real city that was devoured by the spirit world during the Cataclysm.

"Regardless of the theory, it elucidates one point: This city is very dangerous. It has many special and strange aspects about it...

"I do not have the mysticism coordinates of Calderón City. Most high-level spirit world creatures aren't aware either...

"I can provide two suggestions. First is to use a special secret deed ritual to pray to Red Light Aiur Moria to receive the corresponding answer. I won't describe in detail what Red Light is. If you aren't aware, you can write to ask me again. The second is to find someone from the Abraham family. They have the legacy of the Traveler's pathway, and they have done a deep exploration of the spirit world..."

Even when writing a letter, Miss Sharron exudes an extremely restrained feeling... Indeed, the Pharaoh mummy is meant for the Puppet's ritual. Back then, the evil spirit in the ruin had said that it could be one of the components of the ritual... Therefore, the ritual's exact requirement is to use a High-Sequence Beyonder's corpse after death, one that still maintains a level of spirituality, or to use an evil spirit that results from the resentment of death?

Heh heh, can I pray to Orange Light to get "Him" to help me ask Red Light? Hmm, to others, finding Calderón City is a very difficult task, but to me, it's extremely simple. I can directly give this task to Miss Magician. She has just contributed greatly to the Abraham family…

I hope the first theory about Calderón City is correct. That way, once I make contact with Mr. Azik, I can see the dangerous residents of this mysterious city line up in two rows as they welcome me… Klein shook his head, throwing such a beautiful fantasy to the back of his mind.

He scrutinized the information regarding Spirit World Plunderers and confirmed that they had partial characteristics of Marionettist and Bizarro Sorcerer. They were rather dangerous high-level spirit world creatures.

To make soul avatars have the same appearance, performance, and traits of their true souls is identical to a Bizarro Sorcerer's ability to give their powers to a marionette… At Zaratul's level, perhaps at Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore, perhaps he can temporarily give certain Beyonder powers to other creatures that are marionettes? Klein began tearing the letter while in thought as he flicked his wrist and engulfed the letter in scarlet red flames, burning them into ashes that fell into the trash bin.

After reining in his thoughts, while dressed in pajamas, he walked to his bedroom's door to get Richardson to come in to help him change his clothes.

…

Under Saint Samuel Cathedral.

As usual, Leonard Mitchell was leaning back into his chair with

his legs raised on the desk.

There was nothing abnormal about his expression, but he was thinking about Amon deep down.

Ever since he knew that the angel had arrived in Backlund, Pallez Zoroast inside him had become abnormally silent. He wasn't as active as before to proactively speak or give suggestions.

If not for the answers he received when he posed questions, Leonard would have even suspected that Old Man had secretly sneaked off to find another host to parasitize.

Amidst his thoughts, his Red Gloves captain, Nighthawks deacon, Soest, walked in.

"How was the interrogation? Any results?" The Red Gloves in the room who were dealing with their own matters quickly cast their gaze to the door.

Late last night, they had just finished a mission. They had captured three Numinous Episcopate members that they had been tracking for quite some time. Now, they were awaiting the results of the interrogation.

Soest sternly surveyed the room and said, "We had contributed greatly in this, but the results aren't something good.

"Based on the testimony of the three Numinous Episcopate members, as well as the information the Church had previously gathered, we can come to a preliminary conclusion that the Numinous Episcopate has fractured between reviving Death or

creating Artificial Death. The latter has already achieved some progress and benefited significantly from it.

"They are filled with animosity towards Loen and to us. They plan to put parts of the experiments of Artificial Death in Backlund! Yes, their thoughts are the same as your present concerns. Even if the experiment fails, there's a chance of severely damaging the Capital of Capitals."

Leonard instantly snapped out of his daze as he exchanged looks with Cindy and Bob, seeing the surprise and rage in each other's eyes.

At this moment, Soest rapped the side of the table to stop the members from further discussion.

He cleared his throat and said, "Our new mission is to head to the Southern Continent to find the key members of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction based on clues gleaned from the testimonies we received. We need to figure out how many remnant thorns are left in Backlund before uprooting each and every one of them.

"We will receive help from Ma'am Daly on this mission. And the Church will give her the potion as an advanced payment, helping her prepare the ritual so that she can become a Gatekeeper before she heads off.

"In addition, the high-ranking deacon in charge of the Southern Continent, Her Excellency 'The Goddess's Eye' EyeIlya, and the local Nighthawks, will provide us with help, giving us the corresponding Sealed Artifacts and helping us with the preliminary investigations.

"Ladies and gentlemen, head back to rest for a day and prepare

yourselves. We will set off tomorrow night."

"Yes, Captain!" Cindy, Bob, and company stood up and replied.

Leonard stood up as well, but he didn't say a word. The first thought that flashed in his mind was: *I can use this opportunity to leave Backlund to escape the threat of Amon!*

After returning to 7 Pinster Street, he asked with a suppressed tone after closing the door and drawing the curtains, "Old Man, problem solved.

"I believe a normal assignment for Red Gloves won't garner the suspicion of Amon, right?"

The slightly-aged voice in his mind replied slowly, "*No.*"

Leonard could tell that Old Man's voice appeared much more relaxed. As his mind stirred, he considered for a moment and said, "Should I write to Klein Moretti and tell him that we will be leaving Backlund for a very long period of time? After all, he was the one who warned us that Amon is here…"

Pallez Zoroast replied in the same tone, "*Write it if you wish.*"

Leonard exhaled, pulled out a piece of paper, and picked up a fountain pen.

He deliberated for a moment and lowered his wrist to write:

"I have a mission that will require me to leave Backlund."

Looking at this short sentence, Leonard put down his pen and folded the letter.

Soon, he finished preparing the ritual to summon the messenger. He lit a candle, took a step back, and said in ancient Hermes, “I!

“I summon in my name:

“The spirit that wanders about the unfounded, the friendly creature that can be subordinated, the messenger that belongs to Gehrman Sparrow.”

The howling of wind sounded in the room as it turned intense.

The candlelight burgeoned as it was tainted with paleness. A beautiful blonde, red-eyed head appeared from within.

Leonard pricked his brows, and just as he was about to speak, he saw that what followed the head wasn’t a complete neck, but a hand grabbing the hair.

Reinette Tinekerr, in her dark and complicated dress, quickly walked out. The four heads in her hand turned in unison to look at Leonard Mitchell as they spoke one after another, “You…” “Want to…” “Send…” “A letter?”

This spirit world creature looks powerful… This is a perk that Klein has for joining that secret organization? As Leonard thought, he nodded and said, “Yes.”

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after

another:

"You need..." "To pay..." "One..." "Gold coin..."

One gold coin? Messengers from the mysterious world also collect money? Leonard was somewhat astounded but was at a loss for a reaction. All he could do was reach into his pocket and take out a gold coin.

Only then did Reinette Tinekerr raise two of her blonde, red-eyed heads to grab the letter and gold coin.

Following that, she stepped into the void and vanished.

After the candle was restored to normal, Leonard muttered with a laugh, "What a strange messenger..."

Just as he said that, the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast echoed in his mind.

"It's best you do not speak negatively behind 'Her' back."

..."Her"? Old Man actually addressed a messenger as a "Her"? A messenger can be a "Her"? Leonard's eyes widened immediately.

Pallez coughed slightly.

"'Her' state is very strange, not better than mine.

"In short, that organization that believes in The Fool is more—hmm, when making contact or cooperating with Klein Moretti, it's best you be more careful."

After saying that, the parasite fell silent without saying another word.

...

Leonard actually wants to use a mission to leave Backlund so as to avoid the threat from Amon? This is an idea the grandpa came up with? That's way too cowardly, no? Klein scanned the letter he received and silently muttered.

He began seriously considering the idea of using the arms deal as an excuse to quickly leave Backlund for a period of time.

Chapter 886: Preparations Before Leaving

After some consideration, Klein, who already had such a plan, smoothly cleared up his thoughts and decided on his plan of action.

Pa! He flicked the piece of paper in his right hand, looking up from the soaring scarlet flames at Reinette Tinekerr. He planned on taking out a Loen gold coin to provide payment.

However, Miss Messenger had already left. There was no one in front of him.

Not collecting payment? Klein was first taken aback before he made the connection. He suspected that Reinette Tinekerr had proactively asked for payment after being used to collecting gold coins from non-contractees.

Perhaps Miss Messenger didn't say anything, she just stared at Leonard with those eight eyes on the four heads of hers while waiting for him to pay the gold coin. Yet, this fellow didn't realize it at all, trying to forcefully end the summon, only to have his neck snapped... Klein hissed in alarm as he used the gold coin he had just taken out to do the divination. He received the result that Leonard Miss Messenger was still alive and doing fine.

He breathed a sigh of relief, put away the gold coin, and called out, "Richardson."

The half-opened room's door opened without a sound as Richardson walked in and politely asked, "Sir, how may I be of service?"

“Please bring the butler here.” As Klein instructed, he sighed inwardly. He had really been spoiled by the luxurious life. Even when getting someone at home, he wouldn’t take even half a step. He had to do it through his valet.

Well, this is an acting requirement... he said silently to himself.

Minutes later, the white-gloved Walter came to the third floor and let his arms hang to his side. He stood in a standard posture to the side of Dwayne Dantès, awaiting his employer’s instructions.

Klein had already considered his words, so he unhurriedly said, “Go to Member of Parliament Macht’s place to inform him that I’ve prepared the first installment.

“Also, prepare a carriage. I will be heading to the bursary foundation in the morning and will return in the afternoon.

“If Member of Parliament Macht doesn’t have time for me in the afternoon, head over to Dr. Aaron’s place, saying that I’ll pay a visit in the afternoon.”

Klein had already taken out 10,000 pounds from above the gray fog and had stored it in a tiny leather briefcase. He was waiting for the opportune time to complete the preparation work of the arms deal transaction.

And to air the cash of the gray fog’s smell, he had deliberately Teleported to the sea, feeding Creeping Hunger in passing. He was afraid that Amon, who also knew of the gray fog’s existence, would detect the special smell while being in the same city; thus, seeking out the location of the treasure he was yearning for.

“Alright, Sir.” Walter didn’t ask his employer how he had gathered the first installment. If memory served him right, Dwayne Dantès hadn’t been to the bank recently.

Of course, this wasn’t something to be bothered with. Often, foreigners, especially tycoons from Desi or Midseashire, would prepare briefcases filled with large sums of money ahead of time.

…

22 Phelps Street, Loen Charity Bursary Foundation headquarters.

Klein walked through the main door and went straight to the second floor where he found the reception room for directors.

As an honorary director who occasionally participated in certain work, he didn’t have an office here, but he could use the reception room.

He clenched his right hand into a fist and held it to his mouth, deliberately coughing before stepping into the reception room. In there, he sat on the sofa.

After a short wait, he stood up again and said to Richardson who was waiting beside him, “I’ll first head to the washroom.”

After buttoning his coat, Klein stepped out of the room and happened to meet Justice Audrey walking out of her own office.

This noble lady was wearing a rather simple dress today. It was white adorned with dark green. Her sleeves and collars had

frills, and at her chest were layers of intercrossed lace that formed a bow tie-like flower.

She didn't even wear any jewelry. She had a girdle which he couldn't tell, but near her left arm, her clothes clung to her skin when the wind blew, allowing a slight protrusion to appear.

"Good morning, Miss Audrey." Klein wore a look of pleasant surprise as though it was a chance encounter.

Audrey glanced at the good-looking Dwayne Dantès with gray sideburns and replied with a smile, "Good morning, Mr. Dantès."

She had wanted to cheerfully say "long time no see" to snide at him for not being to the bursary foundation ever since the opening ceremony. But considering how their relationship was that of acquaintances, she held back from saying such words.

Klein rubbed his temples and shook his head with a wry smile.

"I'm very sorry that I'm only coming today.

"I've been very busy recently. I can foresee myself being even busier in time to come. I might make a trip to the Southern Continent to handle certain matters."

The reason why he specially came was that he wanted to inform Miss Justice that he was leaving Backlund for some time. It was to express his sincerity, hoping that this noble lady could help him watch the bursary foundation and allow it to be operated smoothly. To Klein, he wished from the bottom of his heart that the bursary foundation could help more of the poor that required assistance.

“Southern Continent?” Audrey interpreted the sincerity in Dwayne Dantès’s words as she asked in surprise.

Klein laughed and replied, “For business.”

At that instant, the first thought that came to Audrey’s mind was: *Which Sequence 5 is about to lose his life?*

Upon sensing Miss Justice making some unpleasant assumptions, Klein added, “It’s a partnership with the military for the sale of some necessities.”

What’s the meaning behind this? Dwayne Dantès’s identity is used to probe intel from the military? Audrey was somewhat enlightened as she raised her right hand and gestured four times in a clockwise fashion. She said with a bright smile, “May the Goddess bless you so that everything goes smoothly.”

After habitually saying that, she sensed that there was something discordant about that. She had wished that the Goddess would bless a Blessed of Mr. Fool!

This is probably closer to a curse, right… Will Mr. Gehrman Sparrow be angry? No, he’s actually a kindhearted person deep down. And I did it without any malicious intent… The one who returns from the Southern Continent is probably another Blessed who’s playing Dwayne Dantès, right? Will it be a demigod? Audrey didn’t notice it as her thoughts wandered.

Klein gave an exasperated smile as he equally drew the crimson moon on his chest in a familiar manner.

“May the Goddess bless us all.”

And that "She" doesn't smite us with divine punishment... he added silently.

Following that, he spoke as though it was a casual chat, "Have you been going to the schools to do some promotions lately?"

"Yes." When this was mentioned, Audrey's expression seemed to radiate. She was proud and happy that she had finally done something substantial.

Just as she nodded with some strength, her green eyes revealed a look of sadness.

"After visiting a few public primary schools, I found many of the children there very pitiful. To save money, they bring their own rye bread for lunch, matching it with a cup of water."

Upon saying that, she looked at Dwayne Dantès and said, somewhat embarrassed, "I know that they're temporarily not bringing me along to the night schools and Sunday schools to prevent me from seeing something worse.

"But I can imagine, I can imagine things just like those workers who can only live for a few years once they start working at the factories..."

This was something that The World Gehrman Sparrow had once told her. It was the first time she knew of the real situation of the lower class of Backlund, but having not seen them with her own eyes, all she could do was rely on her imagination.

Klein sighed and said, "Perhaps it's worse than you can imagine.

“There’s no need to worry. Once you showcase your ability and win their trust, you will become one of them.”

“Okay.” Audrey nodded, as though in thought about how she could showcase herself better.

Klein didn’t continue on the conversation. After all, this was only their third meeting. They had only exchanged a few words previously, so having too long a conversation easily garnered suspicion.

He pointed at the washroom and apologized before opening up his gait to walk over.

Audrey looked at Dwayne Dantès’s back and fell silent as she muttered, “What will it be like if it’s worse…”

…

After receiving a reply from Macht, inviting him to the East Balam Military Veterans Mess in the evening, Klein followed his plan. Hence, he visited Dr. Aaron at four in the afternoon.

“Mr. Dantès, your butler didn’t inform me of the reason for your visit.” As his wife was about a month from being due, Dr. Aaron had declined most of his work, and most of the time he had stayed at home.

Towards the sudden visit of Dwayne Dantès, who he wasn’t too familiar with, he was rather perplexed. Furthermore, with him not being good at interpersonal relationships, he posed the question after exchanging some pleasantries.

Klein smiled.

“This is the thing. I might be heading to the Southern Continent soon. As you know, the weather there is humid and hot. There are all kinds of insects and diseases there. I wish to prepare some medicine ahead of time to prevent any accidents from happening. I wonder if you have any suggestions. I’m really sorry, but you are the only excellent doctor I know of.”

Dr. Aaron accepted his explanation and began seriously thinking before giving him the names of some medicine.

Towards the end, Klein, who had written a note filled with words, used the excuse of a stomachache to use the washroom on the first floor.

The washroom’s mirror suddenly darkened as though it was covered by a thick shadow. And in the middle of the shadow, a black pram slowly steered near. In it was a blurry child wrapped in silver silk.

“What is it this time?” Will Auceptin questioned using his bright voice.

Klein coughed dryly and forced a smile.

“You should have heard that I’ll be heading to the Southern Continent.

“I don’t wish to miss your birth, so I would like to know when you plan to have your birthday.”

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, “I don’t know.”

“Even an angel can’t control when ‘He’ will be born?” Klein asked in surprise.

Will Auceptin replied hesitantly, “You don’t understand… I’ve already identified three dates. They have unique meaning when it comes to fate, but I haven’t decided. I still find it blurry. Perhaps only when the time comes will I suddenly understand what I should do.”

Is this decidophobia? It also gives the strong vibes of a charlatan… Klein crossed his hands and indiscernibly rubbed them.

“Then how would I be able to receive notice in time so that I can return in time to complete the transaction with you? Oh, that paper crane can no longer be used.”

Chapter 887: Familiar Figure

Upon hearing Klein's question, the infant wrapped in silver silk raised his fleshy arms and threw them up.

"I can't do anything about it either. I'm still in my mother's womb!

"Although you can no longer write on that paper crane, it can still help me locate you. If there's anything, I will inform you!"

Klein had already expected such an answer from Will Auceptin. He maintained his smile and explained, "That paper crane is already damaged. I think it will have problems locating my position."

Following that, he gave his suggestion:

"Perhaps we can do this, you can summon my messenger when you're born to write to me."

He wasn't too worried that Will Auceptin's birth would result in anything abnormal, causing the Snake of Fate to have to change locations while in a baby's body. That would prevent him from contacting him again.

Inside the black pram, Will Auceptin gaped his mouth before closing it again, momentarily not giving an answer.

After a few seconds, the infant's mouth curled and said, "Do you think that's realistic?

“Not only are you getting a newborn to write a letter to you, he still needs to hold a ritual and summon a messenger?”

Klein chuckled and said, “But you’re a Snake of Fate.”

“The laws of nature still need to be respected!” Will Auceptin threw down “His” arms and smacked the cushion beside him.

This infant thought for a moment and said, “Let’s do this. Get someone to watch this area. Once they realize an infant is born, they can immediately inform you.”

Klein’s eyes darted about for a while before saying, “That works.”

On this matter, he had many people he could get help from. He could hire a gangster through Sharron and inform him via his messenger, or he could get the usually free Emlyn White to do it. He could also hire bounty hunter, Miss Xio, letting Miss Magician be responsible for informing The World Gehrman Sparrow of the developments. He could also get Arrodes to take note of the surroundings and report to him through a one-way communication method.

However, that fellow, Emlyn’s nose is very sharp. I wonder if he will smell the placenta blood and be able to identify what it truly is… If that’s the case, it might result in him suffering the impact of seeing a Mythical Creature. His intelligence will drop and he will turn mentally unsound to the point of his body mutating… Klein hurriedly asked before Will Auceptin’s pram retreated into the shadows, “I have a, hmm—teacher who I haven’t been in contact for a while. Can you help me read his current fate?

“His name is Azik Eggers.”

As Mr. Azik hadn't replied yet, Klein couldn't help but feel worried. Back when he used the copper whistle to do a divination above the gray fog, all he saw was a silent and deep darkness. He heard a dragged out and distant breathing, making it impossible for him to interpret what the dream meant.

Will Auceptin sucked at his thumb and said, "He's in a state of metamorphosis. It might be good, but it might also be bad. That's all that can be seen because that teacher of yours has something special on him."

Something special? Something directly derived from Death's godhood? Metamorphosis? This is referring to Mr. Azik's recovery of more memories, so he's in a slumber to recover his corresponding strength? Klein thought as he bowed.

"Thank you for your answer."

Will Auceptin turned his head and looked to the side.

Klein thought and gave a warning.

"Based on what I know, Blasphemer Amon is here in Backlund. Of course, it's most likely an avatar."

Will Auceptin was taken aback for a moment before chuckling.

"It's a bane for you, but a boon for me. Amon and Ouroboros are absolute enemies—No, a more accurate description is that 'He' hates the True Creator. Amon is often thinking of means to pull 'Him' down from 'His' throne as a god, while Ouroboros is loyal to that evil god."

After saying that, the black pram retreated into the shadows as everything was restored to normal.

Amon hates the True Creator? I'm increasingly convinced that the True Creator was one of the participants in the sharing of the ancient sun god. 'He' is the black infant in the middle of the Storm Angel, White Angel, and Wisdom Angel... Klein breathed a sigh of relief. He took two steps forward, turned on the tap, and washed his hands.

...

In the evening at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess.

Klein didn't immediately meet the long-faced Colonel Calvin. After he placed the briefcase with ten thousand pounds into a heavy safe-deposit box, he followed Macht to have a buffet meal at this high-end club.

The dishes here mainly served Southern Continent cuisine. There was cream bread made from tapioca flour; ice-cream dripped in the berry juice of a lilac tree; assorted seafood broth with coconut milk and palm butter; cow innards that was cooked with pepper, tomatoes, and onions; Haagenti seared roasted meat; broth made from Paz Valley's delights; as well as steak and roasted squid.

Compared to other places, the ingredients used here were rather high-end. The flavors were also in authentic Southern Continent styles, leaving Klein rather satisfied. If not for his need to maintain his image, he felt that eating a mouthful of seared roasted meat and having a mouthful of ice-cream would be an excellent feeling.

Indeed, I prefer food that has stronger flavors... The thing that

satisfied me the most today was that aperitif. If Member of Parliament Macht hadn't mentioned it in passing, I would've thought that it was a lightly-flavored fruit juice... The pale gold liquid with two lemons soaked in it and a few pieces of ice makes it sweet but a little sour. There's no alcoholic taste to it, and it's refreshing. It instantly just draws away the heat from the body... Klein placed his napkin on the plate as he recounted the feelings he just had.

At this moment, Macht returned from the washroom. He smiled as he bent down and whispered into Dwayne Dantès's ear, "Same room as before."

"Alright." Klein got up, went to the room with the safe-deposit box, and took out the small leather briefcase with 10,000 pounds before heading over to the activity room where he had previously met Colonel Calvin twice.

Calvin, with his long face, was already waiting inside. When he caught sight of the briefcase in Dwayne Dantès's hand, he got up with a smile.

"You really are a gentleman of action.

"I like such attitudes when handling matters."

As he spoke, he extended his right hand and shook Dwayne Dantès's hand.

Klein then handed the briefcase to him and said with a humble smile, "As a merchant, if one isn't decisive and fast when facing an opportunity to make money, that means that they aren't suitable for this occupation."

Calvin sat back down and opened the briefcase in front of Dwayne Dantès and Macht. He roughly counted the neat stacks of cash.

He quickly completed the confirmation check, closed the briefcase, and looked up at Dwayne Dantès.

“What other thoughts do you have towards the exact details of the transaction?”

Klein deliberately wore a look as though he was organizing his words. After a few seconds, he said, “I’m planning on heading to the Southern Continent soon, to West Balam.”

Seeing Calvin and Macht show signs of surprise, he added, “I have some matters that aren’t convenient to do while bringing plenty of firearms. And to make the transaction go smoothly, some advanced preparations are required.

“Heh heh, I have to put enough importance on this matter. It’s a business worth tens of thousands of pounds.

“I’m thinking of first heading to West Balam to contact clients who have such needs, and to clear out any obvious obstacles. At an agreed-upon time, I’ll contact you via telegraph and head to East Balam’s border to retrieve the goods.”

Calvin pondered for a moment and said, “You can send me a telegram after 20th June. I’ll give you the details later. In short, after I receive the telegram, I’ll inform the officer there and get them to pass the countersign and password to the designated personnel for them to head to the warehouse.

“Hmm… Will you need any auxiliary personnel for protection during this time? When do you plan on leaving?”

I only wish to find a place to hide in West Balam where there’s no Rose School of Thought. The rest can be left to Danitz… When do I leave? I obviously wish to leave today and arrive there today, but that will incur suspicion… Klein considered for two seconds and said, “There’s no need for any security for the time being. In certain places in the Southern Continent, having such auxiliary personnel is the main cause for causing conflict. Don’t worry, I have plenty of friends in West Balam. Without bringing anything of value, my safety can be guaranteed.

“As for when I’m leaving, my answer is as soon as possible.”

Calvin thought for nearly a minute before slowly nodding.

“I’ll send someone to receive you after dinner tomorrow. The military will have an airship that needs to send goods and personnel to Desi bay. And it’s just a short distance to the Southern Continent via ship from there. If everything goes smoothly, it will just take two to three days. Even if there’s a storm on the way, requiring a detour of the sea route, it will still take a maximum of a week.”

“Thank you.” Klein sincerely stood up and bowed.

From his point of view, leaving Backlund with the military was safe enough. He wouldn’t be made a target of suspicion.

After discussing some details, Klein got up and bade farewell and returned to the foyer in preparation to leave.

In the foyer, beside the dining table, there were nearly ten military-clad or casually-dressed men holding a cup of wine gathered. They were chatting and laughing about the recent rumors.

When Klein swept his gaze over, he suddenly found a figure somewhat familiar.

The man was more than 1.85 meters tall but less than 1.9 meters. He had rather long arms, and his feet were faced outwards to a certain degree. His shoulders were abnormally broad, causing his black suit to appear rather tight.

This… Klein's mind raced as his nerves tensed up. He had already recalled the source of the familiarity.

It was the demigod that met Crazy Captain Connors that night!

He was the demigod suspected to be working for a particular faction of the royal family, one who was supervising the human trafficking!

Although this High-Sequence Beyonder was previously wearing a black hood that interfered with divination, preventing his appearance from being exposed, Klein remembered the traits of his body.

That was what a Faceless was good at!

Chapter 888: A Shocking Glance

For a second, Klein's act of casually sweeping his gaze paused on that familiar person's figure.

He immediately sensed the abnormality in his reaction since a demigod's spiritual perception wouldn't fail to notice it.

His back muscles tensed up as his mind raced, producing figurative sparks.

He didn't immediately move his gaze away as he continued looking at the demigod suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway. He smiled at Macht and said, "This place really isn't just for veteran officers."

This sounded like a result of careful observation, but it was nothing but meaningless chatter.

Macht chuckled.

"Any club will exceed its original restrictions when it further develops itself."

His answer didn't seem to offer anything, but on careful consideration, it did seem to imply something or perhaps something that was the complete opposite.

At this moment, the broad-shouldered and long-armed gentleman in a black suit had also naturally turned his head. He looked at the two men, and he noticed that the tycoon who had

donated 15,000 pounds was looking at him and his companions while engaging Member of Parliament Macht with a whisper.

This made him feel that his look of surprise was more of a natural reaction towards learning of his occupation.

Then, he retracted his gaze and continued his topic of conversation.

And at this moment, Klein's back was covered in a layer of cold sweat, and his legs were going limp.

Although he had, in a way, faced the demigod before and had even fought with him, to have such a close encounter in such a small place, with danger happening in a split second, this was a first. And more importantly, he was far from prepared to face a demigod. Not only did he lack a marionette, all he had on him was Death Knell, Azik's copper whistle, and the adventurer's harmonica.

The Sea God Scepter was impossible to bring on his person. Furthermore, the usage of it had strict environmental limitations; otherwise, it would result in massive damage. If he kept Groselle's Travels on him for too long, he might be pulled into the book world. When that happens, it would become troublesome trying to exit it. Creeping Hunger was still lacking a seal, so it needed to feed every day. Unless necessary, it was impossible to take it out ahead of time. The Fate Siphon charm was made from a Worm of Time, so it was an unknown if it would attract Amon. Unless he could use it very quickly, Klein obviously lacked the courage to bring it on him.

If the demigod who was suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway had discovered something wrong with him, there was only one optimal solution he could think of.

It was to blow the harmonica and summon Miss Messenger to get her to help him escape Backlund via the spirit world!

He had never thought of letting Reinette Tinekerr engage in a direct battle while he held Death Knell from the side to find an opportunity to fire. This was Backlund, the home ground of the official Beyonders. With Miss Messenger's unique appearance, that man could easily pin a crime on her, and what awaited Klein would be a joint attack on him. There was bound to be increasing numbers of demigods and powerful Sealed Artifacts.

How harrowing... Klein moved his gaze away in a manner that adhered to logic. Using the Clown's ability to control his legs, he walked to the door in a completely normal manner.

He didn't ask Macht who those people were, to appear uninterested as a way to prove that it was all just a casual glance.

However, that person turning to look at him had exposed his appearance to Klein.

He had thick but unmessy black brows with a short and hard crew-cut of the same color. He had dark blue eyes and a high nose-bridge with a bushy mustache spreading out from his mouth. He had a long face with accentuated outlines as well as callous curves.

He had strong masculine vibes and was probably in his thirties or forties. It was difficult to determine.

Just on his appearance alone, Klein felt that he looked more like an Arbiter pathway's demigod rather than one of the Black Emperor pathway.

Of course, this demigod's bearing was closer to that of a Warrior's, but he was too short.

Having had a clear look at him, Klein didn't need to inquire further. He could directly get Arrodes to answer him. Even if he was still wary of the magic mirror, he could always commission Miss Xio, Miss Sharron, and company to do a simple background check.

He believed that no matter how well-hidden this demigod was, it was unlikely for him to have a low-ranking position. It would be easy to figure out who he was.

One step. Two steps. Three steps. Klein left the East Balam Military Veterans Mess in a normal manner.

When he boarded the carriage, he leaned on the wall, closed his eyes, and kept silent for a few seconds. Inwardly, he let out a long sigh.

The disconnected trail of clues leading to the truth of the Great Smog of Backlund has finally been connected again…

He didn't open his eyes or say a word, as though he was recounting the business problems he had previously discussed. But in fact, it was to quell his emotions that had been left in an upheaval.

During this process, Klein realized that Richardson had tried to speak a few times, only to shut his mouth again, doing so as though he was stumped.

Ultimately, he didn't say a word, focused on preparing marquis

black tea for his employer.

Due to his previous encounter, Klein momentarily didn't have the capacity to be bothered about him and had pretended to not notice it.

Amidst the silent atmosphere and grinding wheels, they returned to 160 Böklund Street.

When he reached the third floor, Klein was just about to head for the bathtub that had been prepared by the lady's maid when Richardson, who was holding his hat and cane, took two steps forward and respectfully said, "Sir, are you heading to the Southern Continent soon?"

"Yes," Klein replied frankly. He had even prepared 500 pounds in cash to hand to Housekeeper Taneja for daily expenses needed for the Dwayne Dantès residence during his time in the Southern Continent.

Meanwhile, he had a deeper understanding of the importance of having a butler and valet in high society.

There were many things that a master couldn't keep from them; therefore, any conflict in faith and political inclinations necessitated a change.

Richardson hesitated and said, "Sir, I was born in the Southern Continent and am fluent in Dutanese. I'm also very familiar with the various local traditions. I should be of help to you."

Dutanese was a common language of the ancient Balam Empire. In present-day East and West Balam, the citizens still used this

language. Only people of the middle- and upper-class knew foreign languages like ancient Feysac, Loenese, and Intis.

Klein felt lucky with regards to this because ancient Balam was once a unified empire with a true god existing in it. Therefore, although the different states had different accents, they all used Dutanese. The written language was likewise the same. This saved him plenty of trouble.

If I were to encounter dozens or more than a hundred dialects and languages, that would be a headache… However, Dutanese and ancient Feysac doesn't belong to the same system. I'm unable to easily grasp the various branches by learning the latter. Finding an interpreter is necessary. Oh, Anderson seems to be fluent in Dutanese. He never seemed to mention having any problems with communication in West Balam… Klein finished listening to Richardson when he suddenly realized what was stumping him.

As a valet, he needed to follow whenever his employer headed out. There was no need for a butler to do so.

This also meant that a valet was like a secretary for the master's daily life. In certain cases, they would also play a role as a business secretary.

Clearly, Richardson enjoyed his life in Backlund and everything it had to offer. He didn't wish to return to the Southern Continent to see scenery or matters that would make him recall his past; therefore, when he got into the carriage, he had tried to mention his traits but was unable to voice it out. He wished that Dwayne Dantès could find a better candidate.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "I can tell that you don't like the Southern Continent. Why are you telling me this?"

Richardson slowly bowed his head and looked at his toes.

"You gave me a chance to gain experience to mature. I-I believe I can help you."

Very simple feelings of gratitude... If you hadn't said so, no one would know that you knew Dutanese. After all, you were born and raised in an East Balam colony manor... Klein carefully sized up Richardson, chuckled inwardly, and made some silent poignant comments.

However, he didn't plan on letting this valet of his follow him to the Southern Continent. Firstly, it would make it inconvenient for him to carry out certain operations. Secondly, if he was recognized by some Nation Reestablishment Society member of the Numinous Episcopate, it might end up affecting the rest of his life.

Klein laughed and replied, "I have plenty of friends there. They're all fluent in Dutanese and are aware of the traditions there.

"Hmm, you have more important things to do. Stay in Backlund. Help me deliver some gifts to my friends at fixed periods of time. I'll be giving you a name list when the time comes. Also, read more papers and take note of investment opportunities and also perform on-the-ground checks. Finally, give me a corresponding report. I will get Ma'am Taneja to specially prepare some funds for this."

Richardson was somewhat surprised before saying in pleasant surprise, "Yes, sir. I-I will work hard!"

At that instant, he felt that he was being put in an important position as his eyes blurred up.

From the moment he was born, this was the first time he felt hope for his future. It was something to look forward to.

After dismissing Richardson, Klein took a comfortable bath to soothe his tense nerves. Then, he wore his pajamas and returned to the bedroom. Taking a pen and paper, he drew a symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

The full-body mirror's surface ripples with aqueous light as silver light formed Loenese text:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Are you about to leave Backlund again?"

Klein nodded and said, "Yes."

Without waiting for Arrodes to mention that he could question it, he asked, "Can I still contact you in the Southern Continent?"

"Of course! As long as you take out that magical radio transceiver." On the surface of the mirror, silver words quickly formed. "However, you cannot leave it out in the real world for too long or use it too frequently. There are plenty of beneficiaries of the Mother Tree of Desire. 'She' can use it to detect you."

Klein nodded gently and asked, "What do you know about the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Arrodes suddenly fell into silence. It was only after a very long time that its silver luster formed a complete sentence:

“I don’t dare to mention it, nor do I dare to show it.”

Chapter 889: Warning to Everyone

Don't dare to mention it or show it... At least for Arrodes, the Mother Tree of Desire is definitely stronger than Sequence 1 Zaratul. No, it's even stronger than the Monster pathway's Uniqueness, Die of Probability... There should be a way to circumvent the restriction to get Arrodes to display the corresponding information, such as bringing it above the gray fog... Heh heh, how is that possible? That won't happen unless I'm already an angel and in complete control of that mysterious space... Klein's eyes moved slightly without pressing the question. He asked, "It's your turn to ask."

The full-body mirror's silver light turned brisk, forming a new sentence:

"Great Master, what other instructions do you have for me?"

Nice question! Klein thought for a moment and said, "After I leave Backlund, take note of Dr. Aaron Ceres's family. Once his wife gives birth, remember to mention it to me when I summon you."

After careful consideration, Klein believed that leaving this matter to Arrodes was for the best. After all, no one could monitor Dr. Aaron's residence twenty-four hours a day. And what Klein needed to do was to switch residences at the end of the month to turn on the radio transceiver once.

"Alright, Master~" The words on the mirror reflected Arrodes's mood. "I have a question."

"Speak." Klein nodded, giving permission.

This time, the sentence Arrodes presented were filled with pauses as though it was very hesitant.

“Great Master, what relationship does that child have with you?”

It seemed to be puzzled why a supreme ruler above the spirit world would pay so much attention to a yet-to-be-born infant.

Hmm, I’ve already said that it’s the yet-to-be-born child of Dr. Aaron Ceres; yet Arrodes fails to notice anything special about Will Auceptin… When it comes to hiding his fate and special traits, a Snake of Fate is far better than the angels of the other Sequences. However, the magic mirror is able to accurately give me the time when Tail Devourer Ouroboros would leave Backlund… Hmm, it’s likely that Will Auceptin’s reboot makes it difficult for high-leveled existences to notice anything. This might also be why “He” can avoid the Angel of Fate… Klein answered in enlightenment, “Friends.”

About being Will Auceptin’s godfather, it was just a casual thought. He didn’t have much confidence about that or dare to force it, afraid that he would annoy the Snake of Fate.

“Only friends…” Arrodes revealed an inexplicable sense of disappointment in its words. “Great Master, you can ask a question.”

Klein thought for a moment before saying, “Do you know who the person I met at the East Balam Military Veterans Mess is?

“If you aren’t sure who I’m referring to, I can draw him for you.”

In the dark and deep mirror, aqueous light surfaced, producing a

cold and bearded man with dark blue eyes. It was none other than the demigod Klein suspected to be of the Black Emperor pathway.

Meanwhile, the corresponding text appeared beneath the "picture."

"He's Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. He's from MI9 and is a deputy director. He's known to be a Sequence 5 from the Lawyer pathway, but he wields a powerful Sealed Artifact."

MI9... Brigadier General... Deputy director... From the looks of it, he's the representative of the spy network for the faction of the royal family... Klein memorized the information given to him by the magic mirror. But for a moment, he was at a loss as to the direction for the investigation. After all, Qonas was a demigod, and be it spying or sounding him out, it would easily put him in an alert state regardless of whether he did it himself or commissioned someone else. It was bound to provoke revenge.

The only reliable idea he had was to rely on Miss Justice to do some gathering of information. Not only was her standing high, she also had the social connections to obtain the relevant information. Furthermore, she was a Sequence 6 of the Spectator pathway. She could steer topics of conversation without garnering any suspicion, allowing her to complete her observation stealthily.

I have to say that, although Spectators have lacking combat abilities, they are a force to be reckoned with in other aspects. Besides, with the powers of Psychiatrist and Hypnotist, Spectators can control and guide the direction of a battle to a certain extent... Klein reflected over it as he wondered what else he could ask Arrodes about.

At this moment, the light from the mirror's surface faded and

formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, do you wish to know the mastermind behind Cuarón's suicide?"

You are even providing me intelligence on your own accord? Although I've already extricated myself from this matter, I haven't been too actively involved in it and am just awaiting the Nighthawks' investigations. I didn't even find it necessary to ask about it... Klein chuckled inwardly and nodded.

"Yes."

The full-body mirror produced a silver line of text:

"Royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis, one of the councillors of the Psychology Alchemists."

Psychology Alchemists? Royal family's consultant? Klein immediately frowned.

He found it difficult to determine what the Psychology Alchemists were plotting, or if a particular faction of the royal family was dissatisfied with the current political climate and was attempting to "nudge" it.

The Psychology Alchemists isn't like I imagined, being focused on academics and the exploration of ancient ruins... Do all secret organizations attempt to grasp power at a certain point to influence the world? An anchor's requirement? I wonder if Hvin Rambis's ploy is a personal act or decided by the organization. If it's the former, that's still alright, but if it's the latter, it will be easier for Miss Justice to encounter difficult choices as her

standing in the Psychology Alchemists rises... Klein's thoughts whirred as he returned to the question-and-answer game. He deliberated and asked, "What else do you wish to say?"

If anyone else had asked such a question, Klein believed that Arrodes would smite them with lightning or use another malicious method to tease them. However, he believed that, as a supreme ruler above the spirit world, he had the right to ask such a question. It was also an opportunity to test Arrodes's bottom line.

The silver light on the full-body mirror's surface transformed into another new line without any hesitation:

"Great Master, Amon is already in Backlund as you expected.

"As it's 'His' avatar that came, I can see it."

What do you mean as I expected? When did I expect it? Klein pricked up his brows and said,

"I'm aware.

"Alright. That's it for today. I'll summon you again using the radio transceiver if I come across any more questions."

"Yes, Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly awaiting your orders! Goodbye~" The mirror's surface depicted an emoticon of waving a handkerchief.

Klein watched in silence until everything was restored to normal.

On the second day, which was a Monday. He had already made preparations to head to the Southern Continent. Apart from the luggage that contained two sets of clothes, 500 pounds, and some miscellaneous clothing that was meant for show, he threw the remaining 12,125 pounds and 87 gold coins above the gray fog.

The reason why he was so careful was because Klein had a deep impression on his last death and resurrection. If he hadn't had an anonymous account with a few hundred pounds from Miss Justice, he had no idea how long he had to wander the streets. Perhaps he had to really get a job at the circus to be a clown, or he'd have to head to a certain gangster leader's place to "borrow" some money.

Seeing that it was almost three, Klein headed up above the gray fog, prepared to have this week's Tarot Gathering.

He had previously done a divination here, and he received the conclusion that, unless they were in the same building, Blasphemer Amon was unable to detect a Tarot Club member being pulled up into the mysterious space above the gray fog.

Before long, dark red beams shot up in the grand palace, materializing into blurry figures.

Having confirmed that she was restarting her psychology lessons this week and having reestablished contact with the Psychology Alchemists, Audrey looked towards the end of the long bronze table in a relatively good mood. She stood up, raised the corners of her skirt, and bowed.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Opposite her, The Hanged Man also got up and bowed, but he had another question on his mind.

He had originally promised The World Gehrman Sparrow that he would give him the mystical item made from the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic last week. But to his dismay, something happened to the Artisan, preventing him from handing it over in time.

With regards to this, Alger planned on explaining the reason to The World at the Tarot Gathering before personally taking action to resolve the problems of the Artisan.

After the bow and exchanging greetings, Cattleya was just about to say something when she saw Mr. Fool rap the edges of the mottled table.

This dull knock made all the Tarot Club members tense up. They had no idea what Mr. Fool was about to say.

It must be something serious! Something that's emphasized by Mr. Fool at the beginning must be something serious! Audrey determined inwardly.

The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a smile, "Amon recently came to Backlund. An avatar."

Amon? Blasphemer Amon? Derrick instantly felt his unpleasant memories become invoked.

Be it parasitizing the former team captain, asking "are you looking for me?" or coiling around his Spirit Body like a snake, Amon with his pointed hat was a nightmare he couldn't shirk away from.

One had to know that, as a resident of the City of Silver, Derrick

had seen plenty of terrifying monsters. Only a few could make him feel uneasy and fearful just from a mere recollection.

Amon has headed to Backlund where Miss Justice and Miss Magician are living? What does "He" want? What should they do? Derrick suddenly felt nervous for his companions.

Amon... This ancient King of Angels has returned to the real world? Indeed, when a revolution is about to happen or is descending, the waves of the times will come flooding in... Alger's eyes narrowed as he recalled what Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos had once said to him.

Cattleya's thoughts were similar to his. As the King of Angels had reappeared in the Northern Continent, she could catch a "whiff" of the unease. A phrase surfaced in her mind: *the changing of an epoch!*

Amon! Angel of Time Amon... An ancient King of Angels... Audrey trembled in concern. She glanced at The Magician Fors and Mr. Moon who wore blank and horrified looks and couldn't help but look towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can I think of a way to inform the Church of this matter?"

Chapter 890: Ignore "Him"

Regarding Miss Justice's question, Klein had already considered it some time ago. After all, leaving troublesome problems to the official organizations who could resolve them was his modus operandi. However, Leonard's and Pallez Zoroast's reaction made him realize something different.

Leonard was a Red Glove of the Nighthawks. He could easily create an informant to pass the news of Amon being in Backlund to the Church of Evernight, and then let the archbishop and high-ranking deacons decide on a strategy before carrying out an operation. It wouldn't expose his problem, and it could also quash any latent troubles. Yet, he had chosen to leave using the excuse of a mission. It was obvious to Klein that Amon's appearance was tied to the reason for Leonard's choice of action.

He had the suspicion that informing the Church of Evernight might result in unpredictable negative outcomes. Therefore, the angel of the Marauder pathway in Leonard's body had denied this choice of action. And "He" was one of the existences who knew the various Beyonder powers that Amon possessed.

When I have no idea what to do, the choice is undoubtedly to emulate those with experience... Although there's the gray fog separating us, and any problem will cease at Miss Justice's side, there's no need to take such risks. There aren't many members of the Tarot Club to begin with. Every one of them needs to be cherished... Thoughts flashed through The Fool Klein's mind as he shook his head and said with a calm, humored tone, "Ignore 'Him.'"

Ignore "Him"... Mr. Fool's attitude is as if Amon is a stray dog... In "His" eyes, only Sequence 0 true deities are worthy of attention? That's right. The last time The Sun was possessed by Amon's avatar, Mr. Fool had easily cleansed it away. As long as Amon

doesn't appear in person, it's not too big a problem for "Him"... Hmm, the reason Mr. Fool emphasized this matter at the beginning is to warn us to be careful... Alger thought in fearful respect and enlightenment.

Audrey similarly interpreted the meaning that it was a trivial matter. She suddenly made the connection.

Is Mr. World Gehrman Sparrow's temporary departure of Backlund to avoid Angel of Time Amon? To Mr. Fool, although "He" is still slowly recovering "His" standing, level, and powers, it's not difficult for "Him" to deal with Amon's avatar. The Sun's encounter is evidence... "He" got "His" Blessed to avoid Amon to not attract the Angel of Time's real body, as this can spoil "His" plans of awakening?

Yes, "He" emphasized it to us as a warning, worried that we wouldn't react properly when chancing upon Amon. Mr. Fool really shows "His" concern for us!

At this moment, Emlyn had just digested the matter of King of Angels Blasphemer Amon's appearance in Backlund.

Although he was arrogant, repeated Tarot Gatherings had allowed him to understand what a King of Angels was. It was an existence second to Sanguine Ancestor Lilith, second to the true deities that sat at the pinnacle Sequence. "They" were the strongest ones who walked the real world!

What's going to happen this time in Backlund? When the time comes, there will be dead people, the wounded, or the sick everywhere outside. I'll become busy again because of Father... Emlyn recalled his life after the Great Smog of Backlund as he showed signs of fear, fear that such matters would happen again.

Fors also felt that the problem was significant. This was because if Angel of Time Amon really wanted to do something, it was very likely that "He" would inflict damage on a large scale. It was something that she could avoid by hiding at home and not heading out.

She silently drew a breath and looked to the end of the long bronze table, worriedly asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, why is Amon sending 'His' avatar to Backlund?"

Klein deliberated over his choice of words and looked around the table with a smile.

"To look for all of you."

To look for us? The sentence seemed to be like bolts of lightning that struck Fors and company awake. It left their spines numb.

Right on the heels of that, Audrey made the connection of the reply to "ignore 'Him'" from before. She found Mr. Fool like the boundless ocean, and a mere avatar of Blasphemer Amon was just a rock. It could only cause a tiny stir and nothing more.

Although Amon's avatar came to find us Tarot Club members, Mr. Fool has said to ignore "Him," so there's no need to bother about "Him"... Praise Mr. Fool! Audrey's nerves that had just tensed up instantly relaxed.

Emlyn, Fors, and Derrick also figured out something similar. They either leaned back into their seats, exhaled openly, or praised Mr. Fool from the bottom of their hearts.

Cattleya hadn't joined when Amon possessed The Sun Derrick,

and she had only learned of it during a few of the subsequent discussions. Therefore, she knew little and didn't have deep thoughts about it. She just felt worried over the situation where Amon, a King of Angels, was seeking out the Tarot Club members.

Why would a King of Angels like Amon target the Tarot Club?

"He" likely discovered our organization from The Sun...

What goal does "He" have, and why is "He" so confident?

"He" is targeting Mr. Fool? "He" can sense the abnormalities of the gray fog?

But Mr. Fool said to ignore "Him"... This means that, under normal circumstances, Amon is unable to tell who is a Tarot Club member?

With Kings of Angels appearing, is the Fifth Epoch coming to an end?

After Alger relaxed from his tensed state, he began thinking about something else.

Back when he informed the Church of Storms about Bansy Harbor's problem, his excuse was that he had heard "someone at a bar mentioning it." And he had described this person using Blasphemer Amon's image!

Thankfully, even if the Church were to encounter Amon, with the way they handle things, they wouldn't verify and question this

matter. And regardless of Amon's performance or because of his identity, they will definitely find him extremely suspicious and place weight on this suspicion... Alger wasn't worried that he would expose himself for this trivial problem; he only believed that it was best that he should be careful and not randomly use high-ranking Beyonders, especially angels and above, as scapegoats.

Hence, he warned himself.

Although not every high-ranking Beyonder is at the level of "any mention of it will be known," or have similar powers, mentioning it excessively might result in me encountering that existence due to the machinations of fate. After all, the higher one goes, the deeper the connections of fate will be!

Seeing that the Tarot Club members, especially the three who were in Backlund, had already shown signs of wariness about Amon's avatar and had written off the thoughts of being rash and not plan on targeting the Blasphemer, he calmed down and leaned back, leisurely looking at everyone as an indication that the floor was theirs.

Cattleya reined in her worries over the Northern and Southern Continent and the Five Seas before looking to the seat of honor at the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I have three new diary pages again this time."

She remembered vividly that, at the end of last Monday's Tarot Gathering, she had informed the meaning of the two "Rosellean characters" to Queen Mystic. However, she only received a reply on Sunday. In it were three new diary pages and a question of medium length.

“The place his mind and spirit calls home, is it on that island, or the depths of the cosmos?”

When Cattleya ruminated over this question, she seemed to sense the emotional upheavals that were happening when Queen Mystic wrote it, unlike her usual calm self.

With regards to this, she sighed silently based on her understanding of Queen Mystic Bernadette.

In Her Majesty’s heart, Emperor Roselle is an unresolved knot. This is the reason why she ultimately doesn’t dare to advance to Sequence 2?

Klein had no idea what Ma’am Hermit was thinking; all he did was nod and indicated that she could conjure the new Roselle diary pages.

Soon, the three yellowish-brown goatskin pages appeared in his palm.

“10th March. I participated in that ancient and most secret organization’s gathering.

“After many observations, I’m increasingly puzzled over a problem: What does it mean to be the trend of the times? Who defines the trend of the times?

“If it’s really as they claim, when everything ends and the original Creator is resurrected from the dead, awakening from his slumber, he would gather everything back into his body to create a new world and new history. Then, there’s no need for them to let the times develop according to what they expect of

the times. They can quickly come up with all kinds of schemes, such as triggering a world war, a war between angels, or even a war between deities. Wouldn't that accelerate their goals?

"Or could it be the case that 'the times' is part of the original Creator? Only when 'the times' develop according to a certain expectation can 'He' draw energy from it and revive? This isn't scientific... Of course, whatever I see and participate in now isn't scientific at all...

"Actually, if I had any say, why revive the Creator who rides above all? Everyone can just go through the motions and enjoy themselves without any restrictions. Isn't that better?

"Based on my observations, hehe, there are many members who share similar viewpoints as mine. However, there are a number of members who are stubborn and inflexible, strictly abiding to their beliefs. I wonder if they should be called idealists or crazy cultists.

"What I can't see through the most is that mysterious leader. Old Mister Hermes told me that this organization began with him, no—'Him'. It was organized with people who shared 'His' beliefs and goals. However, 'He' seldom expresses 'His' thoughts, never stopping many of the members who use the organization for their own purposes. At times, I will even forget 'His' existence. 'He' seems to enjoy sitting there, silently watching everyone converse.

"But on one matter, I witnessed 'His' might. A High-Sequence Beyonder who had gone against their so-called trend of the times was put forth by 'Him.' In thirty seconds, the person became a target of elimination. And I believe that the poor fellow wouldn't survive past summer.

"Who is 'He'? Some ancient god that survived the Second

Epoch??”

Roselle had used two question marks at the end of the sentence to express his strong doubts. This was something he seldom did; hence, Klein suspected that this was the reason why Bernadette had chosen this diary entry.

Chapter 891: Strange Chapel

The mysterious leader of the Twilight Hermit Order enjoys sitting there, silently watching everyone converse. Once "He" wishes for something to be done, the matter can very quickly reach a consensus... This really matches the characteristics of the Spectator pathway... I'm increasingly convinced that "He" is Amon's brother, the other son of the Creator, Adam... In his later years, the emperor learned plenty of secrets from Mr. Door and was probably able to come up with similar conclusions... As Klein compared the descriptions in the diary with what he already knew to come up with theories and verify them, he cast his gaze down to read the rest of the content of the page.

"11th March. The more I recall what happened yesterday, the more afraid I am. A demigod existence had his fate decided with just a few words. He didn't even have the chance to express his disapproval. And the makeup of the ancient secret organization convinces me that, apart from dealing with the seven orthodox Churches, there is nothing that they can't do. Even the toppling of a nation isn't impossible.

"How lucky I am to be pulled into this organization; otherwise, who knows if I might one day suffer an unexpected assassination I cannot resist. I'll die with my eyes wide open!!

"This kind of organization that hides behind the scenes, secretly passing judgment on others, while determining the life and death of the target is really unacceptable. Even if I'm one of their members, I'm still appalled and feel fear deep down.

"This world is so much more dangerous than Earth. Perhaps just being born with relatively high spirituality, randomly flipping through an ancient tome, sitting normally on a ship doing business, taking in the beauty of some lady, entering some castle because of one's love of traveling, being woken up by fighting

next door in the middle of the night, or creating something that's of meaning, these would be enough to cause one to die a baffling, tragic death!

"And this is one of the reasons that drive me to improve myself, to advance myself to gain the ability to determine my own fate. I can definitely succeed. I'm the protagonist of this era, ha!"

"12th March. I feel there's a need to seek out some material regarding the Fourth Epoch, Third Epoch, and even the Second Epoch. The experience that came from joining that ancient secret organization tells me that there might be countless secrets hidden here, the kind that will influence the direction of an epoch.

"Unfortunately, such information is astonishingly rare. They're either kept by the Church, or they have been destroyed. I believe that I'm unlikely to gain much simply by relying on my subordinates. The best method is still to raise my Sequence. It will allow me to gain a higher status and greater power in the Church."

From this diary page, it's obvious that the emperor's act of establishing contact with Mr. Door had happened very long after he joined the Twilight Hermit Order. Perhaps he was already a High-Sequence Beyonder; otherwise, there was no way he could withstand Mr. Door's ravings... Compared to the emperor, it's so much easier for me to investigate history. I have his diary for the Fourth Epoch. There's the City of Silver for the Second Epoch. From time to time, I can even encounter the evil spirit that was formed by a King of Angels... Hmm, in the middle of his life, the emperor seems to tone down on his allusions of grandeur... Klein flipped to the second diary page with a relaxed attitude.

"18th May. I've been having nightmares recently. I dream of myself wearing ancient silver-gray armor and sitting beside a cliff. In front of me is silence, and there's a bottomless black fog

beneath me. It was filled with corruption and evil. Merely looking at it was enough to influence me. Towards the end, my face grew complicated, jet-black patterns as I monitored the abyss. My skin turned hard and I had the feeling that sticky liquid was flowing across the surface of my body. My eyes completely lost their reason.

"It was a reflection of the Abyss. It was the reflection of the Abyss which I saw and attempted to enter last month!

"As this nightmare becomes more frequent, I realize that extreme thoughts are becoming a common occurrence for me. Occasionally, the anger from being beaten up might lead me to hoping to rip apart the limbs of my target. Also, dark red lumps are growing on my back. My body temperature is also gradually decreasing.

"Is this a form of corruption from the Abyss?

"I have to think of a way to confirm and resolve it!

"For the time being, I cannot get the Church's help; otherwise, I'll have to divulge the existence of the primitive island and the Abyss.

"Yes, I can find the priests and bishops of the Eternal Blazing Sun. They're more skilled at purification!"

"19th May. Through some connections, I received some secret treatment. My entire being felt a lot more relaxed. All the anomalies that happened to me have turned for the better.

"Amidst my joy, I also thought of a problem. I had only explored

the periphery of the Abyss, without making contact with any high-level Devils. I even had an object on the Black King that could resist corruption; yet, I was affected without realizing it and even had signs of being corrupted. Those Criminal pathway Beyonders would make sacrifices to high-level Devils from time to time; the corruption they suffer must be even worse. Over time, it's probably untreatable, and they can only be cleansed—both body and aura.

"Likewise, High-Sequence Beyonders, especially angels, should be able to exert influence on Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. And due to the difference in level, there are corresponding limitations on distance. When one becomes a true god, there's a high probability that they can "communicate" across the whole world and spirit world without any obstructions…

"This begs the question. Am I being influenced to a certain extent by the God of Craftsmanship, no—Should I say the God of Steam and Machinery? This is quite scary. It appears that only by becoming a demigod that I will be able to escape this influence?

"Thankfully, since the Fifth Epoch, there hasn't been any examples of true gods leaving the astral world to descend upon the land. Likewise, pathways without true gods do not have such severe problems."

"20th May. After a period of being dispirited, I've returned to the social scene!

"F*ck, those bastards have been secretly mocking me, saying that the reason for me not coming out recently has to do with me having too much fun and turning weak! Just because my dark eye circles are more obvious because of my nightmare-induced poor sleep quality?

“Hehe, I want to let them know what it means by the difference in one’s talent!!”

I wonder what an angel’s influence is like on a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder… The transmission of ravings over great distances? Automatic characteristic attraction? Regardless of where it is, as long as one’s honorific name is chanted, one will have the godhood to reply? When meeting each other, is it the direct acquisition and erosion of one’s Beyonder characteristic? If all of this is possible, it’s equivalent to a mini-deity… It’s no wonder that angels in the Second Epoch are called subsidiary gods… Klein’s thoughts raced as he flipped the page in his hand to read the last diary page.

“12th October. Edwards ran to me, telling me that one of his knights discovered a strange chapel. It might have to do with the faith before the Fourth Epoch.

“This piqued my interest as I immediately rushed to the tiny city by the name of Bayman.”

“13th October. Bayman is a tiny town built on a mountain. The buildings all have protruded domes, just like a white straw hat. It’s very special.

“Following the street, and covering several flights of stairs, I finally found the strange chapel. On the surface, it looked like an ordinary residence with nothing special about it. Only by entering would one discover the difference.

“There was only one priest here. He was a genial middle-aged man who wore a simple white robe. He had a pale gold beard that covered half his face. His light-colored eyes were clear like a child’s.

“He claimed the place to be a temple of the Creator. Any creature from any species, any believer of any deity could enter.

“When I heard him mention this, it reminded me of a question I had. Apart from the seven orthodox deities, the other faiths are deemed as heretics. They are unable to openly build a cathedral other than that of the original Creator. However, there has never been any such Church coming into existence. Even cathedrals are extremely rare!

“In front of the chapel was a simple baldachin. In it was a man carrying a cross. This was likely the divine image of the so-called Creator.

“I sat in the front pew and idly chatted with the priest. He told me of many different stories.

“He said that when humans were first born, the ones that ruled the skies, land, and sea were all sorts of crazy, bloodthirsty monsters. They were said to be the origins of the later species: dragons, giants, and elves.

“These monsters freely indulged in their desires, occupying all kinds of places. It appeared that it wouldn’t take long before they destroyed the entire world. At this moment, it was the Creator who had awoken. ‘He’ retrieved the special traits and powers that they had been blessed with, and he had bestowed it to the humans.

“After that, ‘He” returned to his slumber, leaving behind a prophecy:

“When madness, cruelty, greed, indulgence, coldness, and bloodthirstiness drowns the land once again, ‘He’ would awaken and retrieve everything.

“As we spoke, the priest held the hanging cross by his chest and silently prayed.

“Such a myth is completely different from the Churches’ canon. There are many interesting parts that are worth thinking about.”

“15th October. I’ve been back in Trier for a day. Only then did I forget to ask the priest for his name!

“Forget it. There will still be a chance in the future. My sixth sense as a man tells me that I’ll definitely head to that chapel again.”

Isn’t this the condensed version of the City of Silver’s myth? Hmm, the period around the end of the Second Epoch and the beginning of the Third Epoch… That priest seems to know a lot. Perhaps, an organization that passes down such a myth over the generations know a lot… Klein’s mind stirred as the diary pages in his hand vanished.

Then, he looked up at Ma’am Hermit.

“Go ahead.”

Cattleya immediately bowed her head.

“Honorable Mr. Fool, what I wish to know is if the place that Emperor Roselle’s mind and spirit calls home on that island or the depths of the cosmos?”

That island? That primitive island that caused Grimm to die and had left the emperor shocked? From the looks of it, the emperor

treated the island with great importance towards the end of his life. Even Queen Mystic Bernadette noticed it…

What does deep in the cosmos mean? The astral world? Or some other planet? There are many things about the emperor that transcends his era, so he's suspected by his daughter to be an alien?

Although it's a little ridiculous, it adheres to logic. After all, research has proven that this is a planet. The Sun is a star, and apart from that is the endless universe, a galaxy with countless stars… How should I answer? I can't just tell her about transmigration. But it's not like I can't say anything… Klein pondered for a while before shaking his head with a smile.

"Neither of them."

Chapter 892: Individual "Comprehension"

Neither of them... Cattleya ruminated over Mr. Fool's reply, suddenly feeling at a loss as to the true meaning of the question.

She originally imagined that the place that Emperor Roselle's mind and spirit called home had to involve something philosophical or mystical. For example, the island might refer to the divine kingdom of the deity of his faith; the depths of the cosmos referred to the astral world, indicating Emperor Roselle's belief in surpassing himself in his quest for a deity's throne. In the end, Mr. Fool answered that it was neither. This denied nearly every possibility, making it difficult for her to think of any other answer.

Perhaps what Her Majesty wishes to ask is not something I understand. What Mr. Fool is saying is pointing at another explanation... It doesn't matter if I understand it. I'm only a communication tool between them... Cattleya sighed inwardly as she sincerely bowed.

"Thank you for your answer."

The other Tarot Club members were lost in regards to the question and answer. Although they could understand the reason for the question and could understand what the actual meaning of the mental and spiritual home was, they couldn't make any connection to the island or the depths of the cosmos. Hence, all of them had their own interpretations and guesses, but all of them felt that their theories were distant from the truth.

Subconsciously, Fors believed that the island referred to the woman Roselle loved the most. The depths of the cosmos

referred to the emperor's late years when he cast his gaze to what he deemed "the Sea of Stars."

Audrey believed that the island referred to one's island of self-consciousness in psychology. The sea was the conscious, and below the sea's surface was the subconscious. And the cosmos referred to the spirituality sky that represented the astral world. Hence, the corresponding question became "did Emperor Roselle believe in himself, deities, or purely nature."

From this angle, Mr. Fool's answer appeared rather strange. It was as though "He" was saying that Emperor Roselle didn't believe in anything, including himself.

I might be misinterpreting it… But if that's really the case, Emperor Roselle might seem conflicted based on what Mr. Fool says, but in fact, it might conceal a deeper secret… Or it could be that, in his later years, he had seen through life. He began thinking about the universe, the world, deities, and the basic qualities of humanity. He became a pessimist and a nihilist? Audrey seemed to be training her abilities as she thought with piqued interest.

Alger had similar thoughts as Cattleya. As for Emlyn, he considered it for a moment before decisively giving up upon realizing that he had no clue. Derrick had no interest in Emperor Roselle, but he didn't break the silence. He kept considering the conversations he was to have later.

Finally, The Fool, who was cloaked by the gray fog, chuckled and said, "You may begin."

Alger immediately looked at The World and deliberated over his words.

“Sorry, your mystical item will require a little more time.”

Without waiting for him to speak, he quickly gave an explanation:

“That Artisan had strangely gotten infected by a sickness, and there are suspicious ‘snoopers’ appearing in the vicinity. This resulted in a delay. I will personally make a trip to see if I can resolve his problems so that he can quickly recover. We’ll try to make the mystical item you need within two weeks.”

He spoke extremely sincerely as a way to express his apologies and importance on the matter. But in his actual description, he had secretly pushed all the blame to the Artisan. It was as though he was saying to The World that if he were displeased, I will teach him a lesson for you. If that’s not enough, I will even give you his exact location for you to personally pay him a visit.

That Artisan sure is troublesome… Mr. Hanged Man treats this quite seriously. Hmm, non-official, or should I say Artisans who are willing to accept orders from unknown origins, are extremely rare. If they can be secured, it’s best that they are secured… Klein pondered for a moment and got The World to hoarsely reply, “I will allow this delay, but there shouldn’t be a next time.”

He spoke very calmly, but it alarmed Alger. He could almost feel the hidden murderous intent in The World Gehrman Sparrow.

“Thank you for your understanding,” he said with a staid expression.

Upon hearing their conversation, Cattleya looked at The Hanged Man, curled her lips, and nudged her glasses. She said, “If you are unable to resolve the problems, I can provide some help.”

From her point of view, as long as the problem wasn't serious, she could even do it for free. After all, this meant that she could skip The Hanged Man and directly establish connections with the Artisan.

Alger obviously sensed the true intent of this pirate admiral. He felt that she was beginning to severely encroach into his territory, giving him a certain level of pressure. He paused for a moment and replied in an unperturbed manner, "Then, I will thank you on his behalf for your kindness."

On the one hand, he expressed his close ties with the Artisan, and on the other hand, didn't directly object to her help; thus, giving him sufficient leeway. Compared to having Gehrman Sparrow find fault with him, sacrificing some benefits wasn't something unacceptable.

Cattleya didn't harp on the matter as she turned to look at The World.

"Are you pleased with the information on West Balam?"

She had already gathered all the information on West Balam that Gehrman Sparrow needed last Thursday. She had handed it to him via the strange messenger.

She was filled with fear when it came to Mr. Fool, so given any other methods, she was unwilling to disturb that existence.

It cost me a total of 300 pounds. If it wasn't good enough, I would've asked for a refund there and then! Klein mumbled and made The World answer tersely as an affirmation.

Then, the fake person cast its gaze on Miss Magician.

Fors immediately felt uncomfortable, akin to the feeling of a rat being targeted by a cat. She couldn't help but consider if she had done something wrong.

Could it be that during my conversation with Xio, my description, no—defamation of Dwayne Dantès, was heard by him? Or is he displeased that I didn't refund him the money? Fors stopped thinking about the bodyguard mission that had happened days ago as she asked, quaking with consternation, "Mr. World, i-is there something?"

The World nodded and said, "A commission.

"Get information on Calderón City from the Abraham family. Most important of all is its location."

Calderón City... Why is The World suddenly searching for this mysterious spirit world city? An instruction from Mr. Fool? It's a new part of his reawakening plans? Cattleya had some idea about Calderón City, so she was quite perplexed.

The other Tarot Club members, including Fors, didn't know what city The World was looking for. All they could do was maintain their silence. Among them, Emlyn felt that he had heard of it before, but he couldn't recall the exact details.

About four seconds later, Fors forced a smile.

"No problem. I can help you ask."

“How much would it cost?” The World asked in an unperturbed tone.

1,000 pounds! No, 500 pounds, no— I still need to deduct the bodyguard fee… Fors’s mind raced and finally gave her price:

“350 pounds.”

That’s cheap. Other than the spirit world’s Seven Lights, perhaps only the Abraham family has detailed information on Calderón City… Yes, to Miss Magician, it’s just about asking her teacher. It’s indeed simple and convenient. It’s no wonder it’s not expensive… Klein was first surprised before coming to a realization. He made The World nod and say, “Deal.”

After watching this transaction close, Audrey noticed something amusing.

Miss Magician seems to be very afraid of Mr. World. It was to the point of being a reflex!

She had previously met Dwayne Dantès, but didn’t know that he was Gehrman Sparrow. During this period, she discovered something terrifying? Hmm, I’ll arrange to meet her and Xio at Glaint’s place. Let’s see if I can figure out something… Audrey thought as she indiscernibly nodded.

At this moment, seeing that The World had nothing else, Emlyn hurriedly looked at The Sun.

“Do you have the Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic of the artificial vampire?”

“I haven’t accrued enough merit points.” Derrick didn’t feel ashamed this time. On the contrary, he felt that Mr. Moon was being overly anxious. How could the points needed for a Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic be so easily amassed?

Emlyn turned his head disgruntledly when he suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly said to Miss Magician, “I have clues to the cursed item and remnant spirituality from an ancient wraith. I’m waiting for more detailed information.

“This might not be an item to give to you directly, but one to provide you with some information about where you can find an ancient wraith in the vicinity of Backlund.”

Upon saying that, Emlyn thought and said, “300 pounds.”

This means that I have to hunt the ancient wraith myself? Based on various mysticism rumors, this is quite a powerful monster… After hearing what Mr. Moon had to say, Fors’s first reaction was that it was a dilemma. Her second reaction was to commission the hunting mission to Mr. World. She was certain that he could quickly and successfully complete it!

But upon the thought that hiring Mr. World might cost far more than what the ancient wraith was worth, she felt that it was better to attempt it herself.

I’ll wait until Xio becomes an Interrogator. Together, we should have a higher chance… Besides, I still have Leymano’s Travels with me. On it is a demigod-level High-Sequence Beyonder power and Angel’s Embrace. There are plenty of unique Beyonder powers in it, and below that of High-Sequence Beyonders, it’s practically a divine artifact… Uh, I have little actual combat experience since I’m fleeing most of the time. This is an opportunity… Fors quickly made a decision and said to The Moon Emlyn, “Deal.”

After confirming some other matters, the transaction segment came to an end. Klein got The World Gehrman Sparrow to beat Mr. Hanged Man to the punch by looking around and saying, “My preliminary investigations regarding Backlund’s Cuarón’s suicide has borne fruit.”

Chapter 893: Hair-Resembling Plants

The one that was most interested Cuarón's suicide was none other than Justice Audrey. However, she had long noticed that Fors had some slight interest in the case. Hence, she didn't ask and had maintained her posture, patiently waiting for a particular best-selling author to pose the question.

In just a second or two, Fors looked at the borders of the table in front of The World and asked after some deliberation, "What's the truth?"

Klein had already rehearsed how he was to describe it, so without any hesitation, he got The World to say, "The mastermind behind it is the royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis. He probably has another identity—a councillor of the Psychology Alchemists."

When she heard the first sentence, Audrey's mind had already naturally produced the image of a genial elder. This man came from an aristocratic background. He had graduated from Berth University and possessed profound knowledge and outstanding insight. He had been a consultant to the royal family for more than a decade and was publicly recognized as a scholar, a good man, a gentleman.

Audrey had previously suspected that Cuarón's suicide might have been instigated by the royal family, but she never expected the mastermind to be the genial, amiable, kind, and humorous Hvin Rambis!

When The World announced the other identity of the man, she found herself unable to hide her alarm and puzzlement.

Hvin Rambis is a Beyonder? He's a councillor of the Psychology Alchemists?

This also means that he might be a demigod... I've seen him so many times, but I've never connected him to the mysterious world. I always found him to be solely a scholar, a knowledgeable scholar...

If Mr. World wasn't misled in his investigations, I'd really find it unbelievable. That Hvin Rambis, who's known to be helpful to others, would treat a life with such coldness. He coldly made a child lose his father, a wife to lose her husband, parents to lose their son... He usually presents himself to be cultured and loving... Hmm, politics is dirtier than I imagined. Same for the royal family...

Speaking of which, I have yet to meet a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists. I've never made contact with their upper echelons. I never expected that this secret organization is almost no different from the cults like the Aurora Order and Numinous Episcopate... Our Tarot Club is better. Mr. Fool is always stopping or disrupting the plans of the evil gods and devils...

While Audrey's mind was in chaos, Alger acutely sensed the brewing problems in Backlund's political climate. He felt that various factions were interlinked and that there were many secrets. They formed a massive bucket of explosives that could explode at any time.

The nobles, royal family, Church of Storms, Church of Evernight, Church of Steam, the burgeoning rich, the commoners who live on a precipice, and the lowest class who live abject lives... The revolution of the times is so obvious. To think I didn't recognize this at all. I just simply believed Qilangos's words and the "evidence" he showed. An epoch where the old gods fade and new gods arise is about to descend. The tides of history are roaring in an unstoppable manner... Alger silently sighed, seemingly seeing

the tall gothic bell tower and the Bell of Order that hung in it.

And surrounding this famous landmark, swirls of air was materializing and the light was darkening. It appeared that eddies were gearing up to form hurricanes.

Suddenly, Alger had a theory.

What arises might not be a new god, but an ancient god from an even more remote age...

He instinctively glanced at the seat of honor at the end of the long bronze table before quickly retracting his gaze. He could hardly quell the upheavals in his heart.

At that moment, he had a baffling feeling that his ambition and goals were too puny. He had only wanted to become an archbishop of the Church of Storms, a saint. In this position, he would have authority in the world and he could direct many things in secret.

Since the old gods are fading away and new gods are rising, Mr. Fool will be returning to "His" throne in the astral world. Then why shouldn't I consider being an angel?

Only at this level can I complete a qualitative change in my existence. I'll be able to live a long lifespan. Only then can I lord over people and lead a large-scale organization. I'll wield authority over the world!

As thoughts flashed through his mind, Alger trembled in an almost indiscernible manner. His heart was spewing with agitated emotions.

When Cattleya connected Queen Mystic's whereabouts for the past two months, she felt that the latter had been spending a large portion of her time in Backlund.

Is something about to happen in Backlund? I can try asking when I write this time. I wonder what response Her Majesty will give... Cattleya nudged her heavy glasses on her nose and swept her gaze across Miss Justice and the other members from Backlund.

Fors knew some of the details of Cuarón's suicide case. She knew that the victim had acted on his own the entire time and that he wasn't controlled. She also knew that the witnesses believed without a doubt that everything was a result of Dwayne Dantès. Comparing this with the actual situation had induced a deep sense of fear towards the councillor of the Psychology Alchemists. She didn't wish that she would one day find out that her thoughts and hobbies were all a result of someone else's doing.

How is this different from being a puppet? A High-Sequence Beyonder of the Spectator pathway is terrifying... However, this is really good writing material. Currently, the science of psychology already has hypnosis... In my next book, I want to write about a sick girl liking a gentleman. She uses hypnosis to make him fall in love with her. The ending climax is when she discovers that the gentleman is actually a master hypnotist... Fors gaped her mouth before closing it again. She didn't ask further about Hvin Rambis since she didn't know him at all.

Klein's sharing of Hvin Rambis was mainly to warn Miss Justice. He wanted her to be careful and wary of this Psychology Alchemists councilor. Now, seeing that his goal had been achieved, he said, "There's another matter. Help me take note of Brigadier General Qonas Kilgor. He's the deputy director of MI9. On the surface, he's only a Sequence 5, but in actual fact, he's a Black Emperor pathway demigod. He possesses rather potent spiritual perception and can sharply detect that others are observing him."

Qonas Kilgor... Audrey repeated this name inwardly and realized that she had no impression of this gentleman.

Either we have little overlap in our social circles, to the point of just nodding at each other when bumping into one another without asking who the other is, or he keeps an extremely low profile. He doesn't attend such gatherings often... If I have a chance, I should ask Kance. He's from MI9. He definitely knows this superior of his... Audrey was no longer surprised that Qonas was a demigod despite being a Sequence 5 in name. From her point of view, it was common for members of an intelligence agency to be in such situations.

Alger and Cattleya had more or less heard of the high-ranking member of MI9, Qonas Kilgor. However, they lacked a deeper understanding of the matter, so all they could do was refresh whatever they knew and remind themselves to be especially careful when encountering anything to do with the person in question.

Seeing that Mr. World had nothing else to share, Derrick didn't wait for Mr. Hanged Man to ask. He said, "I've made a new friend again."

He paused for a moment before getting to the crux of the matter.

"The area he patrols includes the former Chief's mausoleum. He told me that the six-member council has yet to open the door that leads underground. However, through the cracks on the outer rocks of the mausoleum, there are luxuriant and strange plants growing out from them. They look like human hair."

The six-member council has three demigods. Even if there are some out on expeditions and aren't in the City of Silver, the other three likely control a certain powerful Sealed Artifact or have Grazed an evil spirit, giving them nearly demigod strength.

Despite joining forces for so many days, they haven't managed to open the entrance to the former Chief's mausoleum... This means that it's quite a serious problem... Also, what's the reason for plants that resemble human hair to suddenly grow? One question after another arose in Klein's mind as he waited for The Hanged Man to ask Little Sun.

He knew that the former would definitely have questions.

Alger, who finished listening quietly, frowned slightly before relaxing his brows. After some deliberation, he said, "Apart from that, are there any anomalies?

"Is the one in charge of opening the mausoleum that Shepherd Elder Lovia?"

"It's not her. The Chief is present too. Likewise for two other Elders," Derrick answered seriously. "There aren't any other anomalies for the time being."

Alger nodded and said, "Very good. Maintain your present state. Establish communications with more people. Keep a note of any changes with that mausoleum."

After being praised, Derrick hurriedly nodded as he answered eagerly.

After a few more exchanges of words, the gathering naturally began the learning segment. Fors had planned on asking what the Pharaoh mummy was for, but after seeing The World, she shut her mouth.

When the gathering ended, Klein, who had returned to the real

world, turned on the tap and washed his face and hands before patiently waiting for night to come.

When the time came, he would be riding on a military airship to Desi Bay.

...

Southern Continent, Behrens Harbor.

As the Golden Dream was cruising south in the Fog Sea, Danitz only took a few days to arrive at the harbor northmost of West Balam.

He draped himself with a dark-colored cloak and carried a suitcase. Wearing the Sun Brooch inside his clothes, he carried an iron-black boxing glove close to his chest. He was walking down the harbor's roads and was out while sweating profusely. He felt that he was already armed to the teeth, far stronger than he was before.

Once out the harbor, Danitz glanced to his sides and extended his hand to stop a carriage.

When the carriage driver saw him, he said out a string of words:

"%#@&&&()(())..."

What is he saying... Danitz looked blankly at him. It took him a few seconds to recall one thing.

He didn’t know the local language, Dutanese, at all!

And back when he came to West Balam, he had his captain, a polyglot, leading the crew. He didn’t need to worry that he didn’t understand anything.

Chapter 894: Meeting

Danitz turned agape as he subconsciously said in Intis, “Hotel.”

The air seemed to instantly freeze as Danitz looked at the carriage driver’s dark-brown skin, coarse and messy black hair, rather soft facial contours, and blank expression. He exhaled silently and blamed it on his bad luck before silently carrying his luggage to walk down the street.

“Dogsh*t! I actually encountered a carriage driver who doesn’t know Intis! Shouldn’t someone who picks up passengers near the harbor know a few Northern Continent languages? There are so many people from Intis, Loen, and Feysac around here!” As Danitz grumbled, he looked ahead to look for pedestrians who looked to be from the Northern Continent or had similar heritages in a bid to smoothen his process of checking into a hotel and filling his stomach.

According to what he knew, Behrens Harbor had quite a number of people from Intis, Loen, Feynapotter, and Feysac who had migrated here. As long as he met one, communication wouldn’t be a problem.

However, Danitz felt that all of this was built on a premise: he had to ensure that he didn’t collapse from heatstroke.

“This dogsh*t weather!” He looked up at the azure-blue sky, white clouds, and the sun which wasn’t too glaring. Cursing with a warped expression, he raised his hand to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

Despite his cursing, Danitz actually knew that the temperature

in the Southern Continent was considered mild to the point that even calling it slightly cool wasn't an exaggeration. The reason why he was feeling so hot was because he was wearing the Sun Brooch. However, having just arrived and having not figured out the situation in his surroundings, he didn't dare remove the brooch to stuff it into his luggage bag. If he were to lose the item, he could imagine the cold and crazy look Gehrman Sparrow would give him.

Come on, give me a few people from the Northern Continent. Any country would do. I'm a famous pirate who knows several languages after all... Danitz kept muttering under his breath as all he could think of was iced beer and icebergs that floated in the ocean.

As he muttered, he suddenly rubbed his eyes.

He had finally seen someone who was clearly of Northern Continent descent!

Furthermore, it seemed to be someone familiar!

Diagonally ahead of Danitz, at a street illuminated by bright sunlight, a young man with blond short hair that was split seventy-thirty was leaning against a wall, blowing into a silver harmonica.

He had emerald-green eyes, and he wore a white shirt that didn't have the top two buttons buttoned up. He wore a completely unbuttoned black vest, dark-colored trousers, and a single black glove. He was none other than the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea, Anderson Hood!

What a coincidence? This fellow actually came to West Balam... Danitz felt delighted deep down, feeling that he had finally

grabbed a floating plank in the sea of people. Ignoring Anderson's actions on the Golden Dream, he approached him and greeted in standard hunter speech.

"What happened? Treasure hunting hasn't been working out for you, so you've begun busking on the streets?"

He noticed that Anderson had an overturned hat in front of him. In it were about twenty to thirty brass coins. A few of them were Intis Coppets, with the majority being local Delexi.

In Intis, Delexi meant copper coins.

Anderson stopped playing the harmonica as he shot Danitz a glance.

"That's not my hat.

"I happened to walk past and saw a hat on the ground. Seeing how no one discovered it, I felt a little wistful and took out my harmonica to play it. To my surprise, quite a number of people gathered around to listen and threw money in it.

"A boorish pirate like you probably doesn't understand the beauty of music and how it has no borders. I'm telling you, your captain especially likes…"

"Stop!" Danitz's forehead throbbed as he stopped Anderson from diverting the topic of conversation. He asked, "Why are you here?"

Anderson held the harmonica and thought about it seriously.

“That’s a good question.

“I have no idea why I’m here in West Balam either. I don’t remember a thing that has happened over the past two months.”

Danitz originally wanted him to cut it out, but Anderson’s serious expression convinced him. He deliberated and asked, “You don’t remember a thing?”

Anderson put away the silver harmonica, bent down, picked up the hat with quite a number of coins, and dusted it.

“My last memory was of me in Bayam with Gehrman Sparrow. After going our separate ways, I had apparently gone somewhere to meet someone. When I woke up, I was already here in West Bayam…

“Haha, don’t be concerned over such matters. As long as I’m still alive. Ah, it’s almost noon. Let’s go have a meal. I heard that Behrens is famous for its pork knuckles.”

While saying that, Anderson placed the hat along with the coins beside a tramp to his side.

Already hot, hungry, and exhausted, Danitz was invigorated upon hearing that.

“You know Dutanese?”

Anderson chuckled.

“Haven’t you heard of my numerous adventures as a treasure hunter in West Balam?”

That’s right. I had thought of seeking you out to get information on West Balam… The situation here is chaotic, and it’s rather dangerous. I’ll definitely be safer with Anderson around. Also, I’ll have an interpreter! I can’t say I’m hiring him, as I can’t afford him… Danitz slowly revealed a smile.

“That puts me at ease. Let’s go.”

Holding his luggage, he and Anderson circled to a nearby main street and found a restaurant.

Upon hearing the waiter speak in his native tongue, and seeing the menu filled with indecipherable text, Danitz felt a headache as he hurriedly said to Anderson, “I’ll leave it to you.”

As he spoke, he handed the menu to the Strongest Hunter of the Fog Sea.

Anderson didn’t reach out his hand as he replied with a composed expression, “I can’t read it either.”

“…Didn’t you say you know Dutanese?” Danitz blurted out in surprise.

Anderson threw up his hands.

“I didn’t say that.

“What has my repeated visits to West Balam in search of treasure have to do with knowing Dutanese?”

“Without knowing Dutanese, how are you able to understand those texts in the ancient temples and castle ruins? How do you seek out treasure?” Danitz’s expression contorted bit by bit as his tone sped up without him realizing it.

Anderson picked up the cup served by the waiter and gulped it down.

“Problems that can be solved with a dictionary aren’t problems.

“Besides, does not knowing Dutanese mean that you can’t communicate with the people from the Southern Continent?”

WIth that said, he turned to look at the waiter. Speaking in the Intis language, he said, “Two specialty pork knuckles.”

The waiter obviously gave him a blank look as he kept pointing at the menu.

Anderson didn’t fluster at all as he unhurriedly pressed his right hand to his nose and mimicked the grunting of a pig.

The waiter was first taken aback before revealing a look of enlightenment. Then, Anderson pointed at his knuckles and pointed at the Behrens label on the menu before using his fingers to show two.

“%$#” As the waiter spoke in an accented Dutanese, he repeatedly nodded to show his comprehension. By the side,

Danitz was dumbfounded by what he saw.

After a series of gestures, mixed with a few basic Dutanese words, he finally finished ordering the meal. Turning his head to Danitz, he smiled.

“Get it? In this world, there’s a common language—body language!”

Danitz watched with a frozen expression as he curled the corners of his lips as a response.

…

A carriage drove out of West Borough, and it headed south at an intersection. Soon, it arrived at a military base.

With Colonel Calvin’s letter and a junior officer escorting him, Klein successfully entered the base and arrived at a square paved with rammed earth. Berthed on it was a dark-blue and white behemoth.

This airship was dozens of meters long, and its truss had solid and light composite metal frames extended from it. They were intercrossed with one another as they held up an impermeable cloth used as cushions. Beneath it were openings mounted with machine guns, projectile launchers, and cannons.

At this moment, the ignition steam engine had yet to hum, and the corresponding propellers were still static. Everything appeared extremely silent.

Klein handed his documents and proof of identity to the officer on guard by the gangway. After receiving permission, he walked up onto the airship with his suitcase in hand.

It was like a ship with three sections. The uppermost section had complicated machinery and a cargo haul. The middle section had a hall for buffets and balls. Surrounding the hall were hallways that led to the upper and lower sections. These hallways included lounges. As for the lowest section, they were the rooms for the machine guns, projectile launchers, and cannons, as well as the soldiers' cabins.

Walking by the guards equipped with rifles, Klein followed the instructions he received from the officer and found the lounge reserved for him. He placed his luggage beside a sofa-like chair.

Then, he picked up a cup of water on the table, walked to the window, and took in the scenery outside.

To be frank, although he knew a little of everything, it was really only a little. Therefore, he didn't understand the design principles used for this new airship model. He didn't know how high it could go or how stable it was in midair.

This left him a little uneasy. Before setting off, he had even done a divination above the gray fog. He received a revelation that he would arrive at his destination rather smoothly.

There seems to be a safety belt. This world's airship industry has plenty of years of history. They have quite a bit of experience accumulated in all aspects... Klein was just about to retract his gaze and admire the decorations inside the room and the candlelight when he noticed a group of people approaching Airship 1345.

They were men and women, all of them wearing thin, black trench coats and red gloves. They were carrying leather suitcases of varying sizes. Only one of them wore a mysterious medium's robe. She had blue eyeshadow and blush, and she was none other than Daly Simone.

And behind the lady was the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

While no one noticed it, Leonard's footsteps suddenly slowed down. Then, he looked up at the midsection of the airship.

His eyes reflected the gray-sideburned and blue-eyed Dwayne Dantès who was wearing a suit and bow tie.

This gentleman was standing behind a window, revealing a genial smile as he raised the cup in his hand.

Chapter 895: Finally At Ease

Leonard's expression froze for a moment before he composed himself.

He had already remembered that Dwayne Dantès was working with the military and was preparing to sell a batch of firearms and cannons to West Balam.

Therefore, even though it was surprising to see this gentleman appear on a military airship, it wasn't jarring in any way.

The only issue is why he's heading to West Balam so quickly? Amon's arrival has also exerted some pressure on him? Leonard's mind raced as he leveled his gaze and walked up the gangway with his teammates to the midsection and entered a huge lounge reserved for them.

Not long after the Red Gloves took their seats, a deep hum sounded. The rotating of the propeller and all kinds of frictional sounds were heard. It caused the floorboards and walls to gently shake.

As the tremors increased in intensity, it turned into a wobbling motion as the airship rose up and slowly regained its stability.

Klein had already sat down and buckled his seatbelt. He was looking at his surroundings out of curiosity as he experienced a different form of flight.

"The takeoff isn't too stable. The altitude is also rather low, but without encountering any hurricanes, the tremors are still

alright. I wonder how it was done…" Klein looked diagonally at the windows ahead without any intention of unbuckling his seatbelt or walking around.

This wasn't acrophobia even if he had a mild fear of heights. This was because he was briefly wearing Creeping Hunger and had the ability of Short-distance Flight and Teleport. He was only seriously acting like a Desi tycoon who was riding on an airship for the first time.

At this moment, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He hurriedly clicked his teeth and activated Spirit Vision.

He saw the colors around him saturate as they clearly stacked upon one another. He saw bones spew out from the floor, gushing out like a fountain in midair, forming a giant skeleton that was nearly four meters tall.

This skeleton's eye sockets were burning with dark flames. Its arms were hanging down, holding a folded letter.

Mr. Azik's messenger… He has finally recovered from his state of metamorphosis? Klein was pleasantly surprised as he tried to stand up to receive the letter.

But when he felt a force pulling him back at his abdomen, he recalled that had his seatbelt buckled.

When he reached out to unbuckle it, the skeleton messenger crouched down and stuffed the letter into his hands.

Klein was taken aback as he looked up into the eye sockets which were burning with pitch-black flames. He nodded gently

as form of gratitude.

He could understand why the messenger didn't appear from the section below, allowing half his body to tear through the floorboard, as this was a military airship. Apart from the Red Gloves, there were probably other Beyonders. They also had spiritual perceptions and different levels of Spirit Vision. They could also barely sense the messenger's existence.

But I don't think that delivering a letter in such a crouched manner is being polite... I'd rather it did what it used to... Klein mumbled and saw the skeleton messenger crumble into illusory bones, gushing down like a waterfall.

In the huge lounge, Daly Simone, who still enjoyed being called a Spirit Medium, suddenly turned her head and looked at the room across the hall.

Her brows furrowed slightly as her eyes narrowed.

Daly immediately retracted her gaze and said to the low-ranking officer in the corner of the lounge who was acting as a waiter, "Make me a cocktail. Black Rand and champagne. Half each."

"That's a very strange mixture, Ma'am." As the officer unbuckled his seatbelt, he walked to the bar that was welded to the ground as he attempted to offer a suggestion.

Daly with her blue eyeshadow and blush said with a smile, "I enjoy unique tastes."

Upon saying that, she casually asked, "Is there anyone else on this airship besides the military officers and us?"

The officer answered while opening the bar's cabinet, "Yes."

"A merchant. Apparently, his name is Dwayne Dantès. He is working with the Ministry of Defense."

Dwayne Dantès... Daly was taken aback as she turned her eyes slightly away and asked, "What kind of work?"

To her right, Leonard Mitchell had subconsciously changed his seating posture. He switched from crossing his right leg over his left to his left over his right.

"I'm not sure," the officer answered with a shake of the head. "Apparently it has something to do with using the gentleman's experience in the Southern Continent."

"Southern Continent..." Daly repeated the word in thought and stopped asking.

...

In the small lounge opposite, Klein had already unfolded the letter to read it seriously.

It was indeed from Azik Eggers. He indicated that his previous experiences had allowed him to retrieve more of his memories. He had no choice but to sleep to digest and recover; thus, the late reply.

Klein truly relaxed as he cast his gaze towards the end in a good mood.

In regards to the Spirit World Plunderers, Azik's description was:

"...It's a rather scheming and rare creature. They are very good at disguises, making it very difficult to find them... One thing to make use of is their strong aggressiveness. However, they're also very dangerous. Even with a strength that is close to Sequence 4, one needs to be sufficiently careful; otherwise, one can accidentally end up as its soul avatar...

"Its exact characteristic is... I'm not sure nor am I able to recall where Spirit World Plunderers are most active. I suggest you pray to Aiur Moria. 'He' is very friendly to humans and will be willing to answer similar questions while wielding authority in such matters... The ritual's key is the correct honorific name and symbol...

"Once you have the clues to a Spirit World Plunderer, you can wait a while. I might be able to provide you some help..."

How can I bother you... Klein raised his right hand and pinched the two ends of his mouth.

He then flipped the page and read the final page.

"...Likewise, I will help you seal that glove once again... It's not that I do not wish to teach you the way to seal it, but it's unlikely that you can do it. This requires the power of the Underworld, requiring, at the very least, an Undying to do it...

"Alright. I should quickly have some free time. I recall you mentioning about Death's ring..."

Mr. Azik's changes don't seem too significant. At least I can't tell

from the letter... Klein slowly exhaled as he flicked his wrist and ignited the paper in his hand, turning it to ashes before it floated into the trash can that was welded to the floor.

Although he didn't receive the whereabouts of Spirit World Plunderers from Azik, he could also determine that this descendant of Death similarly didn't remember Calderón City. He also guessed that this mysterious spirit world city likely had nothing to do with the Underworld; otherwise, Mr. Azik, who had already restored connections with the Underworld, should've recalled something about it. Even so, Klein still planned on replying to ask more about Calderón City.

Regardless, one should always have hope... Also, I should inform Mr. Azik that I'm in the Southern Continent... Klein seriously considered the contents of his reply.

However, he didn't immediately write it, afraid that the act of summoning the messenger would be noticed via the spiritual perception of the other Beyonders on board the airship.

As he turned his gaze, Klein looked out the window once again. It was dark and silent.

...

Looking at the dark sky with the concealed crimson moon, Admiral of Stars Cattleya retracted her gaze, picked up her pen, and deliberated over her words.

"The answer is neither."

She was originally somewhat perplexed as to why Queen Mystic

hadn't directly asked what "home" was. Instead, she had attached two guesses. This made it easy for the question to receive an ineffective answer. But on second thought, she believed that Queen Mystic had thought it through in a way far better than she could've.

This was because this question was posed to a secret existence that was suspected to be an ancient god. As the number of diary pages she could provide had numbered about twenty, with each attempt giving her an answer; therefore, just three pages, even if they were of high value, made it difficult to be equivalent in value to a key question of where Emperor Roselle's mental and spiritual home was. The secrets concealed within might even be more important than a single Card of Blasphemy.

And Her Majesty's question seems stubborn. She doesn't seem willing to switch to something else; therefore, she specially added two choices, hoping that she could obtain an answer via elimination or directly obtain confirmation. In contrast, this lowers the value of the question. It then abides by the principle of equivalent exchange... As Cattleya thought, she recalled something.

Back then, she was still young and was being educated on all kinds of information. Queen Mystic would test her and tell her that in regards to answering a question, there were three opportunities for reducing the difficulty. First, was to eliminate a wrong option. Second, was to request the help of some specific person on the ship. Three, was to pray to one of the Seven Lights to receive the answer. Of course, the prerequisite to doing that was to complete the ritual herself.

Clearly, Queen Mystic had chosen to use the first method to reduce the difficulty.

Did Her Majesty have such an experience when she was little? After eliminating the two wrong options, I wonder how close she is to

the real answer... Cattleya's expression unnaturally softened as she wrote:

"According to the intelligence I've gathered, there's a storm brewing in Backlund. I wish you well."

She didn't directly mention the deputy director of MI9 or the royal family's consultant. After all, they were news shared between the Tarot Club. It wasn't something she had asked herself and tacitly acquiesced by Mr. Fool to inform Queen Mystic directly.

Folding the letter, Cattleya summoned Queen Mystic Bernadette's messenger.

...

Behrens Harbor. It was twilight.

Danitz and Anderson found a hotel opened by an Intis immigrant, finally experiencing the convenience of not having any language barriers.

After putting down their luggage, Danitz immediately headed towards the staircase wearing a cloak and his boxing glove.

Anderson leaned against the opposite door and asked in amusement, "Is there anything else?"

Danitz immediately gave a sarcastic chortle.

“I’m heading out to buy a dictionary!

“This is way more reliable than your body language. In a few days, I might even be fluent in a few common words!”

Anderson stroked his chin with his left black-gloved hand.

“Your boxing glove was created from that giant’s remains, right? What are its negative effects?”

Danitz blurted out, “Being rash, often acting before thinking…”

As he spoke, he fell silent.

Chapter 896: Daly's Probe

To buy a dictionary late at night, in a city that's somewhat chaotic. Furthermore, I obviously look like someone from Intis. That really is rather dangerous... No, I can't keep wearing this glove... Danitz was stunned for a few seconds before he raised his hand and attempted to take off his boxing glove.

When he was halfway done, he suddenly paused and sized up Anderson. When he saw him wearing a black glove on his left hand, he did a hollow chuckle and wore his glove again.

"I believe that in the Southern Continent, a place like this requires strength," Danitz added with a faint smile.

Anderson's expression remained the same as he continued stroking his chin.

"Then, what do you plan on doing?"

Danitz pointed at the staircase and said, "I plan on finding the hotel's boss and borrow his dictionary. I believe he will be teaching his children Dutanese."

"That's an idea worth pursuing. But even with a dictionary, you won't be able to master it anytime soon. Even if you grasp a few terms, it will still be rather difficult. After all, the language here is a completely different system from the Northern Continent," Anderson said with a tsk. "Why don't I suggest a solution for you. Your captain has likely taught you some ritualistic magic in the God of Knowledge and Wisdom domain, right?"

“Yes,” Danitz replied with a nod without a second thought.

Anderson clapped his hands and said,

Danitz shook his head without hesitation.

“I believe in the Lord of Storms, and not the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The reason why some of the ritualistic magic cast in the past had received a reply was because of Captain.”

Upon saying that, he shot Anderson a glance.

“Weren’t you born in Segar, growing up in Lenburg, being classmates with Captain?

“Then you should also be a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Wouldn’t it be more effective if you held the ritual?”

Anderson shook his head and laughed.

“Despite being believers all the same, those who can actually receive a reply are in the extreme minority.”

Seemingly in thought, he said, “The best method is to find a priest or bishop from the Church of Knowledge. Get them to make some charms, uh—I recall that there are a few pilgrims from Lenburg here in Behrens Harbor. Why don’t we visit them tomorrow…”

Danitz was just about to say “yes” when he suddenly revealed a look of suspicion.

“I have this nagging feeling that you are up to something…”

Anderson’s expression immediately froze.

…

On the airship, Klein had his seatbelt buckled and had a blanket over him as he leaned against his seat, already in deep sleep.

At this moment, it was dark outside. There was little light from the lands, and the scenery swept across slowly despite moving at a high speed. Everything appeared peaceful and silent.

After an unknown period of time, Klein suddenly jolted awake as he stretched his neck.

As he kept Death Knell on him, he had drank plenty of water. His bladder had woken him up.

Pulling away his blanket and unbuckling his seatbelt, Klein covered his mouth and yawned. He walked out of the lounge and headed for the washroom at the corner of the hall.

After relieving himself, he washed his hand and left the washroom. When he entered the hall, he suddenly saw a figure.

The figure was standing amidst the shadows. It was wearing a black robe, and by its eyes were eyeshadow and blush. At a glance, it looked like a shadow or ghost that had floated out of a corpse.

Ma'am Daly... Klein obviously recognized her as he immediately reacted as though he jumped in fright.

Daly walked a few steps forward and looked up at Dwayne Dantès's face. She paused her gaze in between his eyes as she curled her mouth into a smile.

"Your eyes and bearing resembles a friend of mine, especially the eyes."

Klein immediately feigned enlightenment as he said with a smile, "Ma'am, if our genders were swapped, that would be a standard way of hitting on someone."

Daly's eyes didn't move away as she chortled.

"There's no need for any swapping. A difference in genders doesn't change the definition of such actions.

"If this were any other time, I really would be trying to trick you into a bed if I had said something like that, even tricking you all the way down the aisle.

"However, I have no such thoughts at the moment. I came over because yours eyes really remind me of him."

It's really quite overwhelming speaking with Ma'am Daly... I can't let her lead the conversation; otherwise, she might realize that Dwayne Dantès isn't the casanova that has a wide preference or a romance expert. Instead, he's nothing but an inexperienced man in front of charming women... I have to take the lead in this conversation... Klein's mind stirred as he directly asked in a half-joking manner, "Ma'am, do you like that friend of yours?"

Daly was taken aback for a second before she pricked her brows, lowered her head, and smiled.

“That’s not something that needs hiding.

“If only he could be like you, being willing to take the initiative when facing a woman, proficient at creating a suggestive atmosphere, perhaps if that were the case, we might already have children.

“Unfortunately, he’s a conservative man. When he chats with me, all he spoke off was matters regarding work or his experiences. Any hints given to him or any joke that went overboard just made him appear uncomfortable. He often found excuses to leave. He looked old, and he didn’t look after his hair. He also had a bad memory. He even forgot my birthday. Whenever I thought of him, I got mad, having the urge to push him down into bed, tying his arms to the bed’s railing…”

Klein looked at Daly’s head with a gloomy gaze as he sighed to interrupt her.

“Ma’am, you’ve said too much.”

Daly looked up, speaking with a smile in no way different than before.

“I thought you would enjoy talking about matters about this at a deeper level.”

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

“Then why didn’t you turn those thoughts into action? I can tell that you aren’t just a woman who can only talk.”

Daly scoffed.

“Guess.”

Following that, she nodded.

“Thank you for not saying that I’ve been harassing you.”

As she spoke, she turned around and headed for the extensive lounge where the Red Gloves were. The corners of Klein’s mouth curled up slightly as he returned to his room, shaking his head.

When she came to the entrance of the extensive lounge, Daly, whose eyes landed on the floorboards, suddenly saw an untied shoelace.

She shifted her gaze up as her eyes reflected the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard glanced at Dwayne Dantès as he entered his lounge and said with a suppressed voice, “He has plenty of secrets. He’s not a simple person.”

Daly chuckled and nodded.

“I know.”

Having said that, she briskly walked past Leonard Mitchell and walked into the extensive lounge.

When she covered a few meters, she slowed down her pace and once again lowered her head.

Leonard remained standing at the door, watching the long dragged out shadows that were cast from the lights outside. Slowly and silently, he exhaled.

Inside the small lounge, Klein stood by the door, raising his right hand and rubbing his temples. He stood there like a statue.

...

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Derrick sat on a stool, munching on bread that was made from Black-Faced Grass powder as he seriously listed down the matters that he had yet to complete in recent times.

I haven't obtained the information of the Bizarro Bane that Mr. World needs... I still lack the points required for the Sequence 5 Vampire Beyonder characteristic... I only have three friends. That's not enough... All the clues I have regarding the former Chief's mausoleum aren't much...

As the thoughts flashed through his mind, Derrick filled his stomach and took off his shirt. Holding an open container that had been ground from stone, he used the sticky black liquid inside to smear on the obvious bruises on his body.

Although the City of Silver only had edible Black-Faced Grass in its vicinity, it didn't only have one type of plant. They were many kinds of plants, all of them being strange. By using different powers, they could grow and proliferate in the dark, sun-lacking environment that only had lightning. One of the traditions of the City of Silver was to select different plants and mix them with organs of monsters to create various kinds of ointments. They were especially effective when treating most injuries and illnesses. It prevented the residents from dying just because of a trivial problem.

They were simplified versions of the magical medicine, holy ointment, and essential oil formulas that generations of Demon Hunters obtained from their potions. These low-level products thus became a tradition!

Just after Derrick applied the ointment and took a whiff of the pungent smell before putting on his clothes, he suddenly heard knocking at the door.

His mind tensed up instinctively as he held up Thunder God's Roar, the dark blue hammer that had electric sparks swirling around it. He carefully approached the door, prepared to kill any monsters that suddenly emerged from the darkness.

"Who is it?" Derrick asked in a deep voice.

A gruff voice sounded from the outside:

"Valer."

At the same time, bright light beamed its way through the door cracks and windows. That was the power of a Dawn Paladin.

Derrick relaxed as he opened the door and greeted, “Valer, aren’t you leading a patrol team today?”

Valer stood 2.2 meters tall and was recently befriended by Derrick. Derrick was also most impressed with him because Valer was able to rein in his powers to a great extent and was a person who took very good care of his companions.

In addition, his patrol team’s recent patrol area included the former Chief’s mausoleum.

Valer had brownish-yellow hair that resembled Derrick’s and a thick beard. His favorite pastime was fighting with others. Upon hearing that, he said with a smile, “The six-member council has just ordered our team to skip the area of the former Chief’s mausoleum. And this area is the last spot for our patrol mission.

“Let’s go to the training field. Let’s get some exercise!”

The six-member council has specially ordered the patrolling teams to skip that area? They plan to open the former Chief’s entrance today? I wonder what will happen… I hope there’s no sinister plot on Elder Lovia’s side… Derrick was alarmed as he hurriedly built connections, but he was at a loss.

Just as he hesitantly wore his clothes in preparation to join Valer at the training field, a shadow grew out from the dark ends of the street and said, “Derrick Berg, the Chief has requested you visit him at the spire.”

Chapter 897: The Chief's Hint

At the top of the spire, in the room that belonged to the Chief.

Colin Iliad had the tall body that was standard of the City of Silver. His hair was grizzled, unkempt, and rather disheveled. He had deep wrinkles around his cheeks, but there were no wrinkles elsewhere. Some old scars, that were either deep or twisted, remained on his cheeks.

He wore a linen shirt on the inside with a brown coat draped over his body. By his waist was a belt filled with tiny compartments. His light blue eyes were deep, filled with the experiences and stories they had seen.

After Derrick bowed, the Demon Hunter nodded gently and pointed diagonally to the items placed on the table.

"Do you still remember them?"

Derrick took a glance as his gaze suddenly froze. His eyes reflected two translucent worms that had the thickness of a child's finger.

Worm of Time!

They were translucent Worms of Time with rings!

They were Worms of Time that came from Blasphemer Amon's avatar!

“Yes.” Derrick fell silent for a second before instinctively answering, “They were left behind by Amon.”

Colin Iliad nodded indiscernibly and said, “One of them was even coughed out by you.”

Without waiting for Derrick to say a word, he continued in a thorough manner, “You once said that while being possessed by Amon, you were in a daze most of the time, as though you were in a dream. You were occasionally lucid.”

Faced with the Chief’s gaze, Derrick nodded, indicating that he had given such a description before.

Colin Iliad moved his gaze away and cast it out the window, looking down at the nearby buildings.

“I believe I haven’t told you the things you did during those times.

“You did a total of two rituals. One of them had elements of a secret deed, and the other one was like a sacrifice. You obtained a certain reply. Do you have any recollection of such things?”

Indeed, I was being monitored when I sought Mr. Fool’s help and used the secret deed ritual to cleanse Amon’s avatar… Derrick wasn’t surprised by what the Chief was mentioning. He had long been advised by The Hanged Man that, based on the rich experience the City of Silver elders, it was impossible that they would dismiss someone acting abnormally. Thus, the conclusion that he had been constantly been monitored after he left the dungeon was obtained. This was corroborated by the fact that someone had emerged from the shadows when doing the sacrificial ritual.

"...I don't have any recollections." Derrick pretended to be in thought before he shook his head.

Colin, who was observing him through the corner of his eye, turned his head over and said with a sigh, "Try recalling it carefully.

"These two worms left behind by Amon are materials of great value. I've been trying to find ways of using them. If I can secretly make them into items, this might be a trump card that no one else knows. It can play a crucial role at critical moments.

"During the two rituals you experienced, you might have symbols, ancient incantations, or mysterious elements that can be used for reference.

"Think about it carefully."

If this were in the past, Derrick would have only understood the Chief superficially, but at this moment, he was able to interpret the hidden and indirect meaning behind the sentence, albeit being a few seconds slow.

"I know there's still a certain connection between you and Amon.

"We will be opening the mausoleum to the former City of Silver Chief. I need to prepare additional trump cards against any unexpected accidents or cause that Lovia and company to use to inflict any harm to the City of Silver. Try attempting communication."

Mr. Hanged Man was right. The higher one's level is, the more experienced they are at handling danger, and the more

accustomed they will be at expressing themselves by speaking in riddles. It's a way to leave options open for both parties... Derrick suddenly felt he had grasped a particular technique.

Upon realizing that the Chief's goal was to limit Elder Lovia and how she represented the Fallen Creator, he felt that he needed to do something. However, he had zero clue on how to use a Worm of Time. All he could do was consider praying to Mr. Fool and see if "He" could provide any help.

"I'll try my best to recall. I... need... a silent room." As Derrick spoke, he paused, deliberating over his words.

Colin Iliad was apparently prepared as he pointed towards the corridor.

"Many of the rooms across the corridor do not have people in them. Choose one yourself."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick bowed and exited the room before entering an unused room. He locked the wooden door, sat down, and in the dark corner, prayed softly as his eyes emitted a soft glow.

...

Desi Bay, Eskelson Harbor.

Klein left the airship from the gangway with his suitcase in hand, prepared to head into the city on a carriage prepared by the military base.

As for Daly Simone, Leonard Mitchell, and the other Red Gloves, they were the first batch to leave the airship. Klein had been arranged to be one of the last; hence, they didn't meet each other.

After entering the city and finding a hotel to stay in, he prepared to have some rest to remedy the poor sleep he had last night. Suddenly, he heard a series of illusory, stacked pleas.

Sounds like Little Sun... Klein yawned while covering his mouth and entered a cramped washroom. With great difficulty, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

As he expected, the crimson star that was blinking and burgeoning was none other than the one that represented The Sun.

He emanated his spirituality to make contact with it, and he quickly learned what The Sun's prayer was pertaining to.

The City of Silver Chief is asking Little Sun, no—asking what he thinks to be Amon on how to use a Worm of Time charm... Thankfully, I had such a question previously and have already gotten an answer... However, using the Worm of Time to create a potent charm that can temporarily exchange fates will require him to pray to The Fool. Wouldn't this directly expose the fact that the one backing Little Sun is not Amon, but some unknown hidden existence? Klein tapped the edge of the mottled table as he seriously considered how he was to answer.

In less than a minute, he quickly reframed his line of thought and discovered that his worries were meaningless.

Firstly, apart from Shepherd Elder Lovia, who can receive certain revelations from the True Creator, no one in the City of Silver

knows Amon. All they might guess is that "He" is likely the Angel of Time, one of the eight Kings of Angels that were by the Creator's side. Therefore, even if they learn of an existence called The Fool, they will probably believe that it's Amon's true body, or a deity that Amon now believes in.

Secondly, the honorific name of The Fool is no longer a secret to the True Creator, Blasphemer Amon, and Shepherd Elder Lovia. It doesn't matter if more people from the City of Silver learns of it.

Thirdly, the Chief named Colin Iliad is only a Demon Hunter. Even if he knows the honorific name of The Fool and has a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, there's nothing he can do. After all, Blasphemer Amon and the True Creator haven't been knocking at my door in the middle of the night.

Finally, the six-member council's Chief is long aware of a problem with Little Sun. He just hasn't made it obvious.

As his thoughts raced, he felt that he needed to be bolder. *Perhaps I can use this opportunity to develop another one or two downlines, no—I mean believers. Little Sun won't have to fight alone anymore in the future.*

Besides, I've already improved since the time when I wiped away Amon's avatar. I've also accumulated even deeper knowledge in mysticism. I wield the Sea God Scepter and can stir even more of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. I don't have to worry about missing anything when facing a Sequence 4 demigod during the ritual… as long as I don't rashly pull him above the gray fog… Klein quickly made up his mind and cast the method to creating a Fate Siphon charm into the crimson star representing The Sun.

…

Knock! Knock! Knock! The sound of knocking resonated within the Chief's room at the top of the spire.

And before the knocking even sounded, Colin Iliad had already known that Derrick Berg had opened the door and was walking over to his room.

"Come on in." He turned his body and faced the door.

Derrick pushed open the door and entered. Bowing, he said, "Your Excellency, I've recalled some vague details."

Colin Iliad nodded with a calm expression.

"What are they?"

"Use pure silver and mercury as materials..." Derrick succinctly described the beginning of the ritual and paused. "I think I muttered an honorific name back then: The Fool that doesn't belong to this era."

Colin narrowed his eyes and immediately cut him off.

"The corresponding symbols are the ones left on the candle?"

"Yes," Derrick frankly replied. "The second line is: The mysterious ruler above the gray fog."

At this moment, Colin cut him off once again.

“Is there no need for other ritual materials?”

“No,” Derrick nodded, feeling slightly puzzled.

Only then did he realize that the Chief was apparently deliberately stopping him from reciting Mr. Fool’s honorific name.

Yes, our common language is Jotun. It’s a language that can stir the powers of nature. If I were to directly say out the honorific name, it would result in all kinds of unknown effects. I know that Mr. Fool is a true deity and trustworthy, so I was reciting it all out habitually. However, the Chief doesn’t know that… Derrick continued, feeling somewhat enlightened.

“Third line: The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

Colin silently listened in silence before nodding.

“Very good.

“Although I cannot be sure that the content you recall is of any use, it’s still a sizable contribution. I’ll get someone to add to your contribution.

“Return, or go to the library to read some books for a while.”

“Yes, Your Excellency.” Derrick wore a deadpan look as he silently heaved a sigh of relief and rapidly retreated to the room at the top of the spire.

Colin Iliad watched him leave before heading behind his desk and sitting down. He cast his gaze on the two translucent ringed worms in front of him.

Beside the worms was a notebook. Drawn on it was a secret symbol comprised of half a Pupil-less Eye and half Contorted Lines.

Colin's gaze remained fixed for a while, as though he had been petrified.

After a while, he slowly stood up and took out three candles.

Chapter 898: Response

After setting up the candles, Colin Iliad found a piece of pure silver and picked up a carving knife beside it. With steady strokes, he carved out a palm-sized charm vessel.

Then, he followed Derrick Berg's description, drawing the secret symbol of The Fool on both sides of the silver piece.

The entire process was completed quickly. If an observer was watching, they wouldn't have been able to discern his actions. Yet, the final product didn't show any flaws. It looked like a piece of art that had been slowly carved out.

Right on the heels of that, Colin Iliad found another bottle of mercury. Directly using his powerful spirituality, he guided the liquid inside to trickle into the charm and fill all the patterns. He prevented the mercury on the side facing down from dripping due to gravity.

Repeating the process, he made a second charm. Colin Iliad placed them in front of the candles and placed a translucent ringed worm on each of them.

Compared to him standing up silently, the present Colin's every move was stable, calm, and firm. He didn't show any signs of hesitation, just like how he faced powerful monsters that came out of the darkness.

After finishing the ritual, he took two steps back and removed the crossed swords that were hanging from the wall. He stabbed them into the crevices of the floor tiles at the door.

He then closed his eyes and muttered. Pure and thick beams of light emerged out of the void as they enveloped the two swords with a holy and glorious feeling.

The light beams increased in quantity, slowly transforming into liquid water that flowed across the cracks in the floor tiles and the walls, forming a “cage” that isolated him from the outside.

As a senior Demon Hunter, Colin Iliad didn’t wish to take such precautionary measures when holding a ritual. This was because there was a tiny chance of angering the target, bringing about dangerous developments. However, he had no choice but to do so because he needed to be certain that even if the ritual failed, even if The Fool was an existence filled with malice, and even if he were to die at the altar, he would not bring too much harm to the City of Silver.

In regards to the defensive power of the “cage,” Colin was rather confident because this directly stemmed from a god-like Sealed Artifact—a crown which the Giant King Aurmir wore: “Proof of Glory!”

This was one of the main reasons why the City of Silver could survive wave after wave of monster assaults in the Dark Ages.

With all his preparations completed, solely using his spirituality, Colin Iliad used his desk as an altar and created a sacred and clean environment that no one could disturb. He then lit the three candles.

The pale yellow light flickered as they reflected in his eyes. He bowed his head and scattered the plant powder, monster hide, and fur into the candle flame or lit them and threw them into a cauldron so as to please the secret existence he was about to pray to.

Such acts weren't rare in the City of Silver. Known to all, there were rituals held that targeted the Creator, but from time to time, certain residents would be enticed by unknown existences during their patrols or exploration, tempted to hold all kinds of rituals.

Most of the latter was a passive act, but there were a few that were done proactively. On the one hand, the cumulative despair of not receiving any response from the Creator had made them eager to grab onto any other existence to rely on, and on the other hand, many generations of the six-member council had come to a common consensus that the Creator who had abandoned the land might very well not return again. Seeking out other alternatives was something that had to be expedited, but unfortunately, such attempts only led to nothing or death, nothing else.

And it was because of this reason that regardless of the difficulties faced or how many times they discovered cities that were destroyed because of "evil gods," the City of Silver continued their exploration of regions that were further away.

As for Colin Iliad himself, the discovery of the outsider, Jack, brought him an indescribable sense of surprise and hope. The encounters when they explored Afternoon Town and the prophecies of the Kings of Angel's ploy and the ecclesiastic had made him feel a more pressing sense of urgency. He no longer held hope for the Creator's return.

With the two reasons combined, along with Lovia's and Derrick's abnormality, as well as the prophecy of the apocalypse, as Chief of the six-member council, senior demigod and powerful Demon Hunter, Colin Iliad had no choice but to attempt to dance on the edge of a knife. He had no choice but to consider making a transaction with a hidden existence.

Silently exhaling, Colin took a step back and chanted with a

weather-worn tone, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.

“I pray to you, praying for the strength that stems from mystery, and praying for the bestowment that stems from good luck. I implore you to make these items on this altar turn into charms…”

Just as Colin spoke with a cadence of mystery, he saw the altar in front of him immediately turn dark. It was as though an indescribable godhood was emanating from the candle in the middle.

The candle’s flame instantly burgeoned, but it failed to light the surroundings. Instead, it made everything turn illusory, making countless shapes produce seemingly nonexistence transparent shadows as they covered every inch.

High above this illusory world and countless figures, there were seven lustrous brilliances of different colors spiraling. They seemed to possess immense knowledge.

And above these seven lustrous brilliances, there was an endless grayish-white fog, and sitting above was an ancient palace that looked down upon everything.

Demon Hunter Colin temporarily forgot everything else as he stared intently at the scene above the altar. It was as though something that only existed in books or ancient tomes had taken a step through the illusory and entered reality, appearing before

him.

If he recalled correctly, this was likely the projection of the spirit world.

Before the disaster, before the time the Creator abandoned this land, it was easy to observe and enter the spirit world!

The spirit world now only existed in the City of Silver's textbooks and various records, but no one could touch it!

At this moment, a creaking, illusory sound sounded. The ancient palace that overlooked the gray fog and spirit world seemed to open its doors.

Right on the heels of that, Colin saw the unformed charms in front of the candle produce a grayish luster. Their patterns were then "lit up," as they intercrossed with each other, suddenly bursting into a blinding radiance, enveloping the pure silver foils and the ringed worms.

The dark world above the entire altar also instantly warped.

Everything was quickly restored to normal as two strange black crystalline charms appeared on the altar. They were like a pair of eyes of some existence that silently observed the world.

Demon Hunter Colin was taken aback as he retracted his gaze and bowed his head. With a deep voice, he said, "Thank you for your blessings;

"Praise you."

He didn't delay as he immediately ended the ritual and removed the seal.

After doing all of this, this City of Silver Chief of the six-member council returned to the desk and picked up the two charms made from the two Amon avatar remnants.

At this moment, his mind was still fixated on the scene he had previously seen.

Based on his knowledge in mysticism, those that were situated high in the spirit world were mentioned to be the Seven Lights in ancient tomes. They were believed to be close to that of deities, but none of the records indicated what was above the Seven Lights or what the gray fog represented. They didn't indicate what the ancient palace which was enveloped by the gray fog while overlooking the entire spirit world represented.

And during the entire ritual, Colin Iliad only felt that The Fool he was praying to was staid, mysterious, and almighty, nothing like the evil beings who often liked to express their powers as though eager to showcase something.

Such a performance had a close parallel in the records of the City of Silver—the Creator!

As he looked at the charms in hand and his condition, the grizzled Demon Hunter Colin suddenly closed his eyes as figures flashed past his mind for some reason.

They were his father, mother, elder brother, younger sister, oldest son, youngest son, daughter, and oldest grandson whose lives he had personally ended.

This already old Chief remained silent for a very long time before he suddenly sighed softly.

“It’s been 2,583 years…”

After 2,583 years, the City of Silver had finally received a normal response.

…

In the library in the steeple.

Derrick was in the ancient myth section he often browsed when he saw a notebook he had never seen before.

This notebook’s cover was made from a particular monster’s hide. There were clear patterns on it, and the pages inside were old and yellowed. The records included the experiences of the original author when he encountered different monsters.

These monsters were mostly accessible among the City of Silver’s textbooks. Even their special traits were the same. However, the thoughts and experiences from the numerous battles left Derrick reading in relish as he read seriously.

As he flipped through it, he suddenly noticed a monster named “Shapeshifter.”

Such monsters didn’t come equipped with the intelligence to communicate, but they were adept at setting up traps to deal with targets. Furthermore, they could disguise as others, using what seemed like fascinating methods to complete a hunt…

The notebook's owner had commented on them as being bizarre and dangerous.

This is very similar to Mr. World's guess of the Bizarro Bane's traits... Could Shapeshifter be the Bizarro Bane? Derrick felt delighted as he quickly read the rest of the entry. He discovered that this type of monster lived towards the north, in a faraway city's ruins. And the monsters in that area's darkness were powerful and terrifying. Even the six-member council wasn't able to deal with some of them; therefore, after two attempts, the City of Silver paused any exploration of the area. To date, exploration of the area hadn't been resumed. Due to such reasons, the City of Silver's textbooks didn't make mention of the unique monsters there.

After reading the record, Derrick subconsciously flipped the notebook to the last page, wishing to know who had experienced the two harrowing explorations.

As he flipped through it, he saw a name: "Colin Iliad."

...

Desi County, Eskelson Harbor.

Klein returned to the real world, rubbed his temples, and collapsed into bed.

To give the City of Silver's Chief a better impression of The Fool and generate more trust, he had proactively added some special effects when responding, expressing the might of the mysterious space above the gray fog during the secret deed ritual and sacrificial and bestowment ritual. This expended quite a sizable amount of his spirituality, exhausting him.

I'll find food for Creeping Hunger when I wake up. I'll let it have a good nap above the gray fog... Klein thought in his stupor and soon fell asleep. He was woken up by his rumbling tummy after sleeping from morning to the afternoon.

Chapter 899: Berserk Sea's Spirit World

The ingredients used for Desi's pies are much more generous than in Backlund. However, they prefer adding some local spices. It felt a little odd when taking the first few bites, but after getting used to it, it's quite a different style... Klein sat inside his hotel and swapped between taking a mouthful of the oily pie and drinking a mouthful of cool, refreshing sweet ice tea. He was living quite an idyllic life.

After he had his fill, he didn't immediately pack up. He picked up the top hat on the chair beside him and wore it.

Meanwhile, his left palm suddenly turned transparent as his entire body faded away.

Klein had entered the spirit world and was planning on Traveling to the Poto Harbor in the Berserk Sea. He was there to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

Eskelson, where he was, did belong to Desi Bay, but it was nowhere along the coast since it was an island. This was the southernmost island of Desi Bay, and going past it meant one's entry into the Berserk Sea.

Therefore, the second Klein headed for the predetermined coordinates, an abnormal sight appeared before his eyes.

The spirit world's air flows seemed to be materialized as they spun into a wind. They howled as they enveloped a huge region that seemed boundless. It was dim inside, with layers of dark clouds. Bolts of lightning tainted with the deep gloom kept flashing, illuminating the surrounding area like it was the

apocalypse.

At that moment, Klein felt as though he had arrived in a sea that was eternally ravaged by storms. However, he knew with certainty that this was the spirit world.

Indeed, it's just like what many books on mysticism mention. The power involved with the perishing of Death has not only changed the atmospheric weather of the sea between the Northern Continent and Southern Continent, but it also filled it with disaster and danger. It's how its name was derived. Furthermore, it also broke the barrier between reality and the illusory, tainting and damaging the corresponding spirit world and causing them to affect one another... In the Berserk Sea, if one holds a ritual that involves the spirit world, using powers related to the spirit world, there will be a high probability of an accident occurring, causing unimaginable developments... Klein reflected poignantly as he used his eyes to verify what the books wrote.

From his point of view, if it weren't because of this, the various countries in the Northern Continent wouldn't have waited for Emperor Roselle to find the safe sea route before they had a chance of invading the Southern Continent. After all, to most High-Sequence Beyonders, they could easily traverse normal kinds of natural barriers.

Roselle's safe sea route wasn't simply geological in nature, but also mysticism in nature!

This also meant that since the Berserk Sea and spirit world were influencing each other and overlapped, Klein could directly use the local sea maps to traverse the spirit world's calamities.

Recalling the content he had read before, Klein found the correct location and entered the dark spirit world.

The howling of the gales sounded from every direction. Even the secondary gusts of wind left a chill running deep down from Klein's soul or spine. This made him believe that if he had traveled in a Spirit Body state without the use of the Black Emperor card, Tyrant card, and Azik's copper whistle to augment himself, there was quite a good chance of him suffering a serious injury.

And if this wasn't the "safe sea route," he believed that there was a chance his physical body couldn't withstand the black storms that were filled with death.

Compared to the gales, the dark lightning bolts were far more dangerous. Klein suspected that he couldn't even withstand being smote by one of them. As for the hidden maelstrom and the wandering creatures, they were another form of danger.

This is a place without any material seawater. I wonder what's at the end of the maelstrom... Klein followed the safe sea route and traversed the land at an adequate speed. From time to time, he would survey his surroundings to broaden his horizons.

Suddenly, he saw a strange creature.

It was dragging a huge sickle and was situated inside a black hurricane. As it was formed by individual skulls, it was swollen and massive.

The skulls were either grayish-white or grayish-black of varying sizes. They were also from different species, and all of them were stacked into one, forming its torso, limbs, and head.

Almost at the same moment that Klein saw this strange creature, it also discovered Klein. All the skulls turned their heads in unison, producing a grinding sound that couldn't be

concealed.

The dark eye sockets were countless in number as they followed and overlapped one another.

Klein's forehead throbbed as he used Traveling to pass through the area, entering the next safe sea route.

And on the nearby illusory sea, bloody arms and illusory greenish-black tentacles extended out from the sea surface.

...

Outside the City of Silver, a black mausoleum stood inverted over the ground like an inverted pyramid.

At that moment, there were all kinds of dense black plants that grew out from the cracks in the mausoleum's bricks. Even the heavy door by the entrance was covered with them.

Colin Iliad had two swords slung across his back as he stood with two other Elders of the six-member council. They were observing the passage that diagonally led them deep underground.

Lovia with her silver, curly hair watched silently for a moment before saying, "It should be possible already."

Unlike how she usually switched randomly between two mental states, this Shepherd Elder was now staid and calm. She didn't show any signs of abnormalities as her pale-gray eyes were deep and placid.

Colin gently nodded and took out a bottle of medicine from two different compartments on his belt. Unscrewing the lids, he downed them.

His light-blue eyes rapidly brightened. His unwrinkled skin had blood vessels protrude as they got tinted with silver.

Right on the heels of that, the Chief drew a sword and smeared a silver-gray ointment across its surface.

As he took steps to prepare, another six-member council Elder, Waite Chirmont, did something similar.

This bald man who had a tattooed symbol on his head stood nearly 2.5 meters tall. He didn't look a day over 45. But in fact, he was nearly 80. He was also a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter, a demigod that was one of the main pillars of support for the City of Silver.

In the City of Silver, due to the lack of main ingredients, and with the citizens being aware of the acting method and having sufficient combat experience, they advanced from Low- to Mid-Sequences rather easily. Sequence 6 Beyonders were the majority, but from Sequence 5 onwards, due to the rituals required and other reasons, the number of Beyonders drastically fell. At Sequence 4 where there was a qualitative change, an entire generation might not even produce one.

Waite Chirmont didn't dual wield like an orthodox Demon Hunter. This allowed him to use different ointments to produce different effects so as to handle more complicated situations. He wielded an iron-gray hammer, and on his back was a huge bow that was equally as massive as his body. He was like a miniaturized giant that walked out of an oil painting.

The bow was a mystical item, one that didn't have overly severe side effects. In the historical records of the City of Silver, it received its name from killing a dragon at the demigod level. Its name was: "Dragon Slaying Bow"!

After finishing their preparations, Waite slammed his hammer in front of him loudly, drew his bow, and slowly pulled it back.

Sizzling bolts of lightning suddenly emerged as they condensed into one, and as it grew longer from the pull, it formed a blinding and radiant arrow between the bowstring and the back of the bow.

Just as Waite's fingers released the bowstring, the lightning arrow shot straight to the mausoleum's door which was overrun with human hair-like weeds.

Silently, the heavy door appeared to have long rotten. It exploded into pieces along with the electric bolt's explosion, revealing a deep passageway.

This passageway shimmered with pale white lights. It extended far beyond what one's eyes could see, giving off a creepy and cold feeling.

Colin's eyes suddenly flashed with two complex, dark green symbols, and he reflected the mausoleum's entrance in them.

A few seconds later, he held his sword diagonally and walked into the mausoleum. Waite slung his Dragon Slaying Bow, picked up his hammer, and followed closely behind.

The purple-robed Lovia's expression remained the same as she

followed through the shattered door at a decent pace with her hands empty.

As they descended via sections of passageways and staircases, the three members of the six-member council didn't show any unrest or anxiety in the completely silent environment. They allowed their footsteps to echo in their surroundings.

After descending one level, they suddenly saw a river before them. It was an illusory and jet-black river.

Under the river's surface were blood-colored arms that had been skinned. Green baby-faced veins and slippery tentacles with eyes were densely entwined together. They kept flailing upwards in a bid to grab whatever passed them.

The river was close to the side of the entrance. There were figures of different heights wearing old clothes with their backs facing the three Elders. They kept walking back and forth as though they were vexed over the crossing of the river.

Suddenly, one of them sensed the trio approaching them. He slowly turned his body to look at Colin, Waite, and Lovia.

It was an elder with his hair being completely white. His forehead and the corners of his mouth were deeply wrinkled. His eyes were light blue and hollow. His expression was numb and blank.

Colin Iliad's pupils shrank, as he recognized the man.

It was his brother, the brother that had been possessed by Amon. He had personally ended his life!

At this moment, the other figures turned around, revealing faces that Colin, Waite, and Lovia found extremely familiar. But they were all abnormally numbed faces.

Lovia's expression remained unperturbed, but behind her, an illusory knight more than five meters tall had appeared at some point in time.

This knight wore ancient silver full-body armor. Its eyes were red like blood as they burned akin to flames.

...

After traversing the "safe sea route," for about ten seconds, Klein arrived at the Berserk Sea's Poto Harbor. This place deviated from the main sea route and didn't belong to any country. It was a free city for pirates.

When his feet hit solid rock, he randomly produced a face, but he wasn't in a rush to enter the port city which had buildings randomly laid out. He reached into his pocket and pulled out an iron cigar case.

While passing through the Berserk Sea's spirit world, he had sensed Azik's copper whistle trembling slightly.

Removing the wall of spirituality, Klein opened the cigar case and took out the ancient and exquisite copper whistle.

This copper whistle had lost its usual coldness and mildness, and it was now burning hot. However, this anomaly was rapidly dissipating.

Chapter 900: "Self-Recommendation"

The abnormality associated with the Berserk Sea is suspected to be a result of the perishing of Death... Legend has it that this deity's corpse and items are hidden somewhere in these waters, awaiting someone with a special key to open it... This copper whistle came from Mr. Azik, and Mr. Azik is indeed a direct descendant of Death, as well as being from the first or second generation... Therefore, this copper whistle had sensed something or had been influenced? Thoughts flashed across Klein's mind as they coalesced today to form a theory.

He planned on finding an inn in Poto Harbor, head above the gray fog, and use dream divination to attempt to obtain a revelation. Then, he would consider the time and method for returning to Eskelson Harbor. It was to prevent himself from encountering any avoidable accidents.

And before that, he needed to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

After walking down the seaside cliff, Klein entered Poto Harbor.

The buildings here were pretty much built anywhere one desired. There was almost zero planning, causing the roads to be very wide or narrow to the point that it only allowed a single person passage. In certain areas, one couldn't see the sky when looking up, only to see a swath of clothes that were hung up to dry.

Wearing a new face, Klein strolled through such an environment with many pedestrians dressed in pirate's attire. He then habitually headed for the bar to seek out prey.

At this moment, he saw several people gathered at a noticeboard on a square up ahead.

What's happening? With his curiosity piqued, Klein approached the area. Using his balance and agility as a Clown, he passed through the gaps of the crowd before he barely arrived at a spot where he could see the noticeboard.

On the noticeboard, there was a piece of paper that was overbearing, covering all the other pieces of paper. It was obvious at a glance.

Its title was: "The Black Emperor's Crew Recruitment."

The Black Emperor? Isn't that the ship of King of the Five Seas, Nast? The one that can traverse the spirit world? Considering how he can be considered the King of Pirates, he's actually openly recruiting crew members? Klein was rather surprised as he deliberately spoke out with a suppressed voice:

"How is that possible?"

"Why not?" A stout man beside him with his arm exposed from his rolled-up sleeves laughed out loud. "It might be impossible in the past, but it's possible now!"

"Why?" Klein was hoping that someone would respond. Immediately, he turned his head and asked.

The stout man had tattoos all over his arms and cheeks, making him look fierce. Upon hearing that, he pointed at the main sea route's direction and said, "A week ago, the Black Emperor and Loen's highly promoted steam ironclad warship, the Pritz, met

and clashed in a sea battle. The Black Emperor had many casualties and are in dire need of more manpower!

Ah? Klein's first reaction was that it didn't make mystical sense.

Based on the published content in the papers and the rumors he had heard out at sea, he knew that the Pritz was a warship in the normal sense. It lacked any Beyonder elements. Perhaps in terms of physical damage, it was stronger than the Black Emperor, but the latter could use the spirit world to "leap," just like a large-sized version of a Traveler. There was no ordinary armament that could damage it.

Furthermore, King of the Five Seas Nast was likely a Sequence 3 demigod of the Black Emperor paths of the divine. He was the most infamous powerhouse at sea. He could directly distort the trajectories of cannonballs, making him nearly invincible when facing a fleet that wasn't in any sense mystical.

From Klein's point of view, they were enemies at two completely different levels. Yet, the final outcome was not something he could imagine.

He didn't hide his astonishment as he blurted, "What about the Pritz?"

The fierce-looking man shook his head and replied, "I'm not too sure, but I heard that it wasn't damaged. Only two corvettes were sunk."

This… Klein was first taken aback before he came to a slight understanding of what happened.

He recalled the situation of him robbing the Tutanssess II mummy. The military's demigod had used the law that had the power of mysteriousness weakened and the real strengthened. Once this came into effect, the Black Emperor was just a sailboat that was a little special with some extraordinariness. It definitely couldn't beat an ironclad warship. Neither could it flee.

This also meant that the Pritz had a demigod existence on the military's side, or else such a law wouldn't have come into effect.

To be able to get the Black Emperor to flee under such a situation, King of the Five Seas Nast must be very, very strong. Below angels, he's definitely one of the strongest... From the looks of it, due to the existence of the Arbiter pathway, the trajectory of this world's military development remains close to that of Earth's. It wouldn't reach a point of not being able to defeat a slightly higher level mysticism opponent... Klein nodded in enlightenment as he didn't inquire further.

As for Beyonders below Sequence 4, in a large-scale battle, apart from the few jobs that could take on the role of outputting offensive firepower or carry out effective defenses, the rest could only avoid a direct clash. They would then be the "cleanup crew" or simply provide support. For example, a Marionettist with all his marionettes feared no one in a Mid-Sequence Beyonder battle if fighting one-on-one. But once he was on a battlefield with shells hurtling everywhere and machine gunfire sweeping the area, the problem of being physically weak became a problem. Even with Paper Figurine Substitutes, one was unable to escape the range of gunfire; thus, suffering a second round of damage. Under such situations, it might be too late to use Paper Figurine Substitutes again.

In such intense battles, the most effective Mid-Sequence Beyonders are Wraiths. They aren't afraid of cannonballs or bullets, nor are they afraid of being discovered by enemies. Furthermore, they have Shriek which can affect a huge area... Klein allowed his thoughts to wander when the man from before continued

speaking, “You’re also thinking of joining the Black Emperor?”

“…I’m still not sure,” Klein casually replied.

The stout man who was covered in tattoos said in excitement, “I have plans on giving it a try anyway.

“There aren’t more than ten people here who are better at fighting than me here. I have rich experience as a pirate. They’ll definitely pick me!

“However, I won’t stay on the Black Emperor for too long. There are too many meaningless rules, such as not being able to plunder or kill defenseless people. Or something as silly as not being able to drag a woman you like unless it’s mutual. Did you hear that? Is that anything like a pirate? Although the King of the Five Seas is one of the Four Kings and is publicly acknowledged as the pirate king, those rules are j-just like dogsh*t!

“I’m already used to leading a real pirate’s life. I like it that way and will not change! I’m only tempted to join because I heard that it’s possible for the Black Emperor crew to obtain supernatural powers. When the time comes, I’ll leave and form my own pirate crew…”

As this man spoke excessively, he suddenly realized the stranger’s expression turn a little odd.

He hesitated for a moment and asked, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

…

The silver-gray glistening sword slashed down suddenly, pinning down a blank-faced figure to the ground.

The figure warped and squirmed and gradually dissipated into illusory blobs of light amidst swirling silver light.

Colin Iliad retracted his sword and stood straight up. Observing his surroundings, he saw that Waite and Lovia had separately finished their corresponding targets. A region had been cleanly cleared out by the riverside.

At this point, above the illusory, eerie-black river, a dark boat cruised over. It silently docked by the bank.

Upon seeing this scene, Colin slowly exhaled as he muttered with a solemn expression, “Ferryman…”

He had spent quite a long amount of time with the former Chief, and they knew each other rather well. They both knew that the other was troubled by the City of Silver’s absence of the Sequence 3 of the Giant pathway, Silver Knight potion formula. This prevented people from advancing once they reached the level of a demigod. They had thoughts of switching to a neighboring Sequence, and this plan had seen the light of hope during a particular expedition. This was because they found the Sequence 3 potion formula of the Phoenix pathway: Ferryman!

From that moment forth, the former Chief began building the mausoleum and eventually took up residence inside before sealing the entrance.

Observing silently with dark green symbols in his eyes, Colin Iliad said heavily, “Let’s cross the river on the boat.”

Waite and Lovia didn't express any objections, fully trusting the Chief's judgment. They followed closely behind him and boarded the dark and strange boat.

During this process, the three didn't show any hesitation or observe their surroundings, nor did they pause. It was as though this wasn't an exploration but a visit with a destination in mind.

The boat slowly began moving across the ink-black water surface, leaving a long trail in its wake.

The bloody arms and the slimy tentacles wildly reached upwards and slammed into the boat, but they failed to leave any marks. They failed to leave any influence.

In just over ten seconds, the three Elders of the six-member council arrived on the other bank of the illusory river.

There was an altar there with a heavy, iron-black coffin placed on it.

Colin Iliad immediately jumped off the boat and reached out for his other sword. Like before, he appeared cautious, not underestimating anything.

Following that, Waite held his iron-gray hammer and landed heavily on the bank. He left the surrounding soil quaking in an obvious manner.

He looked at the monster skull that embraced the gigantic coffin, took two steps, and placed the hammer in front of him. He then removed the Dragon Slaying Bow behind him.

At this point, Waite suddenly felt the back of his palm itching. He subconsciously looked down and saw that his hair follicles had fine white hair stained with yellowish oil growing from within as they grew in size.

...

Poto Harbor. After Klein fed Creeping Hunger and found a rowdy inn, he got a room that could barely be considered clean.

Then he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

Sitting in The Fool's chair, Klein first picked up the projection of Azik's copper whistle and conjured a pen and paper before writing a corresponding divination statement: "The reason for this copper whistle's abnormality today."

Chapter 901: The Mutated Paper Figurine

Klein didn't bring Azik's copper whistle directly above the gray fog this time, but he did plan on doing it the same way he did back when he first divined the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem. He completed it by using an object's projection. Although this would decrease the accuracy to a certain extent, causing the divination to fail at obtaining any effective revelation, it guaranteed that the item was undamaged thanks to the gray fog being an intermediary layer.

He still recalled the time back when he divined the origins of the black ear that came from the Listener. This Sealed Artifact had suffered retaliation from the True Creator, causing it to crumble and reform into a charm.

Therefore, with the suspicion that the divination result could point to Death's corpse or other remains, a godhood power of a Sequence 0 that had long perished but was still capable of changing the Berserk Sea's environment, Klein decided to leave Azik's copper whistle in the real world and divine using a projection. This was to avoid the possibility of damaging such an important item. After all, Death and the True Creator were at the same level!

As for why Klein dared to directly use Groselle's Travels to divine its origins, it was because the ancient god, Dragon of Imagination, had long since perished. Its corresponding characteristic had likely been inherited by someone else and changed hands several times. Furthermore, the book itself was extremely strong. Even a blast of the Sea God Scepter at full strength could hardly damage it. By the same logic, Mr. Door was likely only a King of Angels and was in an exiled and quarantined state. He could only barely send out his ravings, making it impossible for him to deal any actual damage.

With the help of the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog, I can quickly recover from the damage and corruption without any lasting repercussions. If Azik's copper whistle were to be destroyed, it would truly be gone. I wouldn't be able to contact Mr. Azik again and use it to attract the undead. I won't even be able to carry it around with me... Klein very calmly and skillfully held the copper whistle's projection and the paper with the divination statement in hand before leaning back into his chair. Half-closing his eyes, he chanted softly in a state of Cogitation, "The reason for this copper whistle's abnormality today."

After chanting it seven times, Klein fell into a deep sleep and entered the dream world.

After an unknown period of time, he saw a dark and gloomy mausoleum. He saw a dark-colored staircase that extended downwards and coffins placed around it.

The coffins were all open with dead bodies in them. On their backs grew white feathers that were stained with pale yellow oil.

Even in the dream, Klein found the scene abnormally familiar, as though he had once seen it before.

At that moment, he seemed to smell the putrid smell of rot and hear the slow breathing of some object. He felt that the darkness in the mausoleum was thickening, giving him an acute feeling of deathly silence.

Suddenly, ravings that were both loud and soft sounded at the same time. The corpses in the coffins with white feathers on their backs floated up together, and using their half-rotten and half-pale faces, they looked out of the dream!

With his heart skipping a beat, Klein lost control of his heart, as

though it was grabbed by invisible hands and was ripped straight out of his chest.

During this process, his dream collapsed into fragments as it returned to nothingness.

And the final scene Klein saw was that, not only were the corpses growing white feathers on their backs and other parts of their body, there were thin illusory black tubes that stabbed into their bodies. They extended deep into the mausoleum where an endless cold, sinister, black fog emanated.

The black fog slowly contracted and expanded, producing panting sounds. When the commotion from this scene landed in Klein's eyes and ears, the color in his skin rapidly drained. It left his skin rotting and overflowing with pus. It made his pores produce thin and dense white feathers that were stained with pale yellow oil. It made the projection of Azik's copper whistle in his hand shatter into a blob of black fog.

The long mottled table in the ancient palace rotted and collapsed as the twenty-two high-back chairs were enveloped by white feathers as though they had a life of their own.

Seeing the endless gray fog silently churn, the mysterious space above this gently stirred, quickly restoring everything to normal. It was as though nothing had happened.

Klein, who had collapsed to the side of the chair, reached out his hand and grabbed the table leg and slowly stood up. Sitting back in his chair, he exhaled slowly.

He rubbed his temples and subconsciously did a comparison.

Weaker than the True Creator and Eternal Blazing Sun, but stronger than Mr. Door. However, I'm not sure if it's because the latter was exiled and quarantined which minimized the amount of power transmitted over.

Why am I thinking about these comparisons? It's not like I'm their match. It will still be the same even if I become a demigod...

Unfortunately, I didn't directly see the object hidden in the black fog; otherwise, I might be able to obtain some potion formulas or mysticism knowledge.

Klein felt a baffling sense of regret as he cast his gaze to the side of his chair. He saw an illusory black fog floating there.

It was the remnants after the shattering of the projection of Azik's copper whistle.

There's no sensation of strength, which means it can't be used as a charm. What is its use? Klein thought of something else as he summoned a backup Paper Angel from his junk pile and cast it onto the illusory black fog.

The moment the two made contact, they immediately fused together. The paper figurine quickly turned black and appeared serene and quiet. On its back grew white feathers that were stained with pale yellow oil.

Such a change was only maintained for a second. The paper figurine returned to its original state, but it didn't seem corporeal, as though it was half-illusory.

Apart from that, there were feather-like patterns that covered

the paper figurine's back.

What can this be used for? Klein made the mutated paper figurine land back in his palm.

He didn't dare to use divination to determine its effects, afraid to see the scene from his dream before, allowing the now prepared object from deep inside the black fog to invade where he was.

After repeated checks, Klein used his knowledge in mysticism to determine something.

This doesn't contain any powers itself, but it's substantially unique. Perhaps it can create special effects that are related to the undead domain when used as a Paper Figurine Substitute or Paper Angel.

It's like my adventurer's harmonica. Although it doesn't contain any strength, it can summon a messenger with great strength...

Klein immediately put away the mutated paper figurine and began interpreting the scene from his dream.

Black mausoleum, open coffins, corpses with feathers on their back, black fog emanating deep inside. These revelations seem to point towards Death or something important that Death left behind... Or perhaps it's a certain product of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death?

Right, why did I find what I saw familiar?

Klein carefully recalled and quickly found an answer.

He had seen a similar scene in a particular divination a long time ago!

That time, the contents of his divination was the result of hiding matters related to Mr. Azik from the Nighthawks!

Back then, he had seen two scenes in his dream. One was of himself falling into a sea of blood and being pulled out by Azik. The other was them finding themselves in a dark and gloomy mausoleum, looking as though they were searching for something!

Klein had once tried interpreting it, believing that the first scene represented him in danger and being rescued by Mr. Azik. The second scene represented them exploring a mausoleum or somewhere that symbolized a mausoleum together.

The former had been verified during the meteor that came falling from the skies in Backlund. The latter finally revealed clues today!

Could it be that the place that Mr. Azik and I will be exploring is the mausoleum that I just "saw"? But, this mausoleum is very dangerous. The object in the deepest part of the black fog has a very high level. It's only slightly weaker than true deities. Furthermore, it's filled with malevolence… Klein knitted his brows bit by bit, believing that their exploration together wasn't naturally a good thing.

This made him believe that it was necessary for him to stop Mr. Azik. However, he also suspected that the divination scene he saw couldn't be avoided. Otherwise, a worse outcome would happen in a dramatic way of having destiny unfold.

At least during my first divination, there was only the exploration

scene and no appearance of danger... Perhaps there's a way to circumvent it... This might be why Seers are often so vague. At times, being too clear might backfire! Klein planned on vaguely mentioning his dream without providing any interpretation when he met Mr. Azik again and allowing him to share his views.

After making up his mind, Klein leaned back and looked at the dome of the magnificent palace before vanishing from above the gray fog.

...

Light—shattered light and the pure light of dawn—emitted from the Elder of the six-member council, the other Demon Hunter, Waite Chirmont's body. It dissolved the white feathers that grew out of the pores of his skin as he suppressed the subsequent squirming of his flesh and blood.

His arm muscles swelled as he pulled the bowstring of the Dragon Slaying Bow, allowing silver electric bolts and the dawn of light to mesh into a dazzling arrow.

The arrow flew out and instantly reached the altar which was piled with monster skulls. It hit the heavy, iron-black coffin.

Silently, the arrow's beam dimmed and vanished without leaving any effect.

No, the area around the altar was turning darker and more gloomy!

Inside the iron-black coffin, a sound that resembled bones

rubbing against each other sounded:

“Why? Why are you disturbing my slumber?”

Upon hearing this, Waite’s heart instantly became heavy. This was because there was no hint of hiding its malevolent intent, and that it also meant that the former Chief might’ve transformed into a monster.

The City of Silver’s attempt at salvation had once again failed.

With a bang, the coffin’s lid flew up and shattered into pieces. A large wave of black fog emanated out from beneath in an incessant manner.

Amidst this scene, Waite saw a figure slowly stand up from within the coffin. He was nearly four meters tall and his limbs were long. His body was covered in white feathers that were tainted with faint yellow oil. Behind his back were thin illusory black tubes that connected out into infinity.

Behind the three members of the six-member council, a huge wave stirred in the pitch-black river. All sorts of arms, tentacles, and veins surged over.

At this moment, Waite saw the Chief’s body transform rapidly and saw his bulging muscles tears his clothes inch by inch.

Chapter 902: Shadow

In just a blink of an eye, Colin Iliad had transformed into a four-meter-tall giant. His skin was bluish-black and muscular. Every inch of his skin, pores, and flesh seemed to violate the normal confines of a human body. It was a unique combination that possessed an unimaginable shock factor.

This wasn't something that could be described superficially or in dimensions, as apart from quantitative terms like length, breadth, height, there was information, strength, and spirituality as measurement quantities. They were directly presented and seemed to be rich with complicated mystical patterns, symbols, and labels. But in fact, there wasn't any change. The former was just a partial image that humans received due to them lacking the ability to sense and discern him. But even so, to face such a creature directly, humans without any godhood would still be corrupted by the spirituality, having their minds thrashed. A common outcome would either be death on the spot or going completely mad.

And it was precisely due to this fact that this creature was known in mysticism as: Mythical Creature!

However, at that moment, Colin Iliad's head didn't experience any obvious changes. All it did was swell up significantly, and the area from his forehead to nose cracked open with a black vertical eye-like rift.

Before reaching Sequence 2, the Mythical Creature form of a demigod was incomplete!

Faced with a powerhouse of this level, the advantages and disadvantages of taking such a form was obvious. On the one

hand, this enhanced one's strength and level significantly. On the other hand, it would result in intense madness and provide strong inclinations towards losing control. It was a nontrivial test of one's rationality. It wasn't something those with insufficient willpower could withstand.

Therefore, most saints would consider transforming into an incomplete Mythical Creature only if they were forced into a corner. And it wouldn't just be the transformation of a particular part of their bodies. To them, such an action was an attempt at dancing on the edge of a knife. It easily led to a loss of control; therefore, caution was imperative.

Most of the time, there were two extremes. One extreme was the minority who indulged in their desires and expressed their evil side fully. The other was the kind who had extremely strong willpower and a resilient mind. Once the former produced the Mythical Creature form, it was equivalent to them losing control with no way of transforming back. The latter could use their Mythical Creature form as a rather normal battle tactic, without the fear of losing control and the threat of madness. Of course, something rather normal wasn't normal. It still wasn't something that could be used frequently. This was because, for people who danced at the edge of the abyss, they would only deepen the erosion on them with each attempt. It wasn't something that could be completely avoided just because they could handle the negative effects.

Among the City of Silver's six-member council, Chief Colin Iliad was one of the few who could control his Mythical Creature form as a Demon Hunter.

He held the two swords that were slathered with different ointments. Just taking a step forward with his right foot sent the land shaking as he leaped up towards the top of the altar. He then pounced towards the former Chief whose body was covered in white feathers.

His giant-like body's interior and exterior produced dawnlike light that scattered the surrounding darkness, purifying the harrowing creatures that were in the illusionary river behind them.

At the same time, Waite Chirmont kept drawing his Dragon Slaying Bow, strafing around the former Chief that had transformed into an unknown monster with blinding silver lightning arrows.

Lovia had already closed her eyes. The five-meter-tall silver-armored knight behind her had phased away. Dragging the illusory greatsword, it charged straight at the altar, producing cracks that overflowed with silver light.

In addition to that, at the Shepherd Elder's feet, the shadows that curled into a bundle suddenly began squirming as though they had come to life.

It quickly left Lovia, and amidst the environment intermixing with darkness and the dawn, it followed the eeriness and quickly headed for the iron-black coffin above the altar.

However, its target didn't seem to be the mutated former Chief, but the thin illusory black tubes that were stabbed into his body while extending into infinity!

...

Moments after Klein returned to the real world, he heard the loud sounds of waves crashing. He heard the prostitutes on the streets screaming in horror without any signs of calming down.

Slightly surprised, he walked to the window and, through the gap of two messily built buildings, saw lead-colored clouds stacked together as waves swarmed the area beyond Poto Harbor. A black hurricane extended from the surface of the sea to the air, tainted with dark silver lightning as it silently destroyed everything.

It was like a door that led to the apocalypse had finally been opened.

And inside the port city, the void had turned translucent. Skulls with open mouths, vines with baby faces, bloody arms, and strange slimy tentacles with teeth were slamming at the boundary between the illusory and reality. It was thrilling and horrendous.

This made many pirates tremble in the knees as they didn't dare stay on the streets. All of them rushed into nearby buildings.

The seemingly invisible wraiths and shadows flew around, appearing from time to time. Coming close to the ears of different targets, they attempted to scream but were unable to make contact.

At that moment, Poto Harbor seemed to fall into the hell known as the Underworld. It was eerie, dark, chaotic, and crazy.

Klein frowned slightly, having had a guess as to what was happening.

Back when he made a divination above the gray fog, it angered the object deep in the gloomy mausoleum. It then unleashed its temper, changing the weather of the Berserk Sea and Poto Harbor, creating the phenomena of the Underworld's descent.

This also means that the mausoleum is indeed concealed somewhere in the Berserk Sea… It's probably something that Death left back then. Of course, this might not be at odds with the product of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project. The two might be fused together… Klein retracted his gaze and quickly set up a ritual and sacrificed Azik's copper whistle to the mysterious space above the gray fog. It was to prevent the unknown, strange, and evil object from locking onto him.

After doing that, he looked out of the window at the abnormality that was gradually calming down. He said with a self-deprecating laugh, *That's such an endearing welcome.*

Hmm… The Numinous Episcopate will definitely notice the abnormality of the Berserk Sea. I wonder what actions they will take…

…

Above the illusory pitch-black river, the waves slowly calmed down. The arms, vines, and tentacles that attempted to grab at something were either vaporized or had no choice but to retract themselves.

Around the altar, the land was already covered in cracks. There were white feathers stained with yellow oil everywhere.

Colin Iliad, in his giant form, had stabbed both swords into the former Chief's body, pinning the rotting monster that wasn't shorter than him onto the collapsed altar. Waite Chirmont's Dragon Slaying Bow had already condensed a silver arrow of light that was filled with a wrathful aura, aiming it at the head of the former Chief which only had tiny pieces of flesh hanging off it.

The shadow that Lovia had produced had successfully arrived at the altar under the silver knight's cover. While the other two Elders weren't paying attention, the shadow leaped and pounced at the black tubes that extended into infinity from the former Chief's body.

With the incorporeal tubes approaching, the shadow's color darkened. The blackness seemed to embody the most corrupt and evil thoughts of humanity.

At this moment, a deep voice resounded around the altar:

"Fate."

The area "in front" of the shadow instantly darkened before realizing that it had pounced on the giant-like Colin Iliad.

Colin looked down at it, his eyes lit with a pure brilliance.

It was like the first sliver of light that illuminates the darkness on an extended night.

The light grew brighter as it blasted out of the mausoleum, causing the basement of the City of Silver's spire to produce an even brighter and dazzling light that met with it.

When the two met in midair, they fell back down, landing upon Colin Iliad's massive body. The pitch-black shadow evaporated with a sizzle, and the distortion and squirming weakened until they completely vanished.

Demon Hunter Colin turned back to glance at Lovia without a

word or expression. It was as though nothing had happened.

He quickly retracted his gaze and directed the remnant beam straight into the former Chief's dual swords.

Lovia stood there with her eyes closed without showing any signs of panic or fear. Instead, she slowly sighed.

...

In the City of Generosity Bayam, Alger Wilson circled around many times in order to escape any imaginary trackers or monitors before arriving at the Artisan's residence. He pulled the doorbell.

He had heard that the Artisan had recently been infected by a disease and strange snoopers had appeared in the vicinity. Alger's first suspicion was the Demoness Sect, but on careful thought, he felt that the Artisan had no way to withstand the temptation of their charm based on his preferences. There was no need for the Demonesses to go through such a complicated and roundabout manner. All they needed to do was curl their fingers and showcase their charm, and he would divulge and agree to everything.

Therefore, Alger believed that there was another reason for the matter. He needed to see it for himself to prevent the delivery of the mystical item from being delayed. He didn't wish to lose the characteristic and materials for no good reason.

Amidst the ringing of the doorbell, the Artisan's main door opened. A thin and tanned middle-aged glanced at Alger and said, "Why are you here?"

This person was none other than Artisan Cielf who had worked with Alger for many years. His background was unknown.

“Didn’t you say you were sick?” Alger asked, seemingly casual.

Cielf yawned and said, “I’m already better.”

Alger was taken aback as he looked around.

“Where’s that strange snooper?”

Cielf’s eyebags were a little puffy as his brown eyes revealed looks of fatigue and impatience.

“Who the hell knows? There’s been no sign of the snooper anyway. In short, I’ll be moving soon. It’s too dangerous here.”

Alger heaved a sigh of relief.

“That’s good.”

He paused for a moment before saying, “Aren’t you inviting me for a cup?”

“A fellow like you who only seeks high-proof alcohol has no way of appreciating fine wine.” Cielf pulled at his flaxen-colored hair and moved to the side to make way.

Alger walked in staidly, and with just one glance, he had taken

in the entire area into his eyes.

Chapter 903: Scholar-type Bishop

Cielf's residence wasn't messy and dirty like most bachelors. Things were placed neatly, and there wasn't any dust on any surfaces. After all, as an Artisan, he didn't lack money. Many of his actions simply had the necessity that secrets were kept, so it wasn't convenient for him to hire a large number of fixed servants. Therefore, he had no choice but to hire help who were paid by the hour.

Scanning the area, Alger discovered nothing that was off from his previous visit. The furnishing was extremely simple without any expensive ornaments, oil paintings, or sculptures. It resembled the residence of an ordinary person.

Of course, Alger knew very well that Cielf definitely deserved the title of being a tycoon. He just didn't care about putting on a so-called decent image. He was willing to spend hundreds of pounds for a bottle of limited-edition wine, or gift a mistress a house, but he would never waste a single pence on expensive carpets, porcelain, gold-inlaid cutlery, or paintings of famous artists.

"A cup of Sonia blood wine." Alger's expression remained unchanged, but his verbal and body language indicated that he was coming in simply to get a free cup of wine.

Cielf shrugged and said, "You should feel lucky. I don't have the habit of keeping Lanti Proof."

He walked to the tiny bar counter in the living room and took out a bottle of exquisite Sonia blood wine. He then overturned two cups.

Finding a sofa to sit down, Alger took the opportunity to raise his hand to massage his neck as though to relieve any discomfort in his neck.

Using the cover of this action, he naturally took a glance at his surroundings, quickly making an observation of all the spots where he hadn't been able to see previously.

As Cielf couldn't be bothered to decorate his residence much, Alger quickly completed his attempt as his gaze was fixed onto a glass window of a cupboard a distance away for a second.

Through the glass, he saw some dried grass and flowers.

There were red-rimmed flowers, blood moon flowers, and monkey-faced tree leaves. Their common characteristic was that they were common in the Southern Continent, but they were practically not seen in the Northern Continent.

Alger retracted his gaze as he silently watched Cielf carry the bottle of wine and wine glasses over.

Reaching out to take the glass, he began idly chatting about the recent developments at sea until the small half-filled bottle of Sonia blood wine was finished.

Upon seeing this, Alger smiled and bade farewell before leaving.

Five minutes after he left, Cielf who had silently sat down to indulge in his tipsy experience suddenly stood up, walked to the staircase, and opened a wooden door that led to the cellar.

“Did he suspect anything?”

“No.”

“Regardless, this place is no longer suitable for you to live in. You need to move away as soon as possible.”

“I still have certain commissions that I haven’t completed.”

“You don’t have to. It’s not like you will contact them again. You will receive a new life.”

“Alright.”

…

Two buildings away, Alger sat on a long bench in someone’s garden, cupping his right hand to his ear as he heard the conversation that came with the wind.

…

West Balam, Behrens Harbor. Outside a seemingly ordinary house.

“It’s really due to your bad relationship with the Church of Knowledge that you’re egging me on to come here to request for a Language Comprehension charm?” Danitz wiped the sweat from his forehead as he looked at Anderson, feeling unnerved.

Anderson said in a self-deprecating and unfazed manner, “You shouldn’t describe it as bad…”

“Then hostile?” Danitz blurted out, cutting off his sentence.

Anderson shot him a glance and said, “The negative effects of your boxing glove might not be as easily bearable as you imagine it to be.”

He paused and added with a chuckle, “A more accurate description is that: be it me or the people from the Church of Knowledge, neither one of us wishes to interact with one another.”

Danitz used one hand to clench his boxing glove and said, seemingly stumped, “But how should I request for the charm?

“Do I just head straight to a clergyman of the Church of an orthodox god and mention something about mysticism? I’ll end up locked up!”

Danitz was somewhat rash at the moment, but he was in no way dumb.

Anderson threw up his hands.

“Simple, just directly mention my name. Then indicate that you came to West Balam for some pressing matter and do not have the time to learn Dutanese, nor do you dare to hire a local interpreter. Therefore, all you could do was seek their help, hoping that you could receive a few Language Comprehension charms.

“During this process, you must showcase your knowledge of many Northern Continent languages, making the priests know that it’s not that you lack the ability to learn Dutanese, but that you just lack the time to do it. Then, they will test you. When that happens, all you need to do is get a good score and you’ll receive the charms.”

Test... Upon hearing this familiar term, Danitz’s temples throbbed as he forced a smile.

“You aren’t going yourself because you’re afraid of the tests, aren’t you?”

His original intent was to randomly use some words to conceal his discomfort, but he ended up seeing Anderson’s expression freeze.

From the looks of it, there’s still something you’re afraid of... Danitz chortled inwardly as he was suddenly filled with confidence.

He took large strides into the ordinary house and discovered that its interior was more of an amalgamation of classrooms, and not a land of preaching for the Church of Knowledge in Balam.

Then, he saw a grizzled elder.

Although this man wasn’t wearing the clergyman robes of the Church of Knowledge, just his unique scholarly air convinced Danitz that he was at least a bishop.

He had experienced similar vibes from his captain.

“Hello there.” Without covering himself with a hood, Danitz walked over with a smile while dressed in a commoner’s attire.

The elder silently watched him approach before slowly saying, “Danitz.”

“…”

Danitz paused and froze on the spot. His mind was filled with questions like: “He knows me?” “How does he know me?” “Isn’t my bounty only limited to the sea?”

The elder glanced at him and asked, “You are here for Language Comprehension charms?”

“Yes…” Danitz nodded with a blank look, suddenly having the feeling that he had zero secrets in front of the elder.

The scholarly old gentleman nodded gently.

“Are you planning on heading to the places ruled by Katamia and Maysanchez?”

“Yes.” Danitz continued his blank expression.

The elder took out four brass charms from his pocket.

“These can be used for two months. They should be enough.”

"..."

Danitz received it with a blank look and after a few seconds, said, "That's it?"

It's that simple?

Isn't there supposed to be a test?

"You don't want it?" the scholarly elder asked with a smile.

"No, it's not that!" Danitz suddenly shook his head, and before his brain could react, he had already asked, "How do you know me? How do you know I want Language Comprehension charms?"

The elder wore a few looks of pity in his eyes as he slowly said, "Your captain contacted me.

"She said that you refused to stop no matter how much they called out to you when you left the ship, rushing straight into the harbor. She had actually prepared a few Language Comprehension charms for you."

As he spoke, the man shook his head, the look in his eyes somewhat ambivalent. It was as though he was looking at a student who was often careless in class.

...I should've long realized that. Captain is such a meticulous person. It's impossible for her not to consider the problem of the language barrier... Danitz resisted the urge to slap himself.

When the elder saw the changes in Danitz's expression, he shook his head and asked, "It probably wasn't your own idea to seek help here, right? I was about to use divination to find you."

"Ah, right. It was suggested by Anderson Hood," Danitz immediately replied.

The elder was taken aback for a second before his expression turned ashen.

At that moment, Anderson was sitting outside in the shade. He had snapped a tree branch and was casually drawing on a barren patch among the grass as he leisurely waited for Danitz to come out.

He had no doubts that this unqualified Hunter could obtain the Language Comprehension charms. This was because, as long as Danitz mentioned Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, everything would become much simpler. The only difference was how many rounds of tests he needed to take.

Just as he finished drawing King of the North Ulyssan's head, he heard a familiar gait coming from the inside.

Anderson's branch-wielding hand paused for a second when he looked up and turned to the door. He saw Danitz holding a stack of paper, walking over with mixed emotions.

"You... failed the test?" Anderson gave a sincere smile, having zero concern over the failure to obtain the Language Comprehension charms.

Danitz shook his head blankly.

“There wasn’t a test.”

“…”

Anderson was first taken aback as he asked with immediate enlightenment, “Help from your captain?”

Danitz tersely confirmed it as he handed the stack of paper to Anderson and said, “This is what the bishop wishes me to inform you: ‘A real Hunter doesn’t only rely on instinct or solely focus on the prey’s information. They also need to learn how to grasp the prey’s psyche and use all kinds of additional information.’

“This is the information he wants to give you.”

Anderson’s expression became contorted for a brief moment before it was restored to normal. He chuckled and said, “Thankfully, that’s not much.”

Danitz’s lips quivered as he finally held back the laughter that rose within him. He said with seriousness, “That’s only the table of contents.

“That bishop said that you should try to finish reading all the books mentioned in it within two years.”

Anderson’s smile finally froze.

…

Desi Bay, Eskelson Harbor.

Klein was like any normal Southern Continent tourist. He bought tickets to East Balam, boarded a hybrid steam and sail liner with many cannons.

With a hum, the ship left the harbor and quickly entered the Berserk Sea.

Midway, Klein discovered the Loen Kingdom's Desi fleet patrolling the safe sea route as though they were guarding against something.

From the looks of it, the abnormality in the Berserk Sea has garnered the attention of the Loen military... This way, the Numinous Episcopate likely has no way of investigating these waters without problems. Of course, a fleet is unable to monitor the entire stretch of the sea route... Klein stood inside his cabin as he looked at the scenery outside, thinking in enlightenment and poignancy.

At this moment, he heard stacked illusory pleas. He hurriedly headed above the gray fog to check on it.

The prayer was from The Hanged Man. He requested Mr. Fool to inform The Hermit that the Artisan was suspected to be controlled by a cult or secret organization and that he wished to receive some help from her.

Chapter 904: Analysis

The Artisan is suspected to be under the control of a cult or secret organization? Yet, he's trying to get The Hermit's help? Just get The World! Who knows which waters the Future is in at the moment and how long it would take to reach there. What's more, The World can Teleport! After hearing The Hanged Man's prayers, Klein subconsciously rebutted his request, believing that it would delay an opportunity, causing unnecessary losses.

He then calmed down, believing that with Mr. Hanged Man's attention to detail and experience, it was impossible for him to commit such a simple error. Since he believed that he definitely had his reasons for requesting The Hermit's help instead of The World.

This also means that Mr. Hanged Man has determined that the matter hasn't reached a critical state that requires immediate action. He even wishes to observe further to find more clues and details... Besides, since Ma'am Hermit had offered to provide help in advance, it means that she believes that, for the time being, her region of activity would overlap with Mr. Hanged Man's. If anything really happens, she would be able to rush there at the fastest speed possible... Or does she too have powers similar to Teleport? But that's a very low possibility... Klein tapped the edges of the mottled table, believing that he should trust Mr. Hanged Man's experience.

Of course, this also included the fact that Mr. Hanged Man hadn't described in detail about his discoveries or areas of suspicion, preventing him from inferring or divining the truth of the matter.

As his thoughts stirred, Klein threw The Hanged Man's prayer scene into the crimson star representing The Hermit.

As he was waiting for Admiral of Stars to reply, he suddenly saw the star representing The Sun suddenly contract and expand as it produced stacked layers of prayers.

The City of Silver's exploration of the former Chief's mausoleum has some preliminary results? Klein made a guess as he emanated his spirituality over.

In accordance with his expectations, Little Sun began recounting everything that had happened after the three members of the six-member council opened the former Chief's mausoleum. This included encountering the souls of their deceased relatives, the river they crossed which hid countless strange creatures, and how they faced the incomplete Mythical Creature form of the former Chief whose body was covered in white feathers. It also included Shepherd Lovia's separation of a shadow in an attempt to pounce onto the illusory tubes that extended out of the former Chief's body. However, she was stopped when Colin Iliad used the Fate Siphon charm, swapping his and the former Chief's fate for a brief moment, causing a difference in outcomes.

Thin illusory black tubes… White feathers stained with pale yellow oil… This sounds familiar… Yes, wasn't this the main characteristic in the scene I saw when I divined the abnormality with Azik's copper whistle? And the reason that former Chief built the mausoleum was to switch to Sequence 3 Ferryman of the Death pathway… As Klein listened, his mind raced, joining the dots together and considering what kind of conclusion he could receive from that.

Soon, he had a bold guess:

The mutation of the City of Silver's former Chief had a certain connection with the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project!

Although this conclusion sounded inexplicable and unbelievable since the City of Silver was situated in the completed isolated Forsaken Land of the Gods, It was a place that could only be entered through certain means via the Giant King's Court and ruins of the battle of the gods. Even the seven deities couldn't find it or have the power to infiltrate it. However, the numerous similarities made Klein, who was sensitive to coincidences, combine the actions of Shepherd Elder Lovia in the operation and eliminate the other possibilities so as to seriously consider what the two seemingly unconnected matters might possibly point towards.

From the scene that he received from divination and the experiences of having white feather grow from the pores of the back of his hands when he summoned the failed product of Artificial Death, as well as the encounter of the three City of Silver Elders, he began suspecting that the Numinous Episcopate's attempt might have achieved success to a certain degree.

Through a series of sacrificial rituals and the transformation of their own High-Sequence Beyonders, they influenced Death's remains via backward propagation, causing that abstract, illusory Uniqueness which represented a deity's authority to generate some form of sentience. This allowed the object that was only a totem and a concept to come to life!

Hence, this unintelligent object that couldn't be considered Artificial Death had begun assimilating the entire ritual, eagerly exerting its influence on lower Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway.

After reaching certain conditions, the object hidden in the depths of the black fog could extend thin illusory black tubes, establishing connections with the target, and draw upon their strength to transform their bodies.

And this method might involve the Underworld or something special about Death's domain. It could circumvent the force that isolated the Forsaken Land of the Gods and make effective contact with the beings within!

Therefore, the shadow that Shepherd Elder Lovia had produced was a bestowment of the True Creator. Its goal was to follow the thin illusory black tubes on the former Chief's body and trace the remains of the corrupted Death? Perhaps this was how the Mother Tree of Desire replaced the Chained God back then and seized the corresponding authority...

Thankfully, the current Chief of the City of Silver has a very clear mind. He knew ahead of time to seek out the secret existence backing Little Sun for help. By using the Fate Siphon charm, he remarkably foiled the True Creator's ploy...

Hmm, from the looks of it, the two powerful Sealed Artifacts of the City of Silver are good at purification. They're able to stop the shadow that can corrupt Death's remains...

Heh heh, as The Fool, I seem to have crossed the True Creator once again. Of course, Amon will be the one taking the blame since the Worm of Time was contributed by "Him"... Through Little Sun's description and relying on his own interference, Klein roughly figured out the hidden conflict that happened during the City of Silver's exploratory operation.

Meanwhile, he also gained a first look at Shepherd Elder's mental condition.

To Lovia, thin illusory black tubes that lead to the outside world was undoubtedly the key to the City of Silver's escape from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Therefore, she was very certain of her actions this time, without showing any signs of regret. She would only believe that the Chief was the one who shattered that

hope.

It's not too terrifying to have someone do evil deeds. What's most terrifying is when people who have a martyrish mentality do evil they believe to be right… Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

As for why Little Sun knew what happened inside the mausoleum so clearly, it was obvious that Chief Colin Iliad had informed him during a casual chat.

At this point, Derrick had already recounted how the three Elders had retrieved a special Sealed Artifact. It was a Beyonder characteristic left behind by the former Chief that had fused with his bones.

The former Chief was from the Giant pathway, beginning from Sequence 9 Warrior to Sequence 4 Demon Hunter. The Ferryman potion he consumed corresponds to the Death pathway's Sequence 3. The two Beyonder characteristics mixed together must be weirder and more varied than a single pathway. Together with the added effects of Artificial Death, the final Sealed Artifact must be very powerful. Of course, the negative effects will probably be equally powerful…

Yes, back when the black illusory river was described, the various weird creatures likely corresponded to the Underworld. This is similar to the scene I saw in the Berserk Sea. It's also similar in effect to what Miss Sharron's mystical item created… As Klein thought about it, he listened to Little Sun wrap up the topic of the exploration before mentioning the monster known as Shapeshifter.

After Derrick finished describing it, Klein felt that Shapeshifters were very likely Bizarro Banes.

He hurriedly summoned a gold coin from the junk pile and did a divination to confirm his guess.

With Little Sun's current strength, there's no way for him to head to that city to hunt it. I can only wait until that Chief prays to The Fool once again or seeks help via Little Sun... Anyway, there's no rush. I haven't found the Spirit World Plunderer yet... Klein nodded indiscernibly.

After requesting Mr. Fool to pass the corresponding information to Mr. World, Derrick said that he had enough points and could soon exchange for the Beyonder characteristic for Sequence 5 Vampire and complete the three-party transaction, so he requested that Mr. Moon prepare himself.

...

On the Future which was slowly cruising across the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya thanked Mr. Fool and nudged the glasses on her nose. Opening the window to the captain's cabin, she shouted to everyone, "Turn towards Bayam."

After issuing the command, this pirate admiral curled the corners of her mouth. She finally had the chance to establish a long-term cooperation with an Artisan.

But at that moment, she suddenly thought of a problem.

If she easily received the help of an Artisan, would Frank Lee, who hadn't been able to obtain a Sequence 5 potion formula, attempt to make the Druid Beyonder characteristic into an item

to expedite his paused experiments?

That's not a good thing... Cattleya subconsciously raised her hand and pinched her forehead.

...

On the liner, Klein, who had finished handling the matters, focused on enjoying his trip.

Due to the Berserk Sea's abnormal change in weather, the liner he was on board had chosen to take a further and more roundabout sea route that was much safer. Furthermore, it was to dock at a harbor named Halman for the night.

Klein didn't alight and remained at a window-side table at the upper level's restaurant to have his dinner.

While waiting for his food, he casually looked out the window and took in the local night skyline.

Suddenly, he discovered a suspicious figure with a luggage bag preparing to board the ship.

The reason why he appeared suspicious wasn't only because the man was wearing a black overcoat and tall top hat, but that he wore a scarf that wrapped his face, hiding his physical features. All that was left were a pair of eyes.

And that pair of eyes were peeled to the ground, preventing anyone from discerning his actual appearance.

Chapter 905: Psychological Blind Spot

Based on his experience from watching many detective animations, Klein believed that someone who wore a scarf to conceal his face and hid his physical characteristics with an overcoat was likely problematic. He probably hid an unspeakable secret, especially when it wasn't winter yet and the temperature in the Berserk Sea couldn't be considered cold.

However, this has nothing to do with me. Even if a locked-room murder mystery happens, the one having a headache would be the Captain... I should head above the gray fog later to do a divination and see if this trip will be smooth... Klein didn't mind the matter, but he still thought about it conscientiously.

He retracted his gaze and looked at the Desi roasted fish that was being served by the waiter.

After having dinner, he returned to his cabin and completed a divination above the gray fog. He obtained the conclusion that there wouldn't be drastic changes to the environment he was in and that everything would happen smoothly.

This allowed Klein to fall asleep peacefully without relying on Cogitation as he slept till daybreak.

With a whistle from the steam engine, the liner began moving and departing Halman Harbor.

The harbor could still be vaguely seen as Klein saw a figure there.

The figure wore a white shirt and a dark blue coat. He had a rather high nose, deeply recessed eyes, light blue eyes, and brown curly hair. His face was rather cut and his chin was slightly raised. He gave off a supercilious look.

With a sweep of his gaze, he quickly locked onto the liner which Klein was on.

At this moment, the sky suddenly darkened as though a door leading into the pitch-black land of illusions had formed.

A deafening typhoon stirred up from the seabed, surging upwards with massive amounts of blue mass. Dark lightning flashed like rifts in the void. They kept appearing and kept healing themselves until they disappeared.

This completely blocked the vision of those on the liner and at the harbor, putting them in two seemingly different worlds.

The Berserk Sea had once again shown its horror.

The liner failed to avoid or resist, and it could only continue cruising forward along the safe sea route that had relatively weaker storms.

What a coincidence... This likely isn't a coincidence... Standing behind the window of his cabin, Klein first sighed inwardly before coming to the conclusion that this sudden anomaly in the Berserk Sea was due to unnatural reasons.

Although it was common for the weather in the Berserk Sea to change suddenly without notice, to actually change at a particular point in time still left one suspicious.

The man at the dock is tracking the suspicious tourist from last night? And that tourist decided to change the weather upon realizing that he had been exposed, doing so that he can force the liner to leave? Klein made a guess when he made the connection.

And if that really were the case, it means that the suspicious passenger who hid his face with a scarf might very well be a demigod or someone who carried a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact!

After all, with Klein's present strength and items, it was impossible for him to trigger such a weather anomaly without the use of Sea God Scepter.

Of course, he also had other means like throwing out Azik's copper whistle to see if he could cause the entire Berserk Sea to go berserk.

Seriously? I just want to be a normal tycoon that's heading to the Southern Continent. Why would I encounter a pursuit at the level of demigods... Sigh, I'm under too much stress that my Sequence doesn't deserve... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh and finally chose to believe the divination he made last night.

Amidst the storm, the wobbling liner cruised along a rather calm stretch with apocalyptic scenes around it. And most of the tourists wore calm looks as though they were very accustomed to such conditions. Only a few people who were on their first trip across the Berserk Sea were trembling, grabbing tightly to anything they could grab at.

Time ticked by as the gales and lightning gradually calmed down. Bit by bit, the sky brightened.

At this moment, Klein, who was on the deck, felt his spiritual perception trigger. He subconsciously looked in the direction of

Halman Harbor.

Above the undulating dark blue waves, beneath white scattered clouds, there was a white radiant flame flying over at high speeds from afar.

The flame increased in size and became increasingly clearer until it revealed its complete form. It was a gigantic flaming spear!

The flaming spear tore across the sky and landed at the bow of the liner's deck. However, it didn't ignite anything. It burnt through half a wooden plank and spread out before materializing into a figure.

The figure had a high nose, deeply recessed eyes, and blue eyes. He was none other than the man who had previously appeared at the dock!

He looked middle-aged as he slowly surveyed the area and walked through the wide-eyed and agape tourists before walking into the cabin.

The similarly agape Dwayne Dantès silently heaved a sigh of relief when he confirmed that the person wasn't here for him.

The way he appeared sure is cool. As expected of a demigod… Now, the only issue is that they do not come to blows. Even if the conflict cannot be helped, it's best they go to a neighboring sea to fight. Otherwise, there's no way this ship can withstand it… I can Teleport away quite successfully, but all these tourists… I'll only be able to save a few… Klein habitually drew the sign of the crimson moon on his chest, praying for the Goddess to bless them.

Just as he had such a thought, he saw a figure fly out of the cabin, slamming heavily onto the deck. It was none other than the suspicious tourist who had covered his face with a scarf.

This man had already revealed half his face. The tip of his nose was red and he had a thick beard around his mouth with saliva staining them.

His nearly triangular eyes were filled with horror. He held his hands to the deck as he kept crawling backward.

“Who got you to carry that item and put on such a disguise?” At the cabin’s entrance, the middle-aged man with the high nose and blue eyes slowly walked out. He spoke in Intis with a heavy voice.

The suspicious tourist shook his head frantically.

“No, I don’t know. He was also wearing the same. H-he gave me 100 pounds to take this ship to the Southern Continent before returning by myself!”

The middle-aged man silently watched with his penetrating glare that seemed to tear through his soul.

This made the tourist break out into a sweat as his body convulsed. He once again stammered his explanation, but there weren’t any changes to it.

The man retracted his gaze before his body burst into white radiant flames.

Following that, he transformed into a gigantic flaming spear and shot towards the region where Halman Harbor was.

The flaming spear quickly disappeared into the distance, leaving a twinkling speck.

During this entire process, apart from at the very beginning, the demigod didn't take a second look at the surroundings tourists. It was as though they never existed.

A simple but smart ruse... By getting someone to disguise as himself and board the ship, then using certain means to control the weather; thus, creating proof that he's on the ship, but in actual fact, he had been at the harbor the entire time. Once the enemy starts the pursuit, he can then attempt to escape... Enlightened, Klein made a judgment.

This made him suspect if the pursuee was once a Conspirer, Magician, or other Beyonder that was good at coming up with ruses.

As for the person who transformed into a burning-white spear, his arrogance, detestable nature, and his usage of the Intis language had made Klein believe that he was probably a demigod from the Hunter pathway. It was possible that he was an Iron-blooded Knight.

I've no idea why there was a conflict... Klein shook his head and returned to his cabin.

On the deck, the tourists finally snapped to their senses as they discussed the supernatural phenomenon they had just seen in murmurs.

A person could transform into a flame, and the flame could reform into a human!

Amidst the noisy commotion, the liner continued cruising forward on the safe sea route. It didn't encounter any accidents midway, and it arrived at another harbor at midnight.

Like usual, Klein didn't alight, afraid that he would encounter something.

He took out his gold pocket watch and opened it to determine the time to head to the restaurant.

Another half an hour... Klein silently muttered to himself as he looked up and out the window.

At this moment, many tourists who were bound for this harbor were heading for the dock along the gangway with their luggage in hand.

As he swept his gaze, Klein's gaze suddenly stopped on a figure.

The figure wore a black bonnet. He had dark golden sideburns. His lips were tightly pursed and his facial features were clear and distinct, like an ancient, classical sculpture without any wrinkles.

He wasn't carrying any luggage, and soon, he stepped onto the dock with the crowd, disappearing into the corner of the road.

Klein just watched motionlessly, as though his body wasn't his.

He felt every drop of his blood turn cold as a name appeared in his mind: *Ince Zangwill!*

...

The street lamps on the harbor had already lit up. The liner's many windows also lit up in concert with them.

Dwayne Dantès was waiting inside a first-class cabin in darkness and silence.

Klein had already sat down without showing any emotion. All kinds of thoughts couldn't help but flash across his mind.

This is the first time I'm discovering signs of Ince Zangwill after the Great Smog of Backlund...

The demigod from before was probably tracking Ince Zangwill...

His tricks are more profound than I thought. He found someone to disguise as him and gave him items not to divert his trackers, but to create a mental blindspot. It made one subconsciously eliminate this ship from the possible options...

He was here from the beginning...

That coincidental change in weather was likely created by Ince Zangwill with 0-08...

Why would he be pursued by an Intis Hunter demigod... What is he plotting...

Amidst his churning thoughts, Klein suddenly took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew it.

Silently, Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr with her four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand appeared before him.

Klein opened his mouth before closing them again. Picking up a pen, he quickly wrote:

"Mr. Dwayne Dantès has discovered traces of Ince Zangwill on Waypoint Island in the Berserk Sea."

Folding the letter, Klein handed it along with a gold coin to Miss Messenger.

"Send it to the mailbox at Backlund's 7 Pinster Street."

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand turned at the same time as the eight eyes looked at Klein.

She didn't say anything and bit onto the letter and gold coin.

Chapter 906: Leonard's Warning

Backlund, North Borough.

The pitch-black night had the crimson moon covered by clouds. There were only street lamps on the two sides of the road that emitted a faint light, illuminating the road ahead and the doors of the nearby houses.

7 Pinster Street's mailbox was silently hiding in the intersection between light and dark, bathing in a cool breeze that blew from the side as though it was in a slumber.

At this moment, newspapers, bills, and letters from various unknown people suddenly spewed out from its mouth.

These objects seemed to be dragged by an invisible hand as they floated in midair before flying towards the door and entering through a gap.

Inside the house, at the foyer, the newspapers automatically spread open as they rapidly flipped over. Then, they were casually left on the chair, stacking over other newspapers.

The bills and letters continued flying into the living room, with the former quickly stopping. With a few shakes, they floated to the surface of the coffee table and lined up. The latter had their envelopes removed, and the letters without envelopes quickly unfolded themselves, showcasing themselves in midair.

After a while, a portion of these letters flew onto a rack on the first floor's study. Some rushed for the scissors to help it cut

itself apart. Then, they orderly surged into the washroom and were thrown into the toilet.

Whoosh!

The mechanical flush of the toilet was automatically depressed, washing away the paper shreds into the sewers.

7 Pinster Street went back to normal, and its silence was identical to an uninhabited house's.

Southern Continent. East Balam. Kolain City.

Leonard Mitchell, who had just arrived, was resting in a residence arranged by the local Church of Evernight.

Suddenly, that slightly-aged voice sounded in his mind:

"*Punk, you have an important letter.*"

"What letter?" While Leonard asked softly, he already had a guess in mind.

To mail an important letter to 7 Pinster Street without caring that it was inhabited, there was only one, no—two people: Klein Moretti and Dwayne Dantès.

As for why the old man named Pallez Zoroast could still clearly read the letters sent to 7th Pinster Street despite the Berserk Sea and half the Northern Continent separating them, Leonard had only a guess or two. This was because he had helped the old man

capture a specter before.

With regards to this, his theory was:

Old Man definitely used a Worm of Time to parasitize that specter, making it "His" eyes, ears, and mouth in the Northern Continent.

At that moment, Pallez Zoroast replied to his question.

"It's from Klein Moretti. He said that while Dwayne Dantès was heading to the Southern Continent, he discovered traces of Ince Zangwill on Waypoint Island in the Berserk Sea."

Leonard fell silent immediately as his mouth turned agape. However, he didn't say a word.

After a long while, he muttered with a slightly hoarse voice, "As expected, he didn't forget the need for revenge…

"What can I do?"

"What can you do? You're only a Sequence 6. Even if Ince Zangwill doesn't wield 0-08, you still lack the qualifications to exact vengeance on him. He just needs to reveal his Mythical Creature form to make you lose control and become a lunatic. The chances of you getting your revenge are zero! This is the qualitative change that godhood brings," Pallez Zoroast said rather sternly.

He paused before chuckling.

"Thankfully, you understand yourself in a way that's better than

before. In the past, you definitely would've said that you would inform the Church with news of Ince Zangwill and join the team to pursue him. And now, you know to ask what you can do."

Leonard had wanted to retort a few times, but he ultimately didn't say a word.

Pallez Zoroast continued, "*What you can do for now is to give Klein Moretti some information. Wait for him to write back to you. Then, based on the arrangements written, provide the necessary assistance.*"

"So no finding excuses so as to inform the Church of Ince Zangwill's location?" Leonard heavily asked, somewhat surprised.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, "*No hurry. Do it at the critical moment.*

"*Although 0-08 enjoys causing its possessor's death, it doesn't wish to be sealed even more so. As long as you inform the Church of Ince Zangwill's location and begin a pursuit, it will immediately learn of it and make the necessary arrangements.*

"*Regarding this, you need to warn Klein Moretti.*"

Leonard was taken aback for a second as he asked, "Old Man, you seem to know 0-08 rather well."

It wasn't apparent in the past!

Pallez's slightly-aged voice chuckled.

"Of course I am. During the Fourth Epoch, 0-08 had once caused the death of an angel.

"I can't tell you too much because once you know of it, it will also know you. The more you know about it, the more likely you will become a character in its stories."

Leonard came to an actual realization of 0-08's terror from Old Man's vague words. This had already exceeded the mysticism he knew!

After some thought, Leonard asked habitually, "Then how should I hint to Klein Moretti without letting 0-08 know? Or that even if he were to know, it will be very superficial knowledge, making me a bystander in the story..."

Just as he said that, Leonard clasped his hands and gritted his teeth. Without waiting for Old Man's reply, he continued, "An indirect hint? I'll tell him I'll temporarily not inform the Church of Ince Zangwill's location... I believe he should be able to understand that there's a problem based on the situation. He will understand that we need to be extremely cautious. And even if he fails to interpret that, his secret organization has members who understand the Fourth Epoch well enough to provide him with help.

"Also, just writing the sentence, 'Once you know it, it will also know you,' without mentioning 0-08 should be enough for Klein to guess what this is pointing at..."

After Pallez Zoroast finished listening, "He" chuckled and said, "*Humans will only grow under pressure.*"

Leonard exhaled and sat up. He found a pen and paper and penned his thoughts.

Following that, he set up a ritual right on the heels of that and summoned Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

...

Berserk Sea, Waypoint Island. On a liner docked at the harbor.

Many tourists weren't alighting. They were huddled in the lower deck cabins, waiting to arrive at the Southern Continent to begin a life filled with hope.

They had gone through a great deal of effort to save up the fare for a ship ride that spanned a few short days. They were from Loen and were those who had been forced to take such risks.

Klein, who was acting as the tycoon, Dwayne Dantès, wasn't like them. He lived in a spacious, clean first-class cabin that could even be described as luxurious. Under some candlelight, he opened the letter that had just been delivered by Reinette Tinekerr.

Will not be informing the Church of Ince Zangwill's location for the time being... To Leonard, although the source of the tip might put him in certain danger, it's not impossible for him to do it... Didn't he join the Red Gloves to seek revenge? This means that he has a reason why he can't sound the alarm on Ince Zangwill... As Klein thought, he continued reading the rest of the letter: "Once you know it, it will also know you."

Suddenly, Klein exclaimed, finding the description somewhat familiar!

This is very similar to the Twilight Hermit Order. Any mention of

it will be known... So, 0-08 is a Sealed Artifact of the Spectator pathway? Leonard isn't informing the Church of this matter because he's held back by this. He wishes to wait for a better opportunity? This is likely something the grandpa in his body told him... Klein nodded in thought, feeling thankful that he hadn't asked Reinette Tinekerr for help moments ago.

That would've been equally dangerous for Miss Messenger.

Besides, most important of all, I haven't made any preparations. If I were to only rely on a helper I hire, my plan might very well be detected by 0-08 ahead of time. A series of coincidences would then be created, producing a targeted arrangement... Klein silently sighed and felt that he needed to do something, but he was at a loss as to how to begin.

From the angle of improving his strength, the acquirement of the corresponding ingredients of Bizarro Bane and Spirit World Plunderer depended on the subsequent request of the City of Silver's Chief and how long Miss Magician could receive the exact coordinates from her teacher. These were all dependent on external factors that Klein had no means of expediting.

The only thing he could do was to try his best to digest the Marionettist potion as quickly as possible.

And after concluding most of the acting principles, the actual implementation was more important.

Therefore, Klein believed that he needed to obtain two marionettes within a short span of time.

He had previously been delaying it because he didn't have any good targets. It stemmed from him being in Backlund with servants around him. Unless they were special marionettes, it

was very difficult to hide their existences. And now, he was almost at the Southern Continent. He decided that as long as he identified an evil target who deserved the gallows, he would first transform them into his marionette until he had a better replacement!

Perhaps using an ordinary marionette to complete a rather difficult task will accelerate the digestion… Heh, my standards for a marionette has dropped to its lowest. All it needs to know is Dutanese. That way, I don't have to hire an interpreter; after all, I can share their senses… Klein quickly made up his mind and planned on writing to Leonard Mitchell after he had a more advanced plan.

…

East Balam, Kolain City.

Klein carried his luggage and stepped onto the dock, touching ground on the Southern Continent.

He looked into the distance at the city that was built on terraces. He silently said to himself, *I have to have two marionettes when I leave this place.*

And before that, he had one thing to do. It was to lose the tail of the "followers" that the military had arranged.

The two gentlemen were rather good at being spies, but to Klein, they were as bright as fireflies in the night. This was because, no matter how well disguised they were, Klein could use his Faceless's ability of observation and his memory of a human's physical features and looks to recognize them at a glance.

Chapter 907: The Power of Mysticism

Most of Kolain City's buildings were built on paths that spiraled upwards. There would be squares or small towns in the middle or on rather flat, open spaces.

Klein carried his luggage, and with his spiritual intuition as a Seer, he randomly chose a direction to proceed in and found a relatively lively bar along the way.

There weren't many carriages on the streets, and the rental types were a rare sight. The most popular means of transportation in East Balam was a "Coffin." This stemmed from their traditions of worshipping Death. People viewed coffins as items that brought about serenity and peace; therefore, Klein often saw people walking past him carrying a black coffin. The lids were lighter than the usual kind and were just like a carriage door that could be opened at any time.

They're carried via two, four, or either people; or by horses or single-horned goats... Such a tradition is quite terrifying at night. Hmm, it's not much better in the day. The entire city feels dark and creepy... Klein took in the "scenery" around him as he walked into the square. On the left was a cathedral of the Lord of Storms, and on the right were restaurants and bars.

When he stopped in his tracks, a coffin being carried by four men was also lowered.

As the lid was opened, the passenger inside the coffin stood up and took a step forward. He was a Northern Continent-styled gentleman dressed in a white shirt and black vest.

The gentleman's formal coat was slung against his arm, something he wore only after he left the coffin.

Then, Klein saw the man head straight for the Lord of Storms cathedral and enter it.

This sure is quite discordant... Doesn't the Church of Storms enjoy changing the traditions of the colonies and forcefully implementing those of Loen? Why don't they do that in East Balam? Is it because the Death pathway and Evernight pathway are similar, so the Church of Storms wishes to preserve some of the traditions of Death worship, so as to curb the proliferation of the Church of Evernight? Klein nodded in thought as he turned to the buildings on the right, prepared to enter one of the bars there.

Having experienced it personally, he came to the realization as to why the dressing style of the ancient Balam Empire was written as such in so many history books.

They enjoy wearing trousers, those that are light and breezy. They find creases beautiful... Isn't this to make it easier to lie in a coffin when outside? Klein shook his head with a smile as he pushed open the heavy wooden door. Squeezing through the drunkards, he walked towards the bar counter.

And at this moment, the two military "followers" had deliberately opened up a distance from Dwayne Dantès to prevent themselves from being exposed. They had walked to the door side.

Taking this brief reprieve, Klein suddenly switched directions and passed through the crowd like a fish in water, heading straight for the bar's backdoor.

Although he didn't know Dutanese, he could read drawings on signs and knew where the washrooms and places where entry was forbidden to customers.

After circling to a blind spot from the door, Klein quickly took off his coat and slung it on his arm.

Immediately, with his golden cane, he reached out his palm to cover his face and slow down his pace. Turning directions again, he headed for the bar's entrance.

After opening up a distance of nearly ten meters from where he took off his coat, Klein lowered his face-shielding right hand to reveal a completely different face.

His white sideburns, deep eyes, and elegant demeanor was all gone. He had switched to a common Loenese face that could be seen anywhere on the Northern Continent.

With luggage and cane in hand, Klein walked staidly towards the two military "followers." As they were looking for Dwayne Dantès, he walked past them and left the bar.

Be it tracking or anti-tracking, they were both strong traits of a Faceless!

Returning to the square, Klein turned into a sloped alley that led to higher ground. He planned on finding a hotel elsewhere.

As he walked on a rather deserted path, he suddenly heard a woman's frantic cries.

The voice was only maintained for a very short moment before it was silenced.

Although he didn't know what she was shouting, Klein could sense the horror, fear, and panic in her voice. Hence, he switched directions and entered a narrower and more deserted trail.

In less than ten seconds, he saw a local man in his thirties who was pressing against a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old girl in a secluded corner and was using violence against her. His skin was brownish, and he had rather soft facial features.

Klein took a glance and slowed down his pace before stopping in the nearby shadows.

At this moment, the girl's face was extremely horrified and distorted. However, regardless of how she struggled, she was unable to free herself and had only received a beating in response.

Her tears and snot flowed out while her mouth was stuffed with cloth. All she could do was produce muffling sounds.

At this moment, she was surprised that the rotten egg's attempts to take off her clothes had slowed down.

"..."

Without having the time to consider what was happening, she subconsciously looked at the rotten egg and found that his eyes had widened. His facial muscles were writhing slowly, but he was unable to form a complete expression on his face. Then, his

limbs twitched and paused as they continued doing what they were doing but were easily avoided.

The girl instinctively pushed him, which had ended up having surprisingly excellent results. Freed, she immediately stood up and fled. However, she couldn't help but feel her legs go limp. After a few steps, she tripped over a stone and nearly fell to the ground.

At this moment, she heard the sound of footsteps behind her. Reeling in anxiety, she fumbled to her feet.

But almost immediately, the sounds of footsteps suddenly ceased.

The girl subconsciously looked back only to see the rotten egg standing two meters away. His joints were making strange actions as though they were rusted.

What's happening... The girl felt as though she was having a nightmare.

The brown-skinned man struggled for a moment before quietening down. Revealing a smile, he said in Dutanese, "In the future, when you meet someone like me, remember to head for the nearest cathedral or somewhere where there's plenty of people."

The girl was taken aback for a moment before she screamed. Turning around, she ran as fast as she could.

Subconsciously, she chose to run in the direction of the square where the cathedral was.

When the calm and silence of the deserted spot was restored, the brown-skinned man turned to look at the nearby shadows where Klein walked out from.

A new marionette… His body isn't strong enough, and he's not nimble enough. He lacks Beyonder powers and looks rather fierce. Apart from knowing Dutanese, he's completely useless, Klein simply evaluated. *If it wasn't because he was committing a crime and that I wasn't proficient in the local language, I would've buried him immediately.*

He couldn't help but make a comparison with his former marionette, Admiral of Blood Senor.

Senor was a Wraith and was capable of Mirror Blink. He could hide in gold coins and reflective surfaces. I didn't need to worry that he would be seen by others… He also had Shriek and the ability to possess others. Together with a Marionettist, it's a perfect combination…

More importantly, he also knew Dutanese…

Comparing this marionette and him is like the difference between a penny and 42,000 gold pounds.

I've no idea what his name is, and I can only use powers to sense some superficial thoughts. I have no way of obtaining deeper memories unless I encounter someone or something familiar. There would be a corresponding change in the spirit to release more information… I'll just call him "Ah Fu." Ah, no—that's too Chinese. "Oaf" it is.

Klein rubbed his temples and sighed. He needed to leave the area with his new marionette, Oaf, before the girl led the clergymen over.

Before long, with the help of his marionette's translations, he found an inn to stay in at the border between Kolain City's flourishing and backward area. This place didn't need him to provide any proof of identity, even though Klein had already changed his appearance to that of a regular local.

There's an even greater lack of administration management than the colonies at sea... Klein put down his luggage and threw most of the cash he brought with him above the gray fog, leaving only 50 pounds for his daily expenses.

Meanwhile, having crossed the Berserk Sea, and without needing to be afraid of causing any further anomalies, he took down the copper whistle and iron cigar case from the mysterious space above the gray fog so as to make it easier for Mr. Azik to locate him.

After finishing all of this and having had dinner on the liner, he had the spare time to seek out his second marionette.

As for how he could find one, Klein, who didn't understand Kolain City well enough, decided on using his traits as a Seer and do so with mysticism means!

With Oaf, he left the inn. Klein snapped a branch of a Donningsman Tree and used it as a dowsing rod. With great familiarity, he used Cogitation and muttered, "Location of my new marionette."

In the silent environment, pairs of cold eyes seemed to pierce through the obstruction of the incorporeal and the corporeal and landed on the dowsing rod.

The branch fell to the ground and pointed in a direction.

After advancing forward a little, he did another divination and followed his new revelation. Seven to eight turns later, he arrived at a steep staircase.

This staircase was connected to many roads in Kolain. One had to look up to see the top, and there was no one at all.

The divination's revelation is pointing here... Why isn't there anyone here? The result isn't accurate because I didn't do a divination above the gray fog? But I'm already a Sequence 5 Marionettist. My divination abilities are definitely one of the best below that of High-Sequence Beyonders... Klein frowned slightly as he surveyed the area, but he failed to find any targets.

After some thought, he walked towards the staircase and sat in the shadows of the lowest step. He then waited in boredom despite a lack of confidence.

After a few minutes, he stood up again and made Oaf sit where he was sitting.

Then, Klein opened up a gap from him and hid two hundred meters away in a hidden spot.

...

Kolain City. Lower Lip District.

Leonard Mitchell and Daly Simone arrived at a nearby district with the Red Gloves team captain, Soest.

With the night as cover, Soest emphasized the operation to all

the members once again.

“Our target this time is Ulika who’s living at Unit 13. He’s a rather important member of the Numinous Episcopate and is in charge of communicating with the different small teams in Backlund.

“Although all our intelligence points to him not being a demigod, I have applied for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact to be safe. Her Excellency, Goddess’s Eye, is also ready to provide her assistance to us at any time.

“Also, most of the residents of this district are locals. We have to be wary of them also being members of the Numinous Episcopate.”

Chapter 908: Not Leaving Any Problems

Lower Lip District. 13 Canine Street.

The plump Ulika was sitting on a sofa with his tiny dark brown eyes and skin. Wrapping a dried yellowed tobacco leaf and ten different kinds of Southern Continent herbs and spices together, he cut it into long strips.

Then, he held his self-made East Balam smoke pipe in his hand and brought it close to the matchstick his subordinate had lit. The end blackened and curled as it glowed red.

Biting at its end and taking a deep suck, Ulika slowly exhaled white smoke that was tainted with light blue hues. He looked at the visitor on the single-seater opposite him and said, “This is what a cigarette is. A real cigarette.

“The ones in the Northern Continent are only suitable for children!”

The person sitting on the single-seater was a man in his forties. He had a high nose, blue eyes, and gentle facial contours. His black hair was thick and curly. His skin color wasn’t too dark, but neither was it fair. He resembled a mixed-blood between someone from Loen and Balam.

He chuckled upon hearing that as he replied in Dutanese, “Unfortunately, I have zero interest in any kind of cigarettes.”

“Enzo, you don’t know how to enjoy life at all…” Before Ulika could finish his sentence, his powerful spirituality that was a

result of his pathway had warned him of some danger.

The way it suddenly came and appeared in such a pressing manner made Ulika instantly determine that the problem wasn't trivial.

He had yet to leap away from where he was sitting when all he saw was darkness. It was as though he could directly see the night sky outside. A strong sense of sleepiness overwhelmed him as he felt a level of serenity from the bottom of his heart.

Along Canine Street, be it the houses with lit lamps or extinguished lamps, it became abnormally silent at that very moment. It was as though no living being lived in them, or that everyone had fallen asleep at the same moment.

At this moment, the snoring and slumped Ulika suddenly leaped up. His eyes wore the strange combination of a reverie and lucidity.

Behind him, a nearly illusory girl with pale skin was stuck to his back at some point in time!

This girl's eyes were bluish-green, and her lips were jet black. Her eyes were silently looking to the side, and her ghastly pale and translucent limbs had drilled into Ulika's body as though she was a spirit that couldn't be shaken off.

Her existence brought a chill to his Soul Body, making Ulika barely resist his abnormal sleepiness as he broke free from the influence of a Nightmare.

Before Ulika could completely regain his lucidity, he instinctively

rushed to the staircase. Extending his palms, he exerted strength towards the front as though he was pushing a door that didn't exist.

In a blink of an eye, a difficult-to-describe bronze door covered in mysterious patterns appeared in front of Ulika. It wobbled and creaked before cracking open a gap.

The gap led to an endless darkness. In it were indescribable eyes that watched the outside world.

Meanwhile, large amounts of squirming and strange objects that were still unrecognizable surged wildly from the gap.

Ulika was about to continue exerting his strength to open the door and cause the terrifying world behind him to descend upon Canine Street when he suddenly saw a pair of pale, translucent palms appear out of thin air. They passed through the deep darkness and pressed down on the interior of the door's gap.

The palms didn't originate from anything. They weren't connected to a body, and the wrist was bloody. It was unknown who had severed them!

Both parties exerted their strength as the mysterious bronze door stopped moving. It neither closed or opened further.

High above Unit 13, Soest, who was already a Spirit Warlock, was floating in midair thanks to an invisible force. His hands carried a sundial made of gold as he slowly raised it high.

When the golden sundial was finally raised above Soest's head, its resplendent glow flowed out and quickly outlined and became

one.

Suddenly, another sun seemed to appear in midair, directing all the light and heat at 13 Canine Street.

None of that caused any damage as they penetrated through the building and landed above the bronze door, enveloping Ulika who was standing in front of it.

Ulika instantly grimaced in extreme pain as the pale and nearly translucent girl let out a shrill scream, but it was stopped by the “sunlight” and drowned by the onslaught.

She warped and quickly evaporated, producing wisps of black gases that dissipated into the sea of light.

There wasn’t a single spot inside the building that remained dark!

After the “sunlight” faded, the indescribable bronze door had already vanished. On the ground was a black swollen corpse that was effusing pale yellow oil stains.

With a boom, the corpse tore apart as a thin, tiny figure leaped out from inside.

This figure had identical looks to Ulika, but its skin was raven-black as though it was stained in ink. The surface of its body that stood at a height of around 1.2 to 1.3 meters had sticky pus flowing across it.

The moment he appeared, he dashed for the staircase with a

ludicrous speed. Burrowing into the cellar, he opened a secret trapdoor he had prepared in advance as he dashed forward as fast as he could.

In just ten seconds, the miniaturized black version of Ulika saw the entrance—hope.

He didn't lower his guard as he gently clenched his right fist, producing about eight transparent illusory figures from his body.

They were of all kinds of shapes and sizes, as though they were an abomination that fused the characteristics of humans, plants, and certain animals. Some held Ulika's arm, others lifted his feet as they took off in flight.

Right on the heels of that, a mechanical switch was shifted. Gears started rotating as the exit door flung open, leading to a silent and dark street corner.

Further ahead were streets that stood on lower ground, and on the two sides of the streets were rows of houses. They appeared like the sea that churned with the light of the crimson moon.

Ulika was just about to use the help of spirits to fly out of the secret passage and disappear into the other districts of Kolain City when his eyes reflected a foggy lake.

The lake shimmered with light, producing a tranquil beauty. In the middle, concentric circles rippled out as beautiful and illusory figures floated up.

This was a powerful type of spirit. Human legends often deemed it "the Goddess of the Lake"!

Many a time, the strength of a Spirit Guide depended on the deceased or a natural spirit they found and controlled. It was the same with Spirit Warlocks. However, the inclination for Spirit Guides were the deceased, while for Spirit Warlocks, they were better at controlling natural spirits.

At this moment, the strange transparent figures around Ulika uttered a monotonous sound of horror. Throwing away the arms and legs they were carrying, they drilled into the thin pitch-black body like the wind.

With a crash, Ulika fell to the ground, but he didn't feel any pain, which was a result of intense sleepiness assaulting him. It made him fall asleep without realizing it.

At the exit, Daly Simone, who was wearing a Spirit Medium robe, with her face made up with blue eyeshadow and blush, walked out of some unknown location. Looking at the 1.2-meter-tall Ulika, she said,

"The deceased spirit he fused with is very strange. If it doesn't use a living human's body as a 'house,' it will quickly dissipate.

"We need to make every second count in order to obtain information."

In the shadows beside her, Leonard Mitchell walked out. He looked at Daly Simone in surprise and said, "Aren't you a Spirit Guide? How do you control a Goddess of the Lake?"

"Aren't you a poet? Why don't you write poems?" Daly snapped back.

...

On the other end of the street, on a gentle cliff, a figure quickly moved downwards with the protruded pieces of rock, quickly landing in the shadowy corners of Jaw Street below him.

His skin was light-colored and his eyes were blue. He had thick raven-black hair that curled slightly. He was none other than Enzo who had been a guest at Ulika's place at Lower Lip District's 13 Canine Street.

Enzo wasn't a member of the Numinous Episcopate. He was one of the traitors of the Life School of Thought that had escaped under the enticement of the Rose School of Thought.

Furthermore, he was neither a Beyonder from the Apothecary pathway that led to the Vampire Sequence, nor did he worship the Primordial Moon. He was only a person who didn't wish to accept the various rules set by his teacher and his teacher's teacher. He wished to lead a carefree life and take advantage of being a Winner.

Such a state of mind was strongly advocated by the Rose School of Thought's indulgence faction, so it didn't take long for him to formally join them, allowing him to freely satisfy all his various desires.

This time, he was representing the Rose School of Thought to make contact with the Numinous Episcopate in Kolain and discuss the possibility of cooperating on certain matters. To his surprise, Tenebrous Deceased Ulika had suffered a sudden raid by the Church of Evernight. It was a high-level raid!

Thankfully, I'm good at anti-divination. The Church of Evernight members didn't know ahead of time that I was at Ulika's place,

and they didn't pay too much attention to me. They just thought of me as Ulika's subordinate, allowing me to find a chance to escape the core region. Besides, that "sunlight" mainly purifies objects with the power of death, evil, and corruption. It didn't deal much damage to me... That's likely a demigod-level attack... Enzo walked to the shadows in the street and couldn't help but recall what had just happened.

After fleeing quite a distance, he turned to look behind him and discovered no one was chasing him. He immediately heaved a sigh of relief and chuckled.

A Winner is a Winner, the eternal Winner!

Enzo recovered his usual confidence as he proceeded down the street with a smile. Then, he turned to his left and quickly moved down the stairs.

It was a steep and long staircase that reached many lower-level streets.

...

In the vicinity of Canine Street, Soest suddenly opened his eyes and said to Leonard and Daly Simone, "There was a man named Enzo at Ulika's place. He's a member of the Rose School of Thought and doesn't have a low Sequence. He probably enjoys quite an important position.

"You are to quickly search the surroundings and see if you can find any traces of him and try to capture him successfully. Don't leave any problems behind."

As for the other Red Gloves and the local Nighthawks, they either had to capture the remaining Numinous Episcopate members or were already capturing them in dreams. They hoped to obtain firsthand news as quickly as possible. Only a few were left behind to watch for any accidents and protect their companions.

“Yes, Captain Soest.” Leonard didn’t hesitate to agree.

Daly grabbed at the wind and cupped her hand to her ear. After listening for two to three seconds, she said, “The little guys around here tell me that someone did escape via the cliff.”

Chapter 909: Serving Good Luck

On the steep and long rocky staircase, the crimson moonlight illuminated its midsection, leaving rather thick shadows along its sides.

Enzo was like a normal pedestrian at night, walking a little anxiously but without showing any signs of being flustered. He had a deep faith in his excellent good luck, being a winner in life, one that wouldn't be caught by the Nighthawks.

Seeing that he would be done after a few more flights of steps, Enzo, who was once a Monster, suddenly sensed something as he turned his head to look at the shadows in the lowest point of the staircase.

He then saw a figure sitting there in a daze. His looks and figure appeared rather indistinct due to the lighting, and he was dressed in the standard outfit of someone from East Balam.

The figure took out a box of matchsticks and struck a match to light up the surroundings.

Enzo didn't bother sizing up the person when he suddenly saw a scene before his eyes.

The figure threw a matchstick over as though he was gifting him something. And when the matchstick approached, it suddenly burst into a ridiculous inferno as a man wearing a formal suit and top hat walked out!

Seeing scenes he shouldn't see, and hearing sounds he shouldn't

hear, were a daily occurrence for a Monster. Having become a Winner, Enzo was already used to all of this. Without any thought, he fully believed in his intuition and lunged forward, jumping off the staircase and making two rolls onto the lower street.

At the same time, the brown-skinned marionette, Oaf, suddenly stood up. After bending his back, he hurled the matchstick in his hand at the location where Enzo was previously standing.

Before the matchstick hit the ground, scarlet flames extended out into midair in a resplendent and brilliant manner.

Amidst the flames, Klein's black-suited figure with a half top hat leaped out. However, he had lost sight of his target.

Klein had discovered someone rapidly coming down the staircase about ten seconds ago as though he was hiding from something. Suspecting that this was his new marionette, he immediately did a dream divination and obtained the revelation that the man was related to the Rose School of Thought and wasn't anyone good.

With such a result, Klein didn't hesitate to take action. Unfortunately, due to the lack of time, he didn't have the time to use Paper Angel which had been recorded in Creeping Hunger to interfere with the target's spiritual intuition, and as a result, it made his ambush fail.

At this moment, Oaf had already left the final flight of steps on the staircase. He was running with large strides towards Enzo, who had just stood up.

Enzo's mind stirred. Without dodging, he nimbly turned his body to the side, avoiding the ordinary attack.

Then, he drew his gun and quickly aimed. With a bang, he shot Oaf's chest.

As blood gushed out, Oaf staggered for a moment before collapsing. His breathing rapidly weakened.

Klein took this brief opportunity as his body vanished, phasing right in front of the target to block his escape route.

Enzo seemed to have an inexplicable strange premonition. He immediately tightly shut his eyes

He didn't know why he did so, but as a Mid-Sequence Beyonder of the Fate pathway, believing his intuition was an instinct!

Immediately after that, Enzo frantically switched directions. Attempting to rely on his spiritual intuition, he rushed into another street, but at this moment, the man in the suit who didn't have any outstanding features appeared in front of him again.

Klein's figure kept disappearing and appearing in every direction, as though he was running around Enzo at high speeds, often blocking his path but not dealing any direct attacks. Whether he used Beyonder powers or not, it made Enzo face a figure wearing a black suit and half top hat no matter where he turned to.

For an instant, Enzo with his eyes clothes even imagined that he was facing a group of enemies instead of one enemy.

A Traveler was often able to create the effect of being besieged!

In just ten seconds, Enzo, who had failed to find a path to escape, suddenly jolted. His actions instantly slowed down as his mind and joints seemed to be injected with glue.

Traveling works well with a Marionettist as well. While Klein was phasing around, he kept maintaining a distance of ten meters from Enzo! He had been secretly controlling his Spirit Body Threads all this time!

No good... He doesn't attack... and is only blocking me... not because... he is waiting... for the Nighthawks... but for... another reason... Enzo, who still had his eyes shut, felt his heart tighten. Suddenly, he stepped onto a rock, causing his body to lose balance. He slammed heavily to the ground, causing his revolver to fly several meters away.

Plop!

The pain and shock had snapped Enzo out of his suppressed state. He found his fluidity again.

Enzo was no stranger to such accidents. As a Winner, he often obtained an advantage due to all kinds of low-probability events and thus clinch victory.

Without hesitation, he was just about to dash towards the end of the street to his side and flip over the fence to jump into the sea, allowing what fate had arranged for him to escape his predicament when another scene flashed in his mind:

In it, he was breaking out into a coughing fit, to the point of not being able to stand up or open up his stride!

Ailments! The enemy can infect me with ailments! He isn't attacking me and is simply blocking my escape route in order to keep me in this area; thus, infecting me with ailments in an unnoticeable manner! Enzo's heart skipped a beat as he suddenly felt a strong sense of delight.

The Green Essence ring he wore came from a believer of the Primordial Moon. Upon activation, it could easily treat any ailments or injuries that weren't too serious!

This is luck! Enzo pretended to not discover the infectious ailment in the air. Exerting strength in his palms, he lunged forward and followed his predetermined route towards the fence at the end of the street.

Moments after he took two steps, he suddenly coughed and involuntarily slowed down.

His coughing didn't quell like usual. Instead, it was worsening as though he was about to cough out his lungs.

Klein's figure flashed and appeared behind the target while he maintained ten meters from him.

At this moment, Enzo spread his arms and allowed invisible waves to ripple out of his body.

It was like a pure psyche storm that swept all Spirit Bodies in the vicinity, bringing with it an intense sense of drowsiness and calamity.

Klein similarly had a premonition for danger. The moment Enzo spread his arms, his body had already vanished from his spot

and had appeared in the midsection of the steep staircase.

Still having his eyes closed, Enzo realized that he didn't receive his desired effect. He immediately abandoned the idea of escaping after finishing his target. He continued running towards the fence at the end of the street.

He had a hunch that if he stalled a little longer, a number of Nighthawks would catch up to him, making the situation more chaotic.

And as a former Lucky One and a Winner, the more chaotic a situation, the higher the chances of him escaping!

At this moment, as he had repeatedly changed directions while running blindly, he once again passed by Oaf, who had been shot in the chest.

On Oaf's left finger was a golden ring with an inlaid ruby.

A sanguine beam flashed from the beam as Oaf's injuries began recovering. He bounced up and widened his mouth, biting down on Enzo who was running past.

His tongue seemed to lose substance as it transformed into a blob of flesh and blood.

Flower of Blood!

Oaf wore the Flower of Blood ring which Klein had obtained from Mr. X. It could randomly allow the wearer to abandon any rationality in order to become a beast. On the other hand, it

could allow the wearer to control their body at a deeper level. As long as they didn't suffer from instant death or become completely purified, they could heal from any kind of injury!

At the same time, it also came with flesh and blood magic. It was a mystical item that was very suited for marionettes!

Before Klein came out to seek a new marionette, he didn't know which pathway or Sequence his target would be. Therefore, to make well-rounded preparations, he made Oaf wear the Flower of Blood ring. This way, he could direct a play of him being the main assailant with the marionette as the secondary assailant, but in fact, it was the exact opposite.

Just as Enzo ran past Oaf, he felt a stabbing pain in his knee as though his previous fall had given him some light injuries.

The moment this thought flashed across his mind, he hurriedly crouched down and felt a figure fly past his head. It missed!

Oaf's sudden attack still failed to be effective against a Winner!

Enzo was just about to smile and run again when he suddenly had a premonition. He subconsciously curled up and protected his vital spots.

At the same time, Oaf suddenly swelled up and silently exploded.

Flesh and blood formed a storm, sweeping through a rather large area in the vicinity, hitting Enzo again and again.

One of the preparations Klein had done was to use a power of

Creeping Hunger after its mutation. He had planted a Flesh Bomb in his marionette's body!

WIth a clank, the golden ring with an inlaid ruby landed on the stone slabs in the street. Klein's figure flashed to Enzo's side.

He raised his left palm and made his palm pitch-black. As though they were formed of granules, he said a word filled with evil and corruption: "Slow!"

Thanks to his luck, Enzo had avoided most of the damage. His lightly injured body suddenly turned still as his struggling actions slowed down. His curled pose changed bit by bit.

Right on the heels of that, he opened his eyes due to the pain, and a figure wearing a black suit and half top hat was reflected in his eyes.

"Ah!"

Enzo let out a tragic cry as he raised his hands to cover his eyes.

Streams of blood seeped out from the gaps in his fingers.

Monster? Looking at his writhing target, Klein pricked up his brows. He continued controlling the Spirit Body Threads and quickly achieved initial control.

This time, there weren't any accidents that broke the subsequent procedure. In a half-crazy state with scales growing from his body, Enzo was powerless to resist. Klein rather smoothly deepened his control.

Time ticked by when Enzo suddenly stood up and converged the protruded snake-like scales.

He pressed his hand to his chest and bowed at Klein. Then, he walked to the side and bent down to pick up the golden ring with the inlaid ruby. Wearing it on his left hand's index finger, it matched the emerald ring on his other hand.

Klein held back the urge of looking at himself with his new marionette. He got Enzo to clear up the scene of the remnant flesh and any traces left behind.

After doing all of this, he walked into the shadows with his marionette and quickly vanished.

Chapter 910: Monster Pathway

A few minutes later, Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell, who had repeatedly made errors in judgment, finally arrived at the top of the steep staircase.

They proceeded down the steps at a very slow speed, cautious of their surroundings, and they were ready to enter combat at any moment.

However, they failed to encounter any abnormalities even when they reached the bottom of the flight of stairs. They didn't even find any useful clues.

Daly grabbed onto the wind, cupped her hand to her ear, and listened carefully.

A few seconds later, she looked around her and said, "There was a gunshot. A weapon once dropped around the street bend. Th-that man named Enzo is d-dead..."

"Who did it?" Leonard asked in surprise.

From his point of view, due to the repeated failures they had encountered, Enzo had easily escaped their pursuit. The possibility of a Rose School of Thought monitor silencing him and wiping away any clues was zero.

If that were the case, who could've killed that Beyonder who was suspected to be a Sequence 5 or 6?

It needed to be mentioned that the Red Gloves had used a Sealed Artifact to implement anti-divination before they carried out tonight's operation. It was unlikely for anyone to predict it ahead of time and wait there to hunt the escaping Enzo.

Daly shook her head.

"Those little guys didn't see anything. It's likely a Beyonder who's good at anti-divination…

"Perhaps it's Enzo's enemy, and they had been planning to act tonight."

She simply offered a guess of hers, and the duo began independently searching the nearby streets to see if they could find any missed clues.

Taking this opportunity, Leonard circled to a fence in a particular street. Suppressing his tone, he asked, "Old Man, did you discover anything?"

Inside him, Pallez Zoroast replied after three seconds, "*You should have heard a tragic scream and had used that to correct the direction of your pursuit effort.*

"*It was let out by Enzo. He had apparently seen something extremely terrifying and indescribable, something that could directly cause damage and corruption to his Soul Body.*"

Leonard was taken aback for a moment. He narrowed his eyes as he repeated softly, "Extremely terrifying and indescribable…"

...

Inside the inn, Klein Teleported back with his new marionette.

He then made his marionette stand to his side as he sat down. As he sized up his marionette, he sighed.

A Beyonder of the Monster pathway. But he's still inferior to Senor. There's no way for him to hide in a gold coin for ease of transport. I can only let him follow beside me...

From his Beyonder Sequence, he isn't a core member of the Rose School of Thought, but his Sequence isn't too low. Some importance must've been placed on him. That also means that if I don't disguise him, it's very easy for me to be targeted by the Rose School of Thought...

On the contrary, I can probably use him as bait to fish for another Wraith. When the time comes, he can walk alone while I hide 200 meters away to wait for the bait to be hooked.

No, I can't. I mustn't let greed get to my head. The Southern Continent is where the Rose School of Thought is active. Once I expose my location, with how much importance the Mother Tree of Desire places on me, not only will a saint come, even an angel might appear!

Yes, it's better if I disguise this marionette. As a Faceless, I'm quite skilled at disguises...

Then, I'll continue using mystical methods to find my next marionette. I'll wait for Danitz to finish his investigation and for Mr. Azik to come find me.

Klein quickly made up his mind. Using a myriad of means, he gained an understanding of his new marionette's level and Beyonder powers.

He was a Sequence 5 Winner of the Fate pathway!

In this pathway, a Sequence 9 Monster was one who had super high spiritual perception. They often heard sounds others couldn't hear, and also see things others couldn't see. This allowed them to occasionally see the future and have an acute intuition for danger.

Beyonders of this Sequence often entered a state of enlightenment as they muttered indecipherable words. It was the reason why they were treated as real monsters.

As for the corresponding Sequence 8 Robot, the Beyonders would obtain terrifying calculation skills and precise control. The various parts of their bodies in those aspects would be clearly boosted, making them talented at close combat and shooting.

At the same time, they also had the powers of divination and anti-divination.

Sequence 7 was named Lucky One or Lucky, Beyonders of this level frequently encountered lucky events in their daily lives, like finding money on the street, having enemies miss shots aimed at them, getting dice rolls as they wished, and having women they like to also like them back. However, their luck wasn't fixed and would fluctuate. At times, they were especially lucky, and at other times, they were no different from an ordinary person. Therefore, it wasn't something that could be relied upon, and one had to temper one's expectations.

Sequence 6 was Calamity Priest. On the one hand, Beyonders

could passively suffer all kinds of calamities, but they could foresee it and make preparations to eliminate or mitigate the effects. On the other hand, they would actively attract different kinds of calamities, affecting a target and enemy as a result. Then, using one's advantage of being lucky, avoid most of the danger and attack during the chaos. To put it simply, they could pull their opponents into a situation where they could take advantage of their strengths the best.

Of course, many Calamity Priests could use the dangers of their own passive encounters to attack their enemies.

Meanwhile, Calamity Priests could create psyche storms. Using their spirituality that surpassed that of other pathways, they could directly affect their opponent's Soul Bodies, causing them to feel dizzy and lost. If a Calamity Priest's enemy entered such a state, they were extremely prone to making errors. It caused the calamity to snowball and eventually devour them.

And at Sequence 5 Winner, Beyonders could control their luck to a certain extent. They could use their own temperance to accumulate large amounts of luck. At critical moments, they could dramatically reduce any dangers to their life multiple times. From time to time, they could also encounter beneficial situations that have extremely low probabilities in their daily lives. For example, due to someone's mistakes, they might receive an inheritance; the strange, comedic way they walked caused them to catch the fancy of a member of the opposite sex; or their enemies who were pursuing them would foolishly get lost or make errors in judgment.

At this level, Beyonders of the Fate pathway had a very keen sense of foresight. Be it divination or anti-divination, they were mysticism experts.

In addition, they could also give their enemies bad luck to a certain extent, making their targets become unlucky.

Beyonders of the Monster pathway are really extreme. Apart from the spirituality and fate domain, they almost have zero Beyonder powers. Even their constitution and calculation skills are provided at Robot. The subsequent advancements give rather limited improvements... This is my ideal model for a charlatan. They do not have any offensive or defensive abilities, simply relying on their premonition and how fate blesses them...

I have to say that this is the most special path out of the 22 Beyonder pathways. I can find or guess their neighboring pathways. Only Monster seems rather asocial. It seems to be a lonely one... Perhaps, the Beyonder pathway that focuses on fate is destined to be lonely? Klein silently reflected on the matter and had some ideas regarding the usage of his marionette.

Of course, he still needed to carry out divinations above the gray fog. He needed to see if the passive good luck and calamities still existed after the Beyonder's actual death.

If it really was present, Klein had to constantly face the trials of calamities.

In comparison, Admiral of Blood Senor is still better as a marionette. Sigh, people only know how to cherish and regret once things are gone. Klein shook his head in a self-deprecating chortle. From the traits of the Monster pathway, he thought of a few effective means to deal with their Mid- and Low-Sequence Beyonders.

First, it was to catch them by surprise to let them see him directly. They would directly see the gray fog or other images, causing them to suffer a catharsis of the mind and receive damage to their bodies, pushing them to the brink of losing control.

Second, it was to throw a special item out, causing them to face

the test of seeing what shouldn't be seen and hear what shouldn't be heard. In this aspect, Klein had a blood crystal that came from a high-level Devil that could produce such an effect—Blatherer's aura.

Third, it was to entice them to give him bad luck and pretend to act unlucky so as to have an opportunity to strike back.

Amidst his thoughts, Klein made the marionette empty his pockets, producing 35 pounds 10 soli 7 pence and a leather wallet.

The wallet's surface and interior had a flower and name embroidered on it. It appeared to be completely handcrafted.

Enzo... Whether that's your name or not, your name is Enzo. Klein shot a glance at his marionette as he moved his gaze down to the golden ring with the inlaid emerald on his right hand.

Via divination, he learned that the ring was named Green Essence. It had one effect—treat any ailments or injuries that weren't too serious.

And it was precisely because of this that its negative effects were trivial; it only attracted mosquitoes.

Thankfully, I'm not the one wearing it... Hmm, Monster pathway Beyonders don't seem to wear many mystical items. Even if they do, they will wear one or two rather low-level ones. This is a requirement of fate? Klein retracted his gaze in thought and looked at Enzo who was staring at the wall. He had an urge grow within him.

He wished to use his Monster pathway marionette to look at

himself. He wanted to know what was so special about him!

Will this be very dangerous? I'll lose control as a result even if I'm seeing myself? No, back in Tingen City, Ademisaul had also looked straight at me without being a Sequence 9. The only thing that happened was having his eyes bleed and be in a state of pain for a while...

Although I have improved drastically from then, Winner Enzo didn't directly break down when he saw me just now. The reaction resembled my reaction when seeing Demoness of Despair Panatiya's partial Mythical Creature form.

Do a divination above the gray fog? No, that involves the gray fog itself. The outcome will definitely be interfered with... Rely on my own divination powers in the real world? Klein took out a gold coin and let it run through his fingers.

After a while, the gold coin bounced up and fell down into Klein's palm.

Chapter 911: Strange Scene

Klein looked down at his palm as his eyes reflected the gold coin.

It was heads.

This meant that Klein should use the marionette's eyes to look at himself!

After receiving this revelation, Klein remained hesitant. He pondered about holding a ritual to send Enzo above the gray fog. Doing so was relatively safer, allowing the damage and corruption his Spirit Body suffered to be completely screened by the environment before making an attempt.

However, he suspected that he wouldn't receive an outcome. This was because Beyonders of the Fate pathway were noticing the projection of the mysterious space on his body. Above the gray fog, that uniqueness might no longer exist. It was like an attempt to observe an elephant's body; instead of doing it outside, he was doing it internally.

Pressing his fingers together, he clenched the gold coin in silence for a long while before making up his mind.

He suddenly stood up, took out a ritual dagger, and created a wall of spirituality to isolate the room.

This was to prevent anyone from hearing the possible screams or strange commotion!

Immediately after that, Klein set up a ritual and sacrificed Creeping Hunger above the gray fog.

He was afraid that the glove would turn on him when something happened to him!

This was a fixed trait of Creeping Hunger itself. Once it didn't have its fill and couldn't secure a schedule of eating one person a day, it would view its wearer as food. And Klein starved it more often than he fed it.

After doing all the preparations in a meticulous and orderly manner, Klein reached out to take the Flower of Blood from Enzo and wore it on his left palm.

This ensured that he could recover even if he suffered any serious physical damage.

At the moment he was about to wear it, Klein thought for a moment and paused. Taking a piece of paper, he wrote: "Remember to take off the ring."

He was worried that he wouldn't take Flower of Blood off after his experiment due to his lowered intelligence.

When that happens, perhaps I need a beautiful princess to wake me up with a kiss, no—take off my ring... Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh and exhaled. Removing his outerwear, he wore the ring.

Then, he cast his gaze at his new marionette, Winner Enzo.

The sense of crisis and nervousness was inevitable, but as long as he made up his mind, the experienced him could only forge ahead without flinching.

After doing some adjustments and entering a state of Cogitation, Klein made the marionette slowly turn around to look at him.

With the Winner's eyes, he first saw a layer of thin, emanating grayish-white fog.

Amidst the fog, there was a resplendent door of light that was tainted with bluish-blackness.

The door of light was formed from countless layers of spherical light. Each spherical light enveloped squirming maggots. Some of them were transparent, others translucent. They had complicated and indescribable symbols and patterns that had profound meanings.

Before Klein could discern the actual details, he felt his mind buzz as he lost consciousness.

After an unknown period of time, he slowly woke up. He had momentarily lost his memory, almost imagining that he had slept till daybreak.

What happened? It's still dark outside... Klein sat up with a push of his hands, only to realize that he was on the ground.

At this moment, he caught sight of Enzo through the corner of his eye. Plenty of scenes and voices suddenly surged through his mind.

That's right. I was trying to figure out what Beyonders of the Monster pathway can see from my body… I suffered too much stimulation and fainted immediately? I still vaguely remember painful screaming. Was that me? Klein, who had recovered his memories, hurriedly inspected his condition. He was surprised to see a bloody, gruesome wound on his body, as though something was about to tear out of it.

At this moment, flesh was squirming in the wound, reforming at an abnormally fast speed.

Klein then looked to the ground and saw that there was blood that had outlined a silhouette of where he was lying down.

Thankfully, I wore Flower of Blood; otherwise, I might've slowly died due to the heavy injuries brought about by the breakdown of my body. After I resurrect, I wonder if I'll be in a human form or a monster form… Klein raised his hand and rubbed his temples as he scanned his surroundings. He found that the furniture had toppled, but the wall of spirituality remained intact.

He heaved a sigh of relief, confirming that the abnormality was only limited to himself and a small area around him. Nothing had spread.

And from the speed at which his wound was recovering at, Klein determined that he hadn't been unconscious for more than a minute.

He picked up the chair and sat down, feeling as though he had forgotten something, but he just couldn't recall what.

Only when he instinctively cleared the area did he see a note with the words: "Remember to take off the ring." Only then was he enlightened as he removed the golden ruby ring on his left

hand.

More memories surfaced as Klein shook his head and muttered with a lingering sense of fear and amusement, “Luck is really important at times. If the negative effects of the Flower of Blood randomly reached its peak potency, I might not be able to recognize those words and fail to be reminded…”

Seeing that he had mostly recovered from his wound, he made Enzo wear Flower of Blood and take off Green Essence.

Using the latter’s treatment, Klein no longer felt any discomfort. He focused his attention back on the scene he saw. It was a scene that Beyonders of the Fate pathway saw on him.

A door of light tainted with bluish-black. Countless spherical lights. Transparent and translucent maggots clumped together. Symbols and patterns that are mystically complicated, hiding plenty of knowledge but giving zero feedback to others… What do these represent?

This is a particular Mythical Creature form that corresponds to the mysterious space above the gray fog? It’s one that belongs to a Sequence 0 true god?

Due to the gray fog’s screening, only Beyonders of the Fate pathway can see it directly, suffering the visual impact and corruption? Likewise, it’s also because of the gray fog’s screening that those Beyonders don’t directly break down as though they are seeing a deity with their own eyes while also not receiving any knowledge?

Klein thought for a moment and began to use divination to decipher the hidden meaning.

The door of light seems to resemble the symbol behind the Apprentice's chair. It might also point to Mr. Door...

Countless stacked spherical light is identical to my Cogitation. And the latter stems from the mythical systems as described by some novels from Earth... Influenced, my subconscious chose the most relevant and closely-matching memory? Or could it be that my choice influences the expression of the scene from the gray fog?

The distorted and transparent maggots are similar to the clump of maggots on the gigantic throne on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, but there are some tiny differences. That's Sequence 0 The Fool of the Seer pathway? I didn't manage to see the translucent ones clearly. It's hard to tell...

Also, the bluish-black color keeps making me connect it to the depths of the mysterious space that I can't reach... Back when I stood on the highest step of the staircase of light, I could see some hints of bluish-black on the cloud-like mass that condensed in midair...

Klein thought about it for quite some time but failed to receive an answer. All he could do was keep it at the back of his mind and analyze it when he had more information and clues.

After clearing the scene, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. He planned on doing a thorough inspection of his physical condition and confirm if Enzo still had any passive luck or bad luck.

...

Bayam. In the poverty district, in a dilapidated house that wasn't too big.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya was sitting behind a table looking at the door when she heard a unique knocking pattern on the door.

“Come on in.” She didn’t deliberately disguise her voice.

The wooden door creaked open as The Hanged Man walked in, wearing a hooded black robe.

Seeing his suspicious disguise, Cattleya nudged her heavy glasses and said with a smile, “If you were to walk out like this, you would be surrounded by the members of the Church of Storms within five minutes.”

She didn’t wear any disguise because she knew that the matter of her permitting Gehrman Sparrow to board the Future had long spread across the seas. It wasn’t difficult for The Hanged Man to guess that Admiral of Stars was Ma’am Hermit.

Alger didn’t directly reply to her. As he closed the door, he pulled out a chair and snapped back, “It’s the same for you.”

He meant that Admiral of Stars was just second to Admiral Hell amongst the seven pirate admirals. Furthermore, she was suspected to have deep connections to Gehrman Sparrow. She was a target of pursuit by the Church of Storms and Church of Evernight. Her bounty had risen to 45,000 pounds, and no matter which city she was in, it only spelled trouble once she was recognized due to not being disguised.

Cattleya nodded slightly and turned to look at The Hanged Man’s hooded face.

“In front of me, such a disguise is meaningless.

“However, I respect your choice.”

She continued wearing her glasses.

She has a domineering stance and great confidence. As expected of the Admiral of Stars… Alger, who was wearing a mask under the hood, didn’t harp on the disguise as he went straight to the point.

“Thank you for providing me with assistance.”

Cattleya placed her right hand on her left elbow.

“I’m curious. With your present strength and the resources you have, you should be able to resolve the Artisan’s problem even without my help. Why are you being excessive?”

Alger was already prepared as he succinctly replied, “I do not wish to become a topic of discussion for others.”

Cattleya seemed to grasp the meaning in between the lines. Pondering for a few seconds, she said, “I need more information.”

Alger nodded lightly and said, “According to my observations and guesses, the Artisan is likely controlled by those who believe in the Primordial Moon. The latter belong to the original faction of the Southern Continent, not the traitors of the Life School of Thought.”

Cattleya’s expression remained unperturbed as she thought for a moment.

“Why don’t you find Mr. Moon? He should be very interested in such matters.”

Alger curled his lips and replied in a normal tone, “If we aren’t able to resolve it, I might do so.”

Chapter 912: Origins of the Artisan

Cattleya understood The Hanged Man. If the problem was too serious, they could use The Moon to involve the entire Sanguine race. They could then minimize their losses in the chaos and obtain some benefits.

She then smiled and said, “If the situation is that serious, why not directly find The World? That seems to make things simple.”

Alger remained silent for a few seconds before saying, “I have to prove my ability at handling problems; therefore, that’s the final resort.”

After hearing his reply, Cattleya immediately made some connections.

The Hanged Man places great importance on the way Gehrman Sparrow views him. It’s because he’s a Blessed of Mr. Fool? Also, his attitude is rather identical to the political jokes of Backlund and Trier. When facing a problem or having committed a mistake, the first reaction is to suppress the matter and find other methods to resolve it. They cannot let their superior or consignor know about it…

This means that The Hanged Man was once or is currently a member of a powerful faction with a strict hierarchy. It influenced him and made him grasp similar traits… The Church of Storms? No, such a person would be an oddity… The fleet of the King of the Five Seas?

Amidst her thoughts, the pirate admiral nudged her heavy glasses and steered the topic back.

“Continue describing the Artisan.”

Alger appeared to have prepared a script. Without any thought or pause, he said in an unhurried manner, “To hide this Artisan’s identity, to prevent this resource from being wielded by others, I deliberately constructed the identity of him being part of the Church of Steam. But in fact, he had no choice but to create items for unaffiliated Beyonders to earn money to maintain his lifestyle of enjoying fine wine and beauties. He betrayed the Church of Steam and hid in Bayam.

“This time, he first contracted a strange disease and was monitored by an unknown person. Later, he seemed to be under control of people who believe in the Primordial Moon, claiming that he could receive new life…”

Cattleya finished listening attentively as her eyes with a purple tint appeared extremely focused.

After The Hanged Man finished his recount, she pondered and asked, “An Artisan definitely has no lack of mystical items. Furthermore, they know all the combinations of different Beyonder effects and negative effects. Their strength is definitely at Sequence 5.

“What methods did those Primordial Moon believers use to control this Artisan without harming him?

“A demigod was involved?”

Alger slowly shook his head.

“There aren’t any clues regarding that, but based on my

observation, the Artisan has expressed some willingness. I suspect that, while being threatened and coerced, there are elements of them targeting his weaknesses to entice him."

He had indirectly denied the theory that a demigod was involved.

Cattleya nodded.

"How did those Primordial Moon believers find this Artisan?

"Based on your description, this Artisan only trades with trustworthy friends he's familiar with. He doesn't enjoy widening his channels, and he can be said to be extremely cautious."

Alger hesitated for a moment and said, "I'm not too sure, but I have a theory.

"I once helped The World sell a Werewolf Beyonder characteristic to that Artisan, and the Werewolf pathway belongs to the Mutant pathway. Be it the formulas or characteristics, they are firmly in the control of the Rose School of Thought. There are seldom any leaks."

Likewise, those people who believe in the Primordial Moon in the Southern Continent basically belong to the Rose School of Thought... Cattleya added inwardly, having figured out The Hanged Man's theory.

He suspected that the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic had a latent problem that involved a secret existence. This resulted in the Artisan being targeted by the Rose School of Thought!

And this was also the reason why the Rose School of Thought firmly wielded control over the Mutant pathway's formula and characteristics.

Cattleya raised a few more questions and obtained satisfactory answers. Finally, she asked, "What's that Artisan's name? What country is he from?"

"He's from Intis. He calls himself Cielf," Alger replied straight away.

"Cielf..." Cattleya frowned slightly as she repeated the Artisan's name softly.

What's wrong with that? Upon seeing this, Alger directly asked, "You've heard of him?"

From Alger's point of view, Admiral of Stars was an experienced powerhouse with a powerful background and was good at controlling herself. If she hadn't wished to discuss Cielf, she wouldn't have made it so clear even if she had her suspicions and questions. Due to this, he chose to ask without mincing his words.

After a moment of silence, Cattleya said, "Emperor Roselle's eldest son is Ciel. It's very similar to that name."

Without waiting for The Hanged Man to say a word, she continued, "This prince passed away due to his horror and concerns shortly after the emperor's assassination. Back then, the Sauron family wished to hang or exile his descendants, but the Church of Steam chose to take them in as clergymen."

Alger nodded slightly in enlightenment.

“You suspect that he’s a descendent of that prince?”

In most countries in the Northern Continent like Intis and Feysac, it was common for people to use their ancestor’s name or something similar as their names. It represented the legacy of honor; therefore, the more illustrious a family was, the more common it was to have “the second” or “the third.”

Of course, it was also very common for two people to have similar names, but Artisan Cielf wasn’t only a name. He was from the Church of Steam, a person from Intis, and had reached the level of Artisan.

Faced with The Hanged Man’s question, Cattleya nodded gently.

“I can quickly make a confirmation if you can obtain his blood.”

Understanding the reason, Alger didn’t ask further. Instead, he asked, “Are you going to take action now? I can provide support.”

Cattleya’s glasses reflected the crimson moonlight that shone inwards.

“No, I plan on observing for some time.

“At the very least, we need to understand why the people who believe in the Primordial Moon are trying to control Artisan Cielf.

“If they only wish to get the Artisan to work for them and create

mystical items, the situation becomes a lot more simple. And if they have other goals, the problem might be more complicated than we imagined. We will need to make more preparations."

As expected of the Admiral of Stars… Alger nodded and said, "I can't stay in Bayam for too long, or else I will incur suspicion. If you need my assistance, it needs to be fast."

After receiving confirmation from her, The Hanged Man slowly got up and pulled up his hood before leaving the room.

Having learned where Artisan Cielf was presently living, Cattleya removed her heavy glasses and pinched her glabella. Clapping, she said, "Heath, come in."

In the shadows of the door gap, the darkness suddenly stirred as a thin and tall but pale figure appeared.

His nose bridge was ridiculously high, and his facial skin was nearly transparent. Looking ill, he was none other than the second mate of the Future, Rose Bishop Heath Doyle.

Cattleya looked at him and said, "The actual situation is… I'll leave the rest to you."

"Yes, Captain." Heath Doyle simply replied before shrinking back into the shadows.

Cattleya raised her right hand and paused for a few seconds.

"Stay—Stay away from Frank for the time being. He had reached a standstill in his mushroom experiments. I'm afraid that he

will come up with new ideas."

...

"The location of my second marionette..."

Klein held two branches as he repeatedly chanted without seeing them move.

This meant a divination failure or that Kolain City didn't have a second marionette that suited him well.

From the looks of it, mysticism methods are temporarily useless. I'll pack up tomorrow and leave... Klein mumbled and threw the branches into the trash can.

Standing beside him was Enzo. Although he didn't dare to directly look at his master and was only looking at the ground, he skilfully made a cup of black tea and offered it to Klein.

Compared to before, this Winner now had red skin that was nearly peeling due to sunburn. After all of this turned for the better, he would have a swarthy tan.

To disguise his new marionette and prevent the Rose School of Thought from recognizing him, Klein had brought this gentleman on a trip to the beach which received strong sunlight. He was then left exposed to the sun for prolonged periods of time.

Meanwhile, he controlled the marionette to shave off most of his hair, leaving a thin layer. With the trimming of his brows,

contouring his face with powder, and wearing shades, Enzo seemed to transform into another person. Even the most familiar of friends of his might find it difficult to recognize him unless the person was a Faceless.

Apart from a disguise in the real world, Klein also did some mysticism management. Firstly, he used the Paper Angel's embrace, and second, he carried Azik's copper whistle along with it.

In addition, he also determined that a Winner's passive luck and calamity trait was ineffective. However, he had no idea if it was because of its status as a marionette, or if it was due to the gray fog.

Receiving the tea and taking a sip, Klein cast his gaze at the map of East and West Balam on the coffee table. He considered where he could find his second marionette.

At this moment, the colors around him suddenly saturated as though an artist had contoured the area with paint.

Right on the heels of that, a figure appeared beside Enzo. He was wearing a silk top hat and a black suit. With a medium build, he had bronze skin and eyes that seemed to see the vicissitudes of life. He had soft facial features, and beneath his right ear was a tiny black mole. He was none other than Azik Eggers.

Mr. Azik is finally here... Klein was first delighted before he noticed that he had appeared beside his marionette.

This made an amusing scene surface in his mind.

Mr. Azik, who had relied on the copper whistle to locate him, had done the same as he usually did—grabbing the copper whistle's wielder by the shoulder and had left using the spirit world the moment he appeared. And all Klein could do was watch helplessly, trying to stop him with outstretched arms. But being a tad bit slow, he couldn't help but clam up.

Azik appeared more reticent than before. Looking at Klein who had a new face, he asked, "Are you ready?"

Chapter 913: Klein's Preparatory Work

Ready... Of course not... Klein smiled as he pointed at Enzo.

"That glove still needs sealing."

As he spoke, the badly sunburnt Enzo removed the human-skinned glove from his right hand with his left hand which wore the Flower of Blood and Green Essence rings.

It was Creeping Hunger.

Normally, Klein tended to throw Creeping Hunger above the gray fog when it wasn't in use. After all, the glove's original seal had been disabled after its mutation. It needed to consume a living person on a daily basis; otherwise, it would feast on the wearer. However, considering how Mr. Azik had already replied, it was very likely that he would meet him soon. Finally, he decided to keep Creeping Hunger in the real world unless there were unique circumstances.

After all, he could already imagine the scene of Mr. Azik arriving. He didn't wish for such a conversation to happen.

"Didn't you say that the glove needs sealing?"

"Yes. Give me a second. I need to use the washroom."

Or:

“Are you ready?”

“…No. Give me a second. I need to use the washroom.”

Just the thought of a similar scene and similar line embarrassed Klein, making him feel awkward. Even if he didn’t consider the possibility of Mr. Azik realizing the secret of the gray fog, this would also affect his impression of him.

Therefore, after obtaining a new marionette and completing his attempt at looking at himself, Klein brought Creeping Hunger back to the real world, making up for its previous meal.

Unlike before, the wearer was now Enzo.

Aside from that, to restrain Creeping Hunger’s urge to eat a person on a daily basis, Klein carried a few normal mushrooms with him. He also made the marionette maintain a distance of at least five meters from him.

Upon hearing his words and seeing the marionette’s actions, Azik nodded and reached out to receive the human-skinned glove.

Taking this opportunity, Klein took out a few mushrooms from his pocket and threw them into the nearby trash can.

Pa!

He snapped his fingers, igniting the mushrooms within a scarlet flame. However, it didn’t affect anything around it.

This was his Flame Controlling power from being a Magician.

After completing this action and seeing Mr. Azik inevitably glance over, Klein chuckled dryly.

“The unforeseen development back then has made Creeping Hunger a little afraid of mushrooms. I’m using its weakness to restrain its usual urges.”

In fact, there wasn’t much point in doing so because carrying the mushrooms restrained Creeping Hunger. It made the starving Sealed Artifact immediately lash back the moment the mushrooms disappeared. Unless there was any easily obtainable “food” in front of it, it would end up aiding the enemy.

“Mushroom…” Azik muttered as he held the glove which had blood stains on its surface. He made the surroundings suddenly turn dark as the sunlight outside was prohibited from entering.

Ghastly-white, dark-green complicated symbols, labels, and patterns appeared out of thin air. They appeared to be calligraphed by invisible wraiths, shadows, and spirit bodies.

They meshed together in midair, forming a mysterious, illusory double bronze door that seemed to lead to another world. It was a deep, silent, and terrifying world.

The illusory door shrank and finally landed on Creeping Hunger, causing its blood stains to rapidly recede, making it mostly white.

A few seconds later, this human-skinned glove returned to normal. It was still a thin layered glove, and even without any

suppressive effect from the mushrooms, it didn't express any signs of mania or urges.

"It's like how it was before." Azik handed Creeping Hunger to Klein.

Having a bigshot backing you sure feels good! Klein reflected inwardly and earnestly thanked him before wearing Creeping Hunger on his left hand.

He thought for a moment and raised a matter.

"Mr. Azik, while I was carrying your copper whistle while passing through the Berserk Sea, I had the same dream repeatedly.

"The main theme of the dream is darkness and coldness. In an inverted underground mausoleum, there were countless coffins with a deceased body inside. On their backs were dense white feathers.

"Those feathers were tainted with pale yellow oil, and deep inside the mausoleum was a blob of black fog that enveloped everything.

"In the dream, you and I were exploring the mausoleum. We triggered something, causing the black fog to produce panting sounds as thin illusory black tubes were extended.

"I would jolt myself awake whenever I reach this point in the dream. This seems to be similar to the byproduct of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project that previously appeared."

Klein described, in detail, his divination of the copper whistle as a dream; he did this as a warning to Mr. Azik as if to say that he shouldn't be too careless. After all, dream divination was, in a sense, equivalent to a dream, and Azik knew that he was a Beyonder of the Seer pathway. Having such an encounter wasn't anything odd.

Having a revelation from a normal dream and getting a revelation from a dream divination only differed in one way: one being passive and the other active.

Azik finished listening silently without cutting Klein off. At the end of that, he nodded and said, "It's likely related to something Death left in the Berserk Sea.

"From the looks of it, the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project has had some qualitative progress."

Mr. Azik lives up to being a Fourth Epoch Death Consul. He doesn't belittle my dream at all... Klein raised his right hand and rubbed his face, turning into Gehrman Sparrow.

He then said, "I only have one more thing I need to prepare. I need to confirm if Admiral Hell Ludwell isn't somewhere dangerous and that there aren't any Numinous Episcopate demigods around him."

As for whether the Murloc Cufflink was still on the ship, Klein didn't mention it. This was because he would check on it every few days. He believed that Admiral Hell had yet to discover the mystical item, or he might've already discovered it but had deliberately not moved it, hoping to lay an ambush for the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow, when he visited.

Azik replied calmly, "That can be confirmed when we are

nearby."

"Alright." Klein immediately made Enzo walk to the coat rack and pull out the golden cane.

Seeing that there was nothing else, Azik reached out his right hand and grabbed Klein's shoulder.

Klein also reached out his right palm to grab onto Enzo's shoulder.

The surrounding colors suddenly changed. The reds became redder, and the blacks became blacker. They stacked against each other but were bright and discordant.

The two men and the marionette began passing through the spirit world as the black gold inlaid cane danced ahead, pointing out the direction of Klein's lost Murloc Cufflink.

Before long, the cane fell down and was suspended in midair. Azik terminated the traveling, but they remained in the spirit world.

He seemed to be watching something or listening in on something. After two to three seconds, he said, "There aren't any problems."

With that said, he brought Klein while Klein brought his marionette out of the spirit world.

Meanwhile, Klein recalled the time he searched for clues to Azik's memories. Back then, the target was the ancient

chronicles that Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy possessed.

Back then, Azik had said “the problem isn’t serious,” but in the end, he faced Demoness of Unaging Katarina…

There aren’t any problems… Alright, since you say so… Klein lampooned as he sized up his surroundings.

It was a rather familiar environment. It was a huge ship with a mainly dark color with a ghostly green to it. It had a Black Tulip flag, as well as zombies, skeletons, wraiths, shadows, and other undying creatures; these creatures either directed the sails, patrolled the area, or did cannon drills. All of that proved that it was the flagship, Black Tulip, of Admiral Hell.

Unlike Klein’s last encounter, the Black Tulip had quite a number of living Beyonders.

The silver-masked captain with an exaggerated rapier, frilly shirt, a gorgeous coat, and a triangular hat with a white skull on it, Admiral Hell Ludwell, was standing by the cabin’s entrance looking over.

Suddenly, the black ring on Ludwell’s right hand trembled and glimmered.

The pale white flame in the arrogant pirate admiral’s eyes wavered and finally constricted to its limits.

Immediately, Ludwell bent his back, prostrated to the ground in front of Azik Eggers, and kissed the deck under the gaze of the either glazed, surprised, or lifeless eyes.

Chapter 914: The Calling Deep Inside the Mausoleum

"..."

Upon seeing Admiral Hell Ludwell's reaction, Klein and the living crew of the Black Tulip could hardly believe their eyes.

He originally imagined two scenarios:

The first was Ludwell requesting help from a Numinous Episcopate demigod to ambush Gehrman Sparrow and the powerhouse backing him. This wasn't impossible since Sequence 7 of the Death pathway was called Spirit Medium. They also had the ability to sense impending danger.

The second was that Admiral Hell hadn't made any preparations. He tried resisting but ended up being easily finished off by Mr. Azik.

Klein's plan was to have Mr. Azik deal with the demigod while he hunted Admiral Hell in the first scenario, so as to obtain his second marionette. If it were the second scenario, he could request Mr. Azik to watch by the side as he controlled his marionette to challenge Ludwell alone. During this process, he would use Creeping Hunger and hide in the shadows, doing his best to stay behind the scenes so as to digest his Marionette potion faster.

To his surprise, Admiral Hell didn't put up a fight at all. He directly prostrated himself and kissed the deck as though he was Azik's most loyal and humble servant.

How are we going to come to blows now... Klein stared ahead blankly, somewhat at a loss for words.

And it was silent across the ship.

Azik raised his hand and pressed down on his silk hat as he walked towards the prostrating Ludwell at a decent pace.

One step. Two steps. Three steps. He stopped in front of Ludwell and said with a deep voice, “What stage has the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death Project reached?”

Ludwell kept his forehead peeled to the ground as he hoarsely replied, “Artificial Death can already influence High-Sequence Beyonders who failed their advancements, but it is still unable to reply to prayers and rituals...”

After the description, he slightly raised his torso and took off the black, square-shaped ring from his right hand. Then, with both hands, he offered it in front of him.

Silently, the ring seemed to be dragged by countless spirit bodies as it flew up and landed in Azik’s palm.

Azik studied it for a few seconds before wearing it on his left index finger.

Suddenly, a terrifying and profound feeling was emanated from his body. The zombies and skeletons who were either naked or wearing rotten leather armor, genuflected, bowing their heads as though they only dared to look at his boots. The flying wraiths and shadows landed on the deck and clung closely to it. None of them dared to float in midair again.

The other pirates aboard the ship plopped to their knees, plastering their faces to the deck without daring to raise them.

Klein stood to the side, watching Mr. Azik's back and the suddenly empty scene. He turned agape, but he didn't say a word.

Azik took another two steps forward and came to Admiral Hell's side. Then, he turned his body and faced Klein and said to Ludwell, "You shall be his marionette for a year. When the time is up, you can return to the spirit world."

Azik said those words without any inflection, as though he wasn't determining Admiral Hell's life and death or future. Perhaps, to him, this was a trivial matter that didn't need him to care for the thoughts and feelings of the person being ordered.

Ludwell's body shook violently as though he was furious and indignant. But ultimately, he didn't raise his head. He continued keeping his head peeled to the deck.

"Yes, honorable Death Consul."

Just as he said that, ghastly white and dark green mysterious symbols were accentuated as they meshed together, forming an illusory bronze door.

The door rapidly contracted and was imprinted inside Admiral Hell's forehead.

Klein looked in surprise and puzzlement. Only when Mr. Azik nodded at him and pointed to Admiral Hell did he blankly step forward and enter a ten-meter-radius. He began controlling

Ludwell's Spirit Body Threads.

The pirate admiral almost leaped up a few times to flail his arms, but none of that happened. Soon, his thoughts turned sluggish as he subconsciously resisted.

After a while, the silver-masked Admiral Hell Ludwell stood up. Bowing his head, he retreated to Klein's side and stood beside Winner Enzo.

Azik watched the entire process in silence before finally slowly saying, "In the Death pathway, high-level Beyonders have extremely suppressive powers over low-level Beyonders."

...I can tell. Back when I threw your copper whistle, even the Sequence 5 Admiral Hell failed to control his undead creatures... Klein nodded gently, indicating that he had taken note of it.

Immediately after that, a zombie which had rotted in several areas rose up. Carrying an azure-blue cufflink, it came before Klein.

It was the Murloc Cufflink he had lost!

Although it's useless for the current me, I've finally gotten it back... As Klein was lost in poignancy, he reached out to retrieve the item that belonged to him.

Then, he saw Mr. Azik walk back and reach out to grab his shoulder.

He hurriedly extended his arms to grab onto the shoulders of his

marionettes, Enzo and Ludwell.

All the colors saturated, brightened, and overlapped. Having entered the spirit world, Klein instinctively asked, “Mr. Azik, where do we go next?”

“Berserk Sea,” Azik calmly replied.

He paused for a moment and then added, “Give me the copper whistle.”

“...Alright.” Klein made Enzo take out the iron cigar case and retrieve the ancient cigar case.

Azik reached out and took it before saying in a deep voice, “My intuition tells me that this ring left by Death, together with this copper whistle and myself, should allow us to find the spot in the Berserk Sea where Death perished back then.”

Klein subconsciously said, “My dream tells me that it’s very dangerous.

“Perhaps we should first find the Numinous Episcopate members who are implementing the Artificial Death Project. We can make decisions after receiving more detailed information from them.”

Azik fell silent for a few seconds.

“A voice there is calling out to me.”

Klein turned his head to look at Mr. Azik. He saw that this man with soft facial features and weathered eyes had his facial contours furrowed. He no longer had that slight curve to his lips.

Colors flashed by quickly as Azik brought Klein through the pitch-black storm that enveloped the Berserk Sea.

At this moment, the dark square ring and the exquisite ancient brass whistle shimmered slightly, illuminating Azik's face.

This Death Consul who had lived through the Fourth Epoch closed his eyes as he silently listened to a shout that came from an unknown location. Then, he suddenly clenched his right hand.

All the scenery from the nearby spirit world was imploding, turning into a slowly-spinning black vortex whose borders couldn't be seen.

The vortex suddenly burgeoned, devouring Azik, Klein, and his two marionettes.

Klein sensed a sudden and intense sense of dizziness as he nearly vomited on the spot.

He recovered after an unknown period of time, realizing that he was inside a dark, cold mausoleum. Around him were open coffins, and inside them were rotting corpses with white feathers on their backs.

Although I warned Mr. Azik, we still ended up here... Klein was taken aback for a second as he suddenly felt a deep sense of helplessness.

He turned his head to look to the side and saw Azik standing near him. He was staring intently at the flights of stairs that led deep into the mausoleum.

There was a thick black gas emanating in the area as they slowly swirled like smog.

“The one hiding in there might very well be Artificial Death…” Klein couldn’t help but warn.

Azik’s facial contours were no longer as taut as he curved the corners of his mouth.

“My slumber from before has allowed me to recall many more things. I saw myself seated on a bone throne, and I saw Beyonders and ordinary people lying dead in front of the throne. They hadn’t done anything wrong, but they died sudden deaths all the same. One by one, they got up, turning into ghastly undead creatures, undead creatures that pledged allegiance to me.

“And I was just coldly watching them without any emotional fluctuations. I allowed the disaster to spread through the village and into the city.

“This made me feel unlike myself. However, I also knew very well that this might be the real me.”

As Death Consul from the Fourth Epoch’s Balam Empire…? Klein’s lips quivered slightly before he pursed them tightly.

Azik rubbed his temples and continued in an unperturbed tone, “I sense myself returning to that past.”

Chapter 915: Another "Me"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, Azik, who was staring intently deep into the mausoleum, continued, "I still remember my resurrection after my first death. I was lying in a pale-white coffin, and I staggered to my feet. I was feeling horrified, having no idea what was happening. Nor did I know where I was.

"Before the clergymen collected my corpse for purification, I escaped, stumbling along the way like a wandering ghost. I crossed grasslands, villagers, and cities. I couldn't recall who I was or where I came from.

"No matter where I went back then, I would hear all kinds of sobbing. When I watched priests presiding over mass burials, I felt sorrow in every corner.

"Later, I happened to rescue a noble lady and entered her manor. She was a bright and lively girl, and I was like a feral beast from the jungle. I was sensitive, suspicious, self-abased, afraid; and I often showed a cold, indifferent, cruel side that didn't match the morality of a human.

"She was very curious about me. No matter how I avoided her or what terrible things I did, she would approach me, infecting me with her smile. She would use interesting matters to influence me, and without realizing it, I got used to her pranks and her existence.

"We secretly got together. She was very worried that her father wouldn't agree to her marriage to a former tramp and present servant.

“Seeing her melancholic smile, I had the feeling of blood gushing through me for the first time. I rashly told her that I was leaving, but I would return with an aristocratic title and a bridal garland.

“I joined the army, becoming a knight. I raised a three-meter lance and charged at enemies. Thanks to the chaos of the Fourth Epoch’s wake in the Northern Continent, I became a baron and obtained a fief I could call my own.

“I abided by my promise, and with the king’s conferment letter, family emblem, a knight’s medal ribbon, and my self-made garland, I married my bride.”

Upon saying this, Azik’s expression gradually turned gentle. as though he was reminiscing and recalling something. The corners of his mouth curled up without him realizing it.

Klein’s heart stirred from hearing this, as though he had met the familiar Mr. Azik again.

“What happened next?” He carefully guided the conversation.

Azik looked ahead and said, “Later… later, we built a castle on our fief. We had children, a boy. He grew up very quickly, and I could tell that he would grow up to be tall and stout.

“He enjoyed combat, often running around while dragging a broadsword, claiming that he wanted to become a knight.

“I thought it was just child’s talk that wouldn’t last. However, even if he broke his leg or hurt his head, he didn’t abandon his training. He thought that I wouldn’t be able to see him if he hid in his room grimacing while tending to his wound. Heh heh, he

underestimated his father. All the spirits in the fief were secretly under my service.

“Year after year passed. I recovered more and more of my memories. My wife often grumbled that the castle was too cold and dark and that she wished to go somewhere with sunlight and warmth. I satisfied her request, but it was only much later that I realized that it wasn’t because she disliked staying in the castle, but that she was afraid of the changes happening to me. She was afraid of the colder me who was becoming a stranger.

“She never told me these things, spending time with me like she always did. We spent a beautiful time by the seaside in the south, and we even thought of having a second child, but unfortunately, we didn’t succeed.

“It was only when I sensed that my next death was approaching did I return to the fief, to my castle.

“My son, that boy told me that he wished to head to Backlund to become an attendant to viscounts or earls and begin his journey as a knight.

“I asked him why he had made such a choice when he was only around ten. He told me that I was his idol and role model. He wished to become a noble by being a knight like me without the help of his parents.

“Back then, I had already recovered most of my memories. Faced with that child, I always felt a little awkward, unfamiliar, and uncomfortable. But when I heard his answer, I still felt an indescribable joy, satisfaction, and pride. He was my son, completely different from the children I had back when I was in the Balam Empire.”

Klein knew that Mr. Azik was talking about his identity as Baron Lamud I. And the child who made him proud and satisfied had been poisoned to death in his middle-age or advanced years. He was nailed in a coffin and even had his skull taken away by Ince Zangwill.

Azik's gaze went adrift for a moment.

"I died once again and woke up in a groggy manner. I instinctively left my fief and followed my prior arrangements to wander elsewhere. Every incarnation, I had a different life in the beginning. At times, I met with the sweetest love; at other times I received the most adorable daughter. The love, helplessness, and satisfaction left me taken aback, puzzled, and stumped again and again as I gradually recovered my memories.

"There was once a time where I was a filial son. I gave my parents pride, a beautiful life, adorable grandsons and granddaughters. But when I 'awoke' and found myself, I recalled that in my previous incarnation, I had coldly watched their real son die in the battlefield and had seized his identity. On the one hand, I felt pain and guilt, and on the other hand, I felt it was nothing, something trivial. My inner heart seemed to dissociate into two.

"Back then, I had a mask that allowed me to change into anyone, but I lost it after awakening. This might have been something I deliberately lost…"

Klein recalled Mr. Azik's mention of a daughter who liked getting sweets from him. After some deliberation, he asked, "I believe that it isn't a dissociation, but that you are fighting against madness.

"After losing your past memories, you, who restart your life, are always kind and warm, with rich emotions. At your present

state, you probably recognize it even clearer.

"This might very well be the true you, your essence. And as a Death Consul, you suffer the effects of the Beyonder characteristic's latent inclination towards losing control. You suffer the influence brought about by a high-level Death pathway Beyonder. I heard that 'He' had already gone mad after the War of the Four Emperors."

Klein's words weren't without much evidence, because he only knew a few of Azik's incarnations—Baron Lamud, the father who made a swing for his daughter, the filial child, and the warm and friendly history teacher.

His goal was to provide a guess, a possibility to help Mr. Azik resist the Death Consul personality that came with his memories. It allowed him to introspect his past incarnations and use this to achieve a particular compromise with himself that wouldn't be too cold.

And as he spoke, he suddenly had a new idea. Without waiting for Azik to finish digesting what he had said, he hurriedly asked, "Mr. Azik, do you know about an 'anchor'? To secure 'Themselves', the deities and angels use anchors to prevent the Beyonder characteristic's inclination towards losing control and stop madness from corrupting 'Them'."

"Yes." Azik retracted his gaze and nodded.

Klein wasn't too sure, but he used a rather firm tone and said, "Perhaps, your repeated memory loss to restart and live a new life is the anchor you use to resist madness and the loss of control!"

Do not abandon them. Do not forget them. That is you! After

saying that, Klein added inwardly.

“Anchor…” Azik repeated this word as his mind seemed lost.

After an unknown period of time, he suddenly sighed.

“This might be an explanation. At least, it lessens the intensity of my mental dissociation and conflicts.

“However, since I’ve already come this far, I should still head inside the mausoleum to see what’s hiding there. Why is it summoning me, and what is causing me to die and revive again and again, losing my memories during the process only to find them again…

“This has troubled me for more than a thousand years. It has troubled my every incarnation. I believe I can receive an answer today.”

The look in his eyes turned clearer as his voice seemed gentle, but there was an indescribable firmness in it.

Klein wanted to stop him, but moments after he opened his mouth, he closed it again.

Azik pressed down on his half top hat. Without turning his head, he said with a gentle smile, “Remember to close your eyes.”

With that said, he walked forward, following the flights of stairs as he headed for the deep depths of the mausoleum.

The wafting black fog didn't produce any more panting sounds. It slowly scattered into its surroundings, accentuating the illusory object that was coiled at the bottom.

It was a massive feathered serpent that seemed to occupy an entire island!

It had huge, dark green—nearly black—scales. Amidst the gaps were feathers covered in yellow oily stains. On every feather, there were thin illusory black tubes extending outwards.

The exaggerated feathered serpent was both illusory and real, its actual form was hardly describable. It seemed to be a combination of things incomprehensible to humans.

Its eye sockets were burning with pale-white flames; its face was that of a human's!

The face had bronze skin, and it had soft facial features. Beneath its right ear was a tiny black mole. It was another Azik Eggers!

Chapter 916: Irresistible Approach

Upon seeing this coiling feathered serpent deep inside the black fog, and a face at the top of the towering figure, Azik was first taken aback. Following that, the corner of his forehead throbbed as though he had been struck in the temple, splitting his head in two.

Amidst the excruciating pain, several incontiguous scenes flashed in his mind;

It was a feathered serpent with a face identical to his, even to the smallest detail;

Above a silent land, there were countless pale corpses;

Floating in midair, there were clouds stacked from bones that came from different species;

Black tentacles that drilled out from the ground, with eyes that resembled dead fish at the tip of each tentacle;

A transparent Spirit Body was forcefully pulled out of his body.

After these flashing scenes, a pair of white flaming eyes that were on the brink of extinguishing glanced over. A white feather stained with yellow oil fluttered down, splitting Azik's transparent Spirit Body into two.

One of the parts suddenly flew up and plunged inside the "cloud of bones." The remaining part fused with a golden accessory that

had appeared out of thin air. Amidst the pale-white flames, it materialized back into a body of flesh and blood.

This scene was like a thunder god's hammer striking down at Azik's mind, again and again, making the pain hardly bearable. He raised his hand to his head as his knees gradually buckled as he knelt on the staircase.

He had finally recalled everything that had happened, and he understood the reason why he was constantly dying and reviving, always losing his memories and having to recover them every single time.

His soul wasn't complete!

Similarly, Azik also understood why the feathered serpent suppressing the entire space in the depths of the black fog had an identical face as his.

It was him!

That was the other Azik Eggers!

And all of this was a concealed attempt before Death's fall.

If stitching souls existed, there was naturally the splitting of souls. At that moment, the crazy and powerful Death had seemingly foreseen "His" outcome. Unwilling to die so simply, "He" secretly split the soul of his son, Balam Empire's Death Consul. He took half of it away and used another item as a replacement, stitching it together with Azik's soul.

It was a mystery if it was a deliberate arrangement of Death, or if it was an unintended consequence of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project, the half soul that had been taken away from Artificial Death had fused with the target of the Artificial Death Project—the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. It made the latter gain certain innate abilities as it began influencing High-Sequence Beyonders of the Corpse Collector pathway who had failed their advancement.

And for the other half, although there was a replacement that prevented it from being incomplete, the incomplete soul resulted in repeated deaths and resurrection just like Sequence 4's Undying. And due to the golden accessory inside his body, and the calling from the other half soul, Azik, who started a brand new life every incarnation, would gradually recover his past memories with the passage of time.

In the past, Artificial Death had attempted to identify the reason, but due to the natural recovery of his memories, he was often already close to death once more. He wasn't able to perform any in-depth investigations. Furthermore, the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death Project had been raised in the past few centuries. It was only in recent times that they received some level of success. That was why he never found the answer.

Haa! Haa! Haa!

At some point in time, Azik's hands had left his head. They were placed on the staircase as his throat produced a voice that didn't sound human.

Drops of sweat dripped down his forehead and hit the stone steps in front of him. They spread out into a layer of pale yellow oil, growing out into dense white feathers.

At that instant, he felt the other half of his soul calling out, as

well as its desire. The two “selves” which had been separated for more than a thousand years were eager to fuse as one, to be whole again.

“No…” Azik muttered in pain, unwilling to raise his head or reach out his right hand.

He had seen it clearly. The “him” as a feathered serpent didn’t have any reason. It was filled with extreme coldness and madness. If he became one with it again, he would probably immediately be restored to his state as a Death Consul from before. He might even become a fake Death who only had godhood with zero humanity!

He would forget everything, forgetting everyone who he had once cherished.

“No…” Azik’s throat squeezed out the same word again. Irresistibly, he raised his neck bit by bit as pitch-black and gloomy scales appeared.

At his forehead, something that took a life of its own protruded out. His forehead cracked as a bloody opening appeared.

A golden sliver of light emitted out of nothingness, taking form inside the flesh and blood.

This ancient accessory made of gold was in the shape of a tall, slender bird. Pale white flames emanated around it in the form of feathers. Inside its bronze eyes, there were shimmering layers of light that separately formed a mysterious and illusory door.

The moment it appeared, Azik let out a painful growl. He raised

his head completely as two wisps of pale-white flames burst in his eyes that had experienced much.

Deep inside the black fog, the illusory and real feathered serpent had straightened its body. It reached its head out as the two identical faces of different sizes looked at each other in silence.

As four pale-white flames leaped, bit by bit, Azik, whose hands were on the ground, struggled to stand up with a warped expression. Slowly, he walked to the feathered serpent known as Artificial Death.

As he approached, the entire mausoleum began shaking. The surroundings turned transparent, reflecting a world with countless skeletons and shadows.

Bloody arms, bluish-black vines with baby faces, and slimy tentacles with dead fish eyes or two rows of sharp teeth tore through the boundary between reality and the illusory, reaching into the mausoleum. However, they clung straight to the ground without daring to move.

...

East Balam, Kolain City.

Daly Simone, who was rushing to her next target's location, suddenly stopped in her steps and held her head.

"What's wrong?" Red Gloves team captain, Soest, asked in puzzlement.

Daly frowned slightly as she answered, seemingly in reverie, “I hear strange voices. I can sense the calling that stems from an unknown place… I even wish to kneel to the ground…”

“Can the rest of you hear it?” Soest prudently asked the other teammates.

Just as Leonard Mitchell shook his head, he heard the slightly-aged voice in his mind.

“Look towards the Berserk Sea.”

Leonard subconsciously turned his body and looked in the direction of the harbor towards the distant Berserk Sea. He saw a swath of pure, deep-black darkness. There weren’t any gales, massive waves, dark clouds, lightning, torrential rain, or sunlight.

…

Although Klein had his eyes closed, his outstanding spiritual perception allowed him to sense his surroundings. When he heard the painful murmurs and shouts that sounded like Mr. Azik, he could sense seemingly corporeal silence and the aura of death.

What’s happening? Although the Artificial Death deep in the mausoleum didn’t attack Mr. Azik, it has inflicted him with adverse effects? Klein’s mind raced as he felt anxious and worried.

His spiritual intuition told him that what was about to happen was not something he wished to see.

However, he couldn't figure out what he could do. He didn't even dare open his eyes to look at Mr. Azik's present state or whatever he had encountered.

This wasn't a problem that could be solved with mere courage. It was a difference in the natural order of life, an unbridgeable gap.

Suddenly, Klein had a strong feeling of helplessness. However, he didn't give up as he tried hard to think of whatever items he had on him that could be of use.

Creeping Hunger? No, it's at a completely different level. It won't be of any use...

Death Knell? Even worse...

Groselle's Travels? I didn't bring it... Neither did I bring the Black Emperor card and Tyrant card...

Fate Siphon charm... Yes, the Fate Siphon charm!

Klein was delighted as he formulated a plan.

It was to use the Fate Siphon charm to temporarily swap his fate with Mr. Azik. He would suffer the influence created by Artificial Death in his place!

At the very least, I still have a chance of reviving. As for Mr. Azik, the deaths he previously suffered wouldn't from the damage inflicted. Who knows if he can awaken again in such a situation! Klein didn't consider if the Fate Siphon charm was effective on Azik and Artificial Death. He only wished to give it a try. He

raised his right hand and reached into his pocket.

Then, there was a delay in his actions.

His arm rose a little before landing back in its original location.

He froze for a moment as though he had been petrified into being a stone sculpture.

Klein's lips quivered a few times as his expression distorted indiscernibly. Following that, he swung his right arm and reached his palm into his pocket and pulled it out.

Gripped tightly in his palm was a black crystal card-like charm.

At the same time, Azik was approaching the towering illusory feathered serpent. His footsteps sped up as though he was returning to his throne.

However, his eyes which had pale-white flames were filled with pain. His expression was extremely warped.

"No..." Azik muttered once again. Wherever his skin was exposed, white feathers stained with yellow oil grew out from the gaps of pitch-black scales.

The intense shouting and desire made him lose control of himself. He was about to soar into the sky and leap towards the gigantic feathered serpent that shared his face.

Pale-white flames spread out from the bird-shaped accessory at

his forehead, flowing towards the rest of his body.

Klein's spiritual intuition was sending warnings as he hurriedly said a single word in ancient Hermes, "Fate!"

Just as he was about to use the charm, his surroundings suddenly quietened. There was no longer any sound.

A slender, fair female palm appeared out of nowhere and pressed down on the golden bird-shaped accessory on Azik's forehead.

A figure then materialized between Azik and the towering illusory feathered serpent, stopping the two's approach.

With the help of this external force, Azik finally held back that desire and the irresistible calling to fuse together. The pale-white flames in his eyes "reflected" the floating figure in midair.

It was a beautiful lady wearing an ancient robe. She wore a black hood. Her face was deadpan, and her black eyes were deep and dark, devoid of spirituality.

Chapter 917: Three Choices

The strange turn of events inside the mausoleum left Klein, who had his eyes closed and his spirituality converged, completely unaware of what was happening. He had no idea if it was something good or bad. Therefore, even though he had already chanted the activation incantation, he still didn't dare rashly use the Fate Siphon charm. He was afraid it would make things worse or that it would have the opposite effect.

Seconds passed as Klein felt the passage of time was especially slow. He felt as though an entire century had passed.

Finally, he heard Mr. Azik speak with a somewhat hoarse and uncertain tone:

"It's you..."

Following that, an unperturbed voice that was clearly female sounded:

"You have three choices.

"First, continue proceeding forward to seek completeness. Allow Salinger to revive within your body;

"The second is to have me help you extract that half soul, allowing you to take it with you. You will think of a way to stitch it back together, but this will make you transform back to your original form. You will stop repeatedly dying and reviving, but it will not be the present you. Your past incarnations will truly recede into being dreams;

“Third, it’s to give up everything and directly leave. You will forever be stuck at your current level. You will have no way of advancing further. You will still die again and again, waking up with no memories, and repeatedly search for your past experiences.”

Klein was taken aback by what he heard. He never expected that there was another “person” in the depths of the mausoleum. Furthermore, she appeared to have absolute authority. She provided the former Death Consul, Azik Eggers, different choices that he could choose from.

This is that the “Artificial Death” that’s hiding deep in the black fog?

No, “He” originally didn’t seem to have any intelligence. It’s been so long, and it’s not like “He” has tried communicating…

Extract the half soul and think of a way to stitch it together… What does that mean? Azik’s soul was not whole to begin with?

Extract it from where? The lady speaking is actually able to do something Mr. Azik is incapable of?

Also, who is Salinger? Why would he be revived in Mr. Azik’s body? He, or “He” is Death that caused the Pale Disaster, Mr. Azik’s father or grandfather? “He” foresaw “His” death; hence, he left a seed in Mr. Azik’s body for “Him” to revive?

The first choice is definitely something to eliminate without any thought. The second and third choice each have their own problems. The former makes him not his current self. He will become an unfamiliar “him.” The latter is to suffer an undying curse for all eternity, never to receive salvation… If he’s confident with himself, truly treating all the past incarnations as an

anchor, then the second choice can be considered. It allows for reconciliation and a compromise... But this involves the splitting of a half soul into half. It's impossible to guess what developments will happen to the other half soul which didn't experience those incarnations in the future. The anchor might not be able to resolve the problem...

Ideas flashed through Klein's mind. He was puzzled, curious, stumped, and confused. He was so near, yet so far from a solution.

It was Azik's life. It was a future he needed to face. No one else could make the decision for him.

And whatever Klein needed to say had been said. He stood there helpless and worried, waiting for Mr. Azik to speak again.

Azik looked at the beautiful hooded lady in front of him without saying a word. The pale-white eyes in his eyes flickered.

The illusory but real towering feathered serpent seemed to sense a negative development. It suddenly lashed out its tail, wildly sweeping it around as it lunged its head downward and opened its gaping mouth, revealing dark red flesh and fangs that were tainted with yellow oil stains. It stuck out its black serpent tongue and spat dark green slime in a bid to devour Azik Eggers.

However, all of its attempts failed to be effective. It seemed to live in another world!

Amidst the unsettling silence, Azik raised his right hand and rubbed his temples. Calmly, he said with a laugh, "Perhaps I'm accustomed to my present life. I choose the third choice."

Just as he said that, the hooded lady clenched her fist, gripping the golden bird-shaped accessory tightly. Then, she retracted her arm, pulling out the ancient item from the gap in Azik's forehead.

Azik's expression distorted once again as though he was experiencing unimaginable pain.

Every drop of his blood, and in every piece of flesh, there were some parts of his soul seeping out, mixing together into a transparent soul.

This soul appeared complete, but it was filled with discordant and disharmonious feelings. It was because it was half gold in color, the same all the way from the brows, eyes, to the torso, and its four limbs. It had an ancient simplistic beauty.

As the golden bird-shaped accessory was extracted, Azik's translucent soul began to disintegrate inch by inch, as though it was being skinned alive.

His throat let out an unhuman gasping sound once again, causing Klein's head to spin and ache. It felt as though a needle had stabbed into his brain and was stirred wildly.

In seconds, Azik's Spirit Body completely split into two. Half of it transformed into a golden stream that infused into the bird-shaped accessory, while the other half returned to his body, fusing with his flesh and blood.

The two pale-white flames in Azik's eyes were extinguished as the white feathers and pitch-black scales on his body receded. His warped expression also eased as he no longer looked as savage.

His expression turned slightly pale and translucent as his forehead throbbed. Clearly, he was suffering a pain that stemmed from deep within his Soul Body.

"Thank you for your help." He bowed towards the beautiful hooded lady. He turned around and floated up the staircase, coming to Klein's side.

"You can open your eyes now," Azik said with an exhausted smile.

Klein hurriedly opened his eyes and sized up Azik. Realizing that there weren't any signs of madness or loss of control, he was completely relieved. He curiously cast his gaze deep into the mausoleum.

The black fog was still emanating, completely blanketing everything underneath.

"Who was that?" he couldn't help but ask.

Azik laughed and reached out to grip his shoulder.

"Even if I were to tell you, you wouldn't be able to hear it unless 'She' is willing to let you know."

As he spoke, Klein subconsciously grabbed his two marionette's shoulders.

The colors around them saturated and clearly stacked upon one another. The two men and two marionettes quickly passed through the spirit world corresponding to the Berserk Sea,

returning to Klein's inn in Kolain City.

Azik released his grip and pinched his forehead. With a gentle smile, he said, "I'll need to sleep for an unknown length of time in order to recover. If you have any questions, you can seek out the spirit world's Seven Lights. You should already be aware of the corresponding ritual."

"Mr. Azik, are you alright?" Klein asked in concern.

At the same time, he rebuked himself.

How can he be fine having lost half his soul forever?

Azik laughed and said, "It's not a big deal. I'll just be maintaining my previous state, allowing me to foresee my death and arrange everything, severing ties with my original life. I'll then forget everything and reawaken in search of my past.

"Like before, at least you're there, someone who knows a lot about my past. If I were to forget once again, I should be able to recall a lot when I receive your letter."

He paused and nodded indiscernibly as he chuckled.

"Sleep isn't a bad thing either. At least I'll have dreams. In my dreams, I never left, accompanying her while taking in the sun while guiding that stubborn son of mine to use the broadsword. I'll also make a swing for that little kid that loves to wheedle…"

Having said that, Azik threw out the copper whistle and said with a gentle smile, "Remember to write to me.

“But before I awaken, I will not reply to you.”

Just as Klein reached out to receive the ancient and intricate copper whistle, Azik vanished from the room; his whereabouts an unknown.

After blankly watching this scene for a while, Klein suddenly let out a sigh.

…

To go anywhere else from Kolain City by land, one needed to follow the spiraling path that led upwards. After passing through the different streets, one would arrive at the peak of the city. Then, one had to descend the mountain and enter a plain.

At this moment, the Red Gloves team that Soest led was standing on a square at the peak, looking down at the abnormal Berserk Sea.

Daly Simone, who had been pressing her forehead all this time, suddenly lowered her hand as she said, feeling somewhat puzzled, “Everything has been returned to normal. There’s no more problems.”

“Normal?” Leonard returned with a question in puzzlement.

From his point of view, it was very difficult for Daly to return to normal before the end of the Berserk Sea’s abnormality.

“Perhaps it’s intermittent?” Soest hesitatingly raised a theory.

Daly was just about to answer when everyone's spiritual perception was triggered. Once again, they looked towards the Berserk Sea.

In the swath of pure blackness, one bright star after another lit up.

…

Backlund. Beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Archbishop Anthony Stevenson received an emergency telegram from the sea.

The telegram's content was rather simple, but it was sufficiently shocking.

"Gehrman Sparrow has appeared, boarding the Black Tulip with another person. He has made Ludwell into a marionette and left with the person Ludwell addressed as Death Consul."

Gehrman Sparrow… Death Consul… Saint Anthony silently repeated these two names.

He leaned back slightly and closed his eyes. Once again, the corresponding complete information of the Sealed Artifact, 0-17 appeared in his mind.

"Number: 17.

"Name: Angel of Concealment

“Danger Grade: 0. Extremely Dangerous. It’s of the highest importance and of the highest confidentiality. It is not to be inquired, disseminated, described, or spied.

“Security Clearance: Pope, Team A researchers, and Archbishop of the Backlund diocese (Note: When the archbishop is transferred out of the Backlund diocese, the corresponding memories have to be wiped out using Sealed Artifact 1-29)

“Sealed Method: The seal is completed through the combination of 1-29 and 1-80.

“Description: This isn’t an item.

…

“Warning: ‘She’ cannot be used!”

“Appendix 1: This Sealed Artifact first appeared in the Pale Era of the Fourth Epoch.

Exact year: Missing.

Exact date: Missing.

Exact location: Missing

“Appendix 2: Based on the information, ‘She’ has been awakened five times.

“Appendix 3: A limited premise is the reason behind its inability to be used. It has been confirmed that ‘She’ can be used as the Goddess’s descent vessel.”

Chapter 918: Guesses and Ideas

Kolain City. Inside the inn.

Klein sat on a reclining chair, reaching out to receive the black tea with lemon from Winner Enzo.

Beside him, Admiral Hell Ludwell stood straight, wearing a mask with a rapier by his waist. He appeared like the most loyal guard.

Only at this point in time did Klein, who had completely calmed down, have the mental capacity to analyze what had happened in Death's mausoleum. Amongst all of that, what he paid most attention to was the existence that had helped Mr. Azik get out of his predicament at the critical moment and provide him with three choices.

First, a female voice;

Second, this matter is definitely advantageous to her. Otherwise, no one would cross such a great distance to provide assistance. Of course, if she happened to pass by and had helped Mr. Azik out of goodwill, that's also completely understandable and acceptable. But the problem is that the mausoleum is a product formed from Death's godly powers when "He" perished, a product of the characteristic, corpses, and the natural environment. Without the corresponding key, even deities can't find it. With a door that cannot be opened, how is it possible for anyone to be passing by?

Also, Mr. Azik's actions had been very sudden. He didn't first seek out the members of the Numinous Episcopate that are carrying out the Artificial Death Project for information. He directly followed the calling and arrived at the Berserk Sea and entered

Death's treasure trove. If it's not someone who can locate me or him, or them being someone who has a strong prescient ability, there's almost no existence that can arrive in such a timely manner;

Finally, the Salinger that can revive via Mr. Azik's body is almost certainly the "I'm mad, but I'm stronger" Death from the Fourth Epoch. That female voice directly addressed "Him" by his name without showing any signs of respect.

This...

As Klein seriously analyzed the information, he suddenly had a theory, but he couldn't help but avoid the possibility.

Based on what he knew, the Evernight, Death, and Giant Beyonder pathways were a group of its own. They could be interchanged at High Sequences. And other than using the honorific name of Lady of Crimson or some special Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to occupy a portion of the Moon's authority, the Goddess also had the title Mistress of Repose and Silence. That totally pointed to the Underworld and Death's domain.

And back at the foggy town, and with his use of the holy sword to make a vow with the Goddess bearing witness, as well as the Goddess clearly possessing the authority of misfortune, it made Klein believed that he had entered "Her" special watchlist, just like how he singled out certain believers using the Sea God Scepter.

Making a bold assumption and seeking careful verification, then almost all the questions can be answered if she really was the Goddess.

As one of the seven orthodox deities, as one of the winners of the

Pale Era, "She" has the level and right to address Death by "His" name...

And having been labeled by "Her," once anything abnormal happens, such as me entering a strange place like Death's treasure trove, "She" would definitely sense it and take the necessary action in response. Furthermore, as it definitely requires some time, "She" didn't manage to stop it at the beginning...

To "Her," that Artificial Death, or the Death pathway's Uniqueness that had initially come to life, clearly enhances "Her" authority in the aspects of repose and silence. It might even allow "Her" to directly intrude into Death's domain, just like what the Mother Tree of Desire did to the Chained God...

When Death perished, the three Sequence 1 characteristics should've automatically separated. It's unknown who received them. If the Goddess is searching for them, perhaps "Ruler of the Ancient Underworld, Lady of all the Undead" will be added to "Her" title...

Although Mr. Azik has been pursued by the Church's High-Sequence Beyonders, he has ultimately never suffered any real threats. From the looks of it, the Goddess has been waiting all this time for today's development... Upon coming to this realization, Klein suddenly felt a little frightened.

He was rather pious. At the very least, he superficially raised his right hand in a pious manner. Tapping four spots in a clockwise manner on his chest, he formed the sign of the crimson moon and muttered, "Praise the Lady."

This made him recall the answer he received when he asked Snake of Fate Will Auceptin about obtaining the High-Sequence Beyonder potion formulas of the Seer pathway.

"...can only be obtained from the crazy Zaratul or the Hornacis mountain range. If you are the Blessed of the Evernight, treat it as though I didn't say it."

After the incident at the foggy town, Klein had already discovered that heading to the Hornacis mountain range and finding Zaratul was the same choice. Even stealing the Antigonus family's notebook from Saint Samuel Cathedral's basement was the same. And up to this date, he realized that the second line was not without meaning.

He stroked his chin and muttered, "Perhaps, maybe, possibly... I'm really considered a Blessed of the Evernight..."

Towards this, Klein wasn't too unreceptive to it.

On the one hand, he had spent the first few months after coming to this world with the Church of Evernight's Tingen Nighthawks team. He had a group of great teammates and colleagues. He had a rather heartwarming life and acceptable ideals. To this day, he still recalled the past; therefore, although he wasn't a worshiper of the Evernight Goddess, he was very accepting of this deity.

On the other hand, at least on what he had seen to date, the Evernight Goddess had yet to show any ill intent. Instead, "She" had given him some "blessings." Klein believed that since he had been specially marked, it was unlikely that he could be free from it anytime soon. All he could do was learn to accept it and make good use of it.

Of course, I can't let down my guard... In addition, I already have too many enemies in the form of the Mother Tree of Desire, True Creator, Primordial Demoness, Primordial Moon, Blasphemer Amon, Angel of Fate Ouroboros, and others. Some of "Them" might even be able to get a hold of my location at any time. Without

finding someone powerful to cozy up to, my future will really be difficult! With so many things on his plate, Klein quickly adjusted his state of mind.

To him, as long as the Goddess had labeled him from the moment he made the vow using the holy sword, and not earlier, as well as not constantly "monitoring" him, he found it acceptable.

At least from the special labels afforded to me by the Sea God Scepter, constant "monitoring" isn't possible... Hmm, Mr. Azik will be sleeping for a very long period of time. The Goddess can't just do a divine descent as "She" pleases. There must be some corresponding obstacles and difficulties. Otherwise, the seven orthodox deities would have made divine descents all across the world to resolve all kinds of problems. That's why I should keep a low profile and behave myself in the Southern Continent. I shouldn't try to pin my hopes on an external factor... Klein reminded himself before scrutinizing his new marionette, Admiral Hell Ludwell.

To be frank, he was rather curious about the face hidden beneath the silver mask. But upon recalling how there was an anomaly when Ludwell took off his mask in their previous battle, he held back his thoughts. He planned to make the attempt again after he left the city and did it in the woods or somewhere uninhabited.

After some work, Klein gained a rough understanding of his new marionette's Sequence and powers.

Ludwell was Sequence 5 Gatekeeper of the Death pathway, and he wasn't a normal human.

The corresponding Sequence 9 was Corpse Collector. Back in Tingen, Klein had already learned of its specifics. He knew that

they possessed certain traits of a corpse. Their entire being appeared rather cold and grim, and their body temperatures were relatively low. This allowed them to avoid being attacked by dead unintelligent spirits. At the same time, they also had their physical bodies enhanced. They gained resistance to the cold, decay, and corrosiveness of cadaveric auras. They were naturally equipped with Spirit Vision, and they understood the characteristics and weaknesses of undead creatures.

Sequence 8 was Gravedigger. Corpse Collectors who advanced to this Sequence become stronger. Their Spirit Vision was further enhanced as their agility increased. They were able to communicate with nearby spirits, allowing them to provide the Beyonder with help. Other than that, Gravediggers could quickly find the weaknesses of unfamiliar undead creatures and spirit world creatures via observation. This was known as the Eye of Death.

Sequence 7 Spirit Medium was a qualitative change. Beyonders of this Sequence gained knowledge of various kinds of mysticism rituals related to spirits. They could directly communicate with the natural spirits and loitering dead souls in the real world. Hence, they had informants everywhere.

At the same time, they could use different spirits to actualize different kinds of magic, creating various kinds of supernatural phenomena in a rather multifaceted way.

Sequence 6 Spirit Guide and Sequence 5 Gatekeeper didn't experience a qualitative change from Spirit Medium other than an increase in the range for communication. Spirit Guides began involving themselves with the spirit world as they began "hiring" messengers and receiving the help of certain spirit world creatures. Gatekeeper could sense the entrance to the Underworld, allowing them to control the dead spirits inside, doing so as though they watched over the gates that separated the dead from the living.

From Spirit Medium onwards, with the advancement of each Sequence, the quantity and quality of natural spirits, undead creatures, spirit world creatures that the Beyonders could control and order increased exponentially. Spirit Guide gained the use of the additional "Language of the Dead" that circumvented the protection provided by one's physical body. Focused on the ability to communicate with a Spirit Body, the ability was enhanced to giving an order, to the point of slavery. Gatekeepers could even open the mysterious gate that separated life and death to a certain extent, opening the gates to the Underworld!

If it wasn't for the natural restraints that Azik's copper whistle had on the Corpse Collector pathway's control over spirits, I probably wouldn't have even had what it takes to fight Admiral Hell back then. And even now, if not for Traveling to ensure my safety, I might not be able to finish Ludwell off, even if I used demigod-level powers. In the future, I have to take note when taking revenge on Ince Zangwill. He was once a Gatekeeper after all. Klein nodded slightly, raised the cup, and drank a mouthful of black tea.

As for the weapon Ludwell had, it was named Harris Rapier. It originated from a prince from the Southern Continent in ancient times. It didn't directly correspond to any Sequence or pathway. It was more of a product that was similar to King of the North Ulyssan who gathered similar characteristics without any proper rules.

It only had one Beyonder power—bringing absolute destruction to the items it stabbed.

As a pirate admiral with the highest bounty, Ludwell didn't only have this mystical item. Unfortunately, his most precious Death ring had been taken by Azik. As for the silver mask on him, Klein temporarily had no way of taking it off for research.

Also, he really doesn't like money. He has zero need for money...

Klein lowered his cup and retracted his gaze. Considering how it was still early, he planned on leaving Kolain City and heading elsewhere to wait for Danitz to finish his investigations.

Chapter 919: "Perfect" Inference

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors, who was having an afternoon nap, jolted awake from her dreams. She saw an endless grayish-white fog and Mr. Moon who had his head bowed in prayer, clearly hearing his voice:

"...In the southeast outskirts of Backlund, in the middle of Delaire Forest, there is an abandoned ancient castle. In it are at least two ancient wraiths, and other dead spirits. The possibility of other Beyonders living there cannot be eliminated. The coordinates are..."

I finally have information on the main ingredient of Scribe. Information worth 300 pounds... Fors was instantly delighted as she immediately thanked Mr. Fool and sought "Him" to pass her message to The Moon that she would make payment shortly.

After completing this, she got out of bed and went to the first floor. She planned on pouring herself some wine to drink and consider when she would explore the abandoned castle, as well as the necessary preparations.

For the meantime, Leymano's Travels cannot be rented out... Xio needs to come along... That abandoned castle has several dead spirits and is rather dangerous. I have to consider the combination of spells. If there's anything lacking or not specialized, I'll hire Mr. World, Mr. Hanged Man, and The Sun to record the corresponding Beyonder powers... Although Fors lacked actual combat experience, she had been mixing with Beyonder circles for years. Later, she had joined the Tarot Club, and having heard and seen much, she naturally knew the need for preparations before any adventures.

As for directly hiring Mr. World to do it, she had long struck it off her list of options. She believed that giving all the spoils and her savings to him wasn't enough to hire him.

Of course, if her attempts at exploration proved that the abandoned castle was extremely dangerous, something that a Beyonder at her Sequence couldn't enter, she would have no choice but to shoulder an enormous debt. After all, there was only hope and a future from being alive.

In theory, I shouldn't reach that stage. There are still two demigod-level Beyonder powers left on Leymano's Travels from Mr. World. At most, I'll use it first and think of means to make up for it in the future... The only problem is that the two demigod-level Beyonder powers might not be suitable against wraiths and dead spirits... Fors sipped some Black Rand as her various thoughts took form.

At this point, she heard a key latching into the keyhole as she instinctively looked towards the door.

The door suddenly opened as Xio walked in, carrying two paper bags that emitted a rich fragrance.

"Desi pies?" Fors asked immediately before frowning in puzzlement. "Haven't you had lots of commissions recently? Why are you back so early?"

Xio threw a bag of Desi pies over and said without hiding her smile, "I happened to walk past it. I also hadn't had lunch, so I planned on taking a break."

Without waiting for Fors to ask further, she said, "I've accumulated enough points! I can soon exchange them for the Interrogator potion formula!"

Although her monitoring of royal guard captain, Viscount Stratford, hadn't had any significant progress, it was the kind that accumulated points on a daily basis. All she needed to do was submit a passable report every week to receive the corresponding "bounty." Therefore, together with the other commissions and their varying levels of success, Xio had already earned enough to obtain the Interrogator potion formula.

"Finally..." Fors sincerely felt happy for her friend. Then, she shook the wine cup in her hand. "Shall we celebrate with a drink?"

At the same time, she also thought of something pertaining to herself.

This is great. After becoming a Sequence 7, Xio should've experienced a qualitative change. It will make exploring that ancient castle a sure thing!

Xio looked at the transparent liquid in the cup before shaking her head incessantly.

"Drinking is bad!"

With that said, she frowned.

"Besides, I abhor the smell."

Before Fors could speak, she suddenly recalled something. She stood up and walked to the door.

"I saw the mailbox filled with things. Haven't you opened it

today?”

“I didn’t have the time.” Fors wore a look as though she was busy rushing out her drafts.

Xio was a person of action. Ignoring her explanation, she had already headed out to clear the mailbox.

About ten seconds later, she walked back in with a stack of newspapers and a few envelopes. As she looked at the addressee, she said, “It’s all yours! Two letters from the publisher. One’s an invitation letter from a surgery forum. One letter is from Pritz Harbor.”

Pritz Harbor... Fors’s mind stirred as she put down her cup, and caught the letter Xio threw at her.

She seemed to openly tear open all the letters in front of her friend, discovering that one of the letters was indeed from her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

“...Calderón City is in a rather special spot deep in the spirit world. I’m not sure of its origins other than it’s very dangerous. A demigod had once stepped in without ever coming out... When selling the actual spirit world coordinates to that gathering’s member, there’s a need for you to warn him...”

Mr. World’s target is such a dangerous spirit world city? Fors stared at the letter in her hand as her eyes widened.

...

The Red Gloves team which had arrived at the next East Balam city had rendezvoused with the local Nighthawks, taking up an office of theirs.

"Everyone shall have half the day off. We will start tomorrow morning." Soest took out his pocket watch and opened it.

They were about to strike a secret gathering location of the Numinous Episcopate to find more information of the Artificial Death Project and dig out another batch of enemies that hid in Backlund.

As for the information obtained from Ulika, they had already sent it back to Backlund via telegram. They didn't need to worry about the subsequent work. After all, they weren't the only Red Gloves team. Backlund's local Nighthawks were aplenty and powerful.

Leonard and Daly were just about to seek out their lodgings to rest when a Nighthawk with some East Balam blood walked in with a piece of paper.

"A new telegram from Backlund."

Soest reached out to take it, and after opening it for a few seconds, he said with a grave expression, "Gehrman Sparrow has appeared again. Using divination methods, it has been confirmed that it's him."

Gehrman Sparrow... Leonard wasn't surprised by this outcome. He already knew from Dwayne Dantès that his former colleague, Klein Moretti, was still alive.

He curiously asked, “What did Gehrman Sparrow do again?”

Soest surveyed the area and sternly said, “He boarded the Black Tulip and turned Admiral Hell Ludwell into his marionette.”

“Admiral Hell?”

“Ludwell?”

“Marionette?”

The Red Gloves could hardly hide their astonishment as they exclaimed one after another. Even Leonard Mitchell was extremely surprised.

One had to know that Admiral Hell Ludwell, who wore the ring left by Death, had the highest bounty among the Seven Pirate Admirals. He was publicly recognized to be the strongest beneath the Four Kings. He was definitely not someone an ordinary Sequence 5 could compare to. As for Gehrman Sparrow, he had actually boarded his ship, turning Admiral Hell into his marionette despite being surrounded by his, the latter’s, undead army and subordinates!

Although they didn’t know much about a Faceless and a Marionettist, just the term marionette was enough to let them know that Admiral Hell Ludwell’s outcome was worse than death.

He’s already this strong? He infiltrated Saint Samuel Cathedral’s Chanis Gate to meet the requirements for a demigod ritual? Leonard gradually fell silent as he didn’t ask more.

At this moment, Soest offered more information:

"According to the crew that escaped from the Black Tulip, there wasn't a fight back then. Gehrman Sparrow and another man boarded the ship. The moment Admiral Hell Ludwell saw them, he gave up any resistance and prostrated himself onto the deck, calling the man 'Death Consul.' Later, he allowed Gehrman Sparrow to turn him into his marionette."

"Death Consul…" Leonard subconsciously turned to look at Daly Simone.

He believed that this Sequence 5 Beyonder of the Corpse Collector pathway likely knew what Death Consul meant.

Daly scoffed and shook her head.

"I only know that the former Balam Empire, a blood descendant of Death that ruled the real world was known as Death Consul."

"However, the Numinous Episcopate's royal faction's leader has never called himself Death Consul," another Red Glove, Cindy, mentioned in puzzlement.

This was rather open knowledge amongst the Nighthawks. Those that reached Sequence 7 and above, or those who joined the Red Gloves, had the right to be privy to this information.

As for the Artificial Death faction, it was even more unlikely for any of them to call themselves Death Consul.

"Who knows? Perhaps the Numinous Episcopate has fractured

again. Now, there's an additional Death Consul faction." Daly first made a casual comment before she thought and said, "Gehrman Sparrow has a mysterious origin. His motives for infiltrating Chanis Gate is unknown. Perhaps, it's really related to the Numinous Episcopate."

The Numinous Episcopate had always been a main target that the Church of Evernight had been trying to take down. The conflict between the two ran deep.

Her statement reminded Leonard Mitchell of something because he knew that Gehrman Sparrow was Klein Moretti. Furthermore, he had joined a secret organization that worshiped The Fool and represented itself with tarot cards and had a working relationship with the Numinous Episcopate.

In the few factions of the Numinous Episcopate, there's no Death Consul... Admiral Hell Ludwell can almost be confirmed to be an "arm" of the Numinous Episcopate. Dealing with him is equivalent to dealing with the Numinous Episcopate...

Dwayne Dantès once said that the members of that secret organization come from different places with different goals... Klein's goal is revenge. Could the goal of one of the members be to strike the Numinous Episcopate, to gradually absorb them to revive or recreate Death in their own image?

Since there's an undying monster like Dwayne Dantès who lived since the Fourth Epoch, it's normal for that secret organization to have an additional ancient Death Consul. Perhaps, his corresponding tarot card is Death! As his mind raced, Leonard began believing that he had obtained the truth.

Then, he made a connection with certain details.

Dwayne Dantès is an undying creature who had lived since the Fourth Epoch.

He knows the Southern Continent very well.

He recently left Backlund and has gone missing!

Leonard was alarmed. Taking the opportunity while his teammates were in discussion, he lifted his teacup and covered his mouth, softly muttering to himself, "Old Man, could Dwayne Dantès be the Death Consul?"

Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice said with a smiling tone, "*No.*

"Balam Empire's Death Consul is both a rank and a title. It's also the name of the Death pathway's Sequence 2."

Sequence 2… That secret organization even has a Sequence 2 angel… Leonard's pupils constricted as he muttered once again, "How are you so certain that Dwayne Dantès isn't the Death Consul? Because he's not an angel?"

Pallez immediately chuckled.

"No. The reason is very simple. You've seen the real Death Consul's portrait before. Back when you Nighthawks were investigating Welch's suicide. You might have even met him personally.

"He's a teacher at Khoy University's Department of History, Azik Eggers."

Azik Eggers... Leonard was taken aback before he came to a realization.

He finally understood how Klein Moretti was able to resurrect from the dead, why he was fine suffering curses, or why he could join the secret organization symbolized by tarot cards, doing all of that while usually not showing anything special about himself!

The reason was that behind Klein was a member of the secret organization with the corresponding tarot card: Death!

Chapter 920: Calderón's Origins

Bayam, the slums.

Hooded with a mask underneath it, The Hanged Man Alger once again met with Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

At a table, the two of them sat across each other, facing each other without saying a word.

Finally, Cattleya said, "Have you heard the news?"

Alger didn't directly answer as he returned with a question:

"The one about Gehrman Sparrow?"

Cattleya fell silent for a few seconds and nodded.

"He has turned Admiral Hell into his marionette."

Be it Admiral of Blood from before or the present Admiral Hell, they were both pirates who had a higher bounty than her. No matter how confident she was of herself, she didn't believe that the two Sequence 5 elites were weaker than her!

"You learned of it earlier than I expected." Alger confirmed the authenticity of the news in a tactful manner.

Being a member of the Church of Storms which controlled a large region of the sea, he could directly obtain the latest news from the official channels.

Cattleya curled her lips and said, “If the Future were at sea, I might have to take days or even weeks to receive it. But I’ve been in Bayam recently.”

She didn’t divulge her intel source.

After a pause, Admiral of Stars asked frankly, “What else do you know about this matter?”

Alger shook his head.

“I was trying to figure out the exact situation when I saw your signal, so I rushed here to meet you.”

Cattleya nodded slightly.

“Gehrman Sparrow and Admiral Hell didn’t engage in a battle. Ludwell didn’t resist, because Gehrman Sparrow had boarded the Black Tulip with a man who was addressed as Death Consul.”

Death Consul... Alger’s pupils dilated as he felt an indescribable pressure.

Such a term wasn’t something any random demigod could undertake!

Furthermore, that wasn’t something the man flaunted himself,

but an honorific term that Admiral Hell Ludwell had used. Furthermore, he gave up resistance and was willing to lose his life!

With The Hanged Man not saying a word, Cattleya added, “In the Death pathway, Death Consul is the name of the Sequence 2. Of course, every emperor of the Balam Empire was also given this title.”

Indeed, an angel, an angel from the Death domain… Alger automatically ignored the latter possibility. After all, based on the “acting method,” the position of emperor was definitely held by a Sequence 2 angel before the Balam Empire fell. And for someone who could make Admiral Hell become Gehrman Sparrow’s marionette without putting up any resistance, they were definitely not something a mere title could accomplish.

At this moment, Alger suddenly thought of something, something that left a deep impression on him.

After Vice Admiral Hurricane Qilangos successfully fled, he was found standing by the side of an artificial lake. His face had rapidly rotted with pieces of flesh falling off. Even his eyeballs had rolled out of their sockets.

It was undoubtedly the damage dealt by a potent force from the Death domain. And Alger later confirmed that it was done by Mr. Fool’s Blessed.

To rapidly cause the death of a pirate admiral without him putting up any resistance, especially one who carried such a powerful Sealed Artifact, the assailant’s level was obvious!

The Church of Storms’s Spellsinger of God Archbishop Snake had determined at the scene that it was done by a High-Sequence

Beyonder from the Death pathway and that it was not the person he knew.

Alger had no doubts about that. He believed that it was done by a Sequence 4 or Sequence 3 demigod, in other words, a saint. He also felt horrified that Mr. Fool's Blessed was a High-Sequence Beyonder.

Now, he secretly gulped his saliva with great difficulty, believing that he had underestimated Mr. Fool back then as well as that Blessed.

That person wasn't a saint but a Grounded Angel, one that shared the same level as the three crowns of the various orthodox Churches!

When it came to religion, the three crowns represented the various Churches' pope, pontiff, or chief shepherd.

A Death Consul as a Blessed... Although Mr. Fool is still recovering, the amount of strength at his disposal is quite sizable... Alger's thoughts churned as his eyes shimmered. He was momentarily at a loss for words.

Cattleya sensed his gloom as she asked, "You seem to have recalled something."

Alger deliberated for two seconds before vaguely replying, "Based on what I know, Mr. Fool has a Death angel amongst his Blessed."

That matches... Cattleya said as though she was muttering to herself, "Then why did The World promise me Mythical Creature

blood that's not from that Death angel? Is it due to having closer ties with the other one, making it easier to obtain?"

"Perhaps." Although Alger felt that Admiral of Stars's inference wasn't wrong, he habitually gave a noncommittal answer.

Cattleya didn't continue on the topic as she said, "We will start the operation tonight from half-past seven to eight.

"If you can participate in it, head over there with me."

She has finally figured out the situation with the Artisan? Alger secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked in puzzlement, "Why that time?"

This wasn't the most suitable period for any covert operation. Once any mistake was made, the official Beyonders would quickly detect it and rush over.

Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose and said with a complicated smile, "It's because it's dinnertime for them.

"And they will be having mushrooms for dinner."

What's the connection... The experienced Alger realized that he couldn't read the subcontext of Admiral of Stars's words.

...

East Balam, in the lush and humid forest.

Klein deliberately avoided the main path and came to an uninhabited area. He planned on getting Ludwell to take off his silver mask.

This wasn't only to satisfy his curiosity but for a genuine reason. The silver mask was too striking. If he didn't deal with it, there was no amount of disguising that could direct the attention of others away from it.

The biggest problem for a Marionettist is the marionette's identity... The more powerful the marionette, the more famous they were while alive. Bringing one along with me has the risk of being exposed... If it wasn't because I didn't have the time to finish off the pirates on the Black Tulip, I would have had the means to keep it under wraps. For example, I could continue letting Ludwell be the captain while I pretend to be his subordinate. To a Faceless, that's very simple... Klein sighed as he passed through the forest.

There were many mosquitoes around him, but none of them came for him. All of them were circling Admiral Hell Ludwell, trying to suck his blood in vain.

Klein had given his new marionette the Green Essence ring which attracted mosquitoes. This was because its effects were completely overshadowed by Flower of Blood. Wearing the two rings was rather meaningless for Winner Enzo. In addition, Klein had confirmed that Ludwell's situation was special. He wasn't too afraid of being bitten by mosquitoes.

After walking a distance, Klein casually tossed a coin and stopped.

After a few minutes of contemplation, he decided to finish something else before removing the new marionette's mask. This was because, through this process, he could confirm the severity of the latent danger beneath the mask.

Taking out the corresponding items, Klein quickly set up a ritual and moved the radio transceiver from above the gray fog to the real world.

He wanted to contact Arrodes!

Before he left Kolain City, he had paid Miss Magician 350 pounds for the spirit world coordinates to Calderón City. He had also been warned about the extreme dangers associated with it. Therefore, he planned on obtaining more information from two channels in order to prepare for his hunting mission.

The two channels involved asking the magic mirror and Red Light. With Mr. Azik being in prolonged slumber, Klein decided not to hesitate further. He planned on expanding his social circle, and not just stubbornly and inflexibly stick to the Evernight Goddess. He needed to find powers to balance things out. And the relatively friendly Seven Lights of the spirit world were the best choice!

With the appearance of the radio transceiver, the surrounding woods suddenly turned gloomy. It was as though the spirit world had overlapped with the real world.

In about ten seconds, tapping sounds sounded. Illusory white paper began being spat out:

“Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning.

“There’s temporarily no danger here. What say you?”

Seeing this coquettish manner of speech, Klein sighed silently

and finally confirmed that he had connected to the magic mirror, Arrodes.

He had previously been afraid that the white piece of paper would have the words: “I want to have a child with you.”

Of course, he had divined the level of danger of contacting Arrodes above the gray fog, and he obtained an answer that it was fine. However, with the Mother Tree of Desire having a precedent of interfering with divination, as well as his misinterpretation of infiltrating Saint Samuel Cathedral’s Chanis Gate, he wasn’t too certain.

“Indeed.” Klein nodded in a reserved manner before asking. “What do you know of Calderón City in the spirit world?”

Amidst clicking sounds, a piece of illusory white paper exited the radio transceiver in a hesitant manner:

“I can’t see that city too clearly. I do not know its exact state, but I can confirm that a saint had perished in there before. There were also certain angels, Travelers, and spirit world creatures who had once entered to explore it and left it alive in a relatively smooth manner. However, none of them got much out of it.

“Also, I know the origins of that city.”

Without waiting for Klein to press, more illusory white paper spat out amidst clicking sounds:

“Its former name was the City of the Dead. It was a grounded divine kingdom of the ancient goddess, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace.

“Ever since that ancient goddess opened up the Underworld, ‘Her’ divine kingdom was moved there. The City of the Dead gradually became the holy grounds of ‘Her’ descendants and believers.

“Before Gregrace was heavily injured by the ancient sun god and had the city uprooted and thrown deep into the spirit world, none of its citizens ever came out again. The name ‘Calderón’ originates from the Abraham family’s angel, the first person who stepped in. In the Language of the Dead, it means ‘Unknown Soul.’”

Chapter 921: Politeness First

When it came to the understanding of ancient gods, Klein knew as much as many High-Sequence Beyonders. After all, he had the City of Silver who had continued on from the Second Epoch to this day behind him. The corresponding myths that were passed down the ages had left plenty of influence.

Based on what he knew, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace was a so-called ancient goddess. Because of the City of Silver's Creator, the ancient sun god who eventually ended up being consumed by the Kings of Angels dealt heavy damage to "Her." Eventually, "She" perished towards the end of the Second Epoch.

However, "Her" influence had yet to dissipate to this day. Signs of "Her" existence remained because "She" was the founder of the Underworld!

City of the Dead... Unknown Soul... Ancient goddess... It sounds very dangerous... Klein looked at the radio transceiver in front of him and fell silent.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Another piece of illusory white paper spat out:

"Apart from that, I'm unsure of the rest.

"Great Master, I have a suggestion. Would you like to hear it?"

That's a nice question... Klein reined in his thoughts and nodded gently.

“Speak.”

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker as a new line of text quickly appeared on the illusory white paper:

“Regarding Calderón City, you can ask Red Light Aiur Moria.”

I still have to ask Red Light in the end… Klein nodded slightly and switched to asking, “Is there any danger if I were to remove Admiral Hell Ludwell’s mask?”

“No!” A decisive answer appeared before Klein’s eyes.

That’s good… he thought and said, “Let’s end it here for today.”

“Great Master, wise Master, in another one or two minutes, a gaze will be cast here! Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, will await your next summoning. Goodbye~” The radio transceiver began tapping without any hesitation.

Another one or two minutes? Why didn’t you say so earlier? Klein was alarmed as though he was seeing a countdown timer on a bomb. He hurriedly used the altar and material he had yet cleared to set up a sacrificial ritual. He then threw the radio transceiver above the gray fog.

After doing all of this and confirming that there weren’t any anomalies around him, Klein made Ludwell walk to the side and not face him directly as he took off the silver mask.

Gloomy pale-white light spewed out, but it wasn’t as exaggerated

in his battle between Klein and Ludwell. It only enveloped a small region like an extinguishing candle.

Meanwhile, as the radio transceiver had been sent above the gray fog, the gloomy, cold feeling that had disappeared in the nearby forest appeared again. Furthermore, it had an indescribable sense of horror that struck at the heart.

This reminded Klein of a cemetery and the legendary Underworld.

After waiting a few seconds, seeing that there weren't any additional abnormal developments, he made his other marionette, Winner Enzo, to circle to Ludwell's front and carefully observe the face that had been masked for extended periods of time.

The face lacked flesh; its skin clung tightly to his bones without any colors. It was as translucent as crystal.

Beneath the "crystal," transparent and indescribable shadows quickly flowed out, at times fusing with the skull, and at other times they shrank in gaps, surfacing on his teeth.

Compared to the first one or two months of his transmigration, Klein would've been shocked by Admiral Hell's appearance, but now, having already seen all kinds of odd Rampagers and mutated bodies, he wasn't shocked by such looks.

After another round of research, Klein completely figured out Ludwell's condition.

All of this stemmed from the unique traits of him being a

Gatekeeper.

At Sequence 5, after becoming Gatekeeper, Beyonders could use their bodies as cages that belonged exclusively to the Underworld, allowing them to contain a certain number of souls, deceased, and natural spirits. As such, they obtained all kinds of unique powers with powerful helpers. There was no need to bring a huge undead army around in an eye-catching manner.

This was the origin of many folk tales.

Another purpose of a Gatekeeper was an ancient role: to guard the Underworld in their bodies, preventing the souls contained within from escaping, and to use them. This similarly had the symbolism of a pair of double illusory doors.

And after ancient Death, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace, created the Underworld, it was bestowing a small amount of the Death pathway's authority to all Gatekeepers. This made Beyonders of this Sequence receive an enhancement in strength.

The reason why Ludwell kept wearing the mask was because he had contained a powerful Underworld creature in him. On the one hand, this creature could be used by him, and on the other hand, it was eroding his body, turning him into a half-human, half-dead existence. At the same time, ultimately, this creature was innately connected to the Underworld. It was attempting to open the door and return.

This was a combination of a Gatekeeper's own powers and authority, and with the augmentation from Death's ring, it allowed Admiral Hell Ludwell to enlarge the Door to the Underworld, allowing him to steer the Black Tulip directly inside.

Half-human and half-dead form... No wonder Ludwell dares to

enter the Underworld. A real living person probably can't survive a second inside... Yes, that Underworld creature gives his body some traits of a dead soul, allowing him to extract the Spirit Bodies of others remotely. I had suffered from that back then... Klein thought in enlightenment as he made Ludwell wear the silver mask again.

The mask's purpose was to placate the soul. It allowed the Underworld creature in Ludwell's body to be in a relatively calm state most of the time.

After resolving his puzzlement, Klein cast his gaze back onto the altar.

He wanted to attempt to contact one of the spirit world's Seven Lights.

In this aspect, there were special secret deed rituals and the corresponding spirit channeling ritual he could choose from. After some consideration, Klein chose the latter. This was because a secret deed ritual required him to open up his mind and spirit, allowing the targeted existence to make contact and thus obtain certain knowledge, strength, help, and a spiritual experience. This also meant that his body's thoughts and secrets were open to that existence.

And through the spirit channeling ritual, there were two types—direct communication and praying for a soulfall. As the spirit world's Seven Lights were extremely lofty existences, Klein couldn't guarantee a response based on the ritual's request. Therefore, although he wished to communicate remotely via spirit channeling, he had to make preparations for a soulfall to show his sincerity.

Lighting three candles and dripping liquids like mint essential oil, Klein specially took out a paper figurine and placed it on the

altar for the vessel for the soulfall. If there wasn't anything similar, the supplicating target would soulfall onto him, just like how Danitz had requested Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's soulfall back then. There were also two scenarios. First, the possessed body would lose all their senses, and they would have the corresponding existence control a certain part of their body so as to facilitate providing a question and answer. The simplest example was one using the mouth to speak while the other controlled a hand to write.

Klein quickly completed the first part of the ritual before he took a step back, opened his mouth, and chanted in ancient Hermes, "I!

"I summon in my name:

"I pray to communicate with the inextinguishable light of the spirit world, the embodiment of infinite knowledge, the Red who wields authority and will…"

The biggest difference between this spirit channeling ritual and ordinary ones was that it couldn't be directed to deities, be it the Evernight Goddess or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, "Their" honorific names couldn't appear in the ritual or else it was bound to fail.

From a mysticism angle, this meant that the spirit world's Seven Lights didn't serve any deity.

As the words that facilitated the communication with natural spirits were said, Klein saw the three flames burgeon as light splattering sounds connected together as though a door of light was opening.

The area around the altar suddenly turned silent and dark as

pairs of unknown eyes looked over from different areas.

A cold, gloomy air blew past. Apart from the three candles, all the items on the altar floated in midair. Among them, the paper figurine staggered straight as its surface was tainted with a thick, clean red that didn't look bloody at all.

"Greetings." As Klein recalled the description of the spirit world's Seven Lights from some mysticism books, he spoke by following the correct way of interacting that he had concluded.

He acted like he was facing a teacher.

The bright red paper figurine's head moved slightly as it let out an illusory but stern voice:

"Hello there."

Quite polite... Indeed, spirit channeling became a soulfall. Thankfully, I made preparations... Various thoughts flashed in Klein's mind as he earnestly and politely asked, "Your Excellency Aiur Moria, I have a question I would like to ask you."

"You can just call me Aiur Moria. Please go ahead and ask." The paper figurine floating in midair seemed to be competing with Klein about who was more polite.

"I wish to get information on Calderón City." Klein didn't change his attitude. After all, in the Foodaholic Empire, there was a proverb: Nobody will find fault with extra courtesy.

The bright red, nearly transparent paper figurine pondered for

two seconds and said, “Can I know your purpose?”

Klein didn’t conceal his purpose. He frankly said, “To hunt a Spirit World Plunderer.”

The paper figurine’s head moved slightly.

“That’s indeed something that can only be found in Calderón City with ease. Elsewhere, Spirit World Plunderers are like a drop of water in the ocean. They are very hard to distinguish, and even I will occasionally discover them. I’m unable to lock onto them for long periods of time.

“A number of them are active in the core region of Calderón City. A few are scattered in the periphery. As long as you don’t attempt to go too deep inside, it’s actually not too dangerous. Unfortunately, due to special reasons, us Seven Lights are prohibited from entering; otherwise, we could still provide you with some actual help.”

“That’s formerly the divine kingdom of the ancient goddess, Gregrace?” Klein’s heart settled down as he asked as a form of confirming the answers.

The bright red paper figurine said, “Yes, the ancient Death wished to revive ‘Herself’ using this City of the Dead, but ‘She’ failed completely. The authority was taken by Balam’s Death.

“However, this also makes Calderón City more dangerous because the setup left by the ancient goddess underwent an anomaly after the failure. As for what it has turned into, I’m not too sure.”

Is that so... Klein nodded indiscernibly. He raised a few questions about other matters and received a rather satisfactory answer.

...

Bayam. Outside a house near the harbor.

Alger and Cattleya were patiently waiting for the people inside to finish their dinner.

Chapter 922: Mushrooms and Fish

Looking at the lights that emitted out of the oriel window, the hooded and masked Alger was just about to ask about the details of the operation when he suddenly saw a shadow grow out of the rich darkness. It materialized as a lanky, pale, sickly young man.

Bloodless Heath Doyle... Alger quickly recognized the man to be the second mate of the Future.

Heath didn't look at him as he directly said to Cattleya, "Captain, they didn't notice anything and turned those mushrooms into cream of mushroom soup. They plan to use the prepared pan-fried fish as tonight's main course."

"Excellent." Cattleya removed the heavy glasses on her nose and used her eyes which had a mysterious purple hue to look through the neighboring house's dining hall across the walls.

Heath Doyle didn't speak further as his body instantly darkened and returned to the shadows. It was unknown where he had slunk to.

After hearing their conversation, and combining it with what Ma'am Hermit had previously mentioned, Alger had a rough idea of the core element to tonight's operation:

Mushrooms!

Poisonous mushrooms!

Although he didn't know what method Admiral of Stars was using to cause the spiritual intuition of the Beyonders inside to be ineffective and not be able to distinguish normal mushrooms from poisonous mushrooms, Alger believed that there was nothing impossible in mysticism.

He hesitantly said, "Will this cause Artisan Cielf's death?"

Unaffiliated Artisans were rather rare, so Alger didn't wish to lose such a "friend" if there was still room for turning things around. To him, the best case was to imprison the fellow and make him the exclusive Artisan for both him and The Hermit.

"No." Cattleya calmly shook her head as she explained, "Be it from the information you gave and the observations of my crew, there's one point to take note of: Cielf doesn't like fish, and he even hates it. This might have to do with him getting a fish bone stuck in his throat when he was young."

And it was because of this matter that Cattleya ultimately chose the mushroom strategy. This could effectively reduce the enemy's effective strength while allowing their side to minimize any risks.

The dark environment-bred mushrooms that devoured flesh and blood and were the first to be eliminated by Admiral of Stars because they could let Beyonders with sharp spiritual perception sense something amiss. This was akin to facing something poisonous. In addition, Beyonders who believed in the Primordial Moon had a rather deep understanding of herbs, plants, and fruits. Relying on visual observation, they were likely able to identify mushrooms that posed danger.

To trick them, the only way was for the food to be harmless itself. Only through its contact with something else did a mutation occur.

Based on this, the mushrooms previously created by Frank were perfect!

If the two conditions of fish and water weren't met, the mushrooms were ordinary mushrooms. They could neither poison a person to death or cause diarrhea. It would be digested bit by bit and be broken down into its different components before being expelled by the body. At this point, any more fish and water was useless.

For this, Cattleya specially got Frank to temporarily abandon his experiment and had obtained a batch of mushrooms. She also promised to hunt an Aurora Order Rose Bishop for him.

"Hates fish…" Alger whispered, feeling like he couldn't keep up with The Hermit's thought process.

He had clearly asked if the poisonous mushrooms could cause Artisan Cielf's death, but the answer he received was that the Artisan wouldn't die because he didn't like fish and even hated it.

Is there some connection between the two? Alger questioned inwardly in puzzlement, but he didn't say it out loud.

He maintained his silence and planned to observe more and take note.

After a while, there were screams from inside the house, followed by pangs of painful grunts and vomiting.

"Begin," Cattleya issued an order in an abnormally succinct manner.

Her figure instantly turned transparent, turning into a sculpture formed by countless stars.

The sculpture shattered instantly as bright stars surged towards the house's door and drilled through a gap.

As stars gathered inside, Cattleya's figure materialized.

Then, she heard howling winds and sounds of collisions.

The door frame shook before the door opened. Wearing a hood and mask, Alger entered the targeted building not much slower than Admiral of Stars.

He swept his gaze and quickly took in the situation at the dining hall.

Artisan Cielf was retreating from the table with a look of horror.

On the ground were two men and a woman who were constantly vomiting mushrooms. At their chests, their clothes had ripped apart as one mushroom after another sprouted.

Upon sensing someone enter, they subconsciously looked up, revealing bunches of white spores on their faces.

Under his mask, Alger's face involuntarily twitched.

Although he was experienced and knowledgeable, and with him being a Beyonder who had his fair share of experience seeing horrifying scenes, such a scene still left a striking visual and

mental impact on him.

Cattleya had expected it, but she had never expected such a harrowing sight. After a moment of surprise, she held her right hand to her mouth and blew a whistle.

Illusory ropes emerged from the ground and coiled around the three Primordial Moon believers like snakes.

“Is there a way to stop this?” Cattleya said to the shadow in the corner.

After a moment of silence, Heath Doyle’s voice sounded.

“Frank said that he hadn’t obtained a way to stop it in his experiments. The only way is cremation.”

Cremation… Cattleya’s brows quivered. Immediately, she took out some powder from a pocket and threw them out.

The powder seemed to have a life of their own as they accurately landed on the three primitive believers and the various mushrooms.

Silently, they burst into scarlet flames and silently burned whatever they touched.

Artisan Cielf was already dumbstruck from witnessing the mutation. When someone intruded, he had thought of resisting using his mystical item, but he quickly recognized the intruder to be Admiral of Stars Cattleya. Hence, he wisely gave up and stood in his spot, waiting.

He knew that he was of significant value. No matter where he went, he was not someone who would immediately be killed. Furthermore, Admiral of Stars never had any infamy to her name.

Worst comes to worst, I'll just have to join the Star Pirates... Besides, this pirate admiral seems to be more beautiful than the bounty notices. She exudes a completely different air... Cielf tugged at his wolf fang necklace and forced a smile, awaiting the intruder to mention her purpose.

Cattleya glanced at him and seriously observed his appearance. All she could confirm was that he was a classic example of someone from Intis, but she failed to find any similarities to Queen Mystic.

The pirate admiral deliberated and said, "I had been introduced by a friend, hoping to get you to create a mystical item, but I later discovered that you were with some Primordial Moon believers.

"The three of them aren't too strong and couldn't restrain you at all. Why do you still remain here?"

In this operation, Cattleya's main hypothetical enemy was actually the Artisan himself. This was because she could neither kill him or control him. Furthermore, he still had many well-matched mystical items, making him a powerful enemy. Yet, things developed smoothly to her surprise.

Cielf said with a smile, "They had strong ones in Bayam in the beginning. Using particular floral fragrances and powders, they infected me with a strange ailment, making me increasingly weaker."

Cattleya casually sized him up and said, “You have already recovered, so why aren’t you taking this opportunity to escape?”

Alger stood by the side silently. He didn’t say a word, afraid that his voice might betray him.

Artisan Cielf chuckled and said, “While I was under their control, they told me that as long as I believed in the Primordial Moon, I could use certain rituals to treat my chronic illness. I couldn’t resist the temptation and tried it, and it really succeeded. I found the feeling of being a man again…”

Having said that, he came to an abrupt halt, realizing that he had said too much, exposing his secret illness.

This is him letting himself go too far when it comes to women; thus, slowly losing his abilities in bed? Alger chuckled inwardly.

Cielf looked up and glanced at them. Seeing that no one was mocking him, he coughed slightly and continued, “It wasn’t something that relied on medicine. I really recovered my young, virile state. Later, I had two dreams of a moon that was bloody and very enticing.

“I believed that I had already become a believer of the Primordial Moon; therefore, I didn’t dare to escape.”

Cattleya and Alger silently exchanged gazes, simultaneously passing the death sentence on him.

As long as someone truly believed in an evil god, devil, or some other secret existence; unless they were willing to continue in the faith and slowly become crazier, there was no regret. Even if

they were protected by official Beyonder factions and didn't suffer any problems for prolonged periods, they might end up strangling themselves in their sleep years later!

This was nearly unsalvageable, unless they earned the right to receive the blessings of a Grounded Angel like a pope of a major Church, or if they accepted being isolated by certain Sealed Artifacts and live underground forever.

Of course, under such situations, there were also many who did nothing and managed to live to a ripe old age before dying a natural death. However, they were mostly ordinary people, targets that the evil gods, devils, and hidden existences easily ignored. As for Cielf, he was a very useful Artisan.

Cattleya didn't mention the Primordial Moon believers again. To her, it wasn't a big problem whether the Artisan believed in an evil god. As long as he could be communicated with to reach a deal for cooperation and not go crazy from time to time, the other matters weren't something a pirate needed to be worried about.

She switched topics and said, "What mystical items do you have now? I'll choose a few and leave you with the rest."

Towards such a development, Artisan Cielf wasn't too surprised. She was a pirate, not a policewoman. Doing a heist in passing was extremely normal. For her to leave him some items was something he should earnestly thank her for.

In fact, with his level and items, it was possible for him to successfully escape if he went all-out, but he lacked the courage.

"Alright." Cielf took out a pair of grayish-white glasses from his breast pocket. "Gargoyle Glasses. As long as sightlines are met, it

can cause the other party to turn numb all over as though they are being petrified. There are two negative effects. First, if one wears it and looks into a mirror, one will turn numb as well. Second, one's body will turn heavy, making one unagile."

Isn't that the item I reserved... So it has already been made... Looking at the Artisan, Alger couldn't help but narrow his eyes.

Chapter 923: After Effects

Cielf didn't notice the change in Alger's eyes. He pointed at one of the "cremated" Primordial Moon believers and said, "That cane was taken from me. It's called 'Word of the Sea.' It can release lightning at a target. Waving it and striking it will cause it to be augmented with wind blades. Apart from that, it can also create large water spheres and corrosive rainwater. It can also allow the wielder to not be afraid of deep-sea pressure. They can freely extract oxygen from the water. At the same time, it can also be used as a wand to provide flight.

"There are three negative side effects. First, it enjoys singing. Every six hours, it has to belt out a song. The resulting effects don't discriminate between friend or foe. Due to the different choices of songs and styles, it can make one's mind go adrift or have one's mind and soul shocked, and at other times, cause one to be irascible and be in a state of lowered reason. Of course, even without waiting six hours, it will also be very willing to sing if you so desire.

"Second, you can probably tell that it's equipped with living characteristics. Furthermore, it's one that is rather testy. It enjoys tripping, beating, or pulling the wielder down stairs when they aren't paying attention.

"Third, it will cause the wielder to easily be struck by lightning. Therefore, on stormy days, either don't go out or don't bring it along."

This is the Sealed Artifact that was made from Gehrman Sparrow's Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristic. If he were to know that you had already made it and had allowed the Primordial Moon believer to take it away, you will definitely be sold to someone who is need of you—in the form of a Beyonder characteristic... Alger looked towards the dining table and saw the black silver-inlaid

cane.

From what he knew, regardless of whether the other negative effects were severe, mystical items with living characteristics were considered Sealed Artifacts. This was because there were unpredictable dangers associated with them.

With Cattleya and her companion not telling him that he was done, Cielf could only continue taking out mystical items with a glum face.

“This short knife is called ‘Blade of Poison.’ The effects are obvious. There’s no need for me to give any additional information, right?

“Eh, every time it deals damage, it will add on a random poison. As for what it is, it’s all luck.

“Its negative effects aren’t too serious. It will only cause medical treatment to fail and the feeling of being drunk to accumulate within the wielder.”

Cielf continued introducing a few mystical items and finally heard Cattleya say, “Excellent, the rest are yours.”

Phew… She still left me with three… Not only did Cielf not bear a grudge, he felt deep down how nice a person Admiral of Stars was. It was as though he had suffered some psychological ailments.

Cattleya then turned to look at The Hanged Man.

“You pick first.”

She knew that The World Gehrman Sparrow had commissioned a mystical item to be made by the Artisan. Therefore, The Hanged Man had to first select the crazy adventurer’s item first.

Alger nodded and took the Word of the Sea and the Gargoyle Glasses. Then, he indicated that the rest were spoils of war.

Cattleya thought for a moment and said, “Pick another one. The rest will be mine.”

She wasn’t too interested in the remaining mystical items because she had two rather powerful items that suited her. She had also obtained the Scales of Luck and Judge Button later; thus, covering all her bases. Under such a situation, the stacking of negative effects was something to be considered. Unless it was something extremely special, it wasn’t something she would take a second look or choose to exchange.

Of course, as a pirate admiral, she never found mystical items too excessive. After all, she had to hand over some of them to the Moses Ascetic Order and leave the rest to reward her crew.

Alger fell silent for a moment. Starting from what items and Beyonder powers he had, he chose the Blade of Poison.

Following that, Cattleya instructed Bloodless Heath Doyle to move the mystical items that Cielf had placed on the ground, and the remnant items left by the Primordial Moon believers, out of the room.

Then, she looked at the Artisan with her dark purple-hued eyes.

“Why do the Primordial Moon believers want to control you?”

Cielf’s eyes flickered.

“Isn’t that simple and obvious? To get me to make mystical items for them…”

Just as he said that, his heart skipped a beat as a result of the purple eyes that were coldly looking at him. He hurriedly added, “They also seem to have some plan that needs the help of an Artisan. As for what it is, I’ve no idea because it hasn’t started.”

Cattleya retracted her gaze while seemingly in thought. Exchanging a silent look with The Hanged Man, they nodded simultaneously.

They decided not to take away the Artisan today and to leave him there to monitor the subsequent developments.

In other words, they wanted to figure out the Primordial Moon believers’ plans from monitoring him.

Actually, for The Hermit and The Hanged Man, whatever the Primordial Moon believers were plotting wasn’t something they cared about. They just each had matters they were concerned about. The former used it to communicate with Queen Mystic to provide her reference material for her strategies in the supernatural world. The latter could use this matter to earn contribution points from the Church; therefore, they had instantly come to a tacit agreement to investigate deeper.

Of course, Alger always believed in a principle:

The more information he wielded, the more benefits he could obtain from various matters!

After a brief silence, Cattleya said to Artisan Cielf in the same tone, “Since you’re already a Primordial Moon believer, taking you with me provides me with no benefit.”

Cielf nodded immediately, agreeing with what she said.

Cattleya paused for a moment before she said, “However, I wish to establish a long-term working relationship with you. Therefore, I need a few drops of your blood. This will aid me in finding you at any time.”

Cielf wore a miserable look as his lips quivered, but he was unable to object to it.

Phew… He suddenly exhaled and said, “Okay.”

With that said, he picked up a paper cutter beside him and sliced his forearm, letting a few drops of blood drip out.

Cattleya immediately raised her right arm and gently flicked her wrist, causing the few drops of blood to float and fly towards her.

After observing the blood in her palm, this pirate admiral suddenly asked, “What’s your last name?”

“June,” Cielf replied instinctively.

Cattleya didn’t say a word as she turned around and walked out

the door. Alger followed closely behind.

The room quickly turned silent as Cielf sat on the sofa. He sat there motionless for quite a while, as though he was deep in thought over the encounter, being unable to extricate himself from it.

Ten minutes later, he suddenly stood up and took out a small human-shaped figurine from his inside pocket.

The figurine was brass-colored, and its face was empty. Blood slowly seeped out from it and remained on its surface.

Cielf hurriedly wiped the figurine's face with a handkerchief before heaving a sigh of relief. He curled the corners of his lips and silently muttered, *Thankfully I have this Fate Puppet...*

Humph, Let's see how you can find me with those drops of blood! Don't even think of cursing me!

In the poverty-stricken district of Bayam, on a street without any street lamps.

The masked and hooded Alger looked at The Hermit beside him. With a deep voice, he said, "After Cielf escaped from the Church of Steam, he has been living safe and sound to this day. This means he's not a fool. For him to so easily give you the blood in such a relaxed manner without putting up any resistance means that he has the means to avoid your tracking.

"Besides, he didn't mention an explanation of how the Primordial Moon believers found him."

Logically speaking, the believers definitely would've asked him for the origins of the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic, but Cielf hadn't mentioned Alger at all.

As Cattleya took out the pair of heavy glasses and wore it, she said without a change in tone, "It isn't used for tracking."

Alger nodded in thought before bidding her farewell, turning into a dark alley.

He made several detours and found a chance to remove his disguise before leaving Bayam. After he returned to the Resistance's private harbor, he boarded the Blue Avenger.

His sailors had pretty much spent most of their energy and money over the past few days. So at that moment, they were all on the ship, waiting to set off for the seas again.

Upon seeing him return, one of the sailors stood up immediately and asked with a smile, "Captain, have you had dinner?"

"Not yet. Make something simple for me." For the operation, Alger hadn't had a chance to fill his stomach.

The sailor who also did some cooking on the side immediately replied, "Alright. We got some fresh mushrooms in the forest today. How about I pan fry it with some butter?"

"..."

Alger's face twitched as he shook his head with a normal expression.

“Searing a steak would do. Medium rare, uh—Medium-done.”

…

East Balam, by the periphery of a forest.

With his two marionettes, Klein wasn’t in a rush to leave. He entered a city and planned on getting some dyes to disguise Admiral Hell Ludwell’s mask.

And before that, he had other things to do.

It was to seek out a helper for his exploration of the periphery of Calderón!

Klein was never a lone wolf, and it was even more so the case when faced with danger. Therefore, unless he had no options, he would always invite powerhouses to provide him with help by sharing the coordinates and paying the corresponding price. He wasn’t one to rashly enter.

To him, being able to obtain the desired ingredient while alive was most important!

If it wasn’t because I know it’s impossible, I’d even wish to wait one to two weeks before I carry a baby or push a pram to head for Calderón… Klein sighed silently as he took out the adventurer’s harmonica and blew into it.

Silently, Reinette Tinekerr with her four heads in hand walked out of the void.

Klein deliberated over his words and said, “I plan on exploring Calderón City soon. Well, I’ve already obtained its coordinates in the spirit world. I’m wondering if I can hire you for your help? What would be the price?”

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr’s hand spoke one after another:

“Won’t do…” I…” “Can’t…” “Enter…”

Chapter 924: First Key Factor at Carrying out Risky Operations

Can't enter... The Seven Lights can't enter for some special reason... Is this a restriction Calderón City has on higher-level creatures in the spirit world? However, how does Miss Messenger know of this limitation? Has she been there before? If that were the case, I didn't even need to ask Red Light or the magic mirror... Perhaps her spiritual intuition told her that? As his mind whirred, Klein slowly and silently exhaled.

He then took out a gold coin and handed it to Reinette Tinekerr.

"I understand. Thank you for the information."

After one of Miss Messenger's head bit on the gold coin and retreated into the spirit world, Klein allowed his thoughts to roam as he considered how he could find other helpers.

Mr. Azik has entered a state of slumber. It's unknown when he will wake up. There's no way to wait for him.

Will Auceptin is about to be born but is only a baby. "He" is still at a nadir. And even if Ma'am Hermit has a way to temporarily restore "His" power while "He" is weak, it's impossible for "Him" to do something as trivial as being my bodyguard. Besides, once "He" leaves Backlund or showcases his corresponding level, there's a very high chance that he might once again be locked on by Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

Get the help of a demigod from the Life School of Thought through this Snake of Fate, such as that Councilor Ricciardo?

That will be difficult. The Life School of Thought is suffering an internal divide. The Councilors have too many things to do. Besides, they're running all over the world with the Die of Probability to leave traces to divert the Angel of Fate's attention.

Queen Mystic Bernadette? I'm not too familiar with her. Besides, The Fool has demigods and angels under "Him." A Blessed like Gehrman Sparrow can always find other help. Even if I claim that it's a cooperative effort, it will also expose quite significant problems. Sigh, on the surface, The Fool has angels and demigods under "Him," but the actual situation is that at the angel and demigod's side is The Fool who's just photobombing them…

The Chief from the City of Silver? This is indeed something that could be used as a price when he makes a request, but the problem is that he's unable to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods. I think I should leave this opportunity for the Bizarro Bane…

Those geezers of the Sanguine? There's no suitable reason, and it's very easy for me to be exposed to Lilith. Who knows who that dead ancient goddess who hasn't truly perished is. If "She" is actually the Primordial Moon in disguise, I can forget about resurrection…

Klein thought of one candidate after another, but one by one, he struck them off the list. Finally, he couldn't help but sigh.

When in need, friends are always in short supply!

He couldn't help but think of setting up a ritual to attempt to pray to the Evernight, the Crimson for strength, to seek the blessing of the Goddess, hoping that she could directly bestow him with the true soul body and powder of a Spirit World Plunderer, or have some archbishop, high-ranking deacon, or

secret ascetic to provide him with help.

Unfortunately, all he could do was muse over the idea without actually carrying it out. Although Klein was rather accepting of the Evernight Goddess and wasn't against the identity of being an Evernight Blessed, he still felt extremely wary. He didn't wish to rely on a deity's bestowment for everything. Besides, he suspected that similar rituals wouldn't have any effect. This was because, with his present level and strength, he had no right to raise conditions with a Sequence 0. If the deity was willing to give, then "She" would naturally give it to him. If "She" didn't, praying was useless.

If I have the shamelessness of Old Neil, I might really try it. Back then, the Goddess was willing to respond to his debt payment and resolve his constipation. "She" dotes on her believers pretty well. Of course, there must be certain "side effects"... Klein recalled the past as he sighed.

He decided to change his train of thought. Since he couldn't get help from friends, he considered making use of his enemies.

Hmm, perhaps I can bring the Black Emperor card, Tyrant card, and the radio transceiver. I could wait at the entrance of Calderón City. As long as King of the Five Seas Nast, High-Sequence Beyonders of the Church of Storms, or leaders of the Rose School of Thought like Suah and the other demigods and angels rushed over, I will immediately enter that City of the Dead...

No, that's too explicit. King of the Five Seas Nast and the High-Sequence Beyonders of the Church of Storms are highly unlikely to follow me into Calderón City. Instead, they will stay outside and wait for me to come out...

Abomination Suah might chase after me, but "He" is an angel.

“He” wouldn’t be impeded by anything in the periphery of Calderón City. I’ll only be inviting trouble to myself…

After repeated thought, Klein finally gave up the idea of creating chaos for his benefit. He believed that it was difficult to replicate the same situation outside Bayam City from back then. It was even more so when he wasn’t a High-Sequence Beyonder.

A person who treads the edge of the abyss would fall into it sooner or later!

Who else can provide me with help? Klein’s gaze swept past his two marionettes as friend after friend flashed past his mind, including the members of the Tarot Club.

Suddenly, he recalled something.

Miss Sharron once told me that the Tutanssess II mummy is one of the keys to her advancement ritual and is very important to her. This also means that she’s about to become a demigod, Sequence 4 Puppet of the Mutant pathway…

If she succeeds, I can get her to help. We have had a good partnership.

Thankfully, I chose to help her. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have any hope today.

As Klein reeled in poignancy, he took out paper and a fountain pen. Placing the paper on Enzo’s back, he scribbled, “It’s been a while since we last met. I wonder how you’ve been recently…”

As he wrote, Klein suddenly stopped. He felt the opening was too off and hypocritical.

Miss Sharron is a person who restrains herself. When she writes letters, she goes straight to the point without saying anything unnecessary. I have to consider her personality and be more frank… Klein thought for a few seconds before raising the previous slip of paper. Shaking it, he made it become engulfed in scarlet flames.

After a few seconds of deliberation, Klein wrote on a new slip of paper:

"I've already acquired the spirit world coordinates of Calderón City. If you've already become a demigod, I wish to cooperate again to receive some help. If not, there's no need to force it. I can still find other friends.

"Sherlock Moriarty"

After folding the slip of paper and addressing it to "Ma'am Maryam," Klein took out the adventurer's harmonica again and blew it.

Reinette Tinekerr, in her dark and complicated dress, walked out of the void as though she had never left the vicinity, appearing right in front of him.

Klein handed her the folded slip of paper and a gold coin before seriously exhorting her, "Send it to Backlund, Hillston, 126 Garde Street. Throw it directly into the mailbox."

"Alright," one of Reinette Tinekerr's head said while another

head but on the letter and gold coin.

Upon seeing this, Klein pressed, somewhat worried:

“You haven’t lost the previous map, right?

“Do you know which borough Hillston Borough is? Do you know where Garde Street is?”

The three other heads which Reinette Tinekerr held replied, “No…” “I know…” “It’s…” “Very…” “Easy to…” “Find.”

Klein immediately heaved a sigh of relief as he politely sent off Miss Messenger.

He temporarily threw the matter of Calderón City to the back of his mind and began disguising his marionette, Ludwell.

The next morning, a man, with brownish skin, light curly hair, and was dressed in a formal Loen attire and a silk half top hat, entered Ttniks City that bordered a forest with his two servants.

This was a city that mainly produced timber, rubber, and special products from the forest. There was talk in the town that a few hair-growth research centers and the complementing factories were established here.

Having disguised himself as a local, wealthy man, Klein quickly found a hotel to stay in. Sitting on a reclining chair made of rattan, he observed his handiwork once again.

Winner Enzo's skin was not only bronze, but it was now almost completely black. Together with his thin and soft hair, bushy brows, and dark shadowy facial outline, matched with Balam-styled baggy, creased pants and a black-and-white top, he looked like a typical example of a local servant that hailed from a particular plantation manor.

Admiral Hell Ludwell's rather resplendent clothes had become the same style as Enzo's. His exposed skin had clear burn marks, and his silver mask was now dyed with a uniform iron-black color. This made it look as though he had been disfigured due to a fire accident and that he was wearing a mask to hide his face, lest he scared any passersby.

After having his lunch which was served to his room, Klein heard stacked illusory prayers.

Male… Mr. Hanged Man? It's also possible it's Emlyn and Little Sun. The transaction of the Sequence 5 Beyonder characteristic of the Vampire pathway is about to begin… Klein was just about to head for the bathroom to take four steps counterclockwise and head above the gray fog when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He hurried activated his Spirit Vision and saw the headless Reinette Tinekerr appear out of the spirit world which overlapped with the real world with a letter in a head's mouth.

Miss Sharron has replied? Klein first thanked her before receiving the letter and tearing it open to read.

"Sorry, I will likely still need another one to two months of preparation. If you still need my help by then, I'll be fine with it. Sharron."

One to two months… It's not like I can't wait… It's not like I've digested my Marionettist potion yet… Klein nodded indiscernibly as he got a pen and some paper to reply simply:

"Take your own time. There's no rush. My matter isn't urgent. I can wait. Sherlock Moriarty."

After handing the letter and gold coin to Reinette Tinekerr and getting her to send it to Backlund, Hillston Borough, 126 Garde Street, Klein suddenly thought of a problem:

During wars, scouting is necessary. How can I be rash and so careless about exploring a dangerous place like Calderón City?

Hmm, when Miss Sharron advances, I can head there to do some scouting and gather some intelligence without the need to take risks. For example, I can figure out exactly what restrictions there are; what kind of anomalies will happen towards Death domain powers; or I can figure out whether I'm only able to enter by a fixed entrance, or if I have any way of directly returning above the gray fog from inside… After confirming all of this, I can formulate a plan and make preparations… Of course, before scouting, divination is necessary… Klein soon made up his mind and walked into the attached bathroom.

Chapter 925: Choosing "Clothes"

Above the endless grayish-white fog, in the magnificent ancient hall.

Klein didn't rush to do a divination. He first answered The Hanged Man Alger's sacrificial ritual and got the cane made from the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristics to appear in front of him.

Word of the Sea... This name, when transliterated to Chinese, does bring back memories. I'll just leave it at that... It's basically a weaker version of Sea God Scepter. It doesn't have demigod-level powers like Lightning Storm or Tsunami either... There are quite a number of negative effects... As Klein recalled The Hanged Man's descriptions, he stroked the silver inlaid black cane.

Perhaps the mysterious space above the gray fog had naturally suppressed it, causing this Beyonder cane to not express its living characteristic. It silently lay there like it was the most common and ordinary piece of wood.

Klein nodded slightly and muttered silently to himself, *Mystical items with living characteristics are really rather troublesome. But from a different angle, it means that they can be communicated with. The Die of Probability back then was quite a nasty fellow, but didn't it also become obedient after getting schooled?*

Besides, I can always have my servants hold it most of the time. Yes, Winner Enzo will be most suitable. Although he already has zero passive luck, he is still accumulating luck constantly to make preparations for that critical moment. Releasing a little bit of it wouldn't affect anything. This way, be it being tripped, thrown, or

beaten, he would be able to smoothly avoid it and not garner the attention of others.

On careful thought, the cane's pranks aren't completely useless. If I were to meet other Marionettists, Spirit World Plunderers, or Bizarro Banes and lose my initiative and end up being initially controlled, my thoughts and actions would turn sluggish. It would be quite difficult to extricate myself from that state by myself. At this moment, if an uncontrollable cane were to suddenly hit me or trip me to the ground, wouldn't I be successfully escaping from my predicament?

Sigh, if a mystical item's negative effects are used well, they can be quite a boon…

Of course, in normal combat, such pranks can bring about unnecessary dangers. How it should be balanced or avoided will need repeated trial and error.

As for the negative effects of easily being struck by lightning on a stormy day, Klein didn't mind. Firstly, unless he was in a special region, stormy weather wasn't common to begin with. It wasn't something that needed to be taken into consideration most of the time. Secondly, as a Seer, divining the day's weather before heading out was a common act. Finally, if he couldn't avoid sudden flash storms, Klein could always give the cane to Enzo. This way, even if the lightning were to strike the Winner, it would even up being attracted by a nearby lightning rod.

Let's just hope I'm not that lightning rod… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he considered the most worrisome negative effect.

It would belt out Beyonder singing every six hours!

This was indiscriminate, and it was basically a huge AOE [1] attack!

After some thought, Klein decided to communicate with the Word of Sea cane to reduce the frequency at which it sang, or to give prior warning before it sang.

I had breakfast early today. It's almost time for Creeping Hunger to start its howling... In thought, Klein removed the human-skinned glove from his left palm and threw it at an empty spot in front of the junk pile.

Right on the heels of that, he lifted the silver inlaid black cane and threw it over. Then, he stirred some of the power of the mysterious space above the gray fog, creating a barrier that isolated all sound and images. He made Creeping Hunger and Word of the Sea spend time alone.

After doing all of this, Klein rubbed his palms and conjured a pen and paper. He wrote down a divination statement: "My scouting of Calderón City's periphery today is dangerous."

After putting down the dark red fountain pen, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist. He let the topaz hang down over the paper in close proximity with it.

After chanting seven times in his mind, he opened his eyes and saw the topaz standing still and not spinning.

This meant that the divination had failed.

Calderón City's actual situation is a secret to the entire spirit world, and divination lacks a starting point... Besides, that was

once a divine kingdom of an ancient goddess. There's a mutated resurrection setup left over there. It can similarly interfere with divination… Klein rolled up his spirit pendulum and deliberated in thought. I can only trust what Red Light said. The danger around Calderón City's periphery isn't that great… Besides, I still have marionettes. I can let them go first and confirm if that place screens the gray fog. If it can, I'll give up. If it doesn't, I'll enter myself.

Klein quickly came to a decision. Without any hesitation, he waved his hand to remove the barrier he had previously created.

Then, he saw the Creeping Hunger which had retreated to the side of the junk pile. It was propping itself up with three fingers while its thumb and pinky were pressing backward on Groselle's Travels. It looked weak and could hardly stand.

At the same time, there was a mouth in the middle of the palm. It revealed two illusory, white, and eerie teeth that kept gasping for air.

On the other side of the barrier, the silver inlaid black cane was on the ground. It twitched from time to time as its tip kept oozing with blue transparent water bubbles.

"Very good, silence at last…" Upon seeing this scene, Klein muttered in gratification.

Just as he said that, the Word of the Sea suddenly stood up. And as though it was being held, it "hopped" towards Klein, circling about The Fool's seat and dodged elsewhere. Creeping Hunger used all its five fingers as legs as it chased after the cane with great difficulty. Midway, it collapsed to the ground.

Klein watched speechless before letting out a sigh.

“After fusing with Mr. A, Creeping Hunger seems to have a living characteristic, but this level of intelligence is way too low. It clearly Grazed a Wind-blessed and is capable of Short-distance Flight; yet, it still uses its fingers as legs to chase…”

After saying that, he turned his head towards the Word of the Sea cane which was hiding beside him.

“Aren’t you a Sequence 5 of the Sailor pathway? What kind of mystical item are you if you can only hop on one leg?

“Seriously, are such low-level living characteristics equivalent to babies? No, a particular baby is way smarter than all of you!”

Klein reprimanded each of them and sighed as he said in amusement, “It’s not like I’m a devil…”

Just as he said that, the glove and cane who were still stirring froze at the same moment. They didn’t dare make a sound.

Klein’s subsequent words were left in his throat. All he could do was reach out to pick up Word of the Sea and kindly and sincerely speak to it.

After a friendly and frank negotiation, this silver inlaid black cane used high frequency swaying to gesture that it would reduce its singing to a minimum. If it really couldn’t hold back, it would inform its owner. The exact manner included, but was not limited to, trembling slightly or automatically moving up a few centimeters.

At the same time, it raised a request via singing:

Never use the hand wearing Creeping Hunger to hold it!

Of course, if its master insisted on doing so, it didn't object to it and was happy to accept it.

Better than Creeping Hunger. It's not too stubborn... Klein beckoned for Creeping Hunger and wore it on his left palm.

Taking a glance at the Door of Summoning which had been produced from the ritual, Klein began considering the items to bring on his scouting of Calderón City.

Needless to say, the two marionettes were going. They could be used as bait, to scout the path ahead, be used as test subjects, and verify any traps. They allowed a Marionettist to not need to undergo too many dangerous actions, so they were definitely going.

They would be wearing Enzo's Flower of Blood ring and Ludwell's Harris Sword. They were all standard equipment. In addition, Klein decided to get Enzo to carry the Word of the Sea.

As for himself, Klein planned on heading there as a Spirit Body. Once anything was amiss, he would immediately end the summoning and return above the gray fog. This way, what "clothes" he matched was something worth considering.

Azik's copper whistle? No, that is related to Death, and Calderón City belongs to ancient Death... There's a small possibility that this might create a terrifying anomaly, causing the danger in the core region to automatically come out.

Black Emperor card or the Tyrant card? Hmm, I'll be moving

about the spirit world. The two marionettes are basically dead. I'm not afraid that they have their blood extracted. Heh heh, Ludwell is a half-human, half-dead entity. He doesn't have blood to speak of. The value of Enzo's blood only makes him appear human most of the time. And this could be recovered via using Flower of Blood. It also means that I can bring the Sea God Scepter to Calderón City!

It's a place that's deep in the spirit world. It's far from the Rorsted Archipelago, so I don't have to worry about being affected by the believers' prayers. The only problem is that I'll become irascible and short-tempered. It will be easy for me to become hot-headed… This is taboo when it comes to exploring. However, this is easily resolved. I'll leave it with Enzo or Ludwell. Besides, the Tyrant card's level is very high. It can produce a suppression effect to a certain degree on the Sea God Scepter, preventing me from easily flaring up.

With the combination of the Tyrant card and the Sea God Scepter, I'm equivalent to half a Sequence 4. This can then most effectively reduce the risk I face. In the future, even if I were to enter with Miss Sharron, I can also equip myself in such a manner. I'll get her to maintain her state as a wraith—no, an evil spirit state to circumvent all problems!

I don't have to worry about the law of convergence. If Calderón City can screen the gray fog, I'll return after taking a look from the outside. No one will lock onto me or pursue me. After all, the spirit world isn't the home ground of the Sailor pathway. If Calderón City can't screen the gray fog, and a High-Sequence Beyonder of the Church of Storms really does get drawn there, I can end up using him… Amidst his thoughts, Klein suddenly reached out his hand, attracting the Tyrant card to fall into his palm.

Immediately after that, he fused the Card of Blasphemy into his Soul Body.

Suddenly, extreme might and terrifying auras emanated from The Fool's location. A heavy papal tiara silently appeared on Klein's head as his clothes turned into a religious robe.

The latter was similar in dressing as a pope from Saint Seiya: Knights of the Zodiac which he had seen in his previous life. However, the colors were dark blue that was almost black.

As howling winds sounded, the pontiff robe flared up suddenly as Klein raised his right hand and suspended himself in midair before catching the white bone scepter that flew towards him.

At the tip of the scepter, the gems emitted either blinding silver or blue light like bolts of lightning that circled around the Tyrant.

With a thud, the Word of the Sea cane prostrated to the ground, right beside Klein who was wielding the scepter and dressed like a pontiff.

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1. Area of Effect.

Chapter 926: Spiraling City

I really do feel a little irascible, but I'm not that quick-tempered... Wearing the papal tiara and dark blue robes while wielding the Sea God Scepter, Klein seriously observed his new state.

This meant that the Tyrant card could suppress the negative effects of the Sea God Scepter to a certain extent, but it wasn't able to completely eliminate it.

Using Cogitation, Klein composed himself and turned to look at the junk pile in the corner.

Groselle's Travels? This is my strongest defensive item to this day. Besides, it also has some magical uses, but the problem is that it was made by another ancient god, Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. Based on what Little Sun said, this dragon king was once allies with the owner of Calderón City—Ancient Death, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace. Who knows if this book would trigger any unnecessary developments... To be safe, it's best if I don't bring it.

And just like Azik's copper whistle, the mutated paper figurine can't be included. It has the remnant aura of Artificial Death... This might have a shock-and-awe effect when exploring Calderón City, but it also contains plenty of latent risks.

The Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic? This can effectively restrain dead spirits, a natural nemesis for the City of the Dead, but it's only an ingredient that hasn't been made into a mystical item. The effects it has is rather limited. The negative effects are extremely bad. It won't be helpful to my soul state. In addition, lightning can also purify the dead. With the Sea God Scepter and Word of the Sea, there's no need for me to bring the Priest of Light

Beyonder characteristic... Thoughts flashed across Klein's mind as he eliminated the remaining items in the junk pile.

He wore the human-skinned glove on his left hand, wielded Sea God Scepter, and raised his right hand slightly. He made Word of the Sea fly up and land in his palm.

Following that, the papal-dressed Klein changed the appearance of his soul. He hid his facial features within the shadows of the papal tiara.

He slowly stood up as the dark blue robes fluttered in the wind, the white bone scepter dazzling.

With just one step, Tyrant Klein passed through the Door of Summoning and walked out of the candlelight, arriving in the real world. He found himself in the rather spacious bathroom.

After adding the Fate Siphon charm and Death Knell into his body, he opened the door and returned to the living room. He got Enzo to come over to receive Word of the Sea.

After some thought, Klein took out Death Knell and handed it to Admiral Hell Ludwell.

After doing all of this, he brought his two marionettes and relied on Traveling to head for the coordinates in the spirit world that were provided by Miss Magician.

The trip happened rather smoothly. The Tyrant aura made all kinds of strange spirit world creatures not dare to approach him while en route. They didn't even dare look at him directly. Before long, Klein arrived at his destination.

The scene in front of him looked no different from anywhere else in the spirit world. The saturated colors were overlapped, and there was some thin fog emanating everywhere. Elsewhere, in the depths, pairs of eyes moved away one after another.

The papal robe's cape fluttered gently in the wind as Klein did a rough scan before getting Enzo and Ludwell to enter a blob of fog that appeared very thin and normal.

Suddenly, his field of vision widened with the help of his two marionettes. A grand city that was of legendary proportions appeared in his eyes.

This city was abnormal. It didn't develop in a vertical manner, but instead spiraled deep into the ground. It gave one the feeling of an inverted mausoleum.

Its buildings had a myriad of styles, but they were equally strange. Some of them had towering pale-white rock columns with a huge single house carved out at the top. Some were long and squarish, with the doors placed at the ceiling with no windows in sight. Some were built in the ground, a tombstone erected at their entrances. Some were built with white bones, messy and scattered.

The closer it was to the bottom of the pit, the more completely preserved the buildings were. The closer they were to the top, the more collapsed areas there were, ones filled with the dilapidation and rot that time brought.

Klein made his two marionettes stop. Despite standing at the edge of the city and overlooking everything, he was unable to identify what was at the bottom of the building. Deep darkness enveloped the area as though no light had been shone inside for thousands and thousands of years.

After a brief observation, Enzo lowered his head and chanted using ancient Hermes:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Just as he finished the statement, Klein, who was still situated outside Calderón City, heard stacked illusory pleas. He also recognized it to be from a man with a deliberately hoarse voice.

It’s the marionette’s prayer from before… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he silently muttered, “This means that Calderón City doesn’t screen out the gray fog. At the very least, the outer periphery doesn’t. I can enter.”

Although he said that to himself, he was in no way in a hurry. He subsequently controlled Ludwell to raise his left palm and spread it open.

Illusory light was suddenly emitted. Following that, with a point as its origin, the area imploded, forming a pair of double bronze doors.

This door was slightly blurry and extremely incorporeal. The surface was covered with countless mysterious patterns that gave one the feeling of indescribable heaviness and silence.

With a creak, the mysterious bronze door shifted backward and cracked open a little.

Through this crack, Klein saw the deepest and heaviest darkness.

Amidst the darkness, pale-white colors stirred, swirling up at times and descending at other times. It was like a river that was gushing through a night devoid of light.

On its two sides, pale white stone columns appeared, looking extremely identical to Calderón City's interior but in a more exaggerated manner.

At this moment, pairs of transparent eyes and indescribable faces suddenly appeared. They filled the illusory bronze door's crack, eagerly trying to pass through.

Klein's eyes felt a slight stabbing pain as he immediately made Ludwell clench his left palm.

Thud!

The illusory door covered in mysterious patterns was pushed by an invisible force as it closed, disappearing from Enzo's sight.

This mysterious door that separates life from death and leads to the Underworld has apparently changed its course. It's no longer the Underworld behind the door, but the core region of Calderón City. The deepest point at the bottom of the pit? Wearing the papal tiara while wielding the Sea God Scepter, Klein nodded in thought.

This way, many of the powers of the Death domain was remade in Calderón City, causing an anomaly.

With this knowledge in mind, Klein once again got Ludwell to raise his left arm.

The left part of this marionette's body rapidly turned illusory as dark green specks appeared as though he had turned into a wraith or specter.

His arm began to stop abiding by the laws of reality as it suddenly extended into the distance. The center of its palm was abnormally white with an illusory face protruding from it.

The face had its mouth half-open as its tongue was sharp like a snake's. It was covered in white fur.

In a completely surreal manner, the tongue flicked out far into the distance. It was as though it could drill directly into a human's body and absorb one's soul.

Indeed, the Death Envoy powers Ludwell gets from the Underworld creature inside his body has mutated. Not only has it been enhanced, but it has also gone from remotely extracting Spirit Bodies to directly consuming them... Klein stood at Calderón City's entrance and made Admiral Hell display all kinds of Beyonder powers of the Death domain. Through that, he gleaned the differences that there were from the usual outcome.

The thing they had in common was that all of them had become more powerful!

Then, Klein experimented by making Enzo use the specialness of his body and the various powers from Flower of Blood and Word of the Sea before coming up with a conclusion.

Aspects in the Fate domain aren't affected...

Lightning Strike is suppressed, making it much weaker...

Unable to fly too high...

Powers like wind blades, singing, illusory scales, balance, and water membrane undergo no changes...

With the end of these experiments, Klein made Enzo and Ludwell walk down the pale-white stairs, clinging closely to the periphery of Calderón City. The buildings there had already completely collapsed.

As the two-hundred-meter threshold approached, Klein raised his right hand and pressed down on his face that hid in the shadows of the papal tiara. Then, wielding the Sea God Scepter, he stepped into the thin fog.

His mind instantly felt a little groggy as the scene before him changed. He had already entered the City of the Dead, Calderón City.

Enduring the irascible feelings within him, Klein made his left glove turn dark.

His body turned illusory as it was tainted by a dark color, turning him into a shadow. Only the Sea God Scepter in his hand continued emitting silver or blue beams of light.

Using the soul's screening and the Tyrant card's suppression to hide the light, Klein floated diagonally ahead, slinking into the

shadows of the collapsed buildings. He followed closely behind the two marionettes, beginning to perform an initial inspection of Calderón City's outer region.

As he traversed the area, Klein gradually noticed something amiss.

It was too quiet!

It was so quiet that it was as though the entire city was dead. Even bugs had failed to survive!

Based on what Arrodes and Red Light Aiur Moria had said, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace had uprooted Calderón City and thrown it deep into the spirit world. Before doing so, the residents inside the city were allowed to leave. Occasionally, there would be other spirit world creatures entering.

But now, not only were there no active creatures in the peripheral region, there weren't even skeletons, zombies, or even one or two non-bonelike buildings!

Klein tensed up more and more. With Enzo's and Ludwell's vision, he carefully observed his surroundings.

During this process, his gaze swept across a broken pale-white column. The ancient but damaged building at the top had a disc burnished from gold inside.

The disc's smooth surface reflected a figure, but it wasn't Enzo, but Klein in his papal tiara and dark blue robe!

This Klein had a gloomy demeanor. His face was pale and his eyes were listless as though he had long been dead.

Chapter 927: Tyrant's Might

Hiding in the shadows, Klein's heart tightened. He then quickly calmed down without showing any signs of horror.

This was because he was extremely certain that the reflection on the golden disc's smooth surface wasn't him—at least, it wasn't the real him!

If it really was him, Enzo would've seen the gray fog, seeing magical scenes that resembled a Mythical Creature form. This would've caused Klein to faint immediately!

Since I'm completely fine, it means that the reflection isn't of me... Klein activated his Spirit Body Threads vision, controlled Enzo, and raised Word of the Sea. He approached the pale-white collapsed column and the ancient building which remained in shambles while secretly releasing some of his "luck."

The swarthy marionette approached the golden disc one step at a time. Bending his back and raising the cane, he carefully observed the area.

The disc had two layers—an inner and outer layer. The core region was as smooth as a mirror with very few patterns. The boundaries were engraved with birdlike creatures. Its entirety had an ancient magnificence to it.

The figure it reflected remained the same. Despite reflecting Enzo, it reflected the gloomy, pale Klein with listless eyes. Even the Sea God Scepter, the papal tiara and papal robe that came with the Tyrant card weren't missing. If it wasn't because of the lack of the gray fog, Klein definitely would've imagined that the

disc could influence himself through a marionette and Spirit Body Threads. Or perhaps it would be like what the Saint of Darkness back at the ruins of the battle of gods had encountered, having himself dissociate without realizing it.

What does this actually mean… Klein calmly grew out of the shadows, restoring his appearance back when he first stepped into Calderón City. Then, using his Beyonder powers as a Clown, he produced his present state in his mind.

Holding the white bone scepter with embedded blue gems, he wore a caped papal robe with a papal tiara with different gems dotting it. His face was hidden in the shadows, appearing somewhat blurry. His entire body exhibited a gloomy and cadaveric air, as though he was a zombie that was recently dug out!

This… Klein was alarmed. He never expected to really experience such changes. Apart from the gray fog's mixing with reality, the reflection on the golden disc really was him!

Something that it doesn't involve the gray fog, it isn't anything to worry too much about… he hurriedly consoled himself as he calmed his mental state.

Normally, with Klein's rich experience and good ability to adapt, there was nothing he needed to do at the moment. But first, considering how he was holding the Sea God Scepter that easily made him rash, he needed to pay constant attention. Second, he knew that this was once Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace's divine kingdom which contained the setup required for "Her" revival. There was bound to be all kinds of abnormalities. Therefore, he was more nervous than ever before.

Getting Ludwell to return, he used his Beyonder powers to do a thorough inspection of himself before gaining a preliminary

understanding.

When living creatures enter Calderón City, they will naturally transform into the deceased. This is similar to the Underworld, but there's a fundamental difference. Here, living creatures won't die an abrupt death before slowly turning into mindless undead creatures; instead, they will directly turn into dead spirits.

I didn't notice it before because Enzo and Ludwell are essentially dead, so there's no need for them to be converted... Arrodes and Red Light Aiur Moria didn't mention this because the Travelers, spirit world creatures, and angels automatically recovered after leaving alive? This kind of transformation is unable to affect the powers of the gray fog that fuses with reality. And the disc reflects the dead me, not all of me, or the me that has had some interaction with Calderón? Klein was more inclined to believe in the latter, but he wasn't too sure.

At this moment, he heard a sound coming from nearby.

Clang!

Clang! Clang!

The sound was heavy but crisp, as though someone was striking metal heavily.

Klein wasn't in a hurry to react. He carefully listened for two seconds before letting Enzo put down the heavy golden disc and walk towards a nearby broken tombstone.

The halved tombstone corresponded to a building that developed further underground. On top of it were the words written with

the Language of the Dead:

"...A quick-tempered fellow, one who died as a result of comparing which was harder—his head or someone else's hammer."

Enzo circled around the damaged tombstone and arrived at the entrance to the tomb. He reached out his left hand and turned the knob, pulling open the door.

Amidst the rough grinding sounds of rust, the heavy door slowly opened.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Pale-white beams of arrow-like light flew out!

They brushed past Enzo's face, the top of his head, torso, and inner thighs and flew into the distance, stabbing into the ground before vanishing. However, Winner Enzo was completely unharmed.

...I have to say that such a marionette is excellent for dangerous explorations... Klein sighed inwardly as he made Enzo cast his gaze down the building.

It was a blacksmith—a giant with bluish-black skin and a head that looked like a ruptured watermelon held onto a hammer as he kept striking an anvil, but there was nothing on it.

As the giant with the cracked head had normal Spirit Body Threads and wasn't the soul avatar of someone else, Klein

secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as he was about to get Enzo to take a more thorough look, his body suddenly turned numb as his thoughts turned sluggish.

This feeling was something he had felt before. Back in Tingen, he had been in a similar state when he was under Sealed Artifact 2-049's influence!

Klein didn't know better back then, but after becoming a Marionettist, he knew that this meant that his Spirit Body Threads had been controlled by the Sealed Artifact!

This also meant that someone was controlling his Spirit Body Threads!

Furthermore, the difference from before was that, not only were his joints "rusting" as though someone had infused glue into them, he also felt a strong numbness as if he had been struck by lightning. It made his actions become harder.

No good... It's the Spirit World Plunderer... I was guarded against... its use of soul avatar... It distracted me... and secretly approached... but I never expected... that it not only had a soul avatar... but it also... has a partner... That... giant... blacksmith... made me... careless... And the marionette's... existence... made me... ignore... my own... safety... Various thoughts emerged in Klein's mind involuntarily as it disrupted his normal thoughts of trying to save himself.

At this moment, the giant blacksmith with a ruptured head raised his hammer and rushed over to Enzo, hoping to smash him into a pulp. And by Klein's neck, there was a cold wind blowing at it, pricking his hair up one by one.

The surroundings were abnormally silent before, but now, all kinds of strange creatures emerged from the pale-white stone column, rundown houses, and the tombstone's tomb.

Some of them only had half a body. Others were transparent and nearly invisible. Some were stretched and soft like noodles. Some had a ruptured chest with bloody innards. Some had dark green faces that resembled that of an evil spirit. Others had eyes growing everywhere around their body. There were also others who looked like jellyfish that lived in the air.

Countless gazes were cast onto Klein from different areas. They were without any feelings, just indifferent.

At this moment, Klein opened his mouth with great difficulty as he said a word slowly:

"Sing..."

Just as he said that, the glove on his left palm opened its mouth, revealing its white teeth:

"Praise you!

"The Lord that created everything;

"The Lord who reigns behind the curtain of shadows;

"The degenerated nature of all living things!"

Amidst this jarring voice that resembled blackboard scratching

sounds, Enzo, who had been thrown to the ground, successfully avoided the hammer's strike as Word of the Sea began spewing out water bubbles in excitement.

"Break! Break! Break!"

Klein suddenly felt his head ache as his ability to think was instantly recovered, no longer having disconnected thoughts for a brief moment.

However, his body remained "rusted" as his body was filled with numbness.

Following that, he relied on his spirituality while motionless, controlling Ludwell, who had returned to his side, to punch him with his left fist.

Bang!

Klein staggered back, instantly extricating himself from the numb and sluggish state.

Then, wearing the papal tiara, he became hot-headed as he spread his papal cape and raised Sea God Scepter.

The blue gems lit up one after another as a bright silver bolt of lightning blasted down.

The bolt of lightning spread into "branches," blanketing Calderón City's periphery for hundreds of meters with a lightning forest. The destructive aura and sense of destruction were brought to the forefront!

The strange creatures that had charged out from various spots shattered, evaporated, and completely vanished as a result of the swath of silver.

Moments after the silver storm quelled, Tyrant Klein's Sea God Scepter emitted a blinding light once again.

The rapturous bolts of lightning snaked, embroiled the area, smiting down again and again like a huge wave.

After two repeated casts of Lightning Storm, Klein was exhausted as he found his calm again.

His heart beat suddenly as he recalled something.

Lightning Storm was indiscriminate when it struck. Apart from the Sea God Scepter-wielding him and the partner who stood beside him, everything else suffered a decimating blast!

This also meant that Ludwell was still fine, but there was a high chance of Enzo being "wiped out."

Klein instinctively looked over and saw Enzo curled by the side of the halved tombstone. Behind him was the huge metallic hammer which still had tiny bolts of lightning snaking around. Not far from it was two nonhuman charred legs.

The tomb corresponding to the tombstone had already collapsed. The iron-black tiles that landed on the ground still had remnant silver bolts of lightning sizzling away.

...As expected of a Winner. He didn't even die despite such an

onslaught... The amount of luck he accumulated has probably been passively expended... Klein felt relieved as he activated his Spirit Body Threads vision to observe his surroundings.

He was searching for the Spirit World Plunderer!

He believed that the range of a Spirit World Plunderer's controlling of Spirit Body Threads couldn't match that of a Lightning Storm!

The already dilapidated buildings had nearly been leveled. The remaining stone pieces and bones were mostly charred black. Even the heavy golden disc was in shambles.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the rubble more than a hundred meters away from Klein.

It was wearing a translucent white robe. It didn't have a head or limbs. It appeared like it was being propped up by an invisible person.

At that moment, it looked like it was in a sorry state, with wounds and black marks everywhere.

This is the Spirit World Plunderer I suppose... My rash usage of two Lightning Storms seems to have restrained it... Upon seeing this scene, Klein had such thoughts flash through his mind.

Chapter 928: Misdirection

At his point, Klein had roughly understood the situation.

Due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, he had been targeted by the Spirit World Plunderer the moment he entered Calderón City, which didn't even have ordinary dead spirits. It first moved the golden disc of unknown origins to the predicted path, allowing his marionette to see it while walking past. As such, his attention was transferred to the transformation effect Calderón City had on the living. Following that, it used the giant blacksmith, which wasn't its soul avatar, to distract him further. Finally, it secretly arrived within control distance and achieved success in "one try."

If it wasn't because I had seen those deceased bodies that are hung up like wind chimes at the cathedral, thus having an instinctual fear of High-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway, and having prepared several autonomous means to disrupt any exertion of control over me, I might've already been made a soul avatar by the Spirit World Plunderer...

Seriously, I should've thought of the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence before I came in... After carrying the Sea God Scepter, even with the Tyrant card suppressing it, I'm still a little too rash. I nearly missed out on such a crucial detail...

On the surface, I did seem as cautious as I usually am, but in fact, I had turned rash without realizing it. Yet, I didn't even believe I was being rash... Klein's thoughts raced before he raised the bone scepter-wielding arm and continued using Lightning Storm.

If once wasn't enough, make it twice. If that still wasn't enough, do it a third time. In short, he had to take this opportunity to

prevent the Spirit World Plunderer from escaping from the range of his attacks!

This was the safest method, and it was also Klein's fighting style that he looked up to the most. If it wasn't because Lightning Strike had been greatly weakened in Calderón City, he even suspected that he could've gone over to pick up the Beyonder characteristic already.

And having already digested most of the Sequence 5 potion, his spirituality was sufficient enough for him to deal out such damage for a while!

At this moment, the "invisible" figure wearing a translucent white robe burst into pale-white flames. It appeared in midair several hundred meters away.

The Spirit World Plunderer had used Flaming Jump, which was many times stronger than Klein's version, instantly pulling away from him!

At the same time, in the rubble it was hiding in, a four-meter-tall bluish-black giant staggered to his feet.

The giant's chest was open, but there weren't any innards. However, it stood like a castle, standing in between the Tyrant and the Spirit World Plunderer, blocking Klein's line of sight.

And in Klein's eyes, its Spirit Body Threads were gathered together, extending far towards the Spirit World Plunderer. It was obvious that it was a soul avatar.

At the tip of the Sea God Scepter, the blue-colored gems lit up. A

few bolts of lightning leapt out of thin air, mixing together into a huge silver arrow. Instantly, it smote the bluish-black giant's head.

All the invisible defenses shattered, and like paper mache, the giant's head cracked. Countless bits of charred flesh splattered as his headless body evaporated amidst white gases that were tainted with dark green spots. All his vitality was robbed away.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. Klein, in his papal tiara and papal robe, raised the bone scepter even higher.

The blue light radiated in ripples as howling wind blew up his cape.

In a very large area of Calderón City's periphery, dark clouds quickly gathered. Under a suppressive layer, they made the area appear darker and more repressed.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

Bean-sized drops of water smashed to the ground, releasing dust that had accumulated over time.

Splash!

The raindrops pattered at an increasing pace, forming a catastrophic storm.

The water extinguished the pale-white flames and formed a stream that gushed downwards towards the lowest point of the city, right for the end of the deep pit.

In such weather, Klein's Flaming Jump had been made ineffective, but it was likewise for the Spirit World Plunderer!

However, to a Tyrant, his spirituality could spread through the dark clouds as though he had transformed into a deity that overlooked the land.

Every dark cloud, every drop of water had become Klein's eyes. They allowed him to easily find the Spirit World Plunderer in every area that had its weather change.

This invisible figure with the translucent white robe was hiding behind a broken pale-white column. It hadn't left the periphery for the core region.

Boom!

A deafening boom sounded as bolts of lightning meshed to form a silver beam that shot out from the dark clouds, right at the Spirit World Plunderer.

Relying on its potent spiritual premonition, the invisible figure burrowed into the ground half a second early.

Three thick silver beams smote the area one after another, melting the soil away as they sank downwards, producing charred craters.

The Spirit World Plunderer emerged from another spot as it hurriedly dodged, keeping to the right at times and left at other times, as though it was carrying out a snaking dodge manoeuver.

However, regardless of where it fled to, the silver beams would chase up to it. They even blocked its path ahead of time, preventing it from attempting to leave the stormy region.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The deity akin to a Tyrant, who looked down from the dark clouds at the Spirit World Plunderer, waved his scepter and struck down again and again at his target, with success barely eluding him several times.

Klein turned more and more anxious, eager to immediately end the hunt. Hence, he unreservedly triggered the Sea God Scepter to increase the frequency at which bolts of lightning struck down.

Suddenly, he felt a strong sense of exhaustion.

This alarmed Klein for he realized that something was amiss.

The Spirit World Plunderer had the chance of retreating deeper into Calderón City at the beginning, so why is it staying around?

It's clearly a spirit world creature without a physical body. It can burrow underground to avoid the lightning and a Tyrant's notice, so why is it circling around from time to time?

It's trying to make me attack. It has noticed that I'm not a demigod through my Spirit Body Threads and my control over my marionettes. It wishes to drain me of my spirituality! Klein was alarmed. Combining it with his original encounter, he came to a realization of how intelligent the Spirit World Plunderer was. It was a rather crafty creature.

At the same time, he also thought of a problem:

Could Lightning Storm and the stormy rain attract the notice of dangerous existences in the core region of Calderón City?

I'm too rash. I keep neglecting the critical details... As thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein put away the Sea God Scepter.

The heavy storm stopped as the dark clouds quickly scattered, the weather restoring to normal.

Klein made Enzo return to his side with Word of the Sea, and he got Ludwell to protect him in the middle.

Following that, he and his two marionettes walked out as though they were trying to leave Calderón City while he still had some spirituality left.

During this process, Klein had his Spirit Body Threads vision constantly activated to prevent the Spirit World Plunderer from approaching him.

He noticed that this creature's Spirit Body Threads were somewhat special. A portion of them came out from its body and extended outwards normally. A number materialized externally and were bound together in a thick bundle, right into the translucent white robe.

Klein suspected that this was the state when a Spirit World Plunderer controlled a soul avatar, making it different from a Marionettist.

As he shifted his gaze, he suddenly saw thin black illusory threads coming out from a collapsed house. A portion of them gathered into a thick bunch with its source in the distance.

Klein didn't hesitate to raise his Sea God Scepter, creating a sonorous thunderclap.

Boom!

Amidst this sound that struck awe into one's mind and spirit, Ludwell suddenly raised his left hand.

Half his body instantly turned illusory as his arm extended out extensively, heading straight for the collapsed house.

Midway, his palm turned abnormally pale-white. An illusory face protruded out and stuck out with a snakelike tongue which had white fur covering its surface.

The tongue reached out far, penetrating the wall and stabbing at the spot where the Spirit Body Threads were gathered. It immediately sucked on a distorted and blurry soul.

Around the soul, a number of Spirit Body Threads suddenly disappeared as though they never existed.

A portion of them was none other than the gathered bundle, the ones that came from afar!

They were fake!

The Spirit World Plunderer was able to create fake, illusory Spirit World Plunderers or instantly swap location between the soul avatar and itself!

Klein suddenly turned his head and looked elsewhere. Indeed, he saw a blob of Spirit Body Threads swim over from underground at a fast speed.

He once again used Sea God Scepter, releasing a thunderclap close to the ground, one that could awe his Spirit Body.

Meanwhile, Enzo expended some of his remaining luck, adding bad luck to the target. Then, he shot out a silver bolt of lightning from the tip of the Word of the Sea.

The bolt of lightning rather luckily passed through a crack and entered the ground, striking the assailant directly. It caused a portion of the Spirit Body Threads to instantly vanish.

It was also fake!

Just as Klein reacted, his thoughts paused and his body turned numb.

Just as he opened his mouth with great difficulty to instruct the mystical item, the invisible figure in the translucent robe descended from above, landing right before him.

The Spirit World Plunderer had been hiding high in the sky, cloaking itself with the grayish-white clouds!

The moment this invisible figure appeared, maggots began

crawling out of its collar where its head should be. They were maggots with strange patterns covering them.

Just one look at them sent his mind reeling. Although he broke out of the control of his Spirit Body Threads, he also lost his ability to think.

His face that was shadowed by the papal tiara began to grow meat tendrils. Each tendril was relatively transparent, like squirming worms.

If it wasn't for the Tyrant card's level supporting him, he would've fallen to the ground while struggling in pain.

The Spirit World Plunderer had a Mythical Creature form to a certain extent.

At this moment, the invisible figure inside the white robe began to control Klein's Spirit Body Threads without any obstacles in the way. In a few seconds, it was already close to succeeding.

Seeing that its prey was about to become its soul avatar, the Spirit World Plunderer suddenly saw its target open his mouth with great difficulty and say a word.

He had recovered from the state of nearly losing control faster than it had anticipated. And the word was in ancient Hermes: "Fate!"

It was the incantation for the Fate Siphon charm!

If Klein really wanted to leave, he would've grabbed his two

marionettes and directly ended the summoning to return above the gray fog. He wouldn't have walked to Calderón City's entrance.

He was planting a trap for the Spirit World Plunderer!

The reason why he could recover so quickly from the injuries dealt to him by a Mythical Creature form, and why he was able to chant the relevant word, was because he had experienced such situations too many times. Besides, although he wasn't sure what method his opponent was using, there was definitely a rather well-rounded way to deal with it—make his target unlucky.

Just as Klein entered a sluggish state, his first reaction wasn't to make the mystical item sing, but to let Enzo expend all his luck, making the Spirit World Plunderer have enough bad luck!

Chapter 929: True Soul Body

“Fate!”

As the dragged out and abstruse ancient Hermes term resounded, the spots where the Spirit World Plunderer and Klein stood suddenly darkened.

It wasn’t very obvious, as though a cloud had drifted over in midair without stopping.

But when this illusionary shadow dissipated, the invisible figure that was donning a translucent white robe stood frozen on the spot. The surface of its clothes showed signs of worms crawling across it. It was sluggish, slow, and in a dire state.

Across it, Klein’s eyes had their lucidity return. The meat tendrils on the shadowed face beneath the papal tiara vanished.

It appeared as though it wasn’t the Spirit World Plunderer who had controlled Klein’s Spirit Body Threads and nearly succeeded; instead, it appeared as though Klein was the one who was controlling it and had nearly converted it into his marionette!

The Fate Siphon charm switched one’s fate!

This was a high-level charm made using a Worm of Time. It could siphon off the target’s subsequent fate, and in a short period of time, burden it with that of the target’s, so as to complete an exchanging of fates.

Therefore Klein and the Spirit World Plunderer's situations had switched. One went from death to survival, while the other went from victory to instant despair.

After confirming that the Spirit World Plunderer was intelligent and extremely difficult to deal with, making it difficult to hunt it, Klein began putting on an act of retreating. He appeared rash as he deliberately walked into the Spirit World Plunderer's control, enticing its actions, ready to use the Fate Siphon charm at the critical moment!

That way, what terrible acts the Spirit World Plunderer did to its enemy, the charm would then allow it to experience the same despair!

Of course, if the Fate Siphon charm didn't have the expected effect, or if the Spirit World Plunderer's main soul didn't appear and had ended up using other means to control the situation, Klein still had his last trick up his sleeve to protect himself—directly end the summoning and return above the gray fog. He would sacrifice his two marionettes and a few mystical items in order to ensure his own safety.

Without the time to marvel at how magical the Fate Siphon charm was, or how terrifying angels from the Marauder pathway were, Klein didn't hesitate to raise the Sea God Scepter high up before the swapping of fates ended.

The dark blue papal robe flared up with the wind as the golden papal tiara emitted meshed blue and silver beams of light. At the tip of the white bone scepter, it shot out bolts of lightning that gathered into a ball before landing on the Spirit World Plunderer's body!

A swath of silver color brightened up immediately, inundating the target, turning the surroundings white.

Once, twice, thrice. Klein continuously triggered terrifying lightning balls, expending his spirituality without holding back.

Finally, he heard a roar that seemed to stem from the depths of one's soul as he instinctively sensed that his target had collapsed and dissipated.

Only then did Klein lower the Sea God Scepter and watch the silver lightning sizzle away.

At that moment, his entire Spirit Body had turned rather illusory. Even with the Tyrant's augmentation, it didn't seem real.

As the lightning dispersed, the invisible figure in the white translucent robe appeared once again in Klein's sight.

Flickering light emerged from within as the Spirit World Plunderer's body cracked, turning into countless illusory bubbles that disintegrated bit by bit.

The Tyrant had succeeded in the hunt.

At this moment, deep within Calderón City, there was a sudden quake. It was as though a massive creature had awoken as a result of the Spirit World Plunderer's death, or that countless dangerous creatures were surging out.

The indescribable feeling combined into a swath of illusory grayish-white and, like a tidal wave, rose up from the bottom.

Other Spirit World Plunderers? No, it appears to be a more

terrifying and horrible creature. A being that the Spirit World Plunderer attends to? Also, in Calderón City's core region, at the end of the deep pit, it's still as silent as ever. There's no sound at all, making it more horrifying... Klein pumped himself up as he diverted some attention in order to monitor the situation inside Calderón City as he anxiously waited for the Spirit World Plunderer's characteristic to appear to form an ingredient.

He wasn't relishing in the delight of a successful hunt but was pacing about anxiously at the edge of the abyss.

During this process, Klein got Enzo and Ludwell to stay close to him. He threw the Sea God Scepter to the former so as to escape the state of irascibility. He began considering how to deal with the subsequent development with a clear mind, as well as consider whether he had missed out on some other details.

As the thoughts flashed in his mind, Klein suddenly recalled something:

Back when he made the mystical items sing, Creeping Hunger had praised the True Creator and had used "His" complete honorific name.

Although the human-skinned glove had used Hermes instead of ancient Hermes or other languages that could stir the powers of nature, the former was still usable when it came to sacrifices! This also meant that the True Creator might've very well heard Creeping Hunger's praises and noticed the commotion here.

Apart from the rising grayish-white tide and the terrifying creature deep down in the city, there are other dangers... Wait, I'm now a Spirit Body, equivalent to a wraith. I'm not in my normal state... Just as Klein's mind thought of something, his spiritual perception was triggered as he instinctively cast his gaze at the entrance to Calderón City.

The lights there flickered as a figure entered.

The figure was wearing a simple and ordinary linen robe with a head of silver hair.

He was a handsome man with soft facial features. His eyes were gentle with some hints of coldness. It was as though he was observing the fates of everyone in the world like a spectator.

Behind him, there were beams forming illusory layers of pure wings. They spread outwards, blocking the entire entrance.

"..."

Klein nearly hissed through the gaps in his teeth as a series of titles and names flashed across his mind:

Ouroboros!

Tail Devourer!

Angel of Fate!

King of Angels!

He didn't have the luxury of time to consider the possibility of his previous thought. His body expanded as though it was incorporeal, enveloping his marionettes, Enzo and Ludwell, the yet-to-appear characteristic, and the Spirit World Plunderer's remnant bubbles within!

At this moment, Ouroboros's silver eyes already had the distant figure in "His" sights. It was a figure wearing a papal tiara and a dark blue robe, exuding extreme oppression and tyranny. There was a grayish-white fog that had been blurred by the Tyrant's aura.

A river of flickering light appeared in "His" eyes, seeming to circle the Tyrant figure and the periphery of Calderón City.

Silently, the square houses and the pale-white columns stood up again despite being destroyed by the Lightning Storm from before. The charred legs of the giant blacksmith once again possessed a body as he appeared inside the tomb, striking at the anvil.

All of this returned to what it was like shortly after the Tyrant stepped in.

However, Klein in his pontiff attire had vanished. His two marionettes along with the remnant bubbles of the Spirit World Plunderer had vanished as well.

The corresponding figure was unable to return as the rebooted scene shattered, turning back to the desolate state after the battle.

Tail Devourer Ouroboros watched silently for a long while before making a move. The grayish-white swath that rose up from the depth of Calderón City slowly receded back down.

...

Above the gray fog, Klein slumped in the high-back chair of The

Fool in exhaustion. He wasn't even able to get Enzo and Ludwell to massage him.

He had already thrown the Sea God Scepter back to the junk pile. The Tyrant card had left his soul body and was placed facing down beside the Black Emperor card. The Spirit World Plunderer's bubbles were floating ahead, with the Beyonder characteristic constantly seeping out before combining with the points of light.

After resting for a while, Klein saw grayish-white powder fall onto the mottled table's surface. Following that was a transparent item that seemed weightless.

The item was the size of a palm, formed by coiled maggots. It was almost shaped like a human, and its interior was filled with a colorless liquid. Bubbles often emerged, scattering black hints of light.

Klein didn't dare to look at it carefully, as there was a more complicated structure in the weightless transparent object. They formed indescribable patterns and symbols that seemed to fuse knowledge, power, transformation, secrets, bizarreness, and madness within, making them no longer abstract.

This made Klein feel very dizzy. His mind was even on the verge of breaking down, with his soul almost losing control.

This is likely the true soul of the Spirit World Plunderer... I have the corresponding powder as well. There's about 70 grams, more than I needed. It's more than I expected. Klein nodded indiscernibly and stored the powder into a box. Together with the true soul body, he threw them on the junk pile and covered it with the gray fog.

After completing this, he raised his hand to rub his temples and made a self-deprecating remark:

If it wasn't for the Sea God Scepter, I probably would've had to leave Calderón City due to the assault of the Spirit World Plunderer. I would then wait until I had helpers and could make the most solid of hunting plans so as to control the stirrings of the area to not alarm the unknown entity at the core region...

Sigh, I was rash the entire time. Although the outcome was fine, it really doesn't suit my character. It's also completely at odds with the Seer pathway's acting. In the future, I should try to avoid using the Sea God Scepter in the outside world.

Uh... The Spirit World Plunderer has been successfully hunted. There's no need for me to get Miss Sharron's help. In a few days, I'll write to her so that she won't be thinking over this matter.

However, I have a premonition that I'll still be heading to Calderón City in the future. When that happens, perhaps I might still need Miss Sharron's help.

In addition, I have to seek out information on Bizarro Banes. I can't put all my hope on the City of Silver...

Amidst his thoughts, Klein directly returned to his body, without bringing his marionettes. He ended the ritual and headed straight for bed, falling asleep the moment his head hit the pillow.

...

"Escaped?" Soest looked at the man opposite him and asked Daly

Simone who was carrying out a spirit channeling.

They had just finished their operation and had captured a few Numinous Episcopate members. However, the key personnel the intel pointed at, Hand of White Palenque Taciblius, wasn't at the secret gathering point.

He was a Sequence 4 demigod; therefore, not only had the Red Gloves team used a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, they had even requested Goddess's Eye Ilya's help. However, it was all futile.

Daly Simone nodded.

"Yes."

She then looked at the captive, suddenly speaking with an ethereal voice, "Where did Palenque Taciblius go?"

"H-he said he was going to meet someone," the Numinous Episcopate member answered slowly.

"Who is that person?" Daly Simone pressed. Leonard Mitchell and company also cast their gazes over.

The man who was being spirit channeled answered with an unperturbed voice, "Ince Zangwill."

Chapter 930: Former Organization

“Ince Zangwill.”

Upon hearing the name, all the Red Gloves present fell silent. Not a single one spoke for a moment.

Ever since this former bishop betrayed and fled the Church, the Church of Evernight had never relaxed its pursuit of him. Archbishops and high-ranking deacons who took up high posts had taken turns being responsible for searching for him. They helped each other, often bringing the relevant Sealed Artifacts everywhere to search for clues about him. But ultimately, they were unable to lock onto Ince Zangwill. He slipped away as a result of all kinds of coincidences, his shadow wasn’t even noticed. Furthermore, he had caused several major events that killed many Nighthawks.

To the Church of Evernight, especially the Nighthawks, he was someone they hated that had also insulted them!

Without realizing it, Leonard Mitchell had already clenched his hanging fists as his breathing grew deeper.

He soon forced himself to extricate himself from the sudden emotions that emerged within him. He turned his attention to something else.

It was no wonder Dwayne Dantès was able to meet Ince Zangwill on Waypoint Island in the Berserk Sea. It was because the latter’s goal was also the Southern Continent—East Balam!

Amidst everyone's silence, Daly Simone immediately used her Spirit Body to emit an ethereal voice without any obvious changes. With some coldness, she spoke at a quickened pace:

"Where are they meeting?"

The Numinous Episcopate member shook his head blankly.

"I don't know."

Daly raised a few more questions, but she didn't get an ideal reply.

Finally, she took a step back and cast her eyes at the Red Gloves team captain, Soest.

Soest sighed and deliberated over his words before saying, "First, we need to inform this piece of intel to Her Excellency, Goddess's Eye. We shall leave it to her to contact the Holy Cathedral. Ince, who has 0-08 with him, isn't someone a Red Gloves team can handle.

"Second, we should continue investigating and follow this clue pertaining to Palenque Taciblius. Let's hope that we can figure out Ince Zangwill's motives. With the situation of us not being able to track him or lock onto him, grasping his motives is more important than knowing where he is. Perhaps, it can help us set up a trap that he has no choice but to step into.

"Finally, from now on, everyone is to take note of any coincidences. Regardless of the reason, they are to be reported to me!"

“Yes, Captain!” the Red Glove members replied in unison. Leonard maintained his silence as he turned his head to glance at Daly Simone. He found that this Gatekeeper who addressed herself as a Spirit Medium was similarly silent. Her gaze was dark.

At the same time, he heard Pallez Zoroast’s slightly-aged voice resound in his mind:

“Heh heh, from the looks of it, I’ll be witnessing a play of running and pursuing.”

What does Old Man mean? Is he hinting at something? We just decided to start investigations on Ince Zangwill’s motives, and it’s already known by 0-08? Leonard looked away and suddenly had an idea.

If a person who is already dead was to secretly do the relevant investigation, would he be able to avoid 0-08’s notice?

After two hours of sleep, Klein rubbed his still throbbing head and slowly got out of bed.

Following that, he pulled the bell by the side of the door and waited for an attendant to arrive.

Before long, a native deliberately dressed in Loen attire—a white shirt and red vest-knocked on the door.

Klein twisted the handle and opened a tiny gap in the door. He instructed with a hoarse voice, “Send another lunch set to the room. I had my meal too early.”

At that instant, he already looked like the tanned Enzo. As a gentleman living in a luxurious room with two servants, it was impossible for him to personally instruct the attendant at the door.

“Yes sir, a lunch set. Any special requests?” The native attendant took out some paper and a pen and began recording as he asked with a rather strange Loenese accent.

Klein used an equally odd Loenese accent.

“With braised meat as the main dish, match it with a cup of sparkling wine with ice and lemon.”

“Do I include two servant meals?” the native attendant asked, following the usual procedure.

Klein was silent for two seconds before saying, “Yes.”

After ending the conversation, he closed the door and quickly set up a ritual, bringing back Enzo and Ludwell from above the gray fog to the real world. As for Creeping Hunger and Word of the Sea, he temporarily left them in the junk pile. One of them was starving, and the other could hardly resist the urge to sing.

After Klein controlled the marionettes to clean up his room, a few attendants came to deliver lunch. Soon, the entire room was filled with the sounds of cutlery hitting the plate and a soft chewing sound.

After some time, Klein put down his cutlery, picked up his napkin, and wiped his mouth. In satisfaction, he leaned backward and shook his head helplessly.

“If this continues, I’ll really become fat…”

The two marionettes had already lost the ability to eat, but to conceal that fact, Klein had no choice but to add servant meals. With him unwilling to see food go to waste, he could only try to eat as much as he

could.

“… Thankfully I’m a Faceless.” Klein covered his mouth as he burped before drinking the last bit of sparkling wine.

Only at this moment did he feel like he had recovered. He now had the energy to consider the various details of his trip to Calderón City.

The Marauder pathway is truly terrifying. Just a charm created from a Worm of Time is able to achieve such incredulous effects. As a King of Angels, it’s obvious how terrifying Blasphemer Amon is. Even an avatar isn’t easy to deal with… Thankfully, I didn’t put on a brave front. I knew to mimic those with experience and directly fled to the Southern Continent…

The True Creator places a great importance on me. “He” directly got Tail Devourer Ouroboros to rush over…

This does have a feeling of traveling across time. The angels on ancient murals are just walking out and standing before me. Thankfully, I was still able to directly end the summoning.

Just as Klein thought of this, his expression sank as he discovered a serious problem:

Ouroboros is a King of Angels from the Monster pathway!

This also meant that “He” could directly see the uniqueness about him. “He” could see the grayish-white fog and see the illusory door formed of spherical lights and the transparent and translucent maggots that formed the spherical lights!

What does this actually imply? The Angel of Fate who has survived since the Second Epoch should know something. And the True Creator probably knows more… Could “They” be able to tell that I’m the master of the mysterious space above the gray fog? Regardless, the importance “They” place on me will rise! Klein clenched his right fist and put it to

Order or Rose Redemption might take.

He felt lucky that, be it Rose Redemption or the Aurora Order, they had yet to lock onto any of The Fool’s believers.

However, during the chaotic battle outside Bayam, when he was still active as Gehrman Sparrow, he had thrown out the Tinder glove, which had been corrupted by the True Creator, to attempt to attract a saint from the Aurora Order. This might very well have led to the crazy adventurer to enter the suspect list.

From the clues extending outward from Gehrman Sparrow, there’s Admiral of Stars, Vice Admiral Iceberg, Danitz, and Anderson. All of them will be investigated by the Aurora Order. I have to warn them. Klein slowly exhaled and stood up, prepared to head above the gray fog.

From his point of view, the pursuit of Gehrman Sparrow by the military, Church of Storms, Rose School of Thought, and Numinous Episcopate were all different. The True Creator’s believers were rather crazy and had a King of Angels, a leader

who was good at prying into the secrets of fate, active in the real world. This way, it didn't matter if Cattleya and company were at sea, making it difficult to be locked on. There was still the risk of them being found.

Among them, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina and the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson weren't people Klein was worried too much about. They knew little, nothing that pointed towards the core problem. Nothing much would happen aside from the need to consider whether the bunch of lunatics of the Aurora Order would employ extreme methods in the interrogation process.

West Balam, Northern State. In the Cookawa City ruled by Maysanchez. Danitz, who was chewing on roasted meat, paused suddenly. He heard Mr. Fool pass him the warning from Gehrman Sparrow.

"Be careful of the Numinous Episcopate. Be careful of the Aurora Order, especially the latter. Pay special attention. Also, warn Anderson Hood as well as Edwina Edwards."

Be careful of the Numinous Episcopate… Be careful of the Aurora Order… How many has it been… The military, Church of Storms, Church of Evernight, Rose School of Thought… What did Gehrman Sparrow do? Why has he offended so many factions? Dogsh*t! Danitz's expression froze before grimacing.

He had no idea that the strongest person of the seven pirate admirals had changed.

Opposite him, Anderson put down the knife he used to slice meat, pricked up his brows, and curiously asked, "Have you recalled something?"

Danitz secretly took a deep breath and asked after some

deliberation, “Have you heard of the Aurora Order?”

He wasn’t sure if Anderson knew. After all, the Aurora Order was a rather secretive organization in the beginning. Its reputation was later build up in the Loen Kingdom.

Anderson chuckled.

“I’m actually more surprised that you know of them. Did your captain tell you?”

Without waiting for Danitz to answer, he combed his short hair with his finger and continued, “They believe that the Creator is omnipresent. Everything has godhood. They believe that life is nothing but a spiritual journey. As long as one is willing to listen to their preachings, understand, discover, and gather the godhood, they will eventually become angels to transcend reality.

“Such an idea doesn’t sound bad, but that’s not the main point. The main point is that they believe in the True Creator…”

Upon hearing that, Danitz couldn’t help but jeer:

“You know quite a bit, just slightly less than I know.”

Anderson immediately curled the ends of his mouth and said with a beaming smile, “Of course.

“I once joined an organization in Intis. They hoped to change society, the world, to make the supernatural no longer secret and to be out in the open for everyone to see, so as to become

true rulers.

“They’re called the Iron and Blood Cross Order, and they also believe in the True Creator.”

Danitz’s expression froze as cold sweat oozed out of his forehead.

Chapter 931: New Method to Acquiring Intel

Glancing at Danitz's expression, Anderson continued as though he didn't notice a thing.

"However, their brains appear to have been eaten by zombies. They were fervent to the point of stupidity. They didn't adhere to my sense of aesthetics. So after cheating them of their things, I quit.

"Eh, why's your face a little pale. You're even sweating. Did you get heatstroke? As a hunter, shouldn't adapting to the environment be an intrinsic ability?"

Danitz lifted his right hand and wiped his sweat. Cursing inwardly, he forced a smile and said, "I've heard that once someone believes in an evil god, it's almost impossible to escape the faith."

As he spoke, he raised his chin slightly, wearing a look as though he was musing over the circumstances of his future death. It didn't cross his mind that Gehrman Sparrow had just offended the Aurora Order and was being targeted by the True Creator's believers. He also didn't make the connection that he was believing in a suspected evil god, The Fool.

"Well said," Anderson replied with a smile that didn't have the slightest hint of gloom. "It's not like I have any true faith. Back then, the incantations I said were lines I modified from the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Since they don't really enjoy using their brains, no—they don't even have that. As long as you superficially appear devout, any random excuse can be used to fool them."

Without waiting for Danitz to develop the discussion further, he asked, “Why are you suddenly asking about the Aurora Order?”

Danitz bit down on his roasted meat and slowly chewed and swallowed. After a deliberate pause of twenty to thirty seconds, he said, “I just recalled something. For some reason, Gehrman Sparrow has been identified by the Aurora Order as a high-priority elimination target. Oh right, there’s also the Numinous Episcopate. And both you and me are known to have relations with him.”

“You want me to be careful against the Aurora Order and the Numinous Episcopate?” Anderson nodded in enlightenment as he chuckled. “You’ve recently mentioned something similar. Rose School of Thought, Church of Storms, Loen military… Man, at times, I even feel that Gehrman Sparrow is more suited to being a hunter than me.”

Danitz could hardly retort as he nodded heavily in agreement.

Anderson thought for a moment when he suddenly changed topics out of the blue:

“What do you plan on doing here in West Balam? Helping Gehrman Sparrow with something?”

Upon hearing this question, Danitz fell silent for a second. He put down the item in his hand and tidied his clothes in an unhurried manner.

“Investigate the faith of the different classes of West Balam.”

This was determined after his discussion with Vice Admiral

Iceberg Edwina. In common parlance, it meant: Investigating the developments of the various secret organizations and factions in West Balam.

Of course, this included some preliminary contact with the local ruling forces, and to figure out if they had any desire to purchase firearms.

"Investigate the faith of the different classes of West Balam..." Anderson repeated Danitz's words as he reflectively raised his right hand to rub his temples as though he had a headache.

...

After the end of the Tarot Gathering, and warning Admiral of Stars to take note of the Aurora Order's and Numinous Episcopate's "investigations," with the best choice being seeking the Moses Ascetic Order's help, Klein busily finished the three-party transaction between The World, The Moon, and The Sun. He received 5,000 pounds in return.

After dinner, he bit on an unlit disguised smoke pipe as he read the papers. Then, he saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void to deliver him a letter.

Leonard's... Klein reached out to receive it and noticed that Reinette Tinekerr didn't stay at all. She had rapidly returned to the spirit world.

This also made him determine that Leonard Mitchell had already paid the mailing fee; hence, he took out his other hand and unfolded the letter.

“Ince Zangwill has appeared in East Balam. He’s suspected to have met with Palenque Taciblius from the Numinous Episcopate’s Artificial Death faction…”

Ince Zangwill… Klein ruminated over the name as he slowly leaned back into his reclining chair.

In the letter, Leonard wished that he could do some investigations in secret to figure out Ince Zangwill’s motives.

But the problem is that 0-08 has the characteristic of “any mention of it will be known.” Knowing of it also means being known by it. Besides, it’s good at arranging coincidences, making people follow its directions without even realizing it… Under such circumstances, it’s very difficult to avoid 0-08’s notice while investigating Ince Zangwill. Not only is there no chance of success, it’s also easy to expose myself… As Klein thought, he made Enzo walk behind him and begin massaging his shoulder.

He read Leonard Mitchell’s letter again, hoping to find more clues and incisive points for investigations from those few words.

East Balam… Numinous Episcopate… Artificial Death… Palenque Taciblius… Why is Ince Zangwill looking for them for? Trying to find allies for the true mastermind behind the Great Smog of Backlund, that royal family’s faction?

Artificial Death… Artificial Death…

As Klein thought, he suddenly recalled that there was a matter that no one knew other than himself and Mr. Azik.

The Evernight Goddess had preliminary gained control of the Death pathway's Uniqueness—in other words, Artificial Death. Presently, "She" was usurping, digesting, and wielding the corresponding authority!

In other words, the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction's target of belief was, in a way, the Evernight Goddess. After the authority was fully transferred and seized, they were bound to suffer a purge before slowly merging with the Church of Evernight. Or they might continue their work, making contact with the other Numinous Episcopate factions and other secret factions while unnoticeably cooperating with the Nighthawks.

To Klein, this wasn't anything of importance. What was important was, that in an ancient text he found before, it mentioned:

To artificially create Death, a number of Numinous Episcopate members had to pray to the Uniqueness daily, as though it was a true deity. It was an attempt to slowly awaken its sentience and allow it to come to life.

Of course, this was only one part of the overall plan which wasn't critical.

Then, could it be possible that when Palenque Taciblius prayed to Artificial Death, he had mentioned Ince Zangwill's motives and had sought blessings?

But he will probably never imagine that Artificial Death has already been controlled by the Evernight Goddess. Although it hasn't become part of "Her" manifestation, it has already lost its "freedom."

From this angle, directly setting up a ritual to pray to the Goddess

might allow one to obtain Ince Zangwill's motives... That's quite possible! The more Klein thought about it, the more certain he was that his seemingly ridiculous plan would succeed.

And as for the reason why this could become a reality:

It was because the enemy's "leader" was their "spy"!

After getting Enzo to stop massaging him, Klein slowly got up and paced about, considering if he should make the attempt, and if so, how.

Ince Zangwill is a traitor of the Church. He's an insult to all Nighthawks. If there's a chance to wipe him out, the Goddess should be very willing to see it happen. "She" wouldn't mind providing some help...

But the Goddess is now in a critical stage of seizing the Artificial Death's authority. "She" will not be able to provide answers for a long period of time, and "She" can only provide feedback to normal ritualistic magic. Besides, I also lack the corresponding materials...

Also, I've been constantly warning myself to be on guard. I must not fully trust and rely on the Goddess... On second thoughts, directly praying to "Her" to obtain a revelation might not be too good. I hope to maintain a safe distance... Amidst his thoughts, Klein felt a little hesitant.

He began letting his thoughts wander in a bid to find a more acceptable plan.

Suddenly, he had a more ridiculous idea.

Directly pray to Artificial Death!

This actually posed no danger. This was because Artificial Death wasn't able to respond to prayers and rituals. If there was any feedback, it meant that it was essentially controlled by the Evernight Goddess. On the other hand, Klein had the feather produced and left behind from the Artificial Death Project. He also had Azik's copper whistle. He didn't need to spend too much time to gather the ingredients needed to set up a ritual for a revelation!

In addition, there's a layer in between us. I'm not directly contacting the Goddess. Perhaps, this might even help "Her" further seize Artificial Death's authority. Klein consoled himself as he began busying himself.

He first used the sacrificial and bestowment ritual. He brought back the two remaining feathers and some Full Moon Essence Oil, night vanilla powder, and other items which he had not used in a while to the real world. Then, he modified the sacrificial altar and completed the first part of the preparations. After all, he was essentially praying to the Evernight Goddess, he couldn't be bothered to head out to buy ritualistic materials of the Death domain.

This was essentially the same as other normal ritualistic magic. With great familiarity, Klein lit the candles, dripped some essential oils, and drew the symbols for "human" and "concealment" on an artificial goatskin. Then, in the thin fog that spread, he pressed Azik's copper whistle over it.

Immediately after that, he placed the white feather stained with pale yellow oil stains inside the silver bowl that had burning herbal powder. He then watched it curl without any signs of it turning black.

After exhaling silently, Klein took a step back and chanted in Hermes:

"You are the essence of death;

"You are the lord of the dead;

"You are the final home to all living beings.

"I pray for your help; I pray for you to tell me the motives for Ince Zangwill's contact with the Numinous Episcopate.

"..."

Just as he said those words, the three candlelight burgeoned as though they brightened significantly but were tainted with a dark green. The surroundings turned cold and creepy.

Klein closed his eyes and entered Cogitation for thirty seconds, feeling uneasy. He walked in front of the altar, picked up the Full Moon Essence Oil and dripped one drop onto each of the three candles.

After doing this, he took away Azik's copper whistle, grabbed the artificial goatskin, and moved it close to the candlelight representing "himself." When it ignited, he threw it into the silver bowl.

With a whoosh, the white feather which didn't show any signs of damage soared with pale-white flames, covering the entire silver bowl and obstructing Klein's vision.

About three seconds later, the fire subsided, leaving a mound of powder in the silver bowl.

The powder moved without the help of any wind, forming one word after another:

“Possessed by an evil spirit. Requires exorcism.”

Chapter 932: Thin-Skinned

...The Goddess really replied... Upon seeing the words formed by the powder, Klein's first reaction had nothing to do with the content. Instead, he was shocked that this seemingly ridiculous thing had happened.

Although he was already mentally prepared and had believed that the chance of success was rather high, he still felt conflicting emotions. It took him almost a minute to accept it.

After a while, Klein exhaled slowly, raised his right hand, and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise manner.

"Praise the Lady!"

He then ended the ritual, forcing himself to focus his attention on the revelation itself.

Possessed by an evil spirit. Requires exorcism?

Ince Zangwill actually got possessed by an evil spirit? He had gone from Sequence 9 to Sequence 5 of the Death pathway. The godhood he obtained at the critical stage is also Sequence 4 Nightwatcher of the Evernight pathway, one that is good at dealing with Spirit Body-type creatures. Evil spirits and wraiths should be afraid of him, so why would he end up being possessed?

That's unless the evil spirit's level is extremely high or, at its core, is very special.

Unfortunately, I've only met one evil spirit in the truest sense of the word. It's that ancient evil spirit sealed in the underground ruins of Alista Tudor. I know little about such monsters, so it's difficult for me to grasp the details. Hmm, I can write to ask Miss Sharron. I can also get Little Sun to find out more. That Shepherd Elder Lovia had Grazed an evil spirit…

It's no wonder Ince Zangwill is trying to meet a demigod of the Numinous Episcopate. When it comes to exorcising evil spirits, aside from the Church of Evernight and Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun, the best would probably be the Numinous Episcopate. Uh, there's probably the Church of the God of Combat as well. Neighboring pathways often have similar traits.

There's also one point that can be gleaned from this. Ince Zangwill doesn't wish for his possessed state to be known by the royal family faction and the Demoness Sect who are in cahoots with him. Otherwise, there's no need for him to come all the way to the Southern Continent! The two factions existed before the Fifth Epoch, and they have a long legacy. It's quite unlikely that they don't have a Sealed Artifact that can remove or exorcise evil spirits. Even if they can't find one, getting the Demoness Sect to contact the Numinous Episcopate is definitely safer and more covert than getting Ince Zangwill to make the trip himself…

As his thoughts raced, Klein unfolded a piece of paper and wrote:

"The intel you have provided me made me connect certain clues from what I've previously gathered. And due to a particular great existence's help, this points to a clear conclusion:

"Ince Zangwill is possessed by an evil spirit, and he's seeking the Numinous Episcopate's help.

"Just based on this fact alone, we can make several useful judgments:

“Ince Zangwill will often manifest inconsistency in his words and actions. He will often deviate from his normal path, doing something we feel that is absolutely impossible for him to do, and to make mistakes we find incomprehensible. Before this problem is resolved, he will not stop having contact with the Numinous Episcopate. It might even become more frequent…

“Making investigations based on this might allow us to catch Ince Zangwill by the tail. However, I believe we still wouldn’t be able to lock onto him. The creation of coincidences from that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is insurmountable.”

Upon writing this, Klein couldn’t help but recall his direct encounter with Ince Zangwill.

His own investigations didn’t directly point to him, but it caused their ploy to nearly fail. Hence, Ince Zangwill personally took action, sending a meteor falling from the sky in an attempt to kill Sherlock Moriarty so as to obliterate any clues. And he ultimately received Mr. Azik’s help and escaped the dire situation, forcing Ince Zangwill to step into the limelight and expose himself.

Back then, if Mr. Azik had recovered to his former strength, Ince Zangwill might already be dead… But to replicate such a situation and force him to appear before me is still extremely difficult. After all, back then, not only was there Mr. Azik, a Death Consul, and my use of the gray fog to foil the coincidences, there was also Trissy Cheek and the ring which was suspected to be a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. Without her suddenly escaping, Ince Zangwill wouldn’t have been forced to personally take action… Klein deliberated as he wrote:

“If we can figure out the origins and primary goals of the evil spirit, there might be a chance of the situation having a favorable change…”

After writing the matters regarding Ince Zangwill, Klein's heart stirred. Just as he was about to mention something else, he stopped his pen after writing the first few letters. He raised his left hand and pinched his cheeks. He appeared to be in a serious dilemma and seemed a little embarrassed.

After muttering silently a few times, Klein finally smoothly wrote the rest:

"Even without that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact's help, Ince Zangwill is an enemy you and I are unable to face head-on. We need to make plenty of preparations.

"If you can provide me with some Worms of Time, I can use them to create high-level charms that can deal with demigods. It's called a 'Fate Siphon' charm. It can swap the fates of yourself and the target for a short period of time."

Putting down his fountain pen, Klein didn't take a second look as he quickly folded the letter and seriously sealed it in an envelope.

He then took out the adventurer's harmonica and a gold coin before summoning Miss Messenger. He got her to take away the reply letter to Leonard Mitchell, but this time, it wasn't addressed to 7 Pinster Street. Instead, it was directly sent to Leonard's present address. With Leonard having just written the letter, Klein didn't believe that he had moved out of Reinette Tinekerr's detection range.

After doing all of this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he shook his head slightly.

Requesting the help of others is really a difficult task. It's even more so for someone as thin-skinned as me.

He quickly retracted his attention and once again modified Enzo's and Ludwell's appearances. After all, they had been seen by Angel of Fate Ouroboros during their exploration of Calderón City.

During this process, Klein suddenly had an idea. He planned on "sending" them above the gray fog and using the Spirit World Plunderer's true soul body for a disguise!

The Spirit World Plunderer could make its soul avatars take the form of its true soul body, and it could also get them to disguise themselves as other spirit world creatures. The Beyonder ingredient it left behind must've had such abilities. However, it would be difficult to use it with the poor effects and the huge negative side effects!

However, this wasn't a problem for Klein who possessed the mysterious space above the gray fog. After all, he didn't plan on using the Beyonder ingredient for actual combat. Doing some changes to his marionette didn't require too many smooth operations and great effects. Furthermore, this could be slowly adjusted. As for the negative effects that came from the godhood, it wasn't something to consider. Who wasn't obedient when left in the junk pile?

After a series of tasks, Klein sat at the high-back chair of The Fool. In his hand was the palm-sized Spirit World Plunderer's true soul body. Without looking down to look at it in detail, he extended his spirituality bit by bit into it.

There wasn't much changes to the scene before him. It was still the illusory and dense black Spirit Body Threads. However, when he tried controlling them, he discovered that not only could he control the marionettes' Spirit Body Threads, but he could also let his Spirit Body Threads extend out and penetrate into their bodies.

When both sides established such a two-way connection, Klein suddenly felt that he and his marionette was one. All his Beyonder powers could be enacted on the other party through the Spirit Body Threads, including his trick for changing his appearance and body!

Amidst a slow and difficult process, Klein felt rather groggy as he felt his emotions turned into a mess. He began showing signs of losing control.

This was an inevitable outcome from having his spirituality make direct contact with godhood.

He hurriedly diverted some attention to stir some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog, and he restored his condition back to its normal state.

After enduring the torment, Klein finished his attempt. Enzo had transformed into a Southern Continent native that looked like he came from a plantation. Ludwell had a mixed-blood feel to him. His ghastly face was no longer more bone than flesh. Instead, there was a plumpness to it. As for the silver mask that had the effect of placating the soul, there was no way of removing it for the time being. All Klein could do was let it stick to Ludwell's chest. This still had a certain level of effect, but it was inferior to wearing it on his face. It could barely maintain the status quo.

Unfortunately, there's no way to change this mask into other types of accessories. Otherwise, it would save me quite a bit of trouble. As Klein rushed to throw the Spirit World Plunderer's true soul body back onto the junk pile, he rubbed his temples and allowed his thoughts to wander. *Right, I still have a Soul Assurer Beyonder characteristic here that can be made into a mystical item to replace that mask… No, I've always planned on returning it to the Church. I'll mail it to him when Leonard replies.*

After the discomfort slowly subsided, Klein took out his golden pocket watch and opened it to check the time.

Following that, he summoned a paper figurine and stirred some of the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. He then threw both into a specially labeled point of light.

It was the point of light representing The Fool's only believer at present—Danitz!

From Klein's point of view, Admiral of Stars Cattleya had the Moses Ascetic Order backing her. Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina was from the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom. Anderson Hood didn't know much about Gehrman Sparrow, and being good at identifying the situation he was in, he wasn't one to put on a brave front. Therefore, when the Aurora Order did an "investigation," it was unlikely that they would be in grave danger. Danitz was the only exception. With him in West Balam and not able to return to the Golden Dream anytime soon, his lacking strength, and him often wearing the boxing glove that made him act rashly, it was truly worrisome.

Due to this fact, Mr. Fool had to work a little harder. He gave Danitz a Paper Angel's embrace every day at a fixed time, so as to disrupt any divination or prophecies about him.

...

Leonard never expected Klein Moretti to reply that quickly. With some level of incredulity, he opened the envelope and read the corresponding content.

"Due to a particular great existence's help... Is he referring to The Fool?

“Indeed, Klein’s investigations into Ince Zangwill has already reached a significant depth. He has already figured out the truth the moment I mentioned the Numinous Episcopate…

“Possessed by an evil spirit? How did he end up being possessed by an evil spirit?

“How do we make use of it?

“Worms of Time… This…” Leonard quickly scanned through the last part of the letter as his expression suddenly became complicated.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast maintained his silence without saying a word.

Chapter 933: Evil Spirits' Common Trait

After a while, Leonard cleared his throat and wore a smile without realizing it. He said with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, Klein's... This suggestion seems pretty good. It's very... very viable. The effects should be quite substantial. Why don't you consider it?

"Didn't you mention that you would do your best to help me exact revenge?

"Haha, I thought Worms of Time could only be used for avatars and act as support..."

He subconsciously droned on while Pallez Zoroast remained silent the entire time. Only after a while did he sigh lightly and say, "I can only give you a maximum of two Worms of Time."

Without waiting for Leonard to say a word, he added, "To exact revenge on a demigod who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the most important thing is still your own level and strength. Otherwise, you won't have a chance of using it even if you have a high-level charm."

Leonard wiped away his smile and nodded seriously.

"I'll do my best digesting my potion.

"If you finish digesting it and fail to accumulate enough contribution points, I'll help you seek out the Beyonder ingredients needed for Spirit Warlock."

As for only having two Worms of Time, he wasn't disappointed at all. It was already a bonus. Just getting one was a great boon. Having two meant that he and Klein could split it, each of them having one Fate Siphon charm.

After expressing his attitude, he asked in puzzlement, "Old Man, do you think Klein has already used the previous Worm of Time as a charm?"

He remembered very clearly that, back when they were figuring out who Emlyn White was supporting, Old Man had parasitized Tinder with a Worm of Time. Later, it lost contact and failed to be of any use. Now, on retrospection, just Emlyn White's and Sherlock Moriarty's close relationship made it easy for him to figure out the truth. The Worm of Time had been eliminated by the upper echelons of the secret organization or even The Fool "Himself." Furthermore, there was a high chance that it had been bestowed to Klein. Otherwise, his former colleague wouldn't have known of the existence of the Worm of Time.

Pallez Zoroast immediately scoffed.

"If he hasn't already used it and seen its effects, why would he raise the issue and ask for more?

"Alright. I need to separate the Worms of Time. This will make me fall asleep for at least two weeks. If you have any questions, find someone to answer them by yourself."

With that said, not giving Leonard a chance to raise further questions, "He" scattered his spirituality and created a blob of light that hung "high" inside Leonard's mind as though "He" didn't wish to speak.

Leonard's instinctive response was to chuckle dryly. He focused

his attention back onto the letter from Klein Moretti as he carefully read it again.

Possessed by an evil spirit… The origins and primary goals of the evil spirit…

I don't know much about evil spirits. Nothing comes to mind…

After a few minutes of thought, Leonard took out a matchbox and burned the letter. Then, he left the room which the local Nighthawks had assigned him at the last minute. He came to a room diagonally opposite his and knocked on the door.

Before long, Daly, who hadn't removed her blue eyeshadow and blush, opened the door and pricked up her eyebrows.

"When did a Sleepless have the courage to knock on a lady's door at a time highly associated with a bed?"

"Ahem. I have some questions I'd like to consult you about." Leonard obviously didn't dare respond to Daly's comment as he immediately expressed the reason why he was here.

Daly sized him up and chuckled.

"I'm not responsible for counseling minors."

As she spoke, she made way and allowed Leonard to enter her room.

Without daring to let his eyes wander, he casually pulled a

round stool to sit on. He then went straight to the point:

“Ma’am, I’d like to know more about evil spirits.

“You’re a Sequence 5 of the Death pathway. You have higher clearance than me. You should know quite a lot.”

“Why are you asking me this?” Daly propped herself with her hands on the edge of the table behind her.

Without waiting for him to reply, she continued, “Most evil spirits are the result of dead High-Sequence Beyonders. A small number of them are wraiths who break through various restrictions via using various opportunities.

“The first situation is more common. After High-Sequence Beyonders consume a potion to obtain godhood, their Soul Body would have experienced a mutation. It would be a mutation at their core. This allows their Soul Body to remain even in death or when their powers are dispersed. There will be a certain level of divinity to it, making them rather terrifying. The second situation isn’t different on a fundamental level.

“Normally speaking, evil spirits will weaken with the passage of time until they completely dissipate. However, they can also assimilate into the region where they were born, making the spirit world and even the Underworld fuse with it. They then extract power from this to maintain their existence.

“Therefore, many evil spirits have their own territory and active range. It’s not that they do not wish to leave, but they can’t. The only exception is when they accumulate sufficient power, allowing their existence to experience a fundamental change.”

Leonard habitually crossed his right leg over his left and pressed in thought, “Can evil spirits leave their territory by possessing a person?”

“Yes, but ordinary humans and most Beyonders are unable to withstand the extraction effect the evil spirits have on their bodies. They will quickly lose their spirituality and body temperature and be unable to last long.” As Daly spoke, she raised her hand to point at herself. “The best method is to rely on Beyonders of the Death pathway. Of course, it has to be at least a Sequence 5, because from Gatekeeper, we will have our own dead spirit prison in our bodies. It can be called a miniature Underworld. It can provide an evil spirit with an adequate environment for their existence. Once you become a Spirit Warlock, you will also have similar powers. However, it will be more about sealing and sleeping than an internal Underworld. Heh heh, those natural spirits and wraiths are truly troublesome when they come in and out.”

Ince Zangwill’s Sequence 5 is Gatekeeper… It’s no wonder that the evil spirit can possess him for long periods of time. Or could it be that he failed at an attempt to enslave an evil spirit? Leonard’s thoughts opened up as he immediately made connections.

He deliberated for a few seconds before asking, “What sort of needs does an evil spirit have?”

“Needs? Singing? Dancing? Poetry? Men? Women? The Sea of Stars?” Daly returned with a question, amused.

Leonard realized that his usage of words was problematic as he awkwardly ruffled his hair.

“I mean, what desires will an evil spirit have?”

“That depends on what it desired while it was alive. Typically speaking, the remnant spirit will inherit the original obsessions, without being able to balance it rationally. If it were you, that evil spirit might attempt to write poems, imprison a group of spectators, and seek acknowledgment. Or it will do things in an ostentatious manner like the protagonist of a play,” Daly joked. “However, regardless of what it was while it was alive, as long as one becomes an evil spirit, they commonly desire two things.”

“What are they?” Leonard turned attentive.

Daly shot a glance at him and said, “First, it’s to feed on the souls of living creatures. This can pleasure them, an innate pleasure that stems from the need to maintain their existence. In addition, a large number of souls will allow them to escape the restrictions of their territory and active range. It will replace the power provided by the spirit world and Underworld.

“Second, it’s to seek out Beyonder ingredients from their pathway while they were alive. Through this, they could create another foundation. At a certain stage, the evil spirit would no longer need to draw on the powers of the spirit world and Underworld. They would no longer be restricted by their territories or active range. In a sense, they would have transformed into a special spirit world creature.”

Leonard seemed to realize something as he thought.

“This also means that evil spirits can consume Sequence potions?”

“No, Sequence potions are created for human consumption. They reduce the risk of losing control. To many supernatural creatures, there’s no need to do so. They can directly consume the ingredient raw. It’s especially so for evil spirits. Their obsession, cruelty, ferociousness, and penchant for souls make

them half-crazy to begin with. There's no need to regulate it from other sources. Furthermore, they are Spirit Bodies, so the method of consumption is direct accommodation and slow digestion." Daly corrected Leonard's point.

This... To the evil spirit that possesses Ince Zangwill, whenever it has the upper hand, it will control the body to seek out Beyonder ingredients of its pathway while it was alive! Leonard was first surprised before he had an idea. He said in a pleasant surprise, "I understand. Thank you for answering my questions."

With that said, he hesitated for a few seconds and asked after some deliberation, "Ma'am, I believe we shouldn't just figure out the motives behind Ince Zangwill's meeting with the Numinous Episcopate demigod, but we also need to track his trajectory since Backlund to East Balam. We need to know what he did midway, what items he found. This might lead us to effective clues."

Daly suddenly fell silent before she pricked up her brows and said, "Well said.

"But what does this have to do with evil spirits?"

"...Nothing. I raised the question so as to make preparations because I believe that since we are investigating the Numinous Episcopate, we might encounter evil spirits. The latter half was a suggestion I wished to make after the break. I just wished to talk to you about it beforehand." Leonard's mind raced as he slowed down his speech and fabricated an excuse on the spot.

Daly listened in silence and chuckled.

"If you actually work so hard to fabricate stories in front of other girls, you'll no longer be single with those looks of yours.

“Unfortunately, I’m not a clueless girl. Alright, there’s no need to explain further. Leave.”

Leonard stood up lamely without trying to emphasize his point. He then walked towards the door.

Just as he gripped the handle, Daly’s slightly ethereal voice sounded behind him:

“I don’t know what secret you’re hiding, nor do I know what you know. None of that matters.

“But when it comes to Ince Zangwill, if you need any help or aid, you can find me.”

Leonard paused for two seconds as his mouth quivered. He then pulled open the door and walked out.

City of Silver.

Derrick Berg had received the order to join an expedition team. Leading it was Chief Colin Iliad. Their target was Nois City. It was in a northern city’s ruins where the Shapeshifter and other terrifying creatures lived!

Chapter 934: 1 + 1 > 2

Ever since the information about the suspected Bizarro Bane-Shapeshifter-was given to Mr. World, Derrick constantly believed that the latter might one day entrust him with a mission for the corresponding ingredients. However, his strength was lacking. Even with his friends, it was impossible for him to complete the hunt. Furthermore, such expeditions needed to go through the six-member council. Private teams were unable to wander too far from the City of Silver. Therefore, all he could do was temporarily suppress it deep down. From time to time, it was used to motivate him to advance quicker.

To his surprise, it didn't take long before an expedition team headed for Nois City was set up. Leading the team was Chief Colin Iliad!

Combining his previous discussion with Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Justice, and company at the recent Tarot Gathering, Derrick quickly came up with a theory:

During the exploration of the former Chief's mausoleum, Mr. Fool had provided a certain level of help to the present Chief, allowing him to foil the Fallen Creator's ploy and successfully resolve certain matters. Hence, noticing his search for information, the Demon Hunter had decided to hunt a Shapeshifter to please the deity!

"This is a necessary way to curry favor, and is also a kind of equivalent exchange..." The Hanged Man's words resounded in Derrick's mind. It made him no longer puzzled over the matter. So, taking the opportunity before he set out, he prayed to Mr. Fool and requested "Him" to inform Mr. World of this expedition.

He quickly received a response and heard Mr. World say:

"... If the hunting of the Bizarro Bane is difficult or dangerous, the requirements can be lowered. Attempt to extract its blood.

"As long as you obtain it, I'll trade for it with the Priest of Light's Beyonder characteristic."

Priest of Light's Beyonder characteristics? Mr. World already has the Priest of Light Beyonder characteristic? Or could it be that he has locked onto a target and will quickly be able to obtain it? With the Chief's strength and the teamwork of the expedition team, there's a high chance of success if it's just extracting the blood... Derrick felt relieved as he held Thunder God's Roar and left his residence, heading straight for the training field.

Just as he arrived at his destination, he saw Chief Colin Iliad. The latter carried two swords on his back. He was tall and staid, leaving anyone who saw him at ease.

And beside this Demon Hunter was another person. She was wearing a black robe with purple patterns, and she had long, curly, silver-gray hair-Shepherd Lovia.

Lovia, who was apparently participating in this expedition, turned her head as her pale gray eyes reflected Derrick Berg's figure. However, there was only calm in her eyes.

Derrick felt a baffling sense of alarm as he involuntarily slowed down his pace.

East Balam, above the gray fog.

Klein deeply approved of the City of Silver's Chief's organization of an expedition to Nois City. He also informed Little Sun that there was no need to take risks. All he needed was some blood of the target for the completion of the mission.

When the time came, he could smear the blood over Groselle's Travels, bring all his gear, and challenge the Bizarro Bane on his turf; thus, obtaining the Beyonder ingredients he needed.

Klein had also considered the possibility of whether Groselle's Travels's ability to swallow people into the book's world was screened by the uniqueness of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. He had also come up with a solution. It was to bestow Little Sun with Groselle's Travels. After achieving the goal, he could get Little Sun to sacrifice it back.

In addition, he wasn't worried about the Bizarro Bane lacking blood because of its nature as a spirit world creature. This was because the Bizarro Sorcerer potion formula clearly wrote:

"Supplementary ingredients: 200 ml of a Bizarro Bane's blood..."

There are always more solutions than problems... Klein muttered in satisfaction before returning to the real world.

Before sleeping, he received a reply from Leonard Mitchell. It mentioned that it would take another day for the Worm of Time, and he described the monsters known as evil spirits in detail.

Another day before it can be provided. And there will be two of them. The grandpa in Leonard's body has quite a good attitude... Unable to leave the territory, limited in activity range... Their common trait is to devour the souls of living creatures and to desire Beyonder ingredients from their pathway from when they were still alive... This also means that the evil spirit will seek out

the corresponding ingredients and Beyonder characteristics when it wields control over Ince Zangwill's body. This is indeed a direction for investigation. Klein held the letter as he read and thought.

Suddenly, he recalled something:

Back when he encountered Ince Zangwill on Waypoint Island in the Berserk Sea, the latter had been pursued by a powerful demigod from the Hunter pathway!

Could... Could it be a result of that evil spirit?

I previously imagined that Ince Zangwill had received a commission by some faction in the royal family, and did something that targeted the Intis Republic, only to have a mistake happen; thus exposing himself and getting pursued by their powerhouses...

From the looks of it, there might be another possibility... That evil spirit desires the Beyonder characteristics of the Hunter pathway, and when it could control Ince Zangwill's body, it attempted to hunt Beyonders of the same pathway. This might've succeeded or failed. In short, the result was that he was targeted by a powerful demigod from the Hunter pathway. He pursued him the entire journey with his intuition as a hunter. The more Klein thought about it, the more convinced he was that his theory was close to reality.

This was the only way to explain why Ince Zangwill, who wielded 0-08, was discovered!

At this moment, Enzo and Ludwell were kneeling down, massaging Klein's legs.

I can guess that it's an evil spirit of the Hunter pathway for now. I'll later write back to Leonard and get him to steer the investigations in this direction. Eh, this fellow's acting isn't that great, nor does he have the psychological experience. I wonder if he will end up exposing himself. Perhaps, he will explain it away with some nonexistent informant… Hunter pathway evil spirit. Hunter pathway evil spirit… Klein's eyes suddenly widened as he suddenly sat up, leaving his two marionettes at a loss.

There weren't many evil spirits he knew, and he had only seen one; however, that one happened to be from the Hunter pathway!

It was Red Angel Medici's main body that had combined with the remnant psyches of the two Sequence 1 angel from the Sauron and Einhorn families!

When it came to the Hunter pathway, there was no evil spirit that was of an even higher level. That was unless Blood Emperor Alista Tudor still had his psyche remaining.

Previously, Ince Zangwill was in Backlund. That evil spirit, who I'm not sure if I should call Medici, was also in Backlund.

Later, that evil spirit escaped the seal, and its whereabouts are unknown. As for Ince Zangwill, he suffered from the possession of an evil spirit.

Both sides are evil spirits from the Hunter pathway…

This… Could the one possessing Ince Zangwill be the Red Angel evil spirit? Klein frowned bit by bit, almost finding his theory unbelievable. However, he found it very possible!

As his thoughts raced, he found another indirect piece of evidence:

The unique trait of 0-08 is that once you know it, it will also know you. And as a King of Angels who survived from the Second Epoch, Red Angel Medici probably knows all kinds of details about 0-08!

In other words, as long as the evil spirit attempted to recall anything related to 0-08, 0-08 would know of it and establish a connection.

Right, there was that sentence: “Pleasure working with you” ...No way... But the problem lies in the fact that I previously suspected that evil spirit to have one Sequence 1 characteristic. There’s no need for it to seek any more of it. Could it be that it hasn’t digested it? Klein rubbed his temples as his head ached. He stood up, entered his bathroom, and took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

Just as he sat down, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote the following divination statement:

“The one possessing Ince Zangwill is the evil spirit back in the underground ruins of Alista Tudor.”

He scrutinized each word for a few seconds before taking off the topaz pendant on his left wrist and planned to use spirit dowsing for the divination.

This time, the scene he saw when he opened his eyes

was:

The topaz pendant stood still.

This meant that the divination had failed.

The level is too high and there's 0-08. Right, that evil spirit also carried the Red Priest card that has anti-divination and anti-prophecy properties. It's no wonder I failed with the three combined... Hmm, this is also an indirect confirmation. Klein analyzed the reason and considered what other ways he could make a verification.

He tapped his finger on the edge of the long bronze table and silently muttered to himself, Apart from getting Leonard to lead the Red Gloves to do an investigation, I should do something as well...

Assuming that the one possessing Ince Zangwill is really the Red Angel evil spirit, where will it seek out Beyonder ingredients from the Hunter pathway when it gains control of the body?

Intis's capital, Trier? Feysac capital, St. Millom? Or would it solely rely on the Card of Blasphemy's activation and seal in order to use the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence to attract Beyonders to fly to it like moths flying to a fire?

Wait, it mentioned before that the descendants of the Medici family are in Bansy Harbor.

Although it has already been destroyed, there might still be something buried there!

Also, the evil spirit with the three angels' remnant spirit has very potent provocative traits. This matches Leonard's description of

evil spirits in the letter. It might've deliberately left something in Bansy...

With this in mind, Klein immediately conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow's figure and requested The Hanged Man to head to Bansy once more to do a more thorough investigation.

After doing that, Klein began contemplating. Once he confirmed that Ince Zangwill had the Red Angel evil spirit in him, he wondered if he could use the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence as a starting point, enticing "Ince Zangwill" into the trap he set up using the corresponding ingredients.

Hunter pathway... Hunter pathway... Amidst his thoughts, Klein suddenly recalled two Hunters who were loitering in West Balam.

He frowned slightly and began analyzing.

Although East Balam and West Balam are vast territories, and the distance between the city that Ince Zangwill made his last appearance and the Northern State is very great, he will probably take nearly half a month to travel, even as a demigod since he doesn't have Teleport. In theory, Danitz and Anderson will not suddenly encounter the Red Angel evil spirit because of the law of convergence. Also, their Sequences are too low, but I can't be too sure...

West Balam, Northern State, Cookawa City.

Danitz shot a glance at Anderson and blurted out.

"I'm going to do some investigations. Why are you following me?

“Logically speaking, shouldn’t you head back to the Fog Sea at Behrens Harbor?”

Chapter 935: "Meeting Up"

Anderson, who was enjoying a piece of cream cassava bread, looked up at Danitz. Seemingly in thought, he said, "I'm not sure why, but I don't wish to leave West Balam. Haha. Since I'm here, as a treasure hunter, how can I return empty-handed?

"In the extensive forests, there are all sorts of abandoned temples that have gold, jewelry, antiques, and maybe mystical items. All of them are waiting for me to rescue them!"

Danitz tipped his chin and guzzled down the remaining Gwadar.

This was a beverage made from a fruit native to West Balam. It was orange-yellow in color with a sweetness amidst its sourness. It was good at quenching thirst and relieving heat. It also had some caffeine that allowed people to combat fatigue and stay awake.

Putting down the cup and picking up his napkin to wipe his mouth, Danitz scoffed.

"I keep feeling as though you're up to something."

"I also hope that's the case," Anderson said with an unconcerned smile.

He matched breakfast with coffee.

In East and West Balam, there were many excellent coffee-bearing lands. They were just slightly less famous than

Feynapotter's highlander coffee, the Southern Continent's highlander coffee, and the Star Highlands and the nearby Paz Valley's Fermo coffee.

Without waiting for Danitz's reply, Anderson said with a smile, "Actually, isn't this good? I'm providing you with free protection, and you're my interpreter. Everyone benefits out of this arrangement."

Recalling that he was only a Sequence 7 and was wanted by all kinds of factions, Danitz had a baffling feeling that Anderson's words made sense.

He coughed slightly and said, "But there will be certain times when I'll get you to stay away."

"If you say 'please,' then there's no problem," Anderson said in a relaxed manner.

Danitz immediately hooded himself and walked towards the hotel's exit in preparation to begin today's investigations.

Midway, he suddenly said, "Have you had such an experience? Often dreaming of an angel's descent, wrapping you in its layered wings.

"No, it's not only a dream. I occasionally will have the same hallucination even when I'm awake."

Anderson glanced at the boxing glove Danitz was wearing. After pondering for a few seconds, he said with a smile, "Are you a believer of some secret existence?

“Or have you made contact with some ancient item?”

Danitz’s expression froze as he forced a smile.

“If it were as simple as you said, I would’ve long guessed the reason!”

As he spoke, he brushed shoulders with the three men who came in before walking out.

Anderson habitually sized up the passersby to confirm his surroundings. Therefore, he glanced at the three men and realized that they were a master and two servants. The master was tall and his skin was brown. He had soft facial features, as though he had parents from Balam and Loen. He wore attire in the style of the Northern Continent-silk top hat, black formal suit, and a gold inlaid cane.

The two servants were standard locals that seemed to come from plantations. They were helping their master hold his cane and leather suitcase. One of them was a mixed-blood with a fleshy face and baggy clothes. On his waist was a rapier, as though he was also playing the role of a bodyguard.

Unconcerned, Anderson retracted his gaze and followed Danitz onto the street.

He pointed at the different-styled coffins that were horse-drawn or manually lifted with piqued interest.

“Want to try one of those?

“It’s very interesting. Once you get used to it, you will realize that death isn’t something to be afraid of. Perhaps you might be able to open the lid at some point in time and stand up again.”

Danitz looked at the strange transportation tool through the corner of his eyes as he didn’t hesitate to shake his head.

“As a pirate, I more or less believe in the Lord of Storms. Certain things are taboo, and one of them is to stay away from coffins.”

“I’m different. I don’t have any taboos.” Anderson casually took out a few Delexi and bought a few sets of newspapers from the paperboy on the street.

It had to be said that when it came to paperboys, the various cities in the Southern Continent weren’t inferior to the Northern Continent. After all, manual labor was cheaper, and there were many children who needed to supplement their family’s income.

As Danitz walked to the end of the street in search of a carriage meant for foreigners, he took a copy of the newspapers from Anderson and quickly browsed through it.

Suddenly, he noticed a piece of news:

“...Infamous pirate who calls himself Admiral Hell, Ludwell, has been killed by the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. His Black Tulip and entire crew has been taken over by Mirella who claims to be Death’s Envoy...”

“This...” Danitz’s mouth turned slightly agape, and he was hardly able to close it.

He finally understood why Gehrman Sparrow wanted him to be careful of the Numinous Episcopate!

This lunatic had actually killed the strongest of the seven pirate admirals, Ludwell!

About ten seconds later, Danitz handed the newspapers to Anderson with a dazed expression.

“Take a look at this.”

Anderson received the newspaper with a smile and quickly scanned through it.

After a brief silence, he whistled and chuckled.

“That fellow likely has a new nickname:

“Pirate Admiral Nemesis!”

Danitz didn’t dare to nod as he poignantly said, “Back when I first met him, although I already found him terrifying, I never expected him to be this terrifying.”

At this moment, he recalled his early attempts of recruiting Gehrman Sparrow as a sailor of the Golden Dream.

And while they left the hotel, Klein had already taken up residence in a luxurious room. He was standing by the window, watching the two Hunters who were being flippant while walking.

Rubbing the cufflink on his sleeves, he unfolded the letter and wrote:

"...I suspect that the evil spirit that possesses Ince Zangwill is from the Hunter pathway. You can carry out more investigations in this regard.

"...Along with this letter is a Soul Assurer's Beyonder characteristic. It comes from a pitiful person who was Grazed. I liberated him and promised to return his characteristic to the Church of Evernight."

In East Balam, having just prepared to join the morning meeting, Leonard suddenly saw the angel messenger who wielded four blonde, red-eyed heads appear before him.

Already used to this, he received the letter and opened it and gave it a glance. He was surprised to see an item as resplendent as the night sky.

This is... Leonard had an inkling as to what the item was. He hurriedly unfolded the letter and read it.

Twenty seconds later, he slowly sighed and silently said, As expected, it's a Beyonder characteristic.

Klein is still very friendly to the Church and the Nighthawks...

He was rather delighted as he took out two transparent dead, ringed worms and placed it in that envelope. He then summoned Gehrman Sparrow's messenger, handed it to her, and paid the one gold coin.

After doing this, Leonard loosened the top buttons of his shirt, walked out the room, and headed underground

On the way, he encountered Daly Simone.

Still dressed as a Spirit Medium, Daly looked forward and asked very normally, “Any new clues?”

“...It’s suspected to be an evil spirit of the Hunter pathway.” Leonard fell silent for two seconds before he decided against concealing the matter.

Daly nodded indiscernibly and said after some thought, “Then it might have the instinct of being provocative. It will proactively leave clues for us. Of course, this might also contain some level of misdirection to it.”

Knock. Knock. Knock. Someone knocked at the captain’s cabin of the Blue Avenger.

“Come on in,” Alger put down the brass sextant in his hand and said in a deep voice.

A sailor opened the door and looked back. With the urging of his companions, he hesitantly entered the room and struck his left breast with his right fist and bowed.

“Holy Lord of Storms!”

After Alger did the same response, he forced a smile and said, “Captain, many pirates and sailors from merchant ships have been recently saying that they found valuable items in the ruins

of Bansy Harbor. There was even gold.

"We don't have any particularly important missions recently, so everyone is wondering if we should make another trip to Bansy. Such a bustling harbor, even if it has been searched numerous times, it should still have plenty of things left..."

Alger listened with a deadpan expression. After a few seconds of thought, he said, "I can understand your feelings. Let's do this. Let's head in the direction of Bansy Harbor, but do not set a destination. If nothing happens midway, we will stay there for a day."

"Aye-aye, Captain." The sailor excitedly clenched his right fist and struck his left breast again. "May the Storm be with you..."

"May the Storm be with you..." Alger watched as his subordinate left and closed the door.

Then, as though nothing had happened, he poured himself a cup of Lanti Proof without any joy or anger as he sipped it slowly.

Whatever that had just happened was within his expectations. This was because the news of finding items of value in Bansy Harbor's ruins was something he had spread while disguised.

As a captain of the Church of Storms, he was constantly monitored by his sailors. Having been to Bansy once, mentioning it again made it suspicious. Therefore, Alger decided on getting the crew to make the request themselves!

That way, even if they discovered anything or encountered something at Bansy Harbor, no one would suspect him, the

Captain.

To the sailors, especially sailors who had just spent all their money in Bayam, any news or rumors with sufficient allure would stir their hearts the most. Alger knew this very well.

In addition, the Blue Avenger had stayed in Bayam for too long. If he hadn't set sail, it would also be suspicious.

As for monitoring Artisan Cielf, it was naturally left to The Hermit Cattleya. Due to the "investigations" of the Aurora Order, this pirate admiral and the Future had recently been hanging around the Rorsted Archipelago. It was said to be an important base of the Moses Ascetic Order.

After drinking the liquor, Alger put down his cup and looked out at the undulating waves and silently said a word:

"Bansy..."

Considering how it was late June, and will Auceptin's birthday was still unclear, Klein did some reorganization before heading above the gray fog to bring the radio transceiver back to the real world. He also warned himself that he could only ask a maximum of two questions.

In the room that suddenly turned gloomy and cold, the unmanned transceiver began producing clicking voices.

Chapter 936: Don't Want to Miss Out

Amidst the clacking sounds, a white piece of illusory paper spewed out from the radio transceiver. On it were words composed of Loenese:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Did you know? Dr. Aaron Ceres's child was born the night before the last."

Thankfully I contacted the magic mirror in time... Klein nodded slightly and said, "Now I know."

Amidst clacking sounds, more of the illusory white paper spewed out:

"Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's your turn to ask a question."

Klein had originally wanted to ask about matters regarding Ince Zangwill, 0-08 and the Red Angel evil spirit, but considering how he had failed divining it above the gray fog, it was almost certain that Arrodes was unable to see it. At best, it could provide him more detailed information regarding 0-08, but this way, without the gray fog's screening, it would be equivalent to him knowing of 0-08, and it would result in it knowing him. It didn't benefit him when it came to hiding behind the scenes to direct a play.

After thinking for two seconds, he asked, "What means are there to speed up the digestion of potions?"

“Do a better job acting.” On the illusory white paper, black words were produced.

Upon seeing the magic mirror’s reply, Klein first fell silent before he slowly exhaled.

For the present him, Ince Zangwill’s appearance was too early!

He still needed about two months to completely digest the Marionettist potion. When that happened, and with him already gathering the ingredients, he could orchestrate an assassination of the demigod, Ince Zangwill, placing the Sequence advancement with his wish together. Then there was no need for him to consider any room for retreat. However, Ince Zangwill wouldn’t “appear,” until he was done preparing everything. He wouldn’t follow the steps that Klein had in mind.

Based on Klein’s earliest ideas, it was to first gather information, figure out where Ince Zangwill was, and wait until it was late August or early September before confirming the plan based on the situation. If not for the possession of the evil spirit, Ince Zangwill wouldn’t have exposed himself. If he didn’t use Ince Zangwill’s current condition, it was very possible that he couldn’t find the latter again once he exorcised the evil spirit. Coincidences would stand in his way when it came to meeting him.

Furthermore, if that were really the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein was also worried that Ince Zangwill might’ve already died by the time he and Leonard started exacting revenge. The reason behind his death could be due to certain machinations, or from some ridiculously comedic situations, and not because of his sins.

Due to these considerations, Klein attempted to digest his potion faster, hoping that he could complete it within a week or two.

However, Arrodes's answer left him depressed. He also knew that this wasn't something he could force.

In two weeks, or even in the next few days, how was he to create a better opportunity to act?

In his silence, Klein had already made up his mind. He didn't plan on tying the two matters together, and from the beginning, he wanted revenge against Ince Zangwill as his primary goal provided there was a chance of success.

He didn't wish to miss this opportunity.

Although it had only been about ten months—less than a year—since the incident at the Blackthorn Security Company, it felt like a very, very long time, so long that he didn't wish to wait any longer.

Catching a glance at the gloomy radio transceiver, Klein thought before wearing a stern look, he asked with a deep voice, "Back when I used the Winner marionette to look at myself, I learned why Beyonders of the Fate pathway will have such a reaction when facing me.

"Now, I would like to know what you see when you look at me?"

This question was a bolt out of the blue that seemed to echo in the room. The radio transceiver suddenly fell silent, and the clacking sounds sounded after quite a while.

A black illusory piece of paper spewed out, and on it were ghastly-white words:

“I-I see support and dominance from you.

“Are you satisfied with such a question?”

Support, dominance… What does that mean? Klein had planned on pressing on, but he believed that Arrodes was unlikely to explain it too clearly because it lacked the required knowledge.

Realizing that the Mother Tree of Desire was about to find him if he kept this up, he nodded and said, “Acceptable.

“That shall be all for today. You may return.”

The clacking of the radio transceiver became increasingly brisker as the paper that appeared was white again.

“Alright, Great Master, goodbye~ Your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service.”

This time, the magic mirror seemed to forget to add a hand-waving drawing.

That was quite a quick escape… Klein mumbled and immediately took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog. He conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and informed The Hermit Cattleya that the Mythical Creature blood she needed was ready. She was to provide the means to regain a certain amount of strength during one’s weak stages as quickly as possible.

Before long, Cattleya set up a ritual and sacrificed an item to The Fool and requested this mighty existence to hand it to The World and tell him that the principle of the item’s effect was to

temporarily borrow a portion of one's strength from their former self!

This sounds familiar... It sounds like the powers of the Seer pathway's Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore... The Fool Klein was surprised as he picked up the item that Ma'am Hermit had sacrificed.

It was like the end of a cane with a long transparent gem embedded on it. It was carved with complicated, mysterious, indescribable, three-dimensional symbols and magic labels.

Klein recognized two of them. One was the incomplete Pupil-less Eye, and the other was the incomplete Contorted Lines.

Could this be an item that really points towards Sequence 0 The Fool? But isn't it a little too complicated... This cane feels really familiar. It's like... It's like the crystal ball Little Sun had used when he prayed to me! C-could it also correspond to another crimson star? Klein looked out the ancient palace with an odd expression, but all he saw were illusory stars suspended in the infinite gray fog without any signs of abnormality.

With the fact that such items were one-use items like charms, he abandoned the idea of experimenting with it. All he could do was summon some paper from the junk pile and seriously record down the complicated and abnormal symbols and magic labels on the cane.

...

Loen Kingdom, Backlund, Dr. Aaron's residence.

A maid was inside the master bedroom, taking care of a soundly-sleeping infant. Downstairs, the banquet which had many guests attending had reached the mid-way mark.

Suddenly, in a corner, three figures quickly materialized. Leading them was a man in a silk top hat, black formal suit. He was none other than Klein Moretti who hadn't disguised himself.

He tossed out a charm and muttered an ancient Hermes term:

"Crimson!"

The dark red flames flashed, and amidst a light explosion sound, soothing powers emanated out. The maid fell asleep instantly, collapsing onto the bedside into a deep sleep.

Klein made his two marionettes stand in their spots as he walked to the infant's cot and cast his gaze inside.

It was a child wrapped in silver silk. His skin was very fair, and he was fleshy with layer after layers.

This infant showed no fear towards the stranger as he looked straight at Klein with his eyes wide open while sucking his fingers.

"Ahem." Klein couldn't help but smile as he took off his hat and bowed. "Congratulations on being born."

"You should say that to my parents!" The infant pulled out his fingers and spoke with a bright voice that didn't match his age.

Klein chuckled and didn't harp on this meaningless topic with the Snake of Fate. He went straight to the point.

"I brought the method that allows you to regain a certain amount of strength during your weak stages.

"You can now give me that drop of placenta blood."

Will Auceptin opened up his fleshy palms and said, "Let me take a look first."

"How do you know that the method is an item?" Klein couldn't help but ask in puzzlement.

Will Auceptin scoffed.

"An intuition of fate."

It's like you didn't say a thing... Klein moved the cane from behind him forward and handed it over.

The infant held it tightly and glanced at it twice before raising its voice:

"This can only be used once!"

"That's right. Only once. Is that a problem?" Klein deliberated and said, "With your level and abilities, you can completely replicate the symbols and magic labels engraved on it, and then prepare the corresponding ingredients to hold the correct ritual. Wouldn't that allow you to use it multiple times?"

Will Auceptin suddenly cut him off.

"Alright, I accept it.

"Remember, you were the one who suggested it!"

"..."

Klein was momentarily a little dumbfounded, but he also seemed to realize something. He had a vague feeling that, despite him being here to take advantage of a baby, it ended up as the baby taking advantage of him.

"Yes, I was the one who suggested it." He finally drew a breath and nodded earnestly.

The baby's plump face revealed a smile as he spread open his other hand.

"I've already prepared it for you.

"A total of two drops. One drop is for the transaction, and the other drop is your commission for facilitating this transaction."

There's a commission? Klein was delighted as he hurriedly looked at Will Auceptin's palm.

There were two drops of silver blood there. Each drop appeared to have countless, minute, aloof, illusory wheels spinning. They formed a belt that had its head connected to its tail.

Just one look at it made Klein seem to lose his ability to think. He felt all his thoughts repeatedly appearing in his mind.

He hurriedly shook his head and took out the iron cigar case which contained Azik's copper whistle. He then placed the two drops of Snake of Fate blood, which had clearly been sealed, inside.

"Thank you for your generosity," Klein said sincerely before asking, "Can this be used to make a charm?"

The baby sucked his fingers and said, "Of course.

"As for the exact symbols needed to be carved, you have already seen those. You are free to choose a combination. Whatever you get will all depend on your luck."

Klein nodded and asked again, "Who should I pray to?

"You're probably unable to respond to relatively high-level rituals for the time being. And praying to Ouroboros is bordering on being a provocation…

"Do I pray to a Sequence 2 angel of the Fate pathway? But I don't know 'Their' honorific names."

Will Auceptin immediately grinned.

"There's a more convenient method."

"Who?" Klein pressed in delight.

The baby replied with a giggle, “Empress of Misfortune and Horror.”

Chapter 937: Several Days Later

Empress of Misfortune and Horror… Isn't that the Goddess? That's right, misfortune includes bad luck—a part of fate. The Goddess has the corresponding authority and can naturally give a response… By giving this suggestion, doesn't it mean that, in Will Auceptin's eyes, "He" has always suspected that I'm Evernight's Blessed, it's just that I didn't notice it myself. It's the same as the answer I received about how I should get the High-Sequence Beyonder potion formula of the Seer pathway… "He" is even more certain after what happened at Saint Samuel Cathedral… Klein was first taken aback before he became enlightened.

As though he was muttering to himself, he said, "If I were to pray to the Goddess, no matter what symbols I choose, the final product's effect will likely be inclined towards the domain of bad luck."

"That's common sense!" the baby wrapped in silver silk shouted.

After obtaining confirmation, Klein felt more certain as he said with a smile, "Eh… Are you still named Will Auceptin?"

He was very curious if "He" changed his name after being born.

"If you like it, you can continue thinking so. However, my full name has already been changed to Will Ceres," the baby replied indifferently.

Klein thought before asking, "If I want to deal with the wielder of 0-08, what suggestions do you have?

“I don’t want to know about 0-08. I just wish to know if you have any suggestions.”

The plump baby looked at him as he suddenly opened his mouth and let out a loud cry.

“Waaa!”

“…”

The corners of Klein’s lips quivered. Upon seeing the maid about to wake up, he took a few steps back and vanished from the room with his two marionettes.

…

Rorsted Sea. On the Future which was docked in the Bayam Resistance’s private harbor.

Cattleya, who was holding a ritual, saw a drop of silver blood fly out of the illusory door that manifested itself from the candlelight.

With just one glance at it, she hurriedly closed her eyes, despite wearing her heavy glasses.

At that instant, it felt like an aloof and mysterious wheel was spinning in a circle, forming a silver snake that had its head connected to its tail.

This made her repeat her previous thoughts as she thanked Mr.

Fool twelve consecutive times before returning to normal.

It really is the blood of a Mythical Creature from the Fate domain, and its level is higher than an ordinary angel… Cattleya ended the ritual in delight, and she took out a container she had prepared ahead of time, placing the drop of silver blood inside.

After obtaining some information on the Monster pathway from Queen Mystic, and learning the existence of Angel of Fate Ouroboros from Mr. Fool, she quickly came up with a guess as to who the blood belonged to.

Perhaps it's the one from the Life School of Thought. Or there might be another Sequence 1 angel… Regardless, Mr. Fool is able to use at least two angels in the real world. Along with that Ancient Bane that I can't be certain of, aside from the lack of Sealed Artifacts, the faction that believes in Mr. Fool is enough to match that of orthodox Churches. Even the Element Dawn and Moses Ascetic Order can't compare…

As expected of an awakening ancient god.

Increasingly filled with awe, Cattleya drew a gasp and began considering her matters.

Her other preparations were rather smooth sailing. Without any accidents, all she needed was to wait a month or so to attempt advancing to Sequence 4 to obtain godhood!

…

Overcast with heavy, black clouds, silver lightning would occasionally streak across the sky, illuminating the desolate

plains and the winding rivers that ran dry.

And in the middle of the plains, where the river made a half-circle, black, stacked shadowy outlines loomed. It was a lifeless city.

After several days of traveling, the team led by the Chief of the City of Silver's six-member council, Demon Hunter Colin Iliad, finally arrived at their destination—Nois City.

The team was a small one. Excluding Colin, there were only four other members. They were the six-member council Elder, Shepherd Lovia, two Sequence 5 Guardians, Legere and Gonlun, as well as Sequence 6 Notary, Derrick Berg. The overall strength of the team wasn't weaker than a complete expedition team; it was perhaps even stronger.

According to Colin Iliad, this was because Nois City was filled with monsters, making it very dangerous. Shapeshifters were adept at disguises, and they enjoyed making use of the trust between teammates. Therefore, the smaller the expedition team, the better. And since there were fewer people, there was undoubtedly a need to prepare it with a stronger team.

As they watched the city in front of them which was covered in mist, one that couldn't be lit up despite the lightning, Demon Hunter Colin drew the two swords on his back. Unhurriedly, he slathered a silver-gray ointment on one, and a golden liquid on the other.

He then stabbed the two swords in front of him. He then removed three small metal bottles from a hidden compartment on his belt, pulled out the stopper, and gulped the contents of the potion.

Meanwhile, Legere and Gonlun had made preparations for combat. Derrick Berg held his hammer with one hand as he opened up his other palm. With a solemn tone, he said in Jotun, “God says it’s effective!”

Silently, Colin Iliad and company felt that the consumed potion, the conjured dawn, and the slathered ointment had been significantly augmented.

Right on the heels of that, concentric rings of warm light emanated out, endowing the expedition team with courage and strength.

After Derrick used Holy Oath to boost his agility, Colin shot a glance at Lovia, who was holding an animal hide lantern and standing silently observing. He then turned his head to point at the perimeter of Nois City which was more than ten meters away. He said to the teenager who was once again a little taller, “Use your ability to light up the streets ahead.”

After saying that, he surveyed his surroundings and added, “Once we enter Nois City, make sure we do not separate.

“A few days ago, I had already introduced the more active monsters that hide away in the darkness in this region. All of you should be aware of how separating will be utilized by the Shapeshifter.”

Gonlun was a beautiful, female warrior who was 2.4–2.5 meters tall. Upon hearing that, she thought and asked, “Then, should we make use of this to hunt the Shapeshifter?”

“It’s best that we do not do so. It’s just too dangerous. Also, it’s very easy to end up killing our own teammates or end up becoming lost in Nois City forever,” the grizzled Colin Iliad

seriously warned.

Derrick looked at the silent city that was cloaked in thin mist as he subconsciously asked, “Your Excellency, was this city also under the Giant King’s Court?”

“Yes, but it’s very close to a kingdom ruled by another ancient god,” Colin answered patiently.

Holding two iron-black poles, the 2.4-meter-tall Legere pressed with intrigue, “Which ancient god?”

“King of Demonic Wolves, the Annihilator, Flegrea.”

Is that so… Derrick remembered the Chief’s introduction, took a step forward, and extended his arms.

Pure, radiant sunlight emitted from his body, illuminating the either collapsed or rotting buildings, the grayish-white stone-paved streets, and the extremely silent city perimeter.

Derrick and company saw figures appear on the streets. They were either wearing linen robes or animal-hides, as though they were busily going on about their day.

Upon sensing the sunlight’s illumination, they silently turned their heads in unison and looked at the City of Silver expedition team.

…

Bansy Harbor at night would occasionally have ravens or other birds calling out. It accentuated the gloom and deathly silence of the ruins. Even the sounds of crashing waves were unable to wash away that feeling.

As believers of the Lord of Storms and crew members of the Blue Avenger, the sailors were bold, especially when they believed that there might be gold or valuables hidden within the collapsed buildings. It spurred them on, sapping away any fear that might exist. The moment they arrived, they rushed down the ship and began searching the area in groups of two or three.

Alger didn't follow them as he strolled through the ruins alone, in search of any marks that appeared after Bansy Harbor's destruction.

As he walked, with him wearing the Whip of Mind ring and having the Blade of Poison slung by his waist, he came to a collapsed building with crumbling walls and a door that was only a few pieces of charred wood.

If I remember correctly, this was the telegraph office of Bansy Harbor... Alger nodded slightly as he approached and did a slight inspection.

He then saw a relatively empty area amidst the rubble. The ground was parched black with two blood-red silhouettes. It was as though two people had been lying there, only to be squashed flat.

And this had been months ago; yet, the two streaks of blood remained fresh, as though they still contained some degree of vitality to it.

Alger's forehead throbbed as he felt as though he could imagine

the vileness before Bansy Harbor was destroyed.

He swept his gaze and suddenly saw a picture engraved on a crumbling wall beside the two blood-colored figures. It was a spot that the moonlight could hardly shine onto.

The picture was very simple, and it wasn't even colored. It was of an armored monster with a squid's head that wielded a trident. Lightning swirled around it as waves surged at its feet. Behind it was a cape formed by bird feathers!

Alger's eyes widened suddenly as he felt a tumultuous storm rage within him.

He recognized who the monster was representing because The Sun had once depicted it before:

It was the warped version of the Lord of Storms according to Rose Redemption!

And could this picture's appearance implied that a Rose Redemption member had previously come to Bansy Harbor, and they had drawn this picture after the building collapsed. Otherwise, it was impossible for the mural to not be damaged. It happened to fill an abnormal, crumbling wall!

This should be what The World wanted me to find in Bansy Harbor... He's pursuing Rose Redemption? Alger muttered silently to himself as he raised his right hand.

He had planned on destroying the picture, but after some thought, he retracted his arm, circling around Bansy Harbor's former telegraph office as though he hadn't discovered anything.

He then walked in another direction.

Chapter 938: Writing

Above the endless gray fog, in the magnificent and ancient palace.

The warped picture of the Lord of Storms, one that's suspected to be left behind by a Rose Redemption member... Hmm, Red Angel Medici is one of the founders of Rose Redemption... Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he silently looked at the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

Using his feedback, he had basically confirmed that the one possessing Ince Zangwill was the Red Angel evil spirit!

In the eternal silence, Klein silently sat at the seat of honor of the mottled table as though he had become a deity's statue.

After an unknown period of time, he nodded indiscernibly and slowly exhaled.

His figure vanished and returned to the real world. He continued his nap without thinking of any plans or considering anything related to Ince Zangwill.

He slept till the next morning and got out of bed. He repeated his habits over the past few days, walking to the window barefooted and drawing the windows.

On the streets outside the hotel, Danitz, who had dressed up like a West Balam native with an extra hooded cloak, held his iron-black boxing glove close to his chest before rushing to the square on his right. Based on his previous report, Klein knew that he

was meeting one of the local ruling factions today to understand their stance on the arms deal.

Anderson didn't follow. He had ruffled his parted short blond hair in a mess as he leisurely strolled around the perimeter of the square, sat down, and wore a funny-looking puppet over his left black-gloved hand and began putting on a ventriloquist act for the people who walked by.

The man and puppet each had different voices as they mocked each other with witty remarks. It was quite good at attracting attention.

The only problem was that it was done in the Intis language and not Dutanese. Few people understood it, so after standing around to watch for a moment, they walked off.

Klein focused on the Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter with the same expression as before. His eyes betrayed how deep in thought he was.

...

East Balam, in the temporary office for Soest's Red Gloves.

Cindy, who had long, wine-red hair, walked in with a few telegrams as she said excitedly, "New clues!"

"What clues?" Soest put down the white porcelain coffee mug in his hand as Leonard and Daly cast their gazes to the door.

As Cindy handed the telegram to her captain, she said, "Emperor

Roselle's quote 'wherever he steps, whatever he touches, whatever he leaves, even unconsciously, will serve as a silent witness against him,' really makes sense. We've found people witnessing Ince Zangwill in several places, forming a complete trajectory.

"From this, we've realized that Ince Zangwill's thoughts seem to be contradictory. He often approaches the colonies of Intis, staying for a short moment, before leaving it. He then approaches it once again and leaves it repeatedly as though—as though…"

Isn't this what Klein mentioned? That his actions are inconsistent? Leonard was delighted as he offered a better description for Cindy:

"As though he's oscillating."

"Yes, oscillating!" Cindy heaved a sigh of relief and began describing the findings, "In addition, Ince Zangwill has killed a few Intis military spies and has purchased several Beyonder ingredients. It's unknown what he's trying to do."

This… Leonard deliberated and said, "Which pathway's Beyonder ingredients are being bought by Ince Zangwill?"

"They are from the Warrior, Hunter, and Bard pathways." Cindy pointed at the few telegrams that Captain Soest was reading.

Indeed, there's the Hunter pathway… Having failed to find an excuse to get his teammates to take notice of Hunter-related clues, Leonard exhaled silently and no longer had any doubts regarding Klein's theory. He believed it to be the truth!

Next, how should I make everyone realize that Ince has been possessed by an evil spirit of the Hunter pathway... Leonard fell into deep thought. He waited until Soest finished reading the telegram and handed it to the other teammates before he came up with something. He decided to take a risk.

Before he spoke, he subconsciously glanced at Daly Simone. Dressed in a Spirit Medium's attire, this lady lowered her hand slightly, indicating that he shouldn't be too anxious, and to stop whatever he was about to attempt.

Ma'am Daly is telling me that it isn't time, that I should wait for a better opportunity? Amidst his hesitation, he saw Daly flick the telegram in her hand and looked around the room.

"I have an idea."

"What is it?" Soest asked.

Daly smiled.

"I suspect that Ince Zangwill is possessed by an evil spirit."

She... She just said it like that... She will be suspected! Leonard jumped in fright.

Without waiting for Soest, Cindy, and company to raise their doubts, Daly continued, "Ince Zangwill was once a Gatekeeper, and now, he's a Nightwatcher. His body can accommodate evil spirits and use their powers. Furthermore, he also has 0-08's help. If I were him, I'd definitely try to seek out stronger evil spirits and raise my strength as much as possible.

“This way, before he obtains complete control over the evil spirit, there will be backlashes. Ince Zangwill will take actions that seem contradictory. This can explain what’s mentioned on the telegram.

“In addition, haven’t we been puzzled as to why Ince Zangwill has been trying to contact important members of the Numinous Episcopate, and we had come up with various theories? Perhaps getting them to help him exorcise, purify, or completely control the evil spirit is his goal!”

Soest thought for a moment and deliberated over his words.

“That possibility cannot be ruled out, but this is fundamentally a subjective theory of yours… How did you come up with this? Which details gave you the inspiration?”

Leonard became nervous as Daly chuckled.

“This is a woman’s intuition. It’s just like how I know your thoughts, as well as those of the rest of you at times.

“Besides, since this is a discussion and analysis, we should list down all the possibilities. We should then eliminate the possibilities based on the actual investigations. This will aid us in finding the correct answer. Therefore, we need to let our thoughts wander. No matter how ridiculous the idea is, we must dare to propose it!

“From the various details we obtained from our feedback, I believe my theory is the most likely one.”

Ma’am Daly sure is good with words. At least, she has convinced

me... She raised the theory of an evil spirit's possession to protect me and direct the risk towards herself? On this matter regarding Ince Zangwill, she seems willing to take on everything... Leonard became enlightened as he felt poignant.

After hearing Daly's reply, Soest nodded slightly.

"Indeed, since this is a discussion, we shouldn't limit our thoughts.

"The possibility of an evil spirit possession scenario is quite high. I'll report this to Her Excellency Goddess's Eye. I'll leave it to the archbishop and high-ranking deacons to decide the subsequent investigations. After all, we know too little about 0-08."

...

"The Red Gloves team led by Soest discovered Ince Zangwill's abnormalities from the feedback from various telegrams. Daly Simone used this opportunity to mention the assumption of an evil spirit's possession and had received a unanimous agreement.

"She claimed it to be a reasonable theory, but she was already in the know. She had learned it from Leonard Mitchell, who has a Parasite, and Leonard Mitchell's information source came from a letter sent by Reinette Tinekerr. Who could be the one who mailed it?

"Meanwhile, Leonard Mitchell and Daly Simone had already suspected that the evil spirit possessing Ince Zangwill belongs to the Hunter pathway..."

A classic quill dabbed in black ink was writing rapidly on an

ordinary notebook as though it was held by an invisible hand.

Suddenly, a silently pale hand reached out and grabbed the quill.

The owner of that hand had dark blond hair with facial features akin to a classic sculpture. One of his eyes was so blue that it was nearly black, and the other was filled with small but obvious blood vessels.

He lowered his wrist and continued writing:

"But is this the truth to the matter? Will everything develop according to what Daly Simone, Leonard Mitchell, and Soest's Red Gloves team have in mind?"

...

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, in Nois City which couldn't be illuminated by the lightning.

The figures looked over without making any sound, giving Derrick a fright. He nearly stopped the illumination effect as he dodged to avoid facing them directly.

However, having trained from a young age, and with his experience over the past year, he didn't end up flustered. He didn't rush to end it as he forcefully held back his horror and waited for the Chief to give the next order.

Two dark green, complicated symbols appeared in Colin Iliad's eyes. He took in the streets that were blanketed with faint mist and the seemingly normal figures which didn't take any action.

Suddenly, he grunted and genuflected, his hands grabbing the two swords that were stabbed in the ground.

At the back of his neck, his bluish-black skin swelled a little as indescribable and complicated mysterious symbols appeared. They were half illusory and half real as they crept to either higher or lower levels.

At the same time, Shepherd Lovia let out a painful grunt as she raised her hands and held her head, vomiting some blobs of squirming flesh and blood.

Her palms and her body seemed to have silver armor strangely appear, overlapping on top of her.

“Stop,” Demon Hunter Colin muttered softly one second later.

Derrick hurriedly ended the illumination and allowed the thin mist to cloak the figures, allowing the dead silence to once again blanket the ancient Nois City.

Everything quickly returned to its former form as Colin Iliad slowly got up. He cast his heavy gaze at the tower, cathedral, and other buildings that could barely be made out through the thin mist.

“It’s a bit different from my last expedition. I’m not sure why there are such changes either.” Demon Hunter Colin retracted his gaze as he surveyed the team members. “Do you have any ideas or thoughts?”

Shepherd Lovia had already crouched down to pick up the blobs of flesh and blood that had fallen to the ground. However, she

wasn't in a rush to stuff them into her mouth, to munch on them before swallowing. She offered, "We can change directions and explore Nois City's other entrances. Perhaps we might discover something."

She had been maintaining her silence and kept the attitude of a spectator the entire journey. This was the first time she was voicing out her thoughts and giving her point of view.

Chapter 939: Bait

Colin Iliad glanced at Lovia without giving a direct response. After he pulled out the two swords in the ground, he nodded and said, “Okay.”

The group of five circled around Nois City’s perimeter, making a few attempts to enter, but they were frightened away by the seemingly normal but silent city’s carrying out of its “daily routine.” They didn’t dare to venture in.

With the frequency of the lightning reducing, and how darkness was slowly beginning to rule the world, Colin took a deep look at Nois City for a few seconds and said, “We will first set up a small camp. We will continue when it’s ‘daytime.’”

The so-called “daytime” meant when the frequency of lightning was relatively higher, keeping the moments of darkness to a minimum.

The expedition team members didn’t object to it. Soon, they set up a simple camp by the riverside amidst a series of rocks.

At the extreme end of the camp, there was a huge boulder providing them with shelter so there weren’t any worries about rain. A bonfire was burning with all kinds of strange creature carcasses piled to the side. From time to time, they would be thrown in as timber. Colin, Lovia, and company sat around the fire, eating the rations they had brought and the monster corpses that had been proven to not cause serious harm.

As the fat sizzled from the roasting, Chief Colin Iliad from the six-member council looked at Derrick Berg and said, “We shall

inspect the camp first. We'll switch when they're done with their meals."

If this were any other time, Derrick wouldn't have thought otherwise. But now, the first thought that came to mind was: *The Chief wishes to speak to me in private...*

"Alright." Derrick stuffed the remaining piece of meat into his mouth and lifted the Thunder God's Roar at his side.

The piece of meat was clearly already ready, but it still presented a ghastly green color.

After coming to the dark edge of the camp, Demon Hunter Colin said in a deep voice, his tone unchanging, "Nois City is more sinister and dangerous than I expected. I'm wondering if you have any views on what we should do next?"

I know nothing about this place. I'm also lacking in experience. Why is Chief asking for my views? Derrick was instantly taken aback, wishing to raise his left hand to scratch the back of his head.

He then recalled the few times he had spoken with the Chief while they were in the City of Silver. He recalled Mr. Hanged Man's analysis of the hidden context in their conversations as he suddenly realized something.

Chief is giving me a hint!

He's trying to tell me that Nois City is more sinister and dangerous than he expected. The difficulty of hunting a Shapeshifter far exceeds his expectations. He's wondering if there's

a possibility of changing the target?

He wishes for me to pray to Mr. Fool and receive a revelation so as to get "His" views?

Hmm... Mr. World really is a wise person. Along the way, he had already told me of a method to hunt the Bizarro Bane in a relatively easy manner. It's by getting its blood. Hmm, with the present situation, it seems like his plan is feasible!

As his thoughts raced, Derrick replied earnestly, "Yes, Your Excellency. I have some suggestions."

Colin Iliad silently heaved a sigh of relief, holding back the more direct speech he had prepared as he nodded gently.

"Go ahead."

"Since Nois City has changed, it will be very risky for us to enter. Perhaps we can consider luring the Shapeshifter out." Derrick didn't directly regurgitate The World Gehrman Sparrow's method, but he did make some modifications based on the present situation.

Colin didn't directly reject it, and said rather seriously, "Then how should we lure the Shapeshifter?"

Derrick didn't hesitate to say, "I have an item that is extremely enticing to Shapeshifters. As long as it's placed at the boundary of Nois City, or even further, it will lure a Shapeshifter out."

The grizzled Colin wasn't surprised by his words. He amiably

nodded and said, “What’s the item?”

He long knew that Derrick Berg had secretly held a bestowment ritual at night during his guard duty shift.

Furthermore, if he hadn’t kept the truth under cover, it was impossible for Derrick to keep it from Lovia, Lovia, and Gonlun.

Derrick didn’t know what its name or description was. He immediately took out an iron-black box which was completely different from the City of Silver’s style before removing the wall of spirituality.

Following that, he didn’t lower his head. Instead, he turned his head and opened the box solely using his sense of touch.

Inside the box was a palm-sized human-shaped object. A cursory glance allowed one to see the transparent liquid filling the inside. From time to time, it bubbled, emanating a black glow. Upon scrutinizing it, there appeared to be maggots circling around the object.

This was the true soul body of the Spirit World Plunderer which Klein had previously obtained!

He believed that, for the Bizarro Bane, this Beyonder ingredient had an unparalleled allure. This wasn’t simply a result of the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, but it was also because once the Bizarro Bane obtained it, it could turn into a complete Bizarro Sorcerer. It would break through all kinds of limitations and receive a fundamental improvement in its life’s natural order, truly becoming a demigod!

Therefore, to make the hunting of the Bizarro Bane simpler and clearer, without wasting any time, Klein took the risk of losing the true soul body of the Spirit World Plunderer by lending it to Little Sun.

Colin Iliad looked at it carefully for a few seconds before retracting his gaze.

“It’s likely to be effective.

“Close the box and stop adding a wall of spirituality to it. Just bring it around with you. Let’s see if they will be attracted to our camp.”

“They?” Derrick subconsciously asked.

Colin, with a few old scars on his face, revealed a smile.

“Do you think there’s only one Shapeshifter in Nois City?

“If this item’s level was lacking, I would even be worried that it might attract more terrifying monsters.”

Derrick wore a look of shame as he scratched the back of his head. Following the Chief’s instructions, he closed the iron-black square box’s lid, stuffing it into a concealed pocket in his clothes.

In the patrol that followed, he kept a high level of vigilance, but no Shapeshifter attacked.

After a while, Lovia, Legere, and Gonlun took over their mission

as Derrick sat back beside the warm fire.

At that moment, he heard cawing as seven to eight red-eyed ravens flew over and spiraled in midair.

This brought about an indescribable sense of horror. Colin Iliad drew his sword and looked up.

Suddenly, his heart stirred as he quickly cast his gaze to Derrick Berg.

On both sides of the bonfire, two brownish-yellow-haired youths who had childlike looks and were nearly 1.9 meters tall were staring at each blankly.

Colin's eyes narrowed as he immediately shouted, "Illuminate!"

One of the youths was taken aback. After a moment of enlightenment, pure, warm sunlight was emitted from his body.

With a whoosh, an incomplete shadow swept past as Colin's sword sliced through the fake Derrick.

It was a shadow, a blurry, transparent shadow!

At the same time, a red-eyed raven fell from the sky. Its body swelled up, turning into a pitch-black shadow.

Above this shadow shimmered a transparent, ghostly-blue single eye. Around the eye were similar eyes but smaller.

Shapeshifter!

A Shapeshifter that could disguise itself as ravens!

Just as this pitch-black shadow landed, Derrick's mind turned numb as he could hardly move, as though he was being petrified. All he could do was watch the enemy pounce at him.

Pa!

The Shapeshifter slammed into an invisible wall and failed to take a further step.

Beside the bonfire, Colin Iliad stabbed the sword in his hand into the ground and drew the other sword on his back.

The surrounding area lit up, and like the legendary dawn, it descended upon this abandoned land. Infinite beams of light reminiscent of dawn erupted, turning into an illusory ocean. It devoured the pitch-black shadows along with all the ravens from the bottom up.

At the entrance of the camp, an illusory knight in silver armor, standing more than five meters tall, appeared behind Shepherd Lovia.

The knight's eyes burned with dark red flames as they instantly locked onto a spot.

He suddenly opened up his stride and appeared hundreds of meters away in a flash.

Beams of sharp silver light shot out, dicing all the objects around into tiny, neat pieces, including all the different monsters hiding there. It included the Shapeshifter that had used some ability to escape the Demon Hunter's lethal strike.

The monster hadn't died as it switched its true body once again, but the pure, bright light of dawn descended once again, completely drowning a huge area.

After the light of dawn turned faint, Colin Iliad in his brown coat appeared with two swords in hand. He calmly watched as points of light gathered above the ground which was covered with cracks. Black-red blood which had mostly evaporated was slowly dispersed.

Success! As Derrick reeled in delight, he hurriedly sealed the black square box with a wall of spirituality.

Colin immediately stabbed the two swords into the ground, took out three metal bottles that had been emptied of their potions, and filled them with the blood on the ground.

While waiting for the ingredient to take form, he said to Lovia and company with his usual expression, "I have a use for the ingredients left by the Shapeshifter. I wish to directly make an exchange for them."

In the City of Silver, there were typically two ways to handle the spoils from such expeditions. First, it was to bring it back and give it to the city and exchange it for the corresponding contribution points. The distribution depended on the amount of effort put in during the expedition. Second, if it wasn't something especially important, and if it had caught the fancy of a member of the expedition, they could directly make an exchange for it with equivalent items or contribution points.

“I have no objections,” Legere and Gonlun answered in unison.

Lovia didn’t say a word as a form of tacit consent.

After the illusory silver-armored knight returned, she turned her head and looked towards the bonfire where Derrick Berg was with a deadpan expression.

...

In East Balam, in the temporary office for the Red Gloves.

Soest surveyed the area and said to all the team members, “Her Excellency, Goddess’s Eye, has ordered us to investigate the sale of Hunter pathway ingredients in the local and surrounding cities, as well as any disappearances or deaths of Beyonders of the same pathway.

“She agrees with Daly’s guess, and she suspects from the death of the Intis spies that it’s an evil spirit of the Hunter pathway.

“Of course, we mustn’t ignore any abnormalities since it’s only one possibility.

“There’s also another thing. We only need to do the gathering of information and to ignore everything else. We will not delve deeper into the investigations. It’s an order by Her Excellency, Goddess’s Eye!

“Got that?”

“Yes!” Cindy and company replied.

Soest looked at Leonard and Daly before retracting his gaze and said heavily, “Move out!”

Chapter 940: A Story

After leaving the local Nighthawks's base which was disguised as a private detective office, Leonard glanced at Daly Simone who had suggested to team up with him.

"Where do we begin? Any suggestions?"

Dressed in a Spirit Medium black robe with her hood pulled over her head, Daly Simone, with an uncanny beauty and mature air, shot Leonard Mitchell a glance.

"This is when a gentleman's decisiveness and style should be showcased."

Leonard looked at his left hand which was wearing a red glove. He deliberated and said, "If we begin by following Captain Soest's arrangements, that might allow us to find some clues, but it's not necessarily useful. I suspect that Her Excellency Goddess's Eye knows that. She's only giving us something to do in order to confuse Ince Zangwill."

"Why do you say that?" Daly wasn't joking as her expression wore a rare, solemn look.

Leonard glanced to his sides as he said in a heavy voice without realizing it, "Based on what I know, 0-08 has the characteristic of 'once you know it, it will also know you.' We shouldn't be influenced while staying on the periphery of its perception since we aren't sure of its real name or powers, and only use the code name we gave it. But as Red Gloves who are pursuing the Numinous Episcopate's matters, and having discussed Ince Zangwill many times, I believe our situation has already been

grasped by 0-08. This way, Ince Zangwill should know that his abnormal state has been exposed. From that, he will avoid us by creating coincidences."

Daly recalled the information regarding Ince Zangwill and nodded.

"Soest had also mentioned this problem in the beginning. However, he didn't verbalize it as clearly as you did. It's still in the stage of backward inference from a result of failures.

"Therefore, Her Excellency Goddess's Eye has gotten us to investigate the situation of the nearby district's Hunter pathway Beyonders and ingredients, and pretending as though nothing is confirmed. In the meantime, Her Excellency is preparing the usage of some corresponding items to lay a trap for the moment when the evil spirit gains control over Ince Zangwill and thus appears?"

Leonard turned his body and spoke as he walked:

"That's probably the case, but I suspect that it's unlikely for 0-08 to not know of it..."

Daly followed diagonally behind as she said in thought, "I believe there's still a chance for success. Don't forget that one of the honorific names of the Goddess is the Mother of Concealment."

"That can counter 0-08? The Church has a high-ranking member or Sealed Artifact that can counter 0-08? It's no wonder 0-08 was once obtained by the Church and sealed under the Holy Cathedral..." Leonard's eyes lit up as he came to a realization.

Daly nodded very slightly as her expression turned soft.

A few seconds later, her pupils contracted as she blurted out, “Do you think our discussion has caught the attention of 0-08?”

Leonard’s expression fell, but he didn’t dare confirm anything nor shake his head. He and Daly looked at each other, looking back and forth as they fell silent for a moment.

In a particular room, a slightly pale hand flipped a notebook to its very first page, then it flipped one page after another:

“...After leaving Bansy Harbor, Sauron Einhorn Medici, who had obtained a certain object, was no longer only stubborn or only capable of instinctively conspiring. After repeated struggles and resisting, Ince Zangwill and he had obtained a truce and had even decided on having a limited cooperative effort so as to achieve each other’s goals.

“To an evil spirit of the Red Priest pathway, such a promise cannot be guaranteed to be effective, but Ince Zangwill no longer had any other choice.

“From his point of view, this series of matters had many coincidences, but fundamentally, this was inevitable. At the very least, Sauron Einhorn Medici was many times better at creating stories than him.

“...After confirming the destination to be the Southern Continent’s East Balam, Ince Zangwill boarded a ship to the Berserk Sea... Every time, he would enter the Intis colonial islands, irrationally provoking the official Beyonders and hunting Beyonders from the Hunter pathway. Then, before danger arrived, he would quickly regain lucidity, cover his tracks, and flee far away.

“This might seem like a coincidence, but the problem is when it’s the same coincidence every time, is it too much of a coincidence?

“From the perspective of logic and reason, too many coincidences imply that certain elements or rules were secretly in existence. The reason why Ince was able to do that was because he had written the words above. Using the Quill of Alzuhod, he naturally allowed himself to switch between the two states of ‘being possessed by an evil spirit’ and ‘self-autonomy.’ What a scheming fellow. This wasn’t only directed at Ince Zangwill, but also at Sauron Einhorn Medici. They were clearly already coexisting in peace, but they acted out to be in conflict as though they were relying on an external force to achieve some semblance of balance.

“...Ince Zangwill’s purchase of additional Bard and Warrior pathway Beyonder ingredients was very reasonable. This was because he was hiding the clues that the evil spirit was using him to seek out various items of the Hunter pathway, and to prevent others from realizing that all of this was under his tacit agreement, disguising it as his attempts to resist. In addition, the Bard and Warrior pathways had the ability to resist the dead and exorcise evil spirits. As long as a clever person were to think it over carefully, they would undoubtedly notice this and verify that Ince Zangwill was being possessed.

“...After numerous provocations, the Iron and Blood Cross Order’s Tony Down finally locked onto Ince Zangwill and began pursuing him. During this process, this War Bishop, who had made his goal to become a Conqueror, showed off his powers without any restraint. When a storm happened to stop his pursuit, he appeared on a ship filled with ordinary people in an eyecatching manner before pulling out the fellow disguised as Ince Zangwill.

“This was a little coincidental, but it was nothing surprising. This was because the Iron and Blood Cross Order’s belief is for the supernatural to be known to all, and to be placed above all

ordinary people. And Tony Down's unbridled arrogance often used his own strength to shatter the doubts of others and had extremely great confidence. Therefore, the way he acted was without a problem.

"Likewise, he was overly confident, causing him to neglect the possibility that Ince Zangwill was also on the ship. This didn't match his intuition as a hunter, but in this world, anyone could make mistakes!

"When Ince Zangwill disembarked on Waypoint Island, he sensed someone observing him from a first-class cabin, but he didn't mind it. This was exactly the effect he wanted. It was the best development if someone among the passengers happened to know him! Yes, happened to...

"... It was neither too early or too late. Before Soest's Red Gloves took action, Ince Zangwill met with Hand of White Palenque Taciblius of the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction, hoping to obtain their help in exorcising the evil spirit..."

Traces of words scribbled away.

"...The development of things became a little odd. Before having a sufficient amount of clues, Leonard Mitchell and Daly Simone of the Soest's Red Gloves team seemed to come to a conclusion. It apparently came from a letter sent by Reinette Tinekerr...

"Where did the problem lie? Ince Zangwill was rather puzzled by this. From his point of view, unless one could directly capture Palenque Taciblius or other key personnel of the Numinous Episcopate, no one could come up with such a conclusion so quickly.

"This made his preparations a little hasty, but thankfully, this

was an outcome he wanted.

"...The Red Gloves team led by Soest discovered Ince Zangwill's abnormalities from the feedback from various telegrams. Daly Simone used this opportunity to mention the assumption of an evil spirit's possession and had received a unanimous agreement.

"She claimed it to be a reasonable theory, but she was already in the know. She had learned it from Leonard Mitchell, who has a Parasite, and Leonard Mitchell's information source came from a letter sent by Reinette Tinekerr. Who could be the one who mailed it?

"Meanwhile, Leonard Mitchell and Daly Simone had already suspected that the evil spirit possessing Ince Zangwill belongs to the Hunter pathway...

"But is this the truth to the matter? Will everything develop according to what Daly Simone, Leonard Mitchell, and Soest's Red Gloves team have in mind?

"...After the discussion with that person in the Cathedral of Serenity, the Cathedral of Serenity's high-ranking deacon, Ilya, believed Daly's theory and decided to use a Grade 1 Hunter pathway Sealed Artifact as bait, so as to allow Ince Zangwill to fall into a trap while the evil spirit was possessing him.

"To conceal this goal, she got Soest's Red Gloves team to continue investigating the relevant clues.

"Unfortunately, their premise was wrong. Although Ince Zangwill was possessed by an evil spirit, his actions had never been affected! All he had done before was an act. It was done in accordance with Sauron Einhorn Medici's suggestions, with the

aim to confuse the Church of Evernight and to make Ilya blindly attack. And a Red Angel evil spirit that was willing to help and cooperate was enough to change the battlefield's situation.

"Ince Zangwill's true motive for coming to the Southern Continent is:

"Hunt the high-ranking deacon, Ilya, of the Church of Evernight! It was for his advancement preparations by obtaining her Beyonder characteristic!

"He wanted to prove to everyone that the Church of Evernight had made a foolish mistake to abandon him back then!

"Of course, before beginning this operation, Ince Zangwill had to first satisfy Sauron Einhorn Medici's thirst-a thirst for Mid- and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Hunter pathway. To keep it a secret, he didn't plan on hunting locally, and he had prepared to do it further away.

"When the evil spirit's undying nature, Red Angel's level, and the uniqueness of a Gatekeeper combined, Ince Zangwill possessed the relatively High Sequence ability of 'Spirit World Traversal' of the Death pathway. He was able to head to remote areas and return in short periods of time. He had deliberately kept this under wraps before.

"After satisfying Sauron Einhorn Medici, Ince Zangwill decided to first kill Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell and pretend to vaguely sense the Church of Evernight's trap. He would forcefully counterattack, only to lose his rationality and head for the trap.

"He didn't plan on leaving any unstable elements. All avengers that survived Tingen had to die!"

The notebook flipped to an empty spot as a pale-white hand grabbed a quill and added the words: “Today, everything will go smoothly.”

West Balam, Northern State, Cookawa City.

“You aren’t done with your investigations?” Anderson asked in boredom as he walked beside Danitz.

“Soon!” Danitz replied as he found it a little difficult to focus. “Do you have something to do?”

At this moment, Anderson took out a map and a stack of information. He said with a chuckle, “I’ve already figured out the rough location of an ancient mausoleum. Based on the traditions of East and West Balam, there’s definitely plenty of treasure in it. Here, death doesn’t mean an end but a new beginning. That’s why they have tons of burial items.”

Danitz was taken aback as he asked in surprise, “I thought you aren’t proficient in Dutanese?”

How did he gather the information?

Anderson chuckled and raised his black-gloved left palm. He spread his fingers and said, “I don’t, but I can temporarily steal their language until I finish finding the information.”

“...I knew a fellow like you will have some tricks up his sleeves!” Danitz said with gritted teeth as he pointed to the main street beside the square. “Goodbye!”

Anderson didn't stop him as he smilingly watched him walk away with large strides.

At this moment, the two simultaneously noticed a figure walking over.

The figure held a classic quill and wore a black clergyman's robe. He had dark blond hair with facial features akin to a classic sculpture. One of his eyes was so blue that it was nearly black, and the other was filled with small but obvious blood vessels. He was approaching Anderson and Danitz.

Anderson didn't know the middle-aged man, but his body couldn't help but tremble as though he was facing his nemesis.

Warning signs of danger flashed in his mind as his pupils rapidly dilated!

Suddenly, he heard a warm voice by his ears:

"Don't be nervous."

Who... Anderson blankly turned his head and saw a figure strangely appear beside him despite there not being anyone there in the first place.

This figure had apparently been there all this time, but he had always been ignored.

He wore a strangely simple white robe. He had a pale gold beard that covered half his face. His light-colored eyes were clear like a child's. He had a genial and reserved look.

Looking at the quill in Ince Zangwill's hand, this middle-aged man who was dressed like an ordinary priest half-closed his eyes, raised his right hand, and gestured four points before him.

Hanging there was a silver cross.

Chapter 941: Development That Adheres to Logic

The moment he saw the middle-aged man dressed in a priest's getup, Anderson zoned out for a second. Following that, some shackles in his mind suddenly collapsed as countless memory fragments surged through an invisible barrier. It felt like long-suppressed feelings suddenly erupted.

He remembered the things that had happened over the past two months. He remembered the mission that the demigod had given him!

Back in Bayam, he followed the thoughts in his mind to meet up with the demigod. He followed him and left the Rorsted Archipelago for a secret location.

There, he met the priest beside him. It was arranged for him to enter an ancient coffin, to lay there among Beyonder ingredients and a liquid filled with strange mixed blood, allowing them to seep into him.

After a month of this corrosive treatment, a dark red chrysalis formed inside his body. He then had his memories from this period of time sealed before being sent to West Balam. He was then psychologically cued to not leave until he recovered his memories.

This meant that he hadn't finished the demigod's mission and that it was still underway. Everything that had happened before were just preparations!

Scenes flashed through his mind as Anderson discovered that while he was playing the harmonica on the streets, checking

into the hotel with Danitz, obtaining of Language Comprehension charms from the Church of Knowledge's preachers, as well as his arrival in Northern State—all of these incidents had this genial and seemingly innocent priest present beside him the entire time.

When having meals, he was sitting at a neighboring table. When he checked in, the neighboring room was his. When walking on the streets, he was walking right beside him. When playing the harmonica and putting on the ventriloquist act, this man was looking at him in a genial manner!

And Anderson hadn't noticed any of this back then. Danitz, who was beside him, the people around him

-none of them had noticed him. It was as though they had never seen this priest before!

A chill that arose from deep in his heart ran from his tail bone up his spine to his brain. He felt that the experiences he had been through were enough to drive him insane, to the point of losing control.

Danitz, who had already opened up a distance from Anderson, looked at the black-robed clergyman, Ince Zangwill, and then he looked at the simple priest who was praying with his eyes closed. He hurriedly bowed his head and used ancient Hermes to softly chant, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…"

A few days earlier, he had received Mr. Fool's revelation to handle some matters as a guise to stay around Anderson. It was so that he could immediately pray if any abnormalities were to happen.

Although he didn't know what would happen, or who he had encountered, Danitz, who always cherished his life, didn't hold back and did as he was toldeven if the abnormalities that happened might very well be him being overly imaginative!

For this, he had specially worn the boxing glove made from Groselle's Beyonder characteristic. It ensured that he would act first without thinking so as to not waste any time!

At this point, Ince Zangwill had stopped walking. His dark blue, nearly black eye and the eye filled with blood vessels reflected the priest in simple white robes who had a cross hanging by his chest.

In his mind, in his mouth, a furious voice sounded:

"Adam!"

The Creator's son, King of Angels, Adam! Before Ince Zangwill could finish his sentence, the priest opposite him opened his eyes. His light-colored eyes were already pure gold in color.

Suddenly, pitch-black stone columns were erected around them, setting up a majestic cathedral.

Inside this cathedral, each column, each arch, and each dome's surface was embedded with the bones of different races. They were densely packed as they used different eye sockets to stare

at Ince Zangwill. They surrounded a cross that was more than a hundred meters tall.

In front of the cross, a blurry figure stood there as though he was watching everything with compassion.

This was a cathedral of corpses, but instead of appearing eerie, it was filled with holiness!

The walls, windows, and doors of the cathedral had transparent, warped faces protruding out. It was as though countless souls were sealed inside, preventing Beyonders from sensing the existence of the spirit world or astral world!

The square and pedestrians from before had vanished. They were kept outside the corpse cathedral that had suddenly appeared.

Ince Zangwill's classic quill had already flown up as it wrote rapidly on his black clergyman's robe:

"Anderson Hood is Gehrman Sparrow's friend. Ouroboros had taken notice of him, and due to various unknown reasons, Ouroboros's appearance here was a development that adhered to logic!"

Just as the quill wrote the exclamation mark, light beams shone in from the colored-windows of the corpse cathedral, forming stacked illusory pure feathers.

Beneath the enveloping feathers, a figure with long silver hair materialized in a genuflecting, praying stance. Following that, the figure stood up straight.

“He” wore a simple linen robe and had handsome looks and soft facial features. He was none other than King of Angels, Tail Devourer Ouroboros!

Ouroboros’s eyes were momentarily unfocused, but it soon reflected the genial priest’s image.

In “His” eyes, at “His” feet, and on the stacked feathers of light behind “Him,” a supernatural, mysterious circle was accentuated, forming an illusory river like a snake that had its head connected to its tail.

The corpse cathedral once again reverted to the point when the pitch-black stone columns erected with the surrounding square were still on the border of existence.

Taking this opportunity, Ouroboros flew out. Ince Zangwill didn’t hesitate as he made the surrounding colors saturate and overlap against each other.

Just as this Nightwatcher was about to step into the spirit world, he suddenly saw a cross spanning more than a hundred meters in size plummet down from high above.

This cross impaled the middle of the unformed corpse cathedral as the blurry figure that carried the cross raised its head.

Infinite light spewed out, drowning Ouroboros and the quill-holding Ince Zangwill within.

The corpse cathedral filled with bones of different races and the countless warped souls took form once again.

Upon hearing the stacked, illusory pleas, Klein was inside his hotel and thinking about his daily miscellaneous matters and lampooning in boredom.

He suddenly stood up, went straight to the window and looked towards the nearby square.

On the square, coffins were coming and going. The fountain was still spewing, and there was reverberating music. Everything seemed normal and even felt idyllic. Here, what seemed most unharmonious was Anderson genuflecting with a stiff expression while a trembling Danitz was closing his eyes praying. Without a second thought, Klein followed the plan he had formulated above the gray fog. He controlled Winner Enzo who was a hundred meters away to enter the telegraph office. He had instructed Danitz to live beside a telegraph office!

At the same time, he took out his adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with the four blonde, red-eyed heads in hand. All eight eyes turned to the square.

"For Leonard, Miss Messenger. He likely hasn't left your detection range." Klein took out a letter he had already prepared and a gold coin before handing it to Miss Messenger.

What he said and did was akin to a marionette. He only followed the instructions he had prepared in advance. If he couldn't help think of something else, he would immediately use Cogitation to divert his attention.

This was the method he figured out from Will Auceptin on how to deal with 0-08. By doing the thinking above the gray fog, all he did was act according to plan in the real world.

And in a particular prayer from Danitz, Klein had used the scene that appeared to observe Anderson who was nearby. In the end, he discovered an unfamiliar priest who also felt familiar by his side.

Thinking back to the Psychology Alchemists and the Twilight Hermit Order's hidden connection, and making the connection to the content in Emperor Roselle's diary, Klein immediately realized something. He was certain about what would happen next:

The master of the Twilight Hermit Order, the son of the Creator, Angel of Imagination Adam, was conspiring to obtain 0-08!

This also meant that there was a high chance for Ince Zangwill to appear with Anderson as the target!

Then, Klein redid his plan above the gray fog, pretending as though he had never noticed anything. He continued his state as a "marionette in reality."

One of Reinette Tinekerr's heads bit onto the letter as the eight eyes looked deeply at Klein for two seconds.

Klein nodded indiscernibly without a word, watching Miss Messenger return to the spirit world.

In the Cookawa telegraph office, Winner Enzo handed over the telegram, address, and verl gold he had already prepared for the staff, urging them to send it immediately.

"West Balam, Northern State, Cookawa. Ince Zangwill has appeared."

The radio waves quickly spread, sending the message to the major bases of the Church of Evernight in West Balam and East Balam.

East Balam.

“Why are you always active around the cathedral? Why don’t you go further to carry out the investigations?” Daly asked Leonard.

Leonard thought and said frankly and seriously, “Awaiting news.”

Daly nodded in thought without prying further.

She turned silent, no longer playing jokes on Leonard. It was as though she was waiting for something as well.

Suddenly, Leonard’s spiritual perception was triggered as he turned to look left.

As a Gatekeeper, Daly had already cast her eyes in that direction.

A letter had appeared at some point in time, landing underneath a gas street lamp.

Leonard didn’t avoid Daly as he hurriedly picked up the envelope and opened it.

The content of the letter was very simple. There was only one line:

“West Balam, Northern State, Cookawa, Revival Square. Coordinates…”

Leonard’s expression turned heavy as he turned to Daly and said, “Ma’am, please help me to cover my tracks.”

As he spoke, his left glove had turned transparent. He stuffed his right hand into his pocket and grasped the Fate Siphon charm.

Daly fell silent for a second and said extremely seriously, “Bring me along.

“Back then, you managed to at least fight, but I didn’t have the time to do anything.”

Leonard’s expression changed as his mouth gaped slightly. Finally, without saying a word, he grabbed Daly’s shoulder.

The two then vanished from the rather empty streets.

As he watched Miss Messenger leave, and once he confirmed that the telegraph office had at least sent one telegram, Klein immediately took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog. He directly sat at the high-back chair of The Fool and beckoned for the Tyrant card, the Sea God Scepter, and a silver-gray charm.

Immediately, he was wearing a papal tiara with a papal robe draped over him with a bone scepter in hand.

Amidst silver bolts of lightning, Klein spread his spirituality towards the point of light where Danitz was.

Chapter 942: Deity's Curse

With Klein's spirituality making contact, the points of light suddenly expanded into a scene before his eyes.

With his Shadow Cloak up, Danitz was praying with his head bowed in the corner of the square, chanting The Fool's honorific name with ancient Hermes.

Thanks to this, Klein could see an expanded area around him, and he began searching for Ince Zangwill.

Through the gray fog, everything he saw was clearly different from what he had previously seen. In the middle of the square, a pitch-black corpse-embedded cathedral had appeared at some point in time. It was dark inside, but there wasn't any signs of activity inside.

Using this opportunity, Klein replied Danitz's prayer, "Leave the area. Find a hidden spot to hide in."

As he spoke slowly, dressed in the papal tiara and dark robes, Klein raised his left hand and made the blue gems at the tip of the bone scepter light up.

Sharp, jarring sounds immediately resounded in Revival Square in the real world as a sudden gale swept the area. It made the people who were spending their leisure time there or the pedestrians to leave quickly to head for shelter from the wind. Even Anderson, who had a frozen expression, recovered his usual insouciant attitude. Holding his abdomen, he quickly rushed out of the dangerous area.

In a few seconds, Revival Square became extremely silent. Even the pedestrians who walked slowly without running had experienced the feeling of flying with the nudging of the wind.

The empty area entered a brief silence. Then, a flame appeared from the corpse cathedral's window. It grew in size and became increasingly blinding.

Silently, the colored glass windows shattered as blinding white light that bordered on blue shot out like a meteor.

This flaming light instantly crumbled, materializing into Ince Zangwill, who wore a black clergyman's robe and had one dark blue eye and one eye covered with blood vessels.

The moment this Nightwatcher appeared, he couldn't help but open his mouth and scoff at the classic quill in his hand.

"If a fool like you didn't listen to my suggestion, how could something like this happen!

"I'm not even sure what you're afraid of. If you had allowed me to pray to the Lord, allowing me to secretly return to the Rose Redemption and join forces with the 'Serpent,' our preparations would allow us to set up a trap. Today, we will be the ones hunting Adam, and not the other way round!"

The seemingly dark and damaged quill immediately flew up and wrote on an empty spot of Ince Zangwill's clothes:

"Due to a rage stemming from embarrassment, Sauron Einhorn Medici pushed the blame of this development to the Quill of Alzuhod, but in fact, it was 'He' who was stopping himself from

praying to the True Creator. Be it Sauron or Einhorn, neither one of them trusted this evil god.

"Today's development made this evil spirit's psychological dissociation to worsen! This is extremely reasonable. This is the diagnosis by the best, most professional psychiatrist!"

"Ince Zangwill" immediately frowned as he raised his left hand and pressed it to his head.

His dark blue eye rapidly recovered its luster as the classically sculpted face turned extremely stern.

At this moment, having escaped the corpse cathedral, he was no longer facing the square. Instead, it was flights of ancient stone stairs. They were leading to the peak of a towering mountain. Erected there was a huge cross with countless angels spiraling around it.

At this moment, an exaggerated bolt of silver lightning tore through the overcast sky, smiting right down at Ince Zangwill.

The sealed and strange space produced cracks. The fountain and its splashes appeared in his dark blue eye.

Ince Zangwill's figure immediately vanished, leaving behind a blurry transparent spirit. The latter was struck by lightning and was instantly obliterated.

This Nightwatcher didn't have the luxury of time to consider what other lurking dangers there were. He took this opportunity to transform into a flame as he penetrated a crack and rushed out.

To him, no matter what lay ahead of him, nothing was more terrifying and difficult to deal with than the Son of the Creator, King of Angels Adam!

Upon seeing the flame rise up from the square, allowing Ince Zangwill to escape the restraints of the illusory world and returning to his appearance with dark blond hair and pale hands, Klein raised his head slightly and subconsciously sat straight.

Countless scenes flashed across his mind—him having his heart penetrated, the pair of bright leather boots just before his previous death, Dunn Smith smiling at him with a wink of his left eye, and the Blackthorn Security Company which had been reduced to ruins.

The corners of Klein's mouth quickly curled upwards as he revealed a comical smile.

He then deeply muttered using ancient Hermes, "Misfortune!"

The silver-gray charm on his right palm suddenly burst into a gloomy black light.

This was a charm of the misfortune domain Klein made using Snake of Mercury Will Auceptin's blood and precious metals by praying to the Evernight Goddess.

This was a present he had prepared for Ince Zangwill.

This was an arrow of vengeance.

This was a deity's curse!

Klein immediately stood up, stretched his shoulders, and threw out his right arm, fusing the gloomy black light with the little powers he could stir from above the gray fog as he threw them at Ince Zangwill.

...

Just as Ince Zangwill returned to Revival Square, he saw a dark black beam appear out of nowhere. It blanketed the entire sky, making him find himself in an extremely dark environment.

Such a change happened in a flash before everything was restored to normal in an instant. Nothing seemed amiss, but as a Nightwatcher who could give others a certain level of bad luck, Ince Zangwill acutely "smelled" the aura of danger. Without any hesitation, he reached out his left palm in a bid to use the evil spirit within him and his powers as a Gatekeeper to enter the spirit world and flee.

However, none of the surrounding bright flowers, pure-white fountain, and dark black tiles had their colors saturate, much less become stacked.

Ince Zangwill's Spirit World Traversal had become ineffective!

The glint in his eyes froze as he seemed to understand the reason. It was because the evil spirit in him was having an internal struggle; thus, they wouldn't lend him their power.

"See? Everything would be fine if you had listened to me!"

“Bullsh*t! I’d rather die than believe in the True Creator!”

“What’s the point saying all of this? Didn’t you still end up the same as us, being made into a potion by Alista Tudor?”

“So none of you are nervous at all? Didn’t you notice that the curse clearly came with a deity’s aura? That power was fundamentally very powerful. Our present condition doesn’t allow us to avoid it at all. Haha, continue arguing. Go on! I’ll wait to die with all of you.”

…

The veins on Ince Zangwill’s forehead throbbed when he heard that. He was furious that Sauron Einhorn Medici would suddenly engage in an internal strife at such a critical moment. They didn’t seem to notice the danger they were in at all.

As a former archbishop, as a Beyonder who had watched over the Church of Evernight’s Holy Artifacts, Ince Zangwill didn’t let his judgment become clouded because of his rage. He instinctively believed that the gloomy black beam had something to do with the Evernight Goddess’s authority over misfortune. He believed that Sauron Einhorn Medici’s sudden fallout was clearly a result of this influence. Otherwise, it was impossible for the Red Angel evil spirit to break into a quarrel without concerning themselves with the situation they were in simply because of the Quill of Alzuhod’s writing!

He immediately turned around, quickly running towards another exit of Revival Square in an attempt to communicate with other spirits. He wished to borrow their powers to escape; however, there wasn’t a single spirit around!

At this moment, a figure stood in a hidden corner of the open

square. He was a mixed-blood with parents coming from Loen and Balam. He had a fleshy face and baggy clothes. On his waist hung a rapier.

It was Admiral Hell Ludwell!

This was a marionette who usually didn't have any thoughts!

After throwing out the Deity's Curse charm, Klein followed his plan, returned to the real world, and made use of the two marionettes!

As he made Enzo find a corner, he took out the items he prepared, set up a bestowment ritual, and controlled Admiral Hell to walk to a secluded spot to face Ince Zangwill.

This Admiral Hell, who looked nothing like his original self, raised his right hand, allowing his arm and fingers to rapidly turn incorporeal as they extended towards the target.

This was a power he used by borrowing the Underworld creature within him to extract the Spirit Bodies of others remotely!

Ludwell's palm quickly turned pale-white, and above Ince Zangwill, a figure floated up uncontrollably.

However, Ince Zangwill was once a Gatekeeper. An illusory bronze door filled with mystery immediately took form in his eyes as it quickly pulled back his escaping Spirit Body.

With his level and strength, this was unlikely to succeed so successfully, but for some reason, he repeatedly made mistakes

and nearly allowed Admiral Hell to succeed. For a brief moment, all he could manage to do was a see-saw-like struggle.

At this moment, two figures rapidly appeared beside Ludwell. One of them was the black-haired, green-eyed Leonard with a transparent glove in hand, and the other was Davy Simone who had blue eyeshadow and blush.

They had arrived at the perfect moment because the bad luck of an enemy often implied that one was lucky enough!

The first thing Daly saw was the figure she could never forget. Pangs of fury burned in her eyes instantly.

She didn't rashly attack as she made some observations. She came behind Ludwell and spread her arms.

A bronze door filled with countless strange patterns immediately descended and creaked open a gap.

This was a door that led to the Underworld. It was a door filled with allure to all undead creatures!

An indescribable and terrifying suction force came out of it as the figure above Ince Zangwill's body completely separated from him.

It was a translucent man wearing blood-stained black armor. He was young and handsome with red hair. His face had terrifying signs of decay, and at his glabella was a flag-like mark.

This young man wasn't too surprised about being separated from

Ince Zangwill. Instead, he sneered.

“We sure are unlucky today. We have already died together once, so is there a need to do so another time? Especially when we’re being controlled by such a weakling?”

A bloody gap appeared on his upper left cheek as it opened and closed.

“Alright, let’s clear out the surrounding trash…”

Before the sentence was finished, the man in blood-stained black armor reached out his palm and drew out an illusory sword with dark red rust stains from his body.

A terrifying suppressive force easily allowed the evil spirit to free itself from Ludwell’s and Daly Simone’s extraction. It swooped down in an attempt to return to Ince Zangwill’s body.

At this moment, a hoarse voice sounded, sounding as though it held sandcloth in it. Admiral Hell Ludwell had chanted in ancient Hermes, “Fate!”

Chapter 943: The Third Act

“Fate!

In the awkward-sounding voice, the spots where Admiral Hell Ludwell and Nightwatcher Ince Zangwill stood turned dark as if they were covered by two black clouds.

Fate Siphon charm!

This was one of the Fate Siphon charms that Klein had made using the Worms of Time from Pallez Zoroast!

To make plans without 0-08’s knowledge, he had kept himself hidden behind the scenes the entire time. Not only had he lent Creeping Hunger to Leonard Mitchell, he had also given the Fate Siphon charm to his marionette!

Hence, the one who was possessed by the evil spirit had gone from Ince Zangwill to Ludwell.

Admiral Hell instantly had Sauron Einhorn Medici’s blood-stained, black-armored body plunge into him as his eyes became filled with minute blood vessels.

Inside the hotel, Klein calmly controlled the marionette without showing any wavering or hesitation due to the impact the evil spirit had. Ludwell reached out to tear his clothes and raised the soul-soothing mask to cover his face.

At the same time, having heard the Red Angel’s words, and

witnessing “His actual condition, Daly Simone, who had suffered immense pressure, seemed to realize something. Not only did she not close the Door to the Underworld, she even gritted her teeth and used all her might to widen the gap.

Bloody, skinless arms, slimy tentacles with teeth, and bluish-black vines with baby faces began emerging from the Door to the Underworld as they grabbed at Ludwell.

This freed up Admiral Hell who had planned on completing this step alone. Taking advantage of the opportunity that the Underworld within his body hadn’t yet been destroyed by Sauron Einhorn Medici, with the only negative effects on his body being decaying, he hurriedly turned around and dashed towards the mysterious, illusory bronze door!

He was then grabbed on his body and legs by the arms, tentacles, vines, and spirits behind the door. With his running working hand in hand with the scalp-tingling tugs, he instantly leaped through the widened door gap and entered the Underworld.

Upon seeing this, Daly immediately pulled back her palm and stopped maintaining the mysterious-patterned bronze door.

Thud!

The indescribable illusory door closed heavily. Admiral Hell Ludwell, along with Sauron Einhorn Medici, were kept out of the real world with the Underworld creatures.

This was a key step to Klein’s plan. It was to forcibly separate the Red Angel evil spirit from Ince Zangwill!

Although he believed that the Red Angel evil spirit was the reason for Ince Zangwill's instability, he wasn't willing to face an additional evil spirit formed after the deaths of one King of Angels and two Sequence 1 angels when taking revenge on a demigod. No one could predict what actions a Conspirer would take under such circumstances.

Therefore, Klein used the basis of the magical powers of the Fate Siphon charm and Ludwell's pathway characteristic to formulate a plan. The addition of Daly had allowed the entire process to happen more smoothly. There wasn't any room for being interrupted as they successfully pulled the Red Angel evil spirit into the Underworld!

This way, even if the evil spirit was able to possess Admiral Hell's body and travel back to the real world via Spirit World Traversal, it would be far into the future. After all, to leave the Underworld required them to find an exit, and with the Evernight Goddess wielding control over Artificial Death, she had a certain level of authority in the Underworld. "She was definitely not letting the Red Angel evil spirit leave so easily.

Sacrificing a marionette, a high-level charm, and two mystical items in exchange for removing the Red Angel evil spirit from the battlefield was heart-wrenching for Klein, but it was definitely worth it!

As for the misfortune on Ince Zangwill, on the one hand, it was a continuous state and not a short-term affliction; and on the other hand, he had suffered from Deity's Curse. The Fate Siphon charm could only replace a tiny portion of that and not empty it out. He could soon recover. As for Ludwell, he had Winner Enzo imbuing him with good luck. Nothing would stop his series of actions for a short period of time.

Such a change was completely unexpected for Leonard. However, he had become a Red Glove for almost a year. He had plenty of

experience dealing with supernatural cases, so he didn't show any hesitation or confusion. He immediately cast his gaze at the still-dazed Ince Zangwill.

When the figure in a black clergyman's robe with one dim eye was reflected in his eyes, his expression immediately warped as though he was facing a trauma of his.

It was a trauma where he did his best but had failed to put it to use. It was the trauma of seeing Captain and Klein already dead after regaining consciousness.

As Leonard raised his left palm, he pressed the human-skinned glove to his temple and grasped the Fate Siphon charm in his right hand tightly. With a deep voice, he said, "Fate!

The ancient, supernatural language echoed as a transparent book condensed in front of his left glove. Following that, there was the ethereal chant of "I came, I saw, I record.

Bolts of bright, blinding silver lightning blasted down one after another as they instantly devoured Leonard.

Lightning Storm!

This was akin to Leonard holding a revolver to his temple before pulling the trigger.

He was committing suicide, but at the same time, he was using the Fate Siphon charm. This would transfer such a fate to Ince Zangwill!

This was the best solution he could think of when using the Fate Siphon charm and Creeping Hunger! It required immense courage!

Countless silver lightning swept over, shattering the surrounding darkness. Leonard Mitchell immediately snapped awake and found himself still standing at his spot. His left hand had yet to rise, and his right hand had just grabbed the Fate Siphon charm.

Whatever he did was just a dream!

At this moment, in Ince Zangwill's dark blue eyes, darkness was slowly swirling. It was as though it was saying: When did you get the misconception that you aren't dreaming?

In fact, long before Sauron Einhorn Medici had been extracted from his body, he had already created a large-scale dream in an attempt to pull all his enemies in. Unfortunately, the man with a rapier was in no way affected. He easily escaped and ended up destroying the dream, reducing its effects to nothing.

As the ability to detect danger which was gained from one's spiritual perception feedback was that obvious, and with the possibility of the conflict between the two Kings of Angels behind him spilling over at any moment, Ince Zangwill didn't hesitate to create a large-scale slumber effect while pulling Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell into a dream.

Right on the heels of that, he picked up Quill of Alzuhod and rapidly wrote on his sleeve:

"Ince Zangwill was in optimal condition today. He could effectively control his Mythical Creature form; therefore, he didn't hold back and used all his strength to escape the area!

As he finished writing the sentence with the quill, Ince Zangwill's body began transforming.

His eyes instantly turned black as though it was tainted with ink. The fine patterns around him began to extend, forming strange and distorted mysterious symbols.

At his waist and ribs, his clothes swelled as four skinless arms grew out from squirming flesh; they were covered with blood vessels.

The arm was rapidly covered with white feathers as a cadaveric aura rippled out.

At the same time, Ince Zangwill's teeth grew long, turning sharp. His body seemed to be embedded with numerous blurry, tiny faces.

In a blink of an eye, this Nightwatcher was already slumped on the ground, turning into a strange monster with eight "legs and white feathers!

Night suddenly fell upon the square as worms in the soil and the bacteria on the floor tiles died one after another, entering an eternal slumber.

This was the combination of the powers of Evernight and Death!

Just as Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell were about to lose their lives amidst their slumber, a thunderclap boomed.

Bolts of silver lightning struck down, turning into a forest of

lightning that blanketed Ince Zangwill's incomplete Mythical Creature form.

After sending away the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein didn't stay any longer. Like a marionette with preset orders, he mechanically took four steps counterclockwise and entered above the gray fog. Wearing the papal tiara and papal robe again, he picked up the Sea God Scepter!

This was the third act of the play. With 0-08 exhausted by Adam, and with the Red Angel evil spirit separated from Ince Zangwill thanks to the Fate Siphon charm, he had to face the Sea God's wrath as a Sequence 4!

Klein knew that he didn't have the strength to directly fight a demigod. Therefore, his plan had been to wear off Ince Zangwill's helpers while smiting him from above the gray fog. It was akin to the sea battle with the demigod, Qonas Kilgor, who was from the Black Emperor pathway back then.

Even if he couldn't complete the kill due to a demigod's potency, he could stall for time until the Church of Evernight's archbishop or high-ranking deacons with Sealed Artifacts arrived!

In this plan, there were two uncontrollable parameters.

First, it was unpredictable how much influence 0-08 had towards the end. A card up his sleeve was to let Enzo set up a bestowment ritual and be prepared to send Groselle's Travels to the real world at any time. By sending it to the edge of the battle, Klein wanted to know if this would lure the quill away from Ince Zangwill. After all, he guessed that the quill was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact of the Spectator pathway. It was likely that it was interested in the special book left behind by the Dragon of Imagination.

Second, he wasn't sure how strong the Son of the Creator, Adam, was. Klein had no reference point, and he believed that it wasn't impossible for a King of Angels like him to subdue 0-08, imprison the Red Angel evil spirit, and kill Ince Zangwill alone!

Towards such a development, Klein had no means to foil it. All he could do was pray for the Goddess's blessings and Fate's tenderness as he waited for the outcome.

Rumble!

The lightning forest smote down, bringing with it intense destructive auras.

At this moment, pure darkness surged out of the gaps in the lightning, devouring all of the silver-white swath.

Right on the heels of that, Ince Zangwill's eight "legs moved rapidly as he ran out of the area.

He couldn't find a target of attack, nor could he lock onto the enemy that had cast Lightning Storm. Holding back his furious emotions, he ran towards buildings along the perimeter of the square, leaving shadowy afterimages behind.

However, amidst booming thunder, terrifying lightning bolts smote down one after another, trapping Ince Zangwill inside the square.

Daly and Leonard had already woken up from their dreams, but the light from the lightning affected their vision, allowing them to discover that Ince Zangwill had apparently turned into a monster, but the details were unclear.

Mythical Creature form... As the two had a solid foundation in mysticism, they immediately realized what was happening and quickly closed their eyes. They then retreated to a spot that provided them shelter.

Realizing that he was unable to dodge the lightning strike given the amount of time he had, Ince Zangwill retracted one of his “legs, picked up 0-08, and as he ran, he wrote on his body:

“An unknown existence is attracted by the combat and feels great pity for Ince Zangwill’s experiences before deciding to help him by taking him away via the spirit world!

Chapter 944: The Fourth Act

On the heavily scuffed and damaged Revival Square, the environment turned dark as a gloominess and eeriness filled it in a seemingly corporeal manner. Even the blinding silver lightning wasn't able to dispel this feeling.

Daly Simone acutely sensed that an unknown creature was crossing the spirit world and approaching. An ominous feeling rose up in her as though she could already see Ince Zangwill using such an accident to easily escape, never to be found.

She felt ice-cold in a manner that couldn't be resisted, just like when she first became a Beyonder.

Back then, due to a particular accident, as a nineteen-year-old, she had lost her family and ended up drinking a potion by mistake. She ended up becoming a Corpse Collector and was placed into a Nighthawks team.

The influence of the potion and the wounds from losing her family had made her enjoy gloominess and coldness. She couldn't help but approach corpses, often loitering in cemeteries and sleeping there.

This made her appear odd, with people instinctively avoiding her. This not only dropped her body temperature, but it also slowly froze her heart and soul as they turned ice-cold.

She was afraid of this feeling. She still hoped to live as a person; hence, she instinctively used how men coveted her for her looks and body to gain a boyfriend. She wanted to use the warmth of a body to stop her soul from turning cold.

In this decadent and surreal life, she met that man, a man who always warmly listened to her. He was a man who always stayed by her side and provided her help. He was a man who became embarrassed when faced with jokes involving the two sexes. He was a man who accepted all the flaws and weaknesses of his teammates with a sincere attitude. He was a man who fumbled in helplessness when she jested at him again and again. He was a man who hid the pain and sorrow in his heart, to the point of suffering an early receding hairline. He was a man who was the first to step forward when encountering danger, putting himself in between the danger and his teammates.

She changed. She began putting on makeup that made her appear older. She stopped mixing with other men but kept her jokes to deliberately express that she hadn't changed in an obvious manner.

However, she still didn't make it in time. She didn't manage to witness the man master the acting method, digest potions, and advance to Sequence 6. She didn't manage to see him reach out his hand to invite her to an opening dance or be able to participate in his final battle. She didn't manage to tell him her feelings in time.

I was wrong. I failed to do anything in time. Today, I'm not having it repeat again… Daly's expression turned sorrowful as the corners of lips curled bit by bit with tenderness and sweetness.

With her eyes closed, she suddenly pulled out a small metal bottle from a hidden compartment. She threw the stopper and gulped the liquid inside.

Her blue eyeshadow and blush instantly brightened, and even her skin turned slightly translucent. Her coiled up hair was instantly released, pushing her hood back as they fluttered.

“Spirit wandering the void, higher-order creature that leave one with awe, the unforeseeable creature,” Daly chanted with simple and forceful ancient Hermes, “I, I shall sign a contract with you in my name, pray that you leave this place!”

Behind the eight-”legged,” the white-feathered Ince Zangwill, a figure appeared. It was a blood-colored piece of flesh with countless eyes on it and arms of different races.

Just as it was about to grab Ince Zangwill and drag him into the spirit world, it suddenly paused. It then turned its gaze towards Daly Simone.

Pitch-black snake-like scales instantly appeared on Daly’s skin, and within the gaps of the scales, white feathers grew.

Her knees buckled as she knelt down in pain, but she ultimately maintained her spirit channeling posture.

That quill began writing autonomously on Ince Zangwill’s body.

“The unknown existence descended upon Revival Square and was just about to take Ince Zangwill away—but no, it was attracted by Daly Simone. Its sense of aesthetics was inclined towards humans. Oh no, it abandoned Ince Zangwill. It decided to listen to Daly Simone’s suggestion and ended up leaving.

“How surprising that when it came to spirit channeling, Ince Zangwill, a demigod, would actually lose to Sequence 5 Daly Simone. Although this lady had consumed the Flower of Spirit and paid an immense price, she had little chance to defeat Ince Zangwill who was barely using the Quill of Alzuhod.

"Ince Zangwill was just too unlucky. He actually encountered a matter with nearly zero probability!"

Amidst the lightning strikes, blood-red beams lit up in Ince Zangwill's pitch-black eyes that were covered with mysterious symbols before calming down. His "hand" which held the quill wrote on his body once again:

"Another unknown existence was lured into the vicinity and attempted to enter the real world..."

Just as he wrote that, the quill suddenly paused as it continued writing:

"Incoming! Incoming! It, no—'She' was Reinette Tinekerr! No, Reinette Tinekerr chased away all the surrounding creatures in the spirit world. 'She' gave Ince Zangwill a glance, looked away, and left, continuing 'Her' patrol of the surroundings.

"Ince Zangwill is too unlucky, just too unlucky!"

Ince Zangwill's rapidly-moving body suddenly paused as though he had suffered a terrible blow.

Boom!

A thick bolt of silver-white lightning smote the eight-"legged" monster. It sent Ince Zangwill flying up as he let out an inhuman cry.

In his pitch-black eyes, the blood-red beam spread out like an explosion, turning into two bloodthirsty, cruel, and maniacal

blobs of light.

"Ince Zangwill could no longer control his emotions and maintain a good state of mind. He lost most of his reason..." The more the slightly damaged quill wrote, the darker it became until it slowly stopped.

With a scream that left one with goosebumps, an endless darkness blanketed the area, pulling Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell into a dream.

However, the thunder booms and lightning snapped the dreamers awake.

Ince Zangwill took a step back with his eight "legs," leaving behind an afterimage in his spot. He rapidly ran towards Daly Simone who was on the brink of losing control, hoping to rip apart the Nighthawk who had foiled his plans for escaping.

Boom! Boom!

Ridiculous bolts of lightning blasted down, stopping his attempts to escape.

Boom! Boom!

The eight "legs" that were covered with white feathers, which now had signs of being charred, moved one after another as he kept his body low while he circled the square, dodging the lightning in search for an opportunity to kill Leonard and Daly.

With time, he realized there was a problem with the remaining

reason that he had. The frequency of the lightning was dropping!

The person that kept casting Lightning Strike had apparently reached his limit, and his spirituality was almost drained!

Ince Zangwill's heart stirred as a cruel smile was plastered across his face. He ran at high speeds as he muttered in ancient Feysac, "All of you will die!"

He had apparently forgotten of his need to escape.

All of you will die... Leonard Mitchell could do nothing despite hearing that sentence. It was because he couldn't even open his eyes. He couldn't determine where Ince Zangwill was, nor use his spirituality to lock onto him.

At this moment, he felt as if he had returned to Tingen, back to the Blackthorn Security Company, back to the day where they engaged Megose in an intense battle. He had returned to the time when he was weak and helpless, unable to stop anything himself.

Back then, he clearly wanted to help Captain and Klein. Despite overcoming his horror, despite having Old Man to provide him with help, he quickly fainted due to his low Sequence and lacking strength; thus, failing to participate in the subsequent battle. All he could do was wake up to see two corpses and use the pain of meeting family members to resolve the blame he placed on himself.

He always cherished his leisurely life in Tingen City, the feeling of not needing to take any responsibility as if he was the protagonist. However, the more he cherished those memories, the more he hated his former self, wondering why he hadn't worked harder.

With his eyes tightly closed, figures of light were darting around, and all he could do was ball his hands into a fist as he hurriedly shouted, “Old Man!

“Old Man!”

This time, there wasn’t any response in his mind. No one provided him any help, as Pallez Zoroast was still in a deep sleep.

Leonard’s breathing turned heavy as he couldn’t help but move his head from side to side with the darting of the light. Then, with a slightly hoarse voice, he shouted in clear anxiety, “Old Man!

“Old Man!

“Old Man!!”

His voice gradually softened, drowned by the thunder. Leonard hung his head bit by bit, his face filled with shame and pain.

His lips quivered as he relaxed his hand and gripped it tight again. His entire body froze for several seconds.

Suddenly, he wore a firm expression. With a grimace, he opened his mouth and chanted softly in ancient Hermes, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck!”

Just as he said the prayers, he magically saw a scene in his mind.

Ince Zangwill, who had seemingly turned into a spider or some deformed feather wolf, was running frantically and dodging the lightning strikes. From time to time, he attempted to attack him and Daly Simone.

And unlike normally, Ince Zangwill's figure appeared rather blurry in this scene. It was almost completely represented by red light, and it could only be used to determine his location.

Leonard was first taken aback as he immediately laughed. Teardrops flowed down as he laughed.

Without any hesitation, he raised his left palm, pressed the glove to his temple, and then tightly gripped the Fate Siphon charm with his right hand.

"Fate!"

The incomprehensible, mysterious word in ancient Hermes resounded as a transparent book appeared in front of Leonard. It flipped to a page amidst the ethereal chanting of "I came, I saw, I record," as he locked onto the eight-"legged" monster with white feathers growing all over him.

Silver bolts of lightning blasted as Leonard Mitchell threw out the charm with a hideous expression, shouting, "Die! Ince Zangwill!"

He had waited to say this for a very, very long time. He had played this scene in his head so, so many times.

Chapter 945: The Story's Ending

The moment the Fate Siphon charm left Leonard Mitchell's hand, it vanished into midair, its whereabouts unknown. It cloaked the spots where he and Ince Zangwill stood in darkness. Even the burgeoning silver storm was unable to illuminate it.

At that instant, Leonard felt the surface of his body turn numb, as though lightning was leaping over it, creating a slight stabbing pain, one that would completely pulverize his body at any moment.

But following that, he didn't get bombarded with irresistible pain, as though nothing had happened.

No, something did happen. A bolt of lightning smote down at him as if it had bared its fangs, shattering the ground and charring the soil.

Klein had personally redirected his casting of Lightning Storm from Ince Zangwill when Leonard Mitchell used the Fate Siphon charm!

"Ah!"

A shrill scream sounded as the rich darkness around Ince Zangwill failed to dissipate the storm that was formed from a mesh of silver lightning bolts. His body was swept into the heart of the storm.

He had suffered the fate of Leonard Mitchell being devoured by the Lightning Storm ability!

Boom!

The thunder boomed deeply as the lightning forest quickly dissipated, but before the Lightning Storm came to a complete end, more bolts of silver lightning smote down from the sky, causing a new wave of attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The wrath of a thunder god smote down again and again as the lightning's frequency returned to normal. There weren't any gaps in between. Even though there were waves of darkness surging out from Ince Zangwill's position, they were unable to obliterate the silver swath.

After a few Lightning Storms, the blinding light finally dimmed. The minute bolts snaked around weakly.

Ince Zangwill remained standing there without collapsing.

However, his head with pitch-black eyes, blood-red halos, and mysterious symbols had cracked. The flesh inside the cracks was charred black as a grayish-white liquid seeped out.

The four "legs" by his torso had already been burnt black and curled up together. All it took was a touch for them to fall off.

On them, not only were the white feathers gone, even the overlapping blood vessels were pulverized and had scattered to the ground, leaving them at head height with him.

But even so, Ince Zangwill still wasn't dead. Creatures that had

obtained godhood had an unimaginable vitality compared to ordinary people!

The blood-red halo in his eyes grew richer as the violent aura no longer had any room for decreasing. Feelings of hatred and regret surged in him, giving him the urge to vent them out.

He hated himself for only thinking of escaping in the beginning and not killing all the enemies present. Back then, if he hadn't held back and had used his powers by releasing the terror of a demigod without any reservations, he was definitely able to kill Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell amidst the lightning strikes. If he had done so, he wouldn't have been left in such a sorry state by two Mid-Sequence Beyonders.

"Damn it! Damn it!" Ince Zangwill roared and threw away the darkened 0-08 quill. Using his remaining four "legs," he pounced at Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard was just about to take action when he felt a coldness in him. It was as though thin, long hair was reaching out and binding him from the darkness, doing so from a dream. He was unable to move again.

Boom!

A bolt of lightning struck Ince Zangwill, but it only served to stagger him for a moment and drop a few pieces of charred flesh. He continued his attack and even revealed a cruel smile.

From that strike, he was already certain that the person hiding in the background casting the lightning was at their limit. The person was unable to use any more demigod-level powers!

As for Leonard, who was being bound by countless strands of invisible hair, his thoughts quickly became serene. It was as though he no longer put up any resistance and had wished to sleep in the darkness.

Unable to move, he bit his tongue lightly and temporarily recovered some of his lucidity. He made the transparent book in front of him emit the ethereal chanting: “I came, I saw, I record!”

With a resonating whoosh, a terrifying Hurricane swept at Ince Zangwill, who had arrived with a pounce.

It snapped the illusory black hairlike objects, giving Leonard freedom again.

Whoosh!

Ince Zangwill was thrown up as he slammed heavily to the ground. His body was covered with deep gashes as pale-white blood gushed out of him.

Despite having lost another front “leg,” he still wasn’t dead. He “stood” up again and locked onto the Evernight poet who still had his eyes closed.

Without any warning, Leonard suddenly slipped and fell to the ground. When he tried to get up, he seemed unable to maintain his balance. Even the gale he created had failed to sweep up his body.

“Damn it! I should’ve killed you when you were unconscious back in Tingen City!” Ince Zangwill cursed through clenched teeth. “That woman is about to die. The same goes for you!”

As he cursed, he hobbled over to Leonard's location as though he had lost his ability to move at rapid speeds. With a ferocious expression, he said, "Your captain was irritating. Likewise for that teammate of yours. All of you are the same!

"After I kill you, I'll leave this place and return to Tingen to dig up their graves!"

As he cursed, the darkness filled with cadaveric auras surged out of Ince Zangwill, sweeping towards the nearby Leonard Mitchell.

Leonard could sense that he was riddled with bad luck, but he could do nothing. He didn't even dare to open his eyes.

Bang!

Amidst a gunshot, a pale-golden bullet pierced through the thick deathly darkness, bringing out blinding sunlight, terminating the abnormality within.

Pa! Tarot cards flew over, stabbing into the ground at different spots.

One of the cards landed in front of Leonard as it burst into scarlet flames.

Amidst the flames, a figure wearing a half top hat and black suit walked out with a revolver in hand. With a bookish demeanor, he had black hair and brown eyes with a face with a deep outline. He was none other than Klein Moretti.

Unable to use the Sea God Scepter anymore, he had decisively

returned to the real world. He had rushed here with Death Knell!

"You, it's really you! You really are still alive! Die together with them!" Ince Zangwill's movement speed instantly recovered as he circled around Klein, trying to forcefully pull him into a dream.

He had been acting!

However, Klein was completely unaffected. He didn't show signs of falling asleep as he raised his right hand and pulled the trigger as though he had foreseen it.

Bang!

Ince Zangwill was thrown to the ground by a powerful impact. The cracks on his head widened.

"That shot was for Ma'am Daly," Klein said in a deep voice as he snapped his fingers. Using the flames that burst up, he flashed to the side of Ince Zangwill.

Ince Zangwill's eyes protruded out. As he moved at high speeds, he released bad luck in a bid to influence Klein, but it was completely useless.

"This shot is for Leonard."

All the Tarot cards were ignited at the same time, like bursting fireworks. Klein flashed behind Ince Zangwill, cocked the gun, and relying on his intuition, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Pale-white blood spurted out of Ince Zangwill's left leg as it broke.

His running came to an abrupt stop as he even failed to maintain his balance.

Using the burning tarot cards, he repeatedly cast Flaming Jump, preventing himself from entering the influence of the black "hair."

"This shot is for Megose.

"This shot is for the Keepers.

"This shot is for the destroyed Blackthorn Security Company.

"This shot is for all the Nighthawks.

"This shot is for me."

Amidst the gunshots, Klein kept pulling the trigger and did the corresponding reloading as he shot demon-hunting bullets. He blew through another of Ince Zangwill's legs, blasting open his forehead, causing his roars to turn into a whimper until he fell onto the ground.

Finally, Klein flashed in front of Ince Zangwill. He then held Death Knell to his face.

At this moment, mysterious patterns accentuated Ince Zangwill's almost-cracked head, creating an immense impact.

He still had the ability to resist!

He was waiting for him to approach and then use his Mythical Creature form to turn the tables!

However, Klein's brown eyes continued looking at him without reflecting anything.

He thrust Death Knell forward and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

Ince Zangwill's head completely exploded, and like a smashed watermelon, the fragments and the juice splattered everywhere.

Death Knell had sounded the knell for him!

Klein raised his left hand and rubbed away his two eyes. The real eyes that hid beneath were moved back to their original spots.

His brown eyes had blurred up. He curled the corners of his mouth bit by bit and said to the already dead Ince Zangwill softly, "This shot is for Captain."

He didn't give Ince Zangwill a chance to leave any last words. He had no wish to know what bitter past the latter had experienced.

He then took out one remaining tarot card from his pocket and threw it on Ince Zangwill's corpse.

It was an inverted The Star card.

At this moment, a figure appeared not far from him. He bent down and picked up the darkened quill.

This figure wore a simple white robe and had a pale gold beard that covered half his face. On his chest hung a silver cross as though he was the most ordinary priest, but he was the King of Angels, Adam!

Adam looked at Klein and said with a genial smile, "Unfortunately, I failed to retain the snake."

He looked at the quill in his hand and then at the tarot card. He smiled and added, "A price is always exacted for what fate bestows [1], isn't that so?"

With that said, he turned around and slowly disappeared from the ruined square with each step he took. He left the following words as though he sang it:

"Under the witness of a Spectator, Klein Moretti completed a grand performance, directing a magical murder. With that, he managed to digest his potion with enough energy left to attempt an advancement before the curtains fell."

Klein didn't take in the feeling of his Marionettist potion's digestion and the corresponding feedback. With a Flaming Jump, he arrived in front of Daly Simone.

The lady was already on the brink of losing control. She said in a daze, “I don’t want to become a monster…”

“Alright…” Klein looked at her with a sorrowful gaze as he quickly thought of the means to rescue a Rampager.

He had considered getting her to chant The Fool’s honorific name before pulling her Spirit Body above the gray fog, but with her body already mutating, it was apparently useless. The only way was for Daly to choose to remain there forever. As for the Flower of Blood, it was also unable to resolve such problems.

Daly smiled with great difficulty as she resisted the white feathers and pitch-black scales that kept growing out of her.

“So it’s you…

“Didn’t you ask me why I didn’t take the initiative to confess to Dunn, to throw him in bed?”

She gasped for air and said with a bitter smile, “I had indulged myself too much in the past. H-he was a conservative man. I-I felt inferior.”

She couldn’t hold out much longer, with the outcome of her becoming a monster happening at any moment.

At this moment, she heard Klein Moretti reply, “Captain actually liked you too, very much. Because you were too outstanding and young, he felt inferior as well.”

Daly smiled as her blurry gaze saw a man in a black trench coat

with a receding hairline. He had dark gray eyes. She watched as he pressed his hand to his chest, bent down, and reached out his palm to invite her to a dance.

She reached out her hand as her thoughts turned sluggish.

The gray-eyed man in a black trench coat pulled up Daly, whose mutation was slowly fading away. Under Leonard's watch, they danced a brisk dance in the destroyed square with the fountain spewing water everywhere.

One material after another flew out. There were golden grapevines and a rather ugly rubber mask. Under the guidance of spirituality, they slowly mixed together and entered a small metal bottle.

Amidst the beautiful dance, Daly leaned forward gently, resting herself in Dunn's embrace.

Klein held the potion bottle, brought it to his mouth, and downed it.

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1. Quote from Stefan Zweig.

Chapter 946: A Bestowment Or A Curse

The ice-cold potion slid down his throat, bringing Klein numbness, one that reached deep into his soul.

He had already stopped dancing. His mind seemed to be lifted as though he was high in the air, looking down at the ruined Revival Square, at Cookawa City which had been left in shambles by the repeated lightning strikes.

At this moment, he felt his emotions rouse up for some baffling reason as all the pedestrians below seemed to be connected to him by some invisible threads. They could be happy, angry, or sad, making all kinds of actions based on his directions.

Klein often had such feelings recently. He knew that this was the vision of a “director.” By viewing all participants as marionettes or actors, he attempted to control or guide them into putting on a grand performance.

Using that hint of familiarity, Klein hurriedly adjusted his state of mind, completely separating his emotions from it, and viewing everything in a cold, aloof manner, so as to prevent himself from being affected by the play.

As a “director,” he followed the script, referred to reality, and rationally made an analysis to choose according to the circumstances. He allowed emotions to build up, allowing himself to push matters forward and use the clues that had developed.

Once his state of mind settled, he felt the potion’s power spread across his body, like a sharp threaded net.

Suddenly, Klein felt that his Soul Body was connected to his physical body. They were split into countless parts, and without being able to hold it in any longer, he let out a cry from deep within his soul.

“No!”

His thoughts were diced apart, turning into fragments as they fused with different pieces of flesh as he gained his own sentience.

These included Klein with pain, Klein with arrogance, Klein with coldness, Klein with gentleness, Klein who could amusement himself, as well as Zhou Mingrui, Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, and Dwayne Dantès!

His entire Spirit Body seemed to be thrown into a grinding machine.

Not far away, Leonard, whose cheeks were streaming with unconscious tears, first saw Captain Dunn, who was embracing Daly Simone, transform back into Klein Moretti. Following that, he noticed his face, neck, and the back of his hands. Pale-colored tendrils protruded out as though they had a life of their own. They kept growing outwards, turning into a transparent maggot. And beneath his clothes, there were also signs of squirming.

This made Leonard have the feeling that Klein would collapse into a cluster of transparent maggots the next second as they raced in different directions!

Just as he wanted to do something, he felt dizzy. He instinctively closed his eyes and didn’t dare to keep watching

The transparent maggots that grew out of Klein's body shimmered under the sunlight, producing three-dimensional layers of mysterious symbols. They connected to higher and lower levels, directly presenting the abstract concepts of bizarreness, madness, change, strength, and wisdom.

Amidst howling cold winds, black illusory threads rose up around Klein as they bonded together, forming strange "tentacles."

The tentacles flailed as his Soul Body, Astral Projection, Body of Heart and Mind, and Ether Body were reduced to fragments as they fused with the different maggots that represented Klein's various thoughts, turmoil, and dilemmas. As they wafted between them gently, they seemed to fly up to an infinite height where there were countless illusions hugging huge distorted buildings. They were either playing wind instruments, giving speeches, growling, or raving.

Amidst Klein's countless chaotic senses, everything around him stacked together as though they turned into the spirit world. However, there were living people coming and going with the stars shining upon them.

At this moment, the fragments filled with thoughts had similar memories appear-fresh memories:

It was of King of Angels Adam praying with his eyes closed. It was the scene of his shocking appearance;

It was him using Death Knell against Ince Zangwill as he pulled the trigger to blast open his head;

It was when he revealed his Clown's smile, saying in a deep voice, "This shot is for Captain";

It was when Spectator Adam used an extremely clear and innocent eye to take in the ending of the performance;

It was of him turning into Dunn Smith, inviting Daly Simone to dance the closing dance.

They were all so fresh on his mind, especially the gaze of a Spectator. There was a seemingly corporeal feedback that felt like a magnetic force. It made Klein gradually discover his sense of self-awareness once again.

I...

Who am I?

This was a question that Klein had an answer to when he was still a Faceless. He didn't need to think too much about it as he quickly understood his identity:

A person from Earth, a person who had been reconstructed from Klein's memory fragments;

A person whose experience as a Nighthawk deeply influenced him;

A person who played safe and was afraid of danger, but was able to persist and give up everything;

A guardian and a miserable wretch.

Strange sensory organs that didn't come from the Body of Heart

and Mind or Soul Body were extracted bit by bit from the fragments, condensing Klein's new thoughts—coldness, calmness, spectating, and overlooking. They were thoughts that allowed him to view the world from even more angles and dimensions.

He knew that this could possibly be godhood. Without putting up any resistance, he chained the original Spirit Body fragments with black threads, allowing him to slowly take form again.

At this moment, he realized the purpose of the advancement ritual.

It was a mark, an anchor. Compared to other pathways, the Bizarro Sorcerer, who experienced the fragmentation of their Soul Bodies, required an anchor much earlier!

However, this didn't require the support of any faith. On the contrary, faith was a numerous and jumbled affair with too many personal feelings involved. During the fragmentation during this ritual, it easily wiped away the humanity of the advancer who was only Sequence 5, leaving behind godhood.

A grand and profound performance under the watch of countless spectators was enough to make up this anchor!

Although the spectators were few in number, as the pinnacle existence of the Spectator pathway, Adam could match thousands of ordinary spectators. He could even imagine a theater of spectators to create the effect.

With his entire body taking form, all kinds of knowledge surged out from the depths of his demigod Spirit Body, embroiling Klein's mind and giving him an indescribable impact. It felt as though his brain was about to explode.

However, with some level of godhood and his rich experience, he could view this in a detached manner and rather easily pass through this stage.

The transparent maggots on his face, hands, neck, and beneath his clothes returned into his body, turning back into the black-haired, brown-eyed Klein Moretti.

Looking at Daly Simone, who was still in his embrace and slowly turning cold, he lifted her up and walked to Leonard Mitchell. He bent down and placed her on the ground.

Daly no longer had pitch-black scales or white feathers. She had been restored to normal and her eyes were closed. The corners of her mouth were curled up like she was having the deepest and sweetest dream.

Klein stood up and looked at Leonard, who had opened his eyes again, and said heavily, “She has returned to the Goddess’s kingdom, just like Captain.”

He had turned her into a marionette to reverse Daly’s mutation, allowing her to die like a human before releasing his control over her.

Leonard tried to force a smile as he whimpered a sound of acknowledgment. Tears were streaming down his face.

Klein gently nodded his head.

“To her, this might not be the worst outcome. She returned as a human to the embrace of a deity she believes in, and that’s where Captain and the others are.”

As he spoke, he subconsciously and sincerely raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

Leonard instinctively drew the sign of the crimson moon. He was momentarily taken aback as his expression turned odd.

Klein surveyed the area and said, “Take Ma’am Daly back with you to East Balam. Make it known that she died due to Ince Zangwill’s attack and had made exceptional contributions in causing Ince Zangwill’s death.

“Don’t worry, no one will investigate you. Of course, you can take this opportunity to leave the Red Gloves.”

“I-I’m used to the Church,” Leonard said heavily.

Klein took off his hat and bade farewell with a bow.

Holding his hat, he turned to walk to Ince Zangwill’s body and took a card that had a chariot and a red priest on it.

The red priest wore the face of Roselle Gustav.

Leonard’s lips quivered as he suddenly asked, “A-aren’t you returning to the Church?”

Klein didn’t turn around as he wore his silk top hat and headed for another exit of the square.

After a few steps, he paused and replied to Leonard with his back facing him:

“I can’t return anymore…”

Can’t return anymore… Leonard stared in a daze as the familiar figure gradually distanced himself and vanished.

After a while, a few Beyonders flew to Revival Square. One of them was wearing the clergyman robes of the Church of Evernight. She had a head of beautiful raven-black hair and an exquisite face.

No one could tell her age, because no one cared. They could only notice the eyes that seemed to contain countless stars within.

This lady was floating in midair as she looked at the square. All she saw was Ince Zangwill’s sorry corpse that could hardly be recognized. Covering his cracked head was a commonly-seen tarot card.

It was The Star.

Above the gray fog, Klein placed the Red Priest card by his left hand and closed his eyes to rest for a moment.

He had a basic grasp and understanding of the powers of a Bizarro Sorcerer.

On the one hand, he could transform into animals that weren’t too disparate in size. In a Spirit Body state, he could completely ignore this point. He could transfer wounds from either himself or others onto a paper figurine. He had also gained the enhancement of the Flaming Jump ability that now spanned nearly a thousand meters. The might of Air Bullet reached that of a cannon.

On the other hand, he could now obtain initial control of one's Spirit Body Threads in three seconds. He could turn a target into his marionette within fifteen seconds. His control range was 150 meters. At the same time, he could switch Spirit Body Threads, allowing his marionette to obtain all his Beyonder powers. Within a thousand meters, he could switch locations with his marionette as he wished.

Due to this point, and the maggots he separated as a Mythical Creature form, as well as the disguise from the Spirit Body Threads, Klein obtained a higher level of body doubles. This also meant that, as long as any one of his marionettes were alive, a Bizarro Sorcerer would never die!

The enemy often found it difficult to know if the one killed was the Bizarro Sorcerer or his marionette. What was real and what wasn't was difficult to determine.

After confirming his state and resting for a moment, Klein immediately walked deep into the mysterious space above the gray fog. He headed for the staircase of light that seemed to lead to heaven.

As he expected, there was another step, one formed of light.

This time, Klein believed that he could use this sixth step that resembled a giant's to step onto the condensed gray cloud.

One step, two steps, three steps... He came to the end and, with a leap, stepped onto the cloud formed by the gray fog.

Reflecting in his eyes was a door of light tainted with a bluish-black luster. It was formed from countless layers of spherical light, and each spherical light enveloped squirming maggots. Some of them were transparent, others translucent. This was

the scene Klein saw through Enzo's eyes, but the objects were very blurry, as though something was obstructing his vision.

In addition, above the door of light, there were thin black threads that hung down. They were hanging up what seemed like completely transparent cocoons.

These cocoons were gently swaying, wrapping different souls. They looked to be of all descents African, Asian, Caucasians, etc. Some were wearing jeans, others holding cell phones. Some had beautiful clothes, others having beautiful facial features. All of them had the aura as though they were living, but their eyes were tightly closed.

Klein's gaze froze as though he had returned to Earth and had walked onto the streets which were filled with people.

Then, he noticed that three cocoons had opened. They were empty and were swaying with the wind.

Raising his head, Klein took in this sight as he observed in silence.

End of Volume

Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

[image]

Demon of Knowledge

~ Paragon Pathway ~

The Paragon Pathway specializes in knowledge of the natural world and crafting items. They have excellent scientific knowledge, historical knowledge, mechanical knowledge, ca create powerful Beyonde weapons, and have an intuitive knowledge of using and avoiding the drawbacks of sealed item

Demon of Knowledge

~ Hermit Pathway ~

The Hermit Pathway see
to specialize in knowledge
the mystical and occult w
They have good divinatio
and ritual magic abilities.

Lord of Mysteries

Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

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詭秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Klein Moretti as Dwayne Dantès

戴莉·西蒙妮
詭秘之主
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Daly Simone

黑夜女神
诡秘之主
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Evernight Goddess

蕾妮特·缇尼科尔
诡秘之主
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Reinette Tinekerr

乌洛琉斯
诡秘之主
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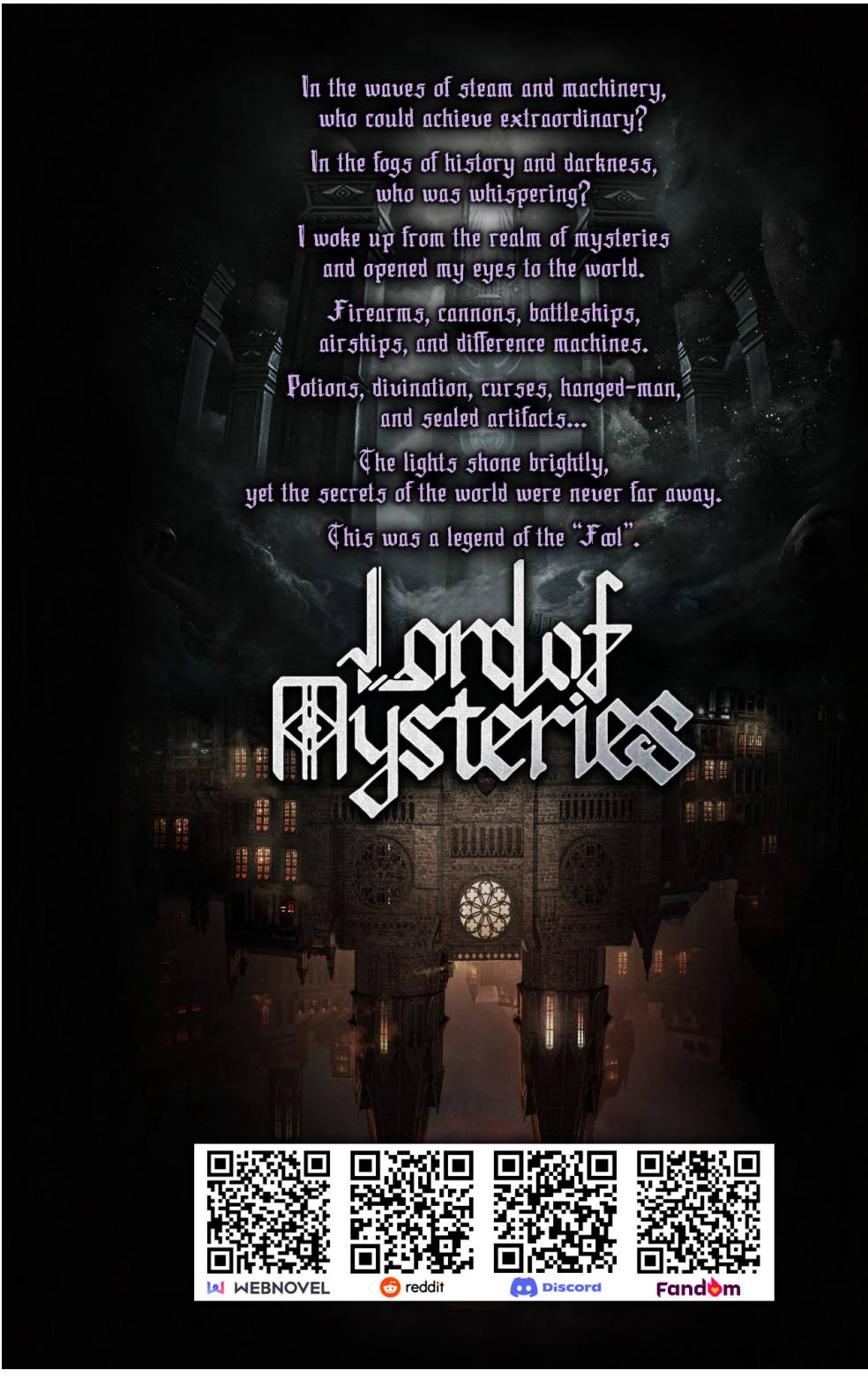
Ouroboros

- Bers

- Salinger / De

[image]

To be continued in...


In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?
In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?
I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.
Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.
Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...
The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.
This was a legend of the "Fool".
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